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E. J. Wackerbarth

ADVENTURES

OF

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA

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OF

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF

MIGUEL DE SERVANTES SAAVEDRA

BY MOTTEUX.



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PREFATORY MEMOIR.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA was born at Alcala de Henares, a town of New Castile, famous for its University, founded by Cardinal Ximenes. He was of gentle birth, both on his father's and mother's side. Rodrigo de Cervantes, his father, was descended from an ancient family of Galicia, of which several branches were settled in some of the principal cities of Spain. His mother's name was Leonora de Cortēnas. We find by the parish register of Santa Maria la Mayor, at Alcara de Henares, that Miguel was baptized in that church on Sunday, the 9th of October, 1547; in which year we may conclude, therefore, that he was born. The discovery of this baptismal register set at rest a dispute which had for some time been going on between *seven* different cities, each of which claimed the honour of being the native place of our author: these were, besides the one already mentioned, Seville, Madrid, Esquivias, Toledo, Lucena, and Alcazar de San Juan. In this respect we cannot avoid drawing a comparison between the fame of Cervantes and the prince of poets, Homer.

From a child he discovered a great liking for books, which no doubt determined his parents, whose fortune, notwithstanding their good family, was anything but affluent, to educate him for one of the learned professions, by which alone at that time there was any chance of getting wealth. Miguel, however, did not take to the strict studies proposed to him: not that he was idle; his days were spent in reading books of amusement, such as novels, romances and poems. It was

of the materials afforded by such a pursuit that his fame was afterwards built.

Cervantes continued at Madrid till he was in his twenty-first year, during which time he remained with his learned tutor, Juan Lopez de Hoyos. He seems to have been a great favourite with him; for in a collection of "Luctus," published by Juan on the death of the Queen, we find an elegy and a ballad contributed by the editor's "dear and beloved disciple, Miguel de Cervantes." Under the same editorial care Cervantes himself tells us, in his *Viage de Parnasso*, that he published a pastoral poem of some length called "Filena," besides several ballads, sonnets, canzonets, and other small poems.

Notwithstanding the comparative insignificance of these productions, they probably excited some little attention; for it appears not unlikely that it was to them that Cervantes owed his appointment to an office which we find him holding, in 1569, at Rome—that of chamberlain to his eminence the Cardinal Julio Aquaviva, an ecclesiastic of considerable learning. Such an appointment, however, did not suit the active disposition and romantic turn of one so deeply read in the adventures of the old knights, the glory of which he longed to share; from which hope, however, the inactivity and monotony of a court life could not but exclude him.

In 1571 there was concluded a famous league between Pope Pius V., Philip II. of Spain, and the Venetian Republic, against Selim, the Grand Turk, who was attacking Cyprus, then belonging to Venice. John of Austria, natural son of the celebrated Emperor Charles V. and brother of the King of Spain, was made commander-in-chief of the allied forces, both naval and military; and under him, as general of the Papal forces, was appointed Mario Antonio Colonna, Duke of Paliano. It became fashionable for the young men of the time to enlist in this expedition; and Cervantes, then about twenty-four years of age, soon enrolled himself under the standard of the Roman general. After various success on both sides, in which the operations of the Christians were not a little hindered by the dissensions of their commanders, to which the taking of Nicosia by the Turks may be imputed, the first year's cruise ended with the famous battle of Lepanto; after which the allied forces retired and wintered at Messina.

Cervantes was present at this famous victory, where he was wounded in the left hand by a blow from a scimitar, or, as some assert, by a gunshot, so severely that he was obliged to have it amputated at the wrist whilst in the hospital at Messina; but the operation was so unskilfully performed that he lost the use of the entire arm ever afterwards. He was not discouraged by this wound, nor induced to give up his profession as a soldier. Indeed, he seems, from his own words, to be very proud of the honour which his loss conferred upon him. "My wound," he says, "was received on the most glorious occasion that any age, past or present, ever saw, or that the future can ever hope to see. To those who barely behold them, indeed, my wounds may not seem honourable; it is by those who know how I came by them that they will be rightly esteemed. Better is it for a soldier to die in battle than to save his life by running away. For my part, I had rather be again present, were it possible, in that famous battle than whole and sound without sharing in the glory of it. The scars which a soldier exhibits in his breast and face are stars to guide others to the haven of honour and the love of just praise."

The year following the victory of Lepanto Cervantes still continued with the same fleet, and took part in several attacks on the coast of the Morea. At the end of 1572, when the allied forces were disbanded, Colonna returned to Rome, whither our author probably accompanied him, since he tells us that he followed his "conquering banners." He afterwards enlisted in the Neapolitan army of the King of Spain, in which he remained for three years, though without rising above the rank of a private soldier; but it must be remembered that, at the time of which we are now speaking, such was the condition of some of the noblest men of their country, it was accounted no disgrace for even a scion of the nobility to fight as a simple halberdier, or musqueteer, in the service of his prince.

On the 26th of September, 1575, Cervantes embarked on board a galley, called the *Sun*, and was sailing from Naples to Spain, when his ship was attacked by some Moorish corsairs, and both he and all the rest of the crew were taken prisoners and carried off to Algiers. When the Christians were divided amongst their captors, he fell to the lot of the captain, the famous Arnauté Mami, an Albanian rene-

gade, whose atrocious cruelties are too disgusting to be mentioned. He seems to have treated his captive with peculiar harshness, perhaps hoping that by so doing he might render him the more impatient of his servitude, and so induce him to pay a higher ransom, which the rank and condition of his friends in Europe appeared to promise. In this state Cervantes continued five years. Some have thought that in "the captive's" tale related in Don Quixote, we may collect the particulars of his own fortunes whilst in Africa; but, even granting that some of the incidents may be the same, it is now generally supposed that we shall be deceived if we regard them as any detailed account of his captivity. A man of Cervantes' enterprise and abilities was not likely to endure tamely the hardships of slavery, and we accordingly find that he was constantly forming schemes for escape. The last of these, which was the most bold and best contrived of all, failed because he had admitted a traitor to a share in his project.

There was at Algiers a Venetian renegade named Hassan Aga, a friend of Arnauté Mami; he had risen high in the king's favour, and occupied an important post in the government of Algiers. We have a description of this man's ferocious character in Don Quixote, given us by the Captain de Viedma. Cervantes was often sent by his master as messenger to this man's house, situated on the seashore, at a short distance from Algiers. One of Hassan's slaves, a native of Navarre, and a Christian, had the management of the gardens of the villa, and with him Cervantes soon formed an acquaintance, and succeeded in persuading him to allow the making of a secret cave under the garden, which would form a place of concealment for himself and fifteen of his fellow-captives on whom he could rely. When the cavern was finished the adventurers made their escape by night from Algiers, and took up their quarters in it. Of course an alarm was raised when they were missing; but although a most strict search after the fugitives was made, both by their masters and by Ochali, then despot of Algiers, here they lay hid for several months, being supplied with food by the gardener and another Christian slave, named El Dorador.

One of their companions, named Viana, a gentleman of Minorca, had been left behind them, so that he might bear a more active part

in the escape of the whole party. A sum of money was to be raised for his ransom, and then he was to go to Europe and return with a ship in which Cervantes and his friends, including the gardener and El Dorador, were to embark on an appointed night, and so get back to their country. Viana obtained his liberty in September, 1577, and having reached Minorca in safety, he easily procured a ship and came off the coast of Barbary, according to the preconcerted plan; but before he could land he was seen by the Moorish sentry, who raised an alarm and obliged him to put out to sea again, lest he should by coming too close attract attention to the cavern. This was a sore disappointment to Cervantes and his companions, who witnessed it all from their retreat. Still, knowing Viana's courage and constancy, they had yet hopes of his returning and again endeavouring to get them off; and this he most probably would have done had it not been for the treachery at which we hinted above. El Dorador just at this time thought fit to turn renegade; and of course he could not begin his infidel career better than by infamously betraying his former friends. In consequence of this information Hassan Aga surrounded the entrance to the cave with a sufficient force to make any attempt at resistance utterly unavailing, and the sixteen poor prisoners were dragged out and conveyed in chains to Algiers. The former attempts which he had made to escape caused Cervantes to be instantly fixed on as the contriver and ringleader of this plot; and therefore, whilst the other fifteen were sent back to their masters to be punished as they thought fit, he was detained by the king himself, who hoped through him to obtain further information, and so implicate the other Christians, and perhaps also some of the renegades. Even had he possessed any such information, which most likely he did not, Cervantes was certainly the very last man to give it: notwithstanding various examinations and threats, he still persisted in asserting that he was the sole contriver of the plot, till at length, by his firmness, he fairly exhausted the patience of Ochali. Had Hassan had his way, Cervantes would have been strangled as an example to all Christians who should hereafter try to run away from their captivity, and the king himself was not unwilling to please him in this matter; but then he was not their property, and Mami, to whom he belonged, would not consent to lose a slave whom he considered to be worth at least two

hundred crowns. Thus did the avarice of a renegade save the future author of Don Quixote from being strangled with the bowstring. Some of the particulars of this affair are given us by Cervantes himself; but others are collected from Father Haedo, the contemporary author of a history of Barbary. "Most wonderful thing," says the worthy priest, "that some of these gentlemen remained shut up in the cavern for five, six, even for seven months, without even so much as seeing the light of day; and all the time they were sustained only by Miguel de Cervantes, and that too at the great and continual risk of his own life. No less than four times did he incur the nearest danger of being burnt alive, impaled, or strangled, on account of the bold things which he dared in hopes of bestowing liberty upon many. Had his fortune corresponded to his spirit, skill, and industry, Algiers might at this day have been in the possession of the Christians, for his designs aspired to no less lofty a consummation. In the end, the whole affair was treacherously discovered; and the gardener, after being tortured and picketed, perished miserably. But, in truth, of the things which happened in that cave during the seven months that it was inhabited by these Christians, and altogether of the captivity and various enterprises of Miguel de Cervantes, a particular history might easily be formed. Hassan Aga was wont to say that '*could he but be sure of that handless Spaniard*, he should consider captives, barks, and the whole city of Algiers in perfect safety.'"

And Ochali seems to have been of the same opinion; for he did not consider it safe to leave so dangerous a character as Cervantes in private hands, and so we accordingly find that he himself bought him of Mami, and then kept him closely confined in a dungeon in his own palace, with the utmost cruelty. It is probable, however, that the extreme hardship of Cervantes' case did really contribute to his liberation. He found means of applying to Spain for his redemption; and in consequence his mother and sister (the former of whom had now become a widow, and the latter, Donna Andrea de Cervantes, was married to a Florentine gentleman named Ambrosio) raised the sum of two hundred and fifty crowns, to which a friend of the family, one Francisco Caramambel, contributed fifty more. The sum was paid into the hands of Father Juan Gil and Father Antonio de la Vella Trinitarios, brethren of the "Society for the Redemption of

Slaves,"* who immediately set to work to ransom Cervantes. His case was, however, a hard one; for the king asked a thousand crowns for his freedom; and the negotiation on this head caused a long delay, but was at last brought to an issue by the abatement of the ransom to the sum of five hundred crowns; the two hundred still wanting were made up by the good fathers, the king threatening that if the bargain were not concluded, Cervantes should be carried off to Constantinople; and he was actually on board the galley for that purpose. So by borrowing some part of the required amount, and by taking the remainder from what was originally entrusted for the ransoming of other slaves, these worthy men procured our author his liberty, and restored him to Spain in the spring of 1581.

On his return to his native land the prospects of Cervantes were not very flattering. He was now thirty-four years of age, and had spent the best portion of his life without making any approach towards eminence, or even towards acquiring the means of subsistence. his adventures, enterprises, and sufferings had, indeed, furnished him with a stock from which in after years his powerful mind drew largely in his writings; but since he did not at first devote himself to literary pursuits, at least not to those of an author, they could not afford him much consolation; and as to a military career, his wound and long captivity seemed to exclude him from all hope in that quarter. His family was poor, their scanty means having suffered from the sum raised for his ransom; and his connexions and friends were powerless to procure him any appointment at the Court. He went to live at Madrid, where his mother and sister then resided, and there once more betook himself to the pursuit of his younger days. He shut himself up, and eagerly employed his time in reading every kind of books; Latin, Spanish, and Italian authors—all served to contribute to his various erudition.

Three whole years were thus spent; till at length he turned his

* Societies of this description, though not so common as in Spain, existed also in other countries. In England, since the Reformation, money bequeathed for this purpose was placed in the hands of some of the large London companies or guilds. Since the destruction of Algiers, by Lord Exmouth, and still later since the abolition of that piratical kingdom by the French, such charitable bequests, having become useless for their original purpose, have in some instances been devoted to the promotion of education by a decree of Chancery. This is the case with a large sum, usually known as "Betton's gift," in the trusteeship of the Ironmonger's Company.

reading to some account, by publishing, in 1584, a pastoral novel entitled *Galatea*. Some authors, amongst whom is Pellicer, are inclined to think that dramatic composition was the first in which he appeared before the public; but such an opinion has, by competent judges, been now abandoned. *Galatea*, which is interspersed with songs and verses, is a work of considerable merit, quite sufficient, indeed, though of course inferior to Don Quixote, to have gained for its author a high standing amongst Spanish writers; though in it we discern nothing of that peculiar style which has made Cervantes one of the most remarkable writers that ever lived—that insight into human character, and that vein of humour with which he exposes and satirizes its failings. It being so full of short metrical effusions would almost incline us to believe that it was written for the purpose of embodying the varied contents of a sort of poetical commonplace book; some of which had, perhaps, been written when he was a youth under the tuition of his learned preceptor, Juan Lopez de Hoyos; others may have been the pencillings of the weary hours of his long captivity in Africa. As a specimen of his power in the Spanish language it is quite worthy of him who in after years immortalized that tongue by the romance of Don Quixote. It had been better for Cervantes had he gone on in this sort of fictitious composition, instead of betaking himself to the drama, in which he had very formidable rivals, and for which, as was afterwards proved, his talents were less adapted.

On the 12th of December in the same year that his *Galatea* was published, Cervantes married, at Esquivias, a young lady who was of one of the first families of that place, and whose charms had furnished the chief subject of his amatory poems; she was named Donna Catalina de Salazar y Palacios y Vozmediano. Her fortune was but small, and only served to keep Cervantes for some few months in idleness; when his difficulties began to harass him again, and found him as a married man less able to meet them. He then betook himself to the drama, at which he laboured for several years, though with very indifferent success. He wrote in all, it is said, thirty comedies; but of these only eight remain, judging from the merits of which, we do not seem to have sustained any great loss in the others not having reached us.

It may appear strange at first that one who possessed such a wonderful power of description and delineation of character as did Cervantes, should not have been more successful in dramatic writing; but, whatever may be the cause, certain it is that his case does not stand alone. Men who have manifested the very highest abilities as romance-writers, have, if not entirely failed, at least not been remarkably successful, as composers of the drama; of very recent times, who so great a delineator of character, or so happy in his incidents, or so stirring in his plots, as the immortal Author of Waverley? Yet the few specimens of dramatic composition which he has left us, only serve to show that, when *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *Ivanhoe*, and the rest of his romances are the delight of succeeding generations, *Halidon Hill* and the *House of Aspen* will, with the *Numancia Vengada* of the author of Don Quixote, be buried in comparative oblivion.

In 1588 Cervantes left Madrid, and settled at Seville, where, as he himself tells us, "he found something better to do than writing comedies." This "something better" was probably an appointment in some mercantile business; for we know that some of the principal branches of his family were very opulent merchants at Seville at that time, and through them he might obtain some means of subsistence less precarious than that which depended upon selling his comedies for a few "reals." Besides, two of the Cervantes-Saavedra of Seville were themselves amateur poets, and likely therefore to regard the more favourably their poor relation, Miguel of Alcala de Henares, to whom they would gladly entrust the management of some part of their mercantile affairs. The change of life, however, did not prevent Cervantes from still cultivating his old passion for literature; and we accordingly find his name as one of the prize-bearers for a series of poems which the Dominicans of Saragossa, in 1595, proposed to be written in praise of St. Hyacinthus; one of the prizes was adjudged to "Miguel Cervantes Saavedra of Seville."

In 1596 we find two short poetical pieces of Cervantes written upon the occasion of the gentlemen of Seville having taken arms, and prepared to deliver themselves and the city of Cadiz from the power of the English, who, under the famous Earl of Essex, had made a descent upon the Spanish coast, and destroyed the ship-

ping intended for a second armada for the invasion of England. In 1598 Philip II. died; and Cervantes wrote a sonnet, which he then considered the best of his literary productions, upon a majestic tomb, of enormous height, to celebrate the funeral of that monarch. On the day that Philip was buried, a serious quarrel happened between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of Seville; and Cervantes was mixed up in it, and was in some trouble for having dared to manifest his disapprobation by hissing at some part of their proceedings, but we are not told what.

In 1599 Cervantes went to Toledo, which is remarkable as being the place where he pretended to discover the original manuscript of Don Quixote, by the Arabian Cid Hamet Benengeli. It was about this time, too, that he resided in La Mancha, where he projected and executed part, at least, of his immortal romance of Don Quixote, and where he also laid the scene of that "ingenious gentleman's" adventures. It seems likely that, whatever may have been Cervantes' employment at Seville, it involved frequent travelling; and this may account for the very accurate knowledge which he displays of the different districts which he describes in his tale; for it is certain that the earlier part of his life could have afforded him no means of acquiring such information. Some have thought also that he was occasionally employed on Government business, and that it was whilst on some commission of this sort that he was ill-treated by the people of La Mancha, and thrown into prison by them at Argasamilla. Whatever may have been the cause of his imprisonment, he himself tells us in the prologue to Don Quixote, that the First Part of that work was composed in a jail.

But for fifteen years of Cervantes' life, from 1588 to 1603, we know but very little of his pursuits; the notices we have of him during that time are very few and unsatisfactory; and this is the more to be regretted because it certainly was then that his great work was conceived, and in part executed. Soon after the accession of Philip the Third, he removed from Seville to Valladolid, probably for the sake of being near the Court of that monarch, who, though remarkable for his indolence, yet professed himself the patron of letters. It was whilst living here that the First Part of Don Quixote was published,

but not at Valladolid; it appeared at Madrid, either at the end of 1604, or, at the latest, in 1605.

The records of the magistracy of Valladolid afford us some curious particulars of our author's mode of life about the time of the publication of Don Quixote. He was brought before the court of justice, on suspicion of having been concerned in a nightly brawl and murder, though he really had no share in it. A Spanish gentleman, named Don Gaspar Garibay, was stabbed about midnight near the house of Cervantes. When the alarm was raised, he was amongst the first to run out and proffer every assistance in his power to the wounded man. The neighbourhood was not very respectable, and this gave rise to our author's subsequent trouble in the matter: for it was suspected that the ladies of his household were, from the place where they lived, persons of bad reputation, and that he himself had. in some shameful affray, dealt the murderous blow with his own hand. He and all his family were, in consequence, directly arrested, and were only set at liberty after undergoing a very minute and rigid examination. The records of the court tell us that Cervantes asserted that he was residing at Valladolid for purposes of business; that, by reason of his literary pursuits and reputation, he was frequently honoured by visits from gentlemen of the royal household and learned men of the university; and, moreover, that he was living in great poverty; for we are told that he, his wife, and his two sisters, one of whom was a nun, and his niece, were living in a scanty and mean lodging on the fourth floor of a poor-looking house, and amongst them all had only one maid-servant. He stated his age to be upwards of fifty, though we know that, if born in 1547, he must in fact have nearly, or quite completed his fifty-seventh year at this time. In such obscurity, then, was the immortal author of Don Quixote living at the time of its publication.

The First Part of this famous romance was dedicated to Don Alonzo Lopez de Zuniga, Duke of Bexar or Bejar, who at this time affected the character of a Mecænas; whose conduct, however, towards Cervantes was not marked by a generosity suited to his rank, nor according to his profession, nor at all corresponding to the merits and wants of the author. But the book needed no patron; it must

make its own way, and it did so. It was read immediately in Court and city, by old and young, learned and unlearned, and by all with equal delight; "it went forth with the universal applause of all nations." Four editions (and in the seventeenth century, when so few persons comparatively could read, that was equivalent to more than double the number at the present time)—four editions were published and sold in one year.

The profits from the sale of Don Quixote must have been very considerable; and they, together with the remains of his paternal estates, and the pensions from the count and the cardinal, enabled Cervantes to live in ease and comfort. Ten years elapsed before he sent any new work to the press; which time was passed in study, and in attending to his pecuniary affairs. Though Madrid was now his fixed abode, we often find him at Esquivias, where he probably went to enjoy the quiet and repose of the village, and to look after the property which he there possessed as his wife's dowry.

In 1613 he published his twelve *Novelas Exemplares*, or "Exemplary Novels," with a dedication to his patron the Count de Lemos. He called them "exemplary," because, as he tells us, his other novels had been censured as more satirical than exemplary; which fault he determined to amend in these; and therefore each of them contains interwoven in it some error to be avoided, or some virtue to be practised. He asserts that they were entirely his own invention, not borrowed or copied from any other works of the same sort, nor translated from any other language, as was the case with most of the novels which his countrymen had published hitherto. But, notwithstanding this, we cannot fail to remark a strong resemblance in them to the tales of Boccaccio; still they are most excellent in their way, and have always been favourites with the Spanish youth for their interest and pure morality, and their ease and manliness of style. The titles of these novels are, *The Little Gipsy*, *The Generous Lover*, *Rinconete and Cortadillo*, *The Spanish-English Lady*, *The Glass Doctor*, *The Force of Blood*, *The Jealous Estremadura*, *The Illustrious Servant-Maid*, *The Two Damsels*, *The Lady Cornelia Bentivoglio*, *The Deceitful Marriage*, and *The Dialogue of the Dogs*. They have all been translated into English, and are probably not unknown to some of our readers.

The next year Cervantes published another small work, entitled the *Viage de Parnasso*, or "A Journey to Parnassus," which is a playful satire upon the Spanish poets, after the manner of Cæsar Caporali's upon the Italian poets under a similar title. It is a good picture of the Spanish literature of his day, and one of the most powerful of his poetical works. It is full of satire, though not ill-natured, and there was no man of genius of the time who would complain of being too harshly treated in it. Cervantes introduces himself as the oldest and poorest of all the poetical fraternity, "the naked Adam of Spanish poets." The plot of the poem is as follows:—Apollo wishes to rid Parnassus of the bad poets, and to that end he calls together all the others by a message through Mercury. When all are assembled, he leads them into a rich garden of Parnassus, and assigns to each the place which corresponds to his merits. Poor Cervantes alone does not obtain this distinction, and remains without being noticed in the presence of the rest, before whom all the works he has ever published are displayed. In vain does he urge his love for literature, and the troubles which he had endured for its sake; no seat can he get. At last Apollo, in compassion upon him, advises him to fold up his cloak, and to make that his seat; but, alas, so poor is he that he does not possess such a thing, and so he is obliged to remain standing, in spite of his age, his talents, and the opinion of many who know and confess the honour and position which are his due. The vessel in which this "Journey to Parnassus" is performed is described in a way quite worthy of Cervantes: "From topmast to keel it was all of verse; not one foot of prose was there in it. The airy railings which fenced the deck were all of double-rhymes. Ballads, an impudent but necessary race, occupied the rowing benches; and rightly, for there is nothing to which they may not be turned. The poop was grand and gay, but somewhat strange in its style, being stuck all over with sonnets of the richest workmanship. The stroke-oars on either side were pulled by two vigorous triplets, which regulated the motion of the vessel in a way both easy and powerful. The gangway was one long and most melancholy elegy, from which tears were continually dropping."

The publication of a shameful imitation, pretending to be a Second Part of the Adventures of Don Quixote, accelerated the production of

Cervantes' own Second Part; which accordingly made its appearance at the beginning of 1615. Contrary to common experience, this Second Part was received, and deservedly, with as great applause as was the First Part ten years before.

Cervantes had now but a few more months to live; and it must, in his declining years, have been a great consolation to find that the efforts of his genius were still appreciated by his countrymen; not to mention the relief from pecuniary embarrassments which the profits of the sale must have afforded him. Cervantes was now at the height to which his ambition had all along aimed; he had no rival; for Lope de Vega was dead, and the literary kingdom of Spain was all his own. He was courted by the great; no strangers came to Madrid without making the writer of Don Quixote the first object of their inquiry; he reposed in honour, free from all calumny, in the bosom of his family.

This same year he published eight comedies, and the same number of interludes; two only in verse, the rest in prose. It does not seem likely that these were written at this time; they must have been the works of his earlier years; but, like his novels, corrected and given to the public when his judgment was more mature. Several of them had, no doubt, been performed on the stage many years before, and remained with Cervantes in manuscript. The dissertation which he prefixed to them is full of interest, and is very curious and valuable, since it contains the only account we have of the early history of the Spanish drama.

In 1616 he completed and prepared for the press a romance entitled *Persiles and Sigismunda*, of a grave character, written in imitation of the *Ethiopics* of Heliodorus: it was the work of many years, and is accounted by the Spaniards one of the purest specimens of Castilian writing. He finished it just before his death, but never lived to see it published. The dedication and prologue of *Persiles and Sigismunda* are very affecting; they are the voice of a dying man speaking to us of his approaching dissolution.

From the nature of his complaint, Cervantes retained his mental faculties to the very last, and so was able to be the historian of his latter days. At the end of the preface to *Persiles* he tells us that he had gone for a few days to Esquivias, in hopes that country air might

be beneficial to him. On his return to Madrid he was accompanied by his friends, when a young student on horseback overtook them, riding very hard to do so, and complaining in consequence of the rapid pace at which they were going. One of the three made answer that it was no fault of theirs, but that the horse of Miguel de Cervantes was to be blamed, whose trot was none of the slowest. Scarcely had the name been pronounced, when the young man dismounted; and touching the border of Cervantes' left sleeve, exclaimed, "Yes, yes, it is indeed the maimed perfection, the all-famous, the delightful writer, the joy and darling of the Muses." This salutation was returned with Cervantes' natural modesty, and the worthy student performed the rest of the journey with him and his friends. "We drew up a little," says Cervantes, "and rode on at a measured pace; and whilst we rode, we happened to talk of my illness. The good student soon knocked away all my hopes, and let me know my doom, by telling me that it was a dropsy that I had got: the thirst attending which, not all the waters of the ocean, though it were not salt, could suffice to quench. 'Therefore, Signor Cervantes,' said he, 'you must drink nothing at all, but forget not to eat, and to eat plentifully; that alone will recover you without any physic.' 'Others have told me the same,' answered I; 'but I can no more forbear drinking, than if I had been born to nothing else. My life is fast drawing to a close; and from the state of my pulse, I think I can scarcely outlive Sunday next at the utmost; so that I hardly think I shall profit by the acquaintance so fortunately made. But adieu, my merry friends all; for I am going to die; and I hope to see you again ere long in the next world as happy as hearts can desire.' With that, we found ourselves at the bridge of Toledo, by which we entered the city; and the student took leave of us, having to go round by the bridge of Segovia."

This is all that we know of the last sickness of Cervantes: it was dropsy, and this dropsy, according to his own prediction to the student, increased so rapidly, that a few days after, on the 18th of April, 1613, he was considered to be past recovery, and it was thought advisable for him to receive the last sacrament of extreme unction, which he accordingly did with all the devotion of a pious Catholic.

He died on the 23rd day of April, 1616, in the sixty-ninth year of his age; and was buried in the habit of the Franciscans, whose order he had entered some time previous to his decease. It is a coincidence worth remembering, that *Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra* terminated his mortal course in Spain on the very same day that *William Shakspeare* died in England.

As regards style of composition, Cervantes is without a rival in the Spanish language. For the purity of his writing, he is even to this day acknowledged, not only to be first, but to have no one who can come near enough to be called second to him. But this is not his greatest praise. He must ever be remembered as the originator of a kind of writing which the greatest of men since his time have thought it an honour, of whatever country they may have been, to imitate. All modern romance-writers and novel-writers (and what a mighty host are they!) must be content to be accounted the followers of Miguel de Cervantes.

With regard to Don Quixote, it need hardly be said that its object is satire upon the books of knight-errantry, which were so much used in the time of Cervantes, and especially by the Spanish. He conceived that these books were likely to give his countrymen false ideas of the world; to fill them all, but especially the young, with fanciful notions of life, and so make them unfit to meet its real difficulties and hardships. In order to exhibit the absurdity of such works (it must be remembered too, that the more famous books of knighthood had given rise to a host of spurious imitations, with all their faults and none of their beauties), the author of Don Quixote represents a worthy gentleman with his head turned by such reading, and then sallying forth and endeavouring to act in this plain matter-of-fact world (where there are windmills, and not giants—inns, and not castles—good honest hosts and hostesses, and not lords and ladies—chambermaids, and not peerless beauties—estates to be got by hard labour, and not islands to be given away to one's dependents as if by enchantment), endeavouring to act, we say, as if all that was said in *Amadis de Gaul*, and *Palmerin of England*, and *Olivante de*

Laura, were really true. The absurdities into which the poor gentleman's madness constantly hurries him, the stern and bitter satire which is conveyed in these against the books which caused them all, did more towards putting down the extravagances of knight-errantry than many volumes of the bitterest invective.

We of this present day cannot be really alive to all the great genius displayed in Don Quixote. The books which it satirizes are now almost unknown; many who have heard of *Amadis de Gaul* have never read it, and still less have they read all the lineage of the Amadis. Besides, in some of the first of the chivalrous romances, such as *Palmerin of England*, the *Morte d'Arthur*, and others, there was undoubtedly very much talent and beauty of sentiment: and it was as such that Southey thought it right to translate them and present them to the English public. Deeply indebted are we all to him for his labours, which revived among us somewhat of the taste for the old and stately prose of the ancient romances—a taste which has given rise to those beautiful editions in English of the tales of De la Motte Fouqué. But we must ever remember that it was not for the purpose of ridiculing those and similar books that Cervantes wrote his "History"—one so keenly alive to the beauty of the poetry of the mediæval writing as he was, never could have intended such a thing: it was to exterminate the race of miserable imitators, who, at his time, deluged Europe with sickening caricatures of the old romance. It has even been thought that he had intended another course in order to cure the disease—namely, that of himself composing a model romance in the style of Amadis, which, from its excellence, would make manifest the follies of men who had endeavoured to imitate that almost inimitable work. But the disease was past cure; the limb was obliged to be amputated; books of knight-errantry could not be reformed, he thought; and so rather than let them continue their mischief in their present shape, they must be quite destroyed; and this the satire of Don Quixote was by its author considered the most proper means of effecting.

This was indeed a daring remedy; and, as may be supposed, by some it has been thought that Cervantes, in lopping off an excrescence, did also destroy a healthy limb—that, in destroying knight-

errantry, he destroyed also the holy spirit of self-devotion and heroism. The Count Ségur, we are told by an ingenious writer of the present time,* who joins the count in his opinion, laments that the fine spirit of chivalry should have lost its empire, and that the romance of Don Quixote, by its success and its philosophy, concealed under an attractive fiction, should have completed the ruin by fixing ridicule even upon its memory—a sentence indeed full of error; for real philosophy needs not to be concealed to be attractive. And Sir William Temple quotes the saying of a worthy Spaniard, who told him "that the History of Don Quixote had ruined the Spanish monarchy; for since that time men had grown ashamed of honour and love, and only thought of pursuing their fortune and satisfying their lust."

But surely such censure is misdirected—surely the downfall of Spain may be traced to other causes. It is not the spirit of heroism or of Christian self-devotion, which Cervantes would put down. His manly writing can never be accused of that: misfortune had taught him too well in his own earlier days how to appreciate such a virtue. In nothing is his consummate skill perceived more than in the way in which he prevents us from confounding the follies of the knights-errant, and of the debased books of romance, with the generous heart and actions of the true Christian gentleman. In spite of all his hallucination, who can help respecting Don Quixote himself? We laugh, indeed, at the ludicrous situations into which his madness is for ever getting him; but we must reverence the good Christian cavalier who, amidst all, never thinks less of anything than of himself and of his own interest. What is his character? It is that of one possessing virtue, imagination, genius, kind feeling—all that can distinguish an elevated soul, and an affectionate heart. He is brave, faithful, loyal, always keeping his word; he contends only for virtue and glory. Does he wish for kingdoms? it is only that he may give them to his good squire Sancho Panza. He is a constant lover, a humane warrior, an affectionate master, an accomplished gentleman. It is not, then, by describing such a man that Cervantes desired to

* Kenelm Digby, Esq., in his beautiful book entitled *Godefridus*, one of the volumes of the *Broad Stone of Honour*.

ridicule real heroism; surely not: he would only show that, even with all these good qualities, if they were misdirected or spoiled by vain imaginations, the most noble could only become ridiculous.

He would teach us, that this is a world of *action*, and not of *fancy;* that it will not do for us to go out of ourselves and out of the world, and lead an ideal life: our duties are around us and within us: and we need not leave our own homes in order to seek adventures wherein those duties may be acceptably performed. He perceived that by knight-errantry and romances some of the holiest aspirations of the human heart were, according to the adage which affirms that "there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," by over-description and fulsome language, in danger of being exposed to ridicule, and so of being crushed; and he resolved, by excess of satire, to put a stop at once to such a danger—to crush those books which were daily destroying that which he held most dear—the true spirit of chivalry, the true devotion of the Christian gentleman. "When the light of chivalry was expiring, Cervantes put his extinguisher upon it, and drove away the moths that alone still fluttered around it. He loved chivalry too well to be patient when he saw it parodied and burlesqued; and he perceived that the best way of preserving it from shame was to throw over it the sanctity of death."*

* Vide *Guesses at Truth*.

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THE LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS

OF

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

The quality and way of living of Don Quixote.

In a certain village in La Mancha,* of which I cannot remember the name, there lived not long ago one of those old-fashioned gentlemen, who are never without a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound. His diet consisted more of beef† than mutton; and, with minced meat on most nights, lentiles on Fridays, and a pigeon extraordinary on Sundays, he consumed three-quarters of his revenue; the rest was laid out in a plush coat, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same, for holidays; and a suit of the very best homespun cloth, which he bestowed on himself for working-days. His whole family was a housekeeper something turned of forty, a niece not twenty, and a man that served in the house and in the field, and could saddle a horse, and handle the pruning-hook. The master himself was nigh fifty years of age, of a hale and strong complexion, lean-bodied and thin-faced, an early riser, and a lover of hunting. Some say his surname was Quixada, or Quesada (for authors differ in this particular); however, we may reasonably conjecture, he was called Quixada (*i.e.*, lantern-jaws), though this concerns us but little, provided we keep strictly to the truth in every point of this history.

Be it known, then, that when our gentleman had nothing to dō (which was almost all the year round), he passed his time in reading books of knight-errantry, which he did with such application and delight, that at last he in a manner wholly left off his country sports, and even the care of his estate; nay, he grew so strangely enamoured

* Partly in Arragon, partly in Castile.

† A mark of poverty. Beef was cheaper in Spain than mutton.

of these amusements, that he sold many acres of land to purchase books of that kind, by which means he collected as many of them as he could; but none pleased him like the works of the famous Feliciano de Sylva; for the brilliancy of his prose, and those intricate expressions with which it is interlaced seemed to him so many pearls of eloquence, especially when he came to read the love-addresses and challenges; many of them in this extraordinary style. "The reason of your unreasonable usage of my reason, does so enfeeble my reason, that I have reason to expostulate with your beauty." And this, "The sublime heavens, which with your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, and fix you the deserver of the desert that is deserved by your grandeur." These, and such-like rhapsodies, strangely puzzled the poor gentleman's understanding, while he was racking his brain to unravel their meaning, which Aristotle himself could never have found, though he should have been raised from the dead for that very purpose.

He did not so well like those dreadful wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he considered that all the art of surgery could never secure his face and body from being strangely disfigured with scars. However, he highly commended the author for concluding his book with a promise to finish that unfinishable adventure; and many times he had a desire to put pen to paper, and faithfully and literally finish it himself; which he had certainly done, and doubtless with good success, had not his thoughts been wholly engrossed in much more important designs.

He would often dispute with the curate of the parish, a man of learning, that had taken his degrees at Giguenza, as to which was the better knight, Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul; but Master Nicholas, the barber of the same town, would say, that none of them could compare with the Knight of the Sun; and that if any one came near him, it was certainly Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis de Gaul; for he was a man of a most commodious temper, neither was he so finical, nor such a whining lover, as his brother; and as for courage, he was not a jot behind him.

In fine, he gave himself up so wholly to the reading of romances, that at night he would pore on until it was day, and would read on all day until it was night; and thus a world of extraordinary notions, picked out of his books, crowded into his imagination; now his head was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, complaints, love-passages, torments, and abundance of absurd impossibilities; insomuch that all the fables and fantastical tales which he read seemed to him now as true as the most authentic histories. He would say that the Cid Ruydiaz was a very brave knight, but not worthy to stand in competition with the Knight of the Burning-sword, who, with a single back-stroke, had cut in sunder two fierce and mighty giants. He liked yet better Bernardo del Carpio, who, at Roncesvalles, deprived of life the enchanted Orlando, having lifted him from the ground, and choked him in the air, as Hercules did Antæus, the son of the Earth.

As for the giant Morgante, he always spoke very civil things of

him; for among that monstrous brood, who were ever intolerably proud and insolent, he alone behaved himself like a civil and well-bred person.

But of all men in the world he admired Rinaldo of Montalban, and particularly his carrying away the idol of Mahomet, which was all massive gold, as the history says; while he so hated that traitor Galalon, that for the pleasure of kicking him handsomely, he would have given up his housekeeper, nay and his niece into the bargain.

Having thus confused his understanding, he unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy that ever entered into a madman's brain; for now he thought it convenient and necessary, as well for the increase of his own honour, as the service of the public, to turn knight-errant, and roam through the whole world, armed cap-à-pie, and mounted on his steed, in quest of adventures; that thus imitating those knights-errant of whom he had read, and following their course of life, redressing all manner of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, at last, after a happy conclusion of his enterprises, he might purchase everlasting honour and renown.

The first thing he did was to scour a suit of armour that had belonged to his great grandfather, and had lain time out of mind carelessly rusting in a corner; but when he had cleaned and repaired it as well as he could, he perceived there was a material piece wanting; for, instead of a complete helmet, there was only a single head-piece. However, his industry supplied that defect; for with some pasteboard he made a kind of half-beaver, or vizor, which, being fitted to the head-piece, made it look like an entire helmet. Then, to know whether it were cutlass-proof, he drew his sword, and tried its edge upon the pasteboard vizor; but with the very first stroke he unluckily undid in a moment what he had been a whole week in doing. He did not like its being broke with so much ease, and therefore, to secure it from the like accident, he made it anew, and fenced it with thin plates of iron, which he fixed on the inside of it so artificially, that at last he had reason to be satisfied with the solidity of the work; and so, without any farther experiment, he resolved it should pass to all intents and purposes for a full and sufficient helmet.

The next moment he went to view his horse, whose bones stuck out like the corners of a Spanish real,* being a worse jade than Gonela's *qui tantum pellis et ossa fuit*; however, his master thought that neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor the Cid's Babieca, could be compared with him. He was four days considering what name to give him; for, as he argued with himself, there was no reason that a horse bestrid by so famous a knight, and withal so excellent in himself, should not be distinguished by a particular name; so, after many names which he devised, rejected, changed, liked, disliked, and pitched upon again, he concluded to call him Rozinante.†

Having thus given his horse a name, he thought of choosing one for himself; and having seriously pondered on the matter eight

* A piece of money irregularly shaped.

† From *Rozin*, a common drudge horse, and *ante*, before.

whole days more, at last he determined to call himself Don Quixote Whence the author of this history draws this inference, that his right name was Quixada, and not Quesada, as others obstinately pretend. And observing, that the valiant Amadis, not satisfied with the bare appellation of Amadis, added to it the name of his country, that it might grow more famous by his exploits, and so styled himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a true lover of his native soil, resolved to call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; which addition, to his thinking, denoted very plainly his parentage and country, and consequently would fix a lasting honour on that part of the world.

And now, his armour being scoured, his head-piece improved to a helmet, his horse and himself new-named, he perceived he wanted nothing but a lady, on whom he might bestow the empire of his heart; for he was sensible that a knight-errant without a mistress was a tree without either fruit or leaves, and a body without a soul. "Should I," said he to himself, "by good or ill fortune, chance to encounter some giant, as it is common in knight-errantry, and happen to lay him prostrate on the ground, transfixed with my lance, or cleft in two, or, in short, overcome him, and have him at my mercy, would it not be proper to have some lady to whom I may send him as a trophy of my valour? Then when he comes into her presence, throwing himself at her feet, he may thus make his humble submission: 'Lady, I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by that never-deservedly-enough-extolled knight-errant Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has commanded me to cast myself most humbly at your feet, that it may please your honour to dispose of me according to your will.'" Near the place where he lived dwelt a good-looking country girl, for whom he had formerly had a sort of an inclination, though, it is believed, she never heard of it, nor regarded it in the least. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and this was she whom he thought he might entitle to the sovereignty of his heart; upon which he studied to find her out a new name, that might have some affinity with her old one, and yet at the same time sound somewhat like that of a princess, or lady of quality; so at last he resolved to call her Dulcinea, with addition of del Toboso, from the place where she was born; a name, in his opinion, sweet, harmonious, and dignified, like the others which he had devised.

CHAPTER II.

Which treats of Don Quixote's first sally.

THESE preparations being made, he found his designs ripe for action, and thought it now a crime to deny himself any longer to the injured world that wanted such a deliverer; the more when he considered what grievances he was to redress, what wrongs and injuries to remove, what abuses to correct, and what duties to discharge. So one morning before day, in the greatest heat of July, without acquainting any one

with his design, with all the secrecy imaginable, he armed himself cap-a-pie, laced on his ill-contrived helmet, braced on his target, grasped his lance, mounted Rozinante, and at the private door of his back yard sallied out into the fields, wonderfully pleased to see with how much ease he had succeeded in the beginning of his enterprise. But he had not gone far ere a terrible thought alarmed him; a thought that had like to have made him renounce his great undertaking; for now it came into his mind, that the honour of knighthood had not yet been conferred upon him, and therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to appear in arms against any professed knight; nay, he also considered, that though he were already knighted, it would become him to wear white armour, and not to adorn his shield with any device, until he had deserved one by some extraordinary demonstration of his valour.

These thoughts staggered his resolution; but his frenzy prevailing more than reason, he resolved to be dubbed a knight by the first he should meet, after the example of several others, who, as the romances informed him, had formerly done the like. As for the other difficulty about wearing white armour, he proposed to overcome it, by scouring his own at leisure until it should look whiter than ermine. And having thus dismissed these scruples, he rode calmly on, leaving it to his horse to go which way he pleased; firmly believing, that in this consisted the very essence of adventures. And as he thus went on, "no doubt," said he to himself, "that when the history of my famous achievements shall be given to the world, the learned author will begin it in this very manner, when he comes to give an account of this my setting out: 'Scarce had the ruddy Phœbus begun to spread the golden tresses of his lovely hair over the vast surface of the earthly globe, and scarce had those feathered poets of the grove, the pretty painted birds, tuned their little pipes, to sing their early welcomes in soft melodious strains to the beautiful Aurora, displaying her rosy graces to mortal eyes from the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon,—when the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, disdaining soft repose, forsook the voluptuous down, and mounting his famous steed Rozinante, entered the ancient and celebrated plains of Montiel.'" This was indeed the very road he took; and then proceeding, "O happy age! O fortunate times!" cried he, "decreed to usher into the world my famous achievements: achievements worthy to be engraven on brass, carved on marble, and delineated in some masterpiece of painting, as monuments of my glory, and examples for posterity! And thou, venerable sage, wise enchanter, whatever be thy name; thou whom fate has ordained to be the compiler of this rare history, forget not, I beseech thee, my trusty Rozinante, the eternal companion of all my adventures." After this, as if he had been really in love: "O Princess Dulcinea," cried he, "lady of this captive heart, much sorrow and woe you have doomed me to in banishing me thus, and imposing on me your rigorous commands, never to appear before your beauteous face! Remember, lady, that loyal heart your slave, who for your love submits to so many miseries." To these extravagant conceits, he added a world of others, all

in imitation, and in the very style of those which the reading of romances had furnished him with; and all this while he rode so softly, and the sun's heat increased so fast, and was so violent, that it would have been sufficient to have melted his brains, had he had any left.

He travelled almost all that day without meeting any adventure worth the trouble of relating, which put him into a kind of despair; for he desired nothing more than to encounter immediately some person on whom he might try the vigour of his arm.

Towards the evening, he and his horse being heartily tired and almost famished, Don Quixote looked about him, in hopes to discover some castle, or at least some shepherd's cottage, there to repose and refresh himself; and at last near the road which he kept, he espied an inn, a most welcome sight to his longing eyes. Hastening towards it with all the speed he could, he got thither just at the close of the evening. There stood by chance at the inn-door two young female adventurers, who were going to Seville with some carriers that happened to take up their lodging there that very evening; and as whatever our knight-errant saw, thought, or imagined, was all of a romantic cast, and appeared to him altogether after the manner of his favourite books, he no sooner saw the inn but he fancied it to be a castle fenced with four towers, and lofty pinnacles glittering with silver, together with a deep moat, drawbridge, and all those other appurtenances peculiar to such kind of places.

When he came near it, he stopped awhile at a distance from the gate, expecting that some dwarf would appear on the battlements, and sound his trumpet to give notice of the arrival of a knight; but finding that nobody came, and that Rozinante was for making the best of his way to the stable, he advanced to the inn-door, saw there the two country girls, who appeared to him to be beautiful damsels, or lovely dames, taking their pleasure at the castle-gate.

It happened just at this time, that a swineherd, who in a stubble hard by was tending a drove of hogs, blew his horn, as was his custom, to call them together; and instantly Don Quixote's imagination represented to him that a dwarf gave the signal of his arrival. With great satisfaction, therefore, he rode up to the inn. The women, perceiving a man armed with lance and buckler, were frightened, and about to retreat into the house. But Don Quixote, guessing at their fear by their flight, lifted up his pasteboard vizor, and discovering his withered and dusty visage, with gentle voice and respectful demeanour thus accosted them.

"Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy; for the order of knighthood, which I profess, forbids my offering injury to any one, much less to damsels of such exalted rank as your presence denotes you to be." The women stared at him with all their eyes, endeavouring to find out his face, which the sorry beaver almost covered, and could not help laughing so loudly that Don Quixote was offended, and said to them: "Modesty is becoming in beauty, and excessive laughter, proceeding from a slight cause, is folly. This I mention not as a reproach, by which I may incur your resentment: on the contrary, I have no wish but to do you service."

This language, which they did not understand, and the extraordinary appearance of the knight, increased their laughter, which also increased his displeasure, and he would probably have shown it in a less civil way, but for the timely arrival of the innkeeper. He was a man whose burden of fat inclined him to peace and quietness, yet when he observed such a strange disguise of human shape in his old armour and equipage, he could hardly forbear laughter; but having the fear of such a warlike appearance before his eyes, he resolved to give him good words, and therefore accosted him civilly.

"Sir Knight," said he, "if your worship be disposed to alight, you will fail of nothing here but of a bed; as for all other accommodations, you may be supplied to your mind."

Don Quixote observing the humility of the governor of the castle (for such the innkeeper and inn seemed to him), "Signor Castellano," said he, "the least thing in the world suffices me; for arms are the only things I value, and combat is my bed of repose." The host thought from Don Quixote calling him Castellano* that he took him for an honest Castilian, while he was really an Andalusian of the coast of Saint Lucar, as great a thief as Cacus, and as full of fun and mischief as a schoolboy or a page. He answered:

"At this rate, Sir Knight, you may safely alight, and I dare assure you, you can hardly miss being kept awake all the year long in this house, much less one single night."

With that he went and held Don Quixote's stirrup, who having ate nothing all that day, dismounted with no small trouble and difficulty. He immediately desired the governor (that is, the innkeeper) to have special care of his steed, assuring him that there was not a better in the universe; upon which the innkeeper viewed him narrowly, but could not think him to be half so good as Don Quixote said. However, having put him in the stable, he came back to the knight to see if he wanted anything.

He found the damsels, already reconciled to his guest, unarming him. They had disencumbered him of the back and breast-pieces of his armour, but could not find out how to unlace his gorget, or take off the counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened with ribbons, in such a manner, that, as there was no possibility of untying them, they must of necessity be cut. To this, however, the knight would by no means consent, and he therefore remained all night with his helmet on; the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable.

While the women, whom he still imagined to be of the first quality and ladies of the castle, were thus aiding him, he addressed them, with much self-satisfaction and perfect courtesy.

"Never was knight so nobly served as Don Quixote, after his departure from his village. Damsels waited upon him; princesses cared for his steed. O Rozinante! That, dear ladies, is my horse's name, and Don Quixote de la Mancha my own; though I had no intention to discover myself, till deeds achieved for your service and benefit should have proclaimed me; but the necessity of accommodating the

* Castellano in Spanish means both the governor of a castle and a native of Castile.

old romance of Sir Launcelot to my present situation has occasioned your knowing my name before the proper season. The time, however, will come when your highnesses shall command and I obey, and the valour of my arm shall make manifest the desire I have to be your slave."

The girls, unaccustomed to such rhetorical flourishes, made no reply to them, but simply asked the knight whether he would he pleased to eat anything.

"Most willingly," answered he; "anything eatable I feel would come very seasonably."

The day happened to be Friday, and there was nothing to be had at the inn but some pieces of fish, which they call *truchuela;* so they asked him whether he could eat any of that truchuela, because they had no other fish to give him. Don Quixote imagining they meant small trout, told them, that provided there were more than one, it was the same thing to him, they would serve him as well as a great one; "for," continued he, "it is all one to me whether I am paid a piece of eight in one single piece, or in eight small reals, which are worth as much. Besides, it is probable these small trouts may be like veal, which is finer meat than beef: or like the kid, which is better than the goat. In short, let it be what it will, so it comes quickly; for the weight of armour and the fatigue of travel are not to be supported without recruiting food."

Thereupon they laid the cloth at the inn-door for the benefit of the fresh air, and the landlord brought him a piece of the salt fish, but ill-watered and as ill-dressed: and as for the bread, it was as mouldy and brown as the knight's armour.

It was a source of great mirth to see him eat; for his hands being occupied in keeping his helmet on and the beaver up, he had no means of feeding himself, and the office was performed by one of the ladies. To give him drink would have been utterly impossible, had not the innkeeper bored a reed, and, putting one end to the knight's mouth, poured in the wine leisurely at the other; but all this Don Quixote patiently endured, rather than cut the lacings of his helmet.

While he was at supper, a pig-driver happened to sound his cane-trumpet, or whistle of reeds, four or five times as he came near the inn, which made Don Quixote the more positive that he was in a famous castle, where he was entertained with music at supper, that the country girls were great ladies, and the innkeeper the governor of the castle, which made him applaud himself for his resolution, and his setting out on such an account. The only thing that vexed him was, that he was not yet dubbed a knight; for he fancied he could not lawfully undertake any adventure till he had received the order of knighthood.

CHAPTER III.

An account of the pleasant method taken by Don Quixote to be dubbed a knight.

DON QUIXOTE's mind being disturbed with that thought, he abridged even his short supper; and as soon as he had done, he called his host; then shut him and himself up in the stable, and falling at his feet, "I will never rise from this place," cried he, "most valorous knight, till you have graciously vouchsafed to grant me a boon, which I will now beg of you, and which will redound to your honour and the good of mankind."

The innkeeper, strangely at a loss to find his guest at his feet, and talking at this rate, endeavoured to make him rise; but all in vain, till he had promised to grant him what he asked.

"I expected no less from your great magnificence, noble sir," replied Don Quixote; "and therefore I make bold to tell you, that the boon which I beg, and you generously condescend to grant me, is, that to-morrow you will be pleased to bestow the honour of knighthood upon me. This night I will watch my armour in the chapel of your castle, and then in the morning you shall gratify me, that I may be duly qualified to seek out adventures in every corner of the universe, to relieve the distressed, according to the laws of chivalry and the inclinations of knights-errant like myself."

The innkeeper, who, as I said, was an arch fellow, and had already a shrewd suspicion of his guest's disorder, was fully convinced of it when he heard him talk in this manner; and, to make sport he resolved to humour him, telling him he was much to be commended for his choice of such an employment, which was altogether worthy a knight of the first order, such as his gallant deportment discovered him to be: that he himself had in his youth followed that profession, ranging through many parts of the world in search of adventures, till at length he retired to this castle, where he lived on his own estate and those of others, entertaining all knights-errant of what quality or condition soever, purely for the great affection he bore them, and to partake of what they might share with him in return. He added, that his castle at present had no chapel where the knight might keep the vigil of his arms, it being pulled down in order to be new built; but that he knew they might lawfully be watched in any other place in a case of necessity, and therefore he might do it that night in the courtyard of the castle; and in the morning all the necessary ceremonies should be performed, so that he might assure himself he should be dubbed a knight, nay, as much a knight as any one in the world could be. He then asked Don Quixote whether he had any money?

"Not a cross," replied the knight, "for I never read in any history of chivalry that any knight-errant ever carried money about him."

"You are mistaken," cried the innkeeper; "for admit the histories are silent in this matter, the authors thinking it needless to mention

things so evidently necessary as money and clean shirts, yet there is no reason to believe the knights went without either: and you may rest assured, that all the knights-errant, of whom so many histories are full, had their purses well lined to supply themselves with necessaries, and carried also with them some shirts, and a small box of salves to heal their wounds; for they had not the conveniency of surgeons to cure them every time they fought in fields and deserts, unless they were so happy as to have some sage or magician for their friend to give them present assistance, sending them some damsel or dwarf through the air in a cloud, with a small bottle of water of so great a virtue, that they no sooner tasted a drop of it, but their wounds were as perfectly cured as if they had never received any. But when they wanted such a friend in former ages, the knights thought themselves obliged to take care that their squires should be provided with money and other necessaries; and if those knights ever happened to have no squires, which was but very seldom, then they carried those things behind them in a little bag. I must therefore advise you," continued he, "never from this time forwards to ride without money, nor without the other necessaries of which I spoke to you, which you will find very beneficial when you least expect it."

Don Quixote promised to perform all his injunctions; and so they disposed everything in order to his watching his arms in the great yard. To which purpose the knight, having got them all together, laid them in a horse-trough close by a well; then bracing his target, and grasping his lance, just as it grew dark, he began to walk about by the horse-trough with a graceful deportment. In the meanwhile, the innkeeper acquainted all those that were in the house with the extravagances of his guest, his watching his arms, and his hopes of being made a knight. They all marvelled very much at so strange a kind of folly, and went on to observe him at a distance; where, they saw him sometimes walk about with a great deal of gravity, and sometimes lean on his lance, with his eyes all the while fixed upon his arms. It was now undoubted night, but yet the moon did shine with such a brightness, as might almost have vied with that of the luminary which lent it her; so that the knight was wholly exposed to the spectators' view. While he was thus employed, one of the carriers who lodged in the inn came out to water his mules, which he could not do without removing the arms out of the trough. With that, Don Quixote, who saw him make towards them, cried out to him aloud, "O thou, whoever thou art, rash knight, that prepares to lay thy hands on the arms of the most valorous knight-errant that ever wore a sword, take heed; do not audaciously attempt to profane them with a touch, lest instant death be the too sure reward of thy temerity." But the carrier regarded not these threats; and laying hold of the armour without any more ado, threw it a good way from him; though it had been better for him to have let it alone; for Don Quixote no sooner saw this, but lifting up his eyes to heaven, and thus addressing his thoughts, as it seemed, to his lady Dulcinea: "Assist me, lady," cried he, "in the first opportunity that offers itself

to your faithful slave: nor let your favour and protection be denied me in this first trial of my valour!"

Repeating such-like ejaculations, he let slip his target, and lifting up his lance with both his hands, he gave the carrier such a terrible knock on his inconsiderate head with his lance, that he laid him at his feet in a woful condition; and had he backed that blow with another, the fellow would certainly have had no need of a surgeon. This done, Don Quixote took up his armour, laid it again in the horse-trough, and then walked on backwards and forwards with as great unconcern as he did at first.

Soon after another carrier, not knowing what had happened, came also to water his mules, while the first yet lay on the ground in a trance; but as he offered to clear the trough of the armour, Don Quixote, without speaking a word, or imploring any one's assistance, once more dropped his target, lifted up his lance, and then let it fall so heavily on the fellow's pate, that without damaging his lance, he broke the carrier's head in three or four places. His outcry soon alarmed and brought thither all the people in the inn, and the landlord among the rest: which Don Quixote perceiving, "Thou Queen of Beauty," cried he, bracing on his shield, and drawing his sword, "thou courage and vigour of my weakened heart, now is the time when thou must enliven thy adventurous slave with the beams of thy greatness, while this moment he is engaging in so terrible an adventure!"

With this, in his opinion, he found himself supplied with such an addition of courage, that had all the carriers in the world at once attacked him, he would undoubtedly have faced them all. On the other side, the carriers, enraged to see their comrades thus used, though they were afraid to come near, gave the knight such a volley of stones, that he was forced to shelter himself as well as he could under the covert of his target, without daring to go far from the horse-trough, lest he should seem to abandon his arms. The innkeeper called to the carriers as loud as he could to let him alone; that he had told them already he was mad, and consequently the law would acquit him, though he should kill them. Don Quixote also made yet more noise, calling them false and treacherous villains, and the lord of the castle base and inhospitable, and a discourteous knight, for suffering a knight-errant to be so abused.

"I would make thee know," cried he, "what a perfidious wretch thou art, had I but received the order of knighthood; but for you, base, ignominious rabble, fling on, do your worst; come on, draw nearer if you dare, and receive the reward of your indiscretion and insolence."

This he spoke with so much spirit and undauntedness, that he struck a terror into all his assailants; so that, partly through fear, and partly through the innkeeper's persuasions, they gave over flinging stones at him; and he, on his side, permitted the enemy to carry off their wounded, and then returned to the guard of his arms as calm and composed as before.

The innkeeper, who began somewhat to disrelish these mad tricks

of his guest, resolved to despatch him forthwith, and bestow on him that unlucky knighthood, to prevent further mischief: so coming to him, he excused himself for the insolence of those base scoundrels, as being done without his privity or consent; but their audaciousness, he said, was sufficiently punished. He added, that he had already told him there was no chapel in his castle; and that indeed there was no need of one to finish the rest of the ceremony of knighthood, which consisted only in the application of the sword to the neck and shoulders, as he had read in the register of the ceremonies of the order; and that this might be performed as well in a field as anywhere else: that he had already fulfilled the obligation of watching his arms, which required no more than two hours' watch, whereas he had been four hours upon the guard. Don Quixote, who easily believed him, told him he was ready to obey him, and desired him to make an end of the business as soon as possible; for if he were but knighted, and should see himself once attacked, he believed he should not leave a man alive in the castle, except those whom he should desire him to spare for his sake.

Upon this, the innkeeper, lest the knight should proceed to such extremities, fetched the book in which he used to set down the carriers' accounts for straw and barley; and having brought with him the two kind females already mentioned, and a boy that held a piece of lighted candle in his hand, he ordered Don Quixote to kneel: then reading in his manual, as if he had been repeating some pious oration, in the midst of his devotion he lifted up his hand, and gave him a good blow on the neck, and then a gentle slap on the back with the flat of his sword, still mumbling some words between his teeth in the tone of a prayer. After this he ordered one of the ladies to gird the sword about the knight's waist: which she did with much solemnity, and, I may add, discretion, considering how hard a thing it was to forbear laughing at every circumstance of the ceremony: it is true, the thoughts of the knight's late prowess did not a little contribute to the suppression of her mirth. As she girded on his sword, "Heaven," cried the kind lady, "make your worship a lucky knight, and prosper you wherever you go." Don Quixote desired to know her name, that he might understand to whom he was indebted for the favour she had bestowed upon him, and also make her partaker of the honour he was to acquire by the strength of his arm. To which the lady answered with all humility, that her name was Tolosa, a cobbler's daughter, that kept a stall among the little shops of Sanchobinaya at Toledo; and that whenever he pleased to command her, she would be his humble servant. Don Quixote begged of her to do him the favour to add hereafter the title of lady to her name, and for his sake to be called from that time Donna Tolosa; which she promised to do. Her companion having buckled on his spurs, occasioned a like conference between them; and when he had asked her name, she told him she went by the name of Molivera, being the daughter of an honest miller of Antequera. Our new knight entreated her also to style herself the Donna Molivera, making her new offers of service. These extraordinary ceremonies (the like

never seen before) being thus hurried over in a kind of post-haste, Don Quixote could not rest till he had taken the field in quest of adventures; therefore having immediately saddled his Rozinante, and being mounted, he embraced the innkeeper, and returned him so many thanks at so extravagant a rate, for the obligation he had laid upon him in dubbing him a knight, that it is impossible to give a true relation of them all; to which the innkeeper, in haste to get rid of him, returned as rhetorical though shorter answers; and without stopping his horse for the reckoning, was glad with all his heart to see him go.

CHAPTER IV.

What befel the Knight after he had left the inn.

AURORA began to usher in the morn, when Don Quixote sallied out of the inn, so overjoyed to find himself knighted, that he infused the same satisfaction into his horse, who seemed ready to burst his girths for joy. But calling to mind the admonitions which the innkeeper had given him, concerning the provision of necessary accommodation in his travels, particularly money and clean shirts, he resolved to return home to furnish himself with them, and likewise get him a squire, designing to entertain as such a labouring man, his neighbour, who was poor and had a number of children, but yet very fit for the office. With this resolution he took the road which led to his own village. The knight had not travelled far, when he fancied he heard a weak effeminate voice complaining in a thicket on his right hand. "I thank Heaven," said he, when he heard the cries, "for favouring me so soon with an opportunity to perform the duty of my profession, and reap the fruits of my desire; for these complaints are certainly the moans of some distressed creature who wants my present help." Then turning to that side with all the speed which Rozinante could make, he no sooner came into the wood but he found a mare tied to an oak, and to another a young lad about fifteen years of age, naked from the waist upwards. This was he who made such a lamentable outcry; and not without cause, for a lusty country-fellow was strapping him soundly with a girdle, at every stripe putting him in mind of a proverb, *Keep your mouth shut, and your eyes open.*

"Good master," cried the boy, "I'll do so no more: indeed, master, hereafter I'll take more care of your goods."

Don Quixote seeing this, cried in an angry tone, "Discourteous knight, 'tis an unworthy act to strike a person who is not able to defend himself; come, bestride thy steed, and take thy lance, then I'll make thee know thou hast acted the part of a coward."

The country-fellow, who gave himself up for lost at the sight of an apparition in armour brandishing his lance at his face, answered him in mild and submissive words:

"Sir Knight," cried he, "this boy, whom I am chastising, is my servant; and because I correct him for his carelessness or his

knavery, he says I do it out of covetousness, to defraud him of his wages; but, upon my life and soul, he belies me."

"Sayest thou this in my presence, vile rustic," cried Don Quixote; "for thy insolent speech, I have a good mind to run thee through the body with my lance. Pay the boy this instant, without any more words, or I will immediately despatch and annihilate thee: unbind him, I say, this moment." The countryman hung down his head, and without any further reply unbound the boy; who being asked by Don Quixote what his master owed him, told him it was nine months' wages, at seven reals* a month. The knight having cast it up, found it came to sixty-three reals in all; which he ordered the farmer to pay the fellow immediately, unless he intended to lose his life that very moment.

"The worst is, Sir Knight," cried the farmer, "that I have no money about me; but let Andres go home with me, and I'll pay him every piece out of hand."

"What, I go home with him!" cried the youngster; "I know better things: for he'd no sooner have me by himself, but he'd flay me alive, like another St. Bartholomew."

"He will not dare," replied Don Quixote; "I command him, and that's sufficient: therefore, provided he will swear by the order of knighthood which has been conferred upon him, that he will duly observe this regulation, I will freely let him go, and then thou art secure of thy money."

"Good sir, take heed what you say," cried the boy; "for my master is no knight, nor ever was of any order in his life: he's John Haldudo, the rich farmer of Quintinar."

"This signifies little," answered Don Quixote, "for there may be knights among the Halduds; besides, the brave man carves out his fortune, and every man is the son of his own works."

"That's true, sir," quoth Andres; "but of what works can this master of mine be the son, who denies me my wages, which I have earned with the sweat of my brows?"

"I do not deny to pay thee thy wages, honest Andres," cried the master; "do but go along with me, and by all the orders of knighthood in the world, I promise to pay thee every piece, as I said."

"Be sure," said Don Quixote, "you perform your promise; for if you fail, I will assuredly return and find you out, and punish you moreover, though you should hide yourself as close as a lizard. And if you will be informed who it is that lays these injunctions on you, that you may understand how highly it concerns you to observe them, know I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of wrongs, the revenger and redresser of grievances; and so farewell: but remember what you have promised and sworn, as you will answer for it at your peril."

This said, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and quickly left them behind.

The countryman, who followed him with both his eyes, no sooner

* A real is sixpence English.

perceived that he was passed the woods, and quite out of sight, than he went back to his boy Andres.

"Come, child," said he, "I will pay thee what I owe thee, as that righter of wrongs and redresser of grievances has ordered me."

"Ay," quoth Andres, "on my word, you will do well to fulfil the commands of that good knight, whom Heaven grant long to live; for he is so brave a man, and so just a judge, that if you don't pay me, he will come back and make his words good."

"I dare swear as much," answered the master; "and to show thee how much I love thee, I am willing to increase the debt, that I may enlarge the payment."

With that he caught the youngster by the arm, and tied him again to the tree; where he handled him so unmercifully, that scarce any signs of life were left in him.

"Now call your righter of wrongs, Mr. Andres," cried the farmer, "and you shall see he will never be able to undo what I have done; though I think it is but a part of what I ought to do, for I have a good mind to flay you alive, as you said I would, you rascal."

However, he untied him at last, and gave him leave to go and seek out his judge, in order to have his decree put in execution. Andres went his ways, not very well pleased, you may be sure, yet fully resolved to find out the valorous Don Quixote, and give him an exact account of the whole transaction, that he might pay the abuse with sevenfold usury: in short, he crept off sobbing and weeping, while his master stayed behind laughing. And in this manner was this wrong redressed by the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha.

In the meantime the knight, being highly pleased with himself and what had happened, imagining he had given a most fortunate and noble beginning to his feats of arms, went on towards his village, and soon found himself at a place where four roads met; and this made him presently bethink of those cross-ways which often used to put knights-errant to a stand, to consult with themselves which way they should take. That he might follow their example, he stopped awhile, and after he had seriously reflected on the matter, gave Rozinante the reins, subjecting his own will to that of his horse, who, pursuing his first intent, took the way that led to his own stable.

Don Quixote had not gone above two miles, when he discovered a company of people riding towards him, who proved to be merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks in Murcia. They were six in all, every one screened with an umbrella, besides four servants on horseback, and three muleteers on foot. The knight no sooner perceived them but he imagined this to be some new adventure; so, fixing himself in his stirrups, couching his lance, and covering his breast with his target, he posted himself in the middle of the road, expecting the coming up of the supposed knights-errant. As soon as they came within hearing, with a loud voice and haughty tone, "Hold," cried he; "let no man hope to pass further, unless he acknowledge and confess that there is not in the universe a more beautiful damsel than the empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso."

At those words the merchants made a halt, to view the unaccount-

able figure of their opponent; and conjecturing, both by his expression and disguise, that the poor gentleman had lost his senses, they were willing to understand the meaning of that strange confession which he would force from them; and therefore one of the company, who loved raillery, and had discretion to manage it, undertook to talk to him.

"Signor Cavalier," cried he, "we do not know this worthy lady you talk of; but be pleased to let us see her, and then if we find her possessed of those matchless charms, of which you assert her to be the mistress, we will freely, and without the least compulsion, own the truth which you would extort from us."

"Had I once shown you that beauty," replied Don Quixote, "what wonder would it be to acknowledge so notorious a truth? the importance of the thing lies in obliging you to believe it, confess it, affirm it, swear it, and maintain it, without seeing her; and therefore make this acknowledgment this very moment, or know that with me you must join in battle, ye proud and unreasonable mortals! Come one by one, as the laws of chivalry require, or all at once, according to the dishonourable practice of men of your stamp; here I expect you all my single self, and will stand the encounter, confiding in the justice of my cause."

"Sir Knight," replied the merchant, "I beseech you, that for the discharge of our consciences, which will not permit us to affirm a thing we never heard or saw, and which, besides, tends so much to the dishonour of the empresses and queens of Alcaria and Estramadura, your worship will vouchsafe to let us see some portraiture of that lady, though it were no bigger than a grain of wheat; for by a small sample we may judge of the whole piece, and by that means rest secure and satisfied, and you contented and appeased. Nay, I verily believe, that we all find ourselves already so inclinable to comply with you, that though her picture should represent her to be blind of one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone at the other, yet, to oblige you, we shall be ready to say in her favour whatever your worship desires."

"Distil, ye infamous scoundrels," replied Don Quixote in a burning rage, "distil, say you? know, that nothing distils from her but amber and civet; neither is she defective in her make or shape, but more straight than a Guadaramian Spindle.* But you shall all severely pay for the blasphemy which thou hast uttered against the transcendent beauty of my incomparable lady."

Saying this, with his lance couched, he ran so furiously at the merchant who thus provoked him, that had not good fortune so ordered it that Rozinante should stumble and fall in the midst of his career, the audacious trifler had paid dear for his raillery: but as Rozinante fell, he threw down his master, who rolled and tumbled a good way on the ground without being able to get upon his legs, though he used all his skill and strength to effect it, so encumbered he was with his lance, target, spurs, helmet, and the weight of his

* Very straight perpendicular rocks near Guadarama, called the Spindles.

rusty armour. However, in this helpless condition he played the hero with his tongue; "Stay," cried he; "cowards, rascals, do not fly! it is not through my fault that I lie here, but through that of my horse, ye poltroons!"

One of the muleteers, who was none of the best-natured creatures, hearing the overthrown knight thus insolently treat his master, could not bear it without returning him an answer on his ribs; and therefore coming up to him as he lay wallowing, he snatched his lance, and having broke it to pieces, so belaboured Don Quixote's sides with one of them, that in spite of his arms, he thrashed him like a wheat-sheaf. His master indeed called to him not to lay on him so vigorously, and to let him alone; but the fellow, whose hand was in, would not give over till he had tired out his passion and himself; and therefore running to the other pieces of the broken lance, he fell to it again without ceasing, till he had splintered them all on the knight's iron enclosure. At last the mule-driver was tired, and the merchants pursued their journey, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse at the poor knight's expense. When he found himself alone, he tried once more to get on his feet; but if he could not do it when he had the use of his limbs, how should he do it now, bruised and battered as he was? But yet for all this, he esteemed himself a happy man, being still persuaded that his misfortune was one of those accidents common in knight-errantry, and such a one as he could wholly attribute to the falling of his horse.

CHAPTER V.

A further account of our Knight's misfortunes.

Don Quixote perceiving that he was not able to stir, resolved to have recourse to his usual remedy, which was to bethink himself what passage in his books might afford him some comfort: and presently his frenzy brought to his remembrance the story of Baldwin and the Marquis of Mantua, when Charlot left the former wounded on the mountain; a story learned and known by little children, not unknown to young men and women, celebrated, and even believed, by the old, and yet not a jot more authentic than the miracles of Mahomet. This seemed to him as if made on purpose for his present circumstances, and therefore he fell a rolling and tumbling up and down, expressing the greatest pain and resentment, and breathing out, with a languishing voice, the same complaints which the wounded Knight of the Wood is said to have made:

"Alas! where are you, lady dear,
That for my woe you do not moan?
You little know what ails me here,
Or are to me disloyal grown."

Thus he went on with the lamentations in that romance, till he came to these verses:—

"O thou, my uncle and my prince,
Marquis of Mantua, noble lord!"

When kind fortune so ordered it that a ploughman, who lived in the same village, and near his house, happened to pass by, as he came from the mill with a sack of wheat. The fellow, seeing a man lie at his full length on the ground, asked him who he was, and why he made such a sad complaint. Don Quixote, whose distempered brain presently represented to him the countryman as the Marquis of Mantua, his imaginary uncle, made him no answer, but went on with the romance. The fellow stared, much amazed to hear a man talk such unaccountable stuff; and taking off the vizor of his helmet, broken all to pieces with blows bestowed upon it by the mule-driver, he wiped off the dust that covered his face, and presently knew the gentleman.

"Master Quixada!" cried he (for so he was properly called, when he had the right use of his senses, and had not yet from a sober gentleman transformed himself into a wandering knight); "how came you in this condition?"

But the other continued his romance, and made no answers to all the questions the countryman put to him, but what followed in course in the book: which the good man perceiving, he took off the battered adventurer's armour as well as he could, and fell a searching for his wounds; but finding no sign of blood, or any other hurt, he endeavoured to set him upon his legs; and at last with a great deal of trouble, he heaved him upon his own ass, as being the more easy and gentle carriage: he also got all the knight's arms together, not leaving behind so much as the splinters of his lance; and having tied them up, and laid them on Rozinante, which he took by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, he led them all towards the village, and trudged on foot himself, while he reflected on the extravagances which he heard Don Quixote utter. Nor was the Don himself less melancholy; for he felt himself so bruised and battered that he could hardly sit on the ass; and now and then he breathed such grievous sighs as seemed to pierce the very skies, which moved his compassionate neighbour once more to entreat him to declare to him the cause of his grief: so he bethought himself of the Moor Abindaraez, whom Rodrigo de Narvaez, Alcade of Antequera, took and carried prisoner to his castle; so that when the husbandman asked him how he did and what ailed him, he answered word for word as the prisoner Abindaraez replied to Rodrigo de Narvaez, in the Diana of George di Montemayor, where that adventure is related; applying it so properly to his purpose, that the countryman wished himself anywhere than within the hearing of such strange nonsense; and being now fully convinced that his neighbour's brains were turned, he made all the haste he could to the village, to be rid of him. Don Quixote in the meantime thus went on: "You must know, Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this beautiful Xerifa, of whom I gave you an account, is at present the most lovely Dulcinea del Toboso, for whose sake I have done, still do, and will achieve the most famous deeds of chivalry that ever were, are, or ever shall be seen in the universe."

"Good sir," replied the husbandman, "I am not Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonzo by name,

your worship's neighbour; nor are you Baldwin, nor Abindaraez, but only that worthy gentleman Senior Quixada."

"I know very well who I am," answered Don Quixote; "and what's more, I know, that I may not only be the persons I have named, but also the twelve peers of France, nay, and the nine worthies all in one; since my achievements will out-rival not only the famous exploits which made any of them singly illustrious, but all their mighty deeds accumulated together."

Thus discoursing, they at last got near their village about sunset; but the countryman stayed at some distance till it was dark, that the distressed gentleman might not be seen so scurvily mounted, and then he led him home to his own house, which he found in great confusion. The curate and the barber* of the village, both of them Don Quixote's intimate acquaintances, happened to be there at that juncture, as also the housekeeper, who was arguing with them.

"What do you think, pray, good Doctor Perez," said she (for this was the curate's name), "what do you think of my master's mischance? neither he, nor his horse, nor his target, lance, nor armour, have been seen these six days. What shall I do, wretch that I am? I dare lay my life, and it is as sure as I am a living creature, that those cursed books of errantry, which he used to be always poring upon, have set him beside his senses; for now I remember I have heard him often mutter to himself that he had a mind to turn knight-errant, and ramble up and down the world to find out adventures."

His niece added, addressing herself to the barber: "You must know, Mr. Nicholas, that many times my uncle would read you those unconscionable books of disventures for eight-and-forty hours together, then away he would throw his book, and drawing his sword, he would fall a fencing against the walls; and when he had tired himself with cutting and slashing, he would cry he had killed four giants as big as any steeples; and the sweat which he put himself into, he would say was the blood of the wounds he had received in the fight: then would he swallow a huge jug of cold water, and presently he would be as quiet and as well as ever he was in his life; and he said that this same water was a sort of precious drink brought him by the sage Esquife, a great magician and his special friend. Now, it is I who am the cause of all this mischief, for not giving you timely notice of my uncle's raving, that you might have put a stop to it, ere it was too late, and have burnt all these excommunicated books; for there are I do not know how many of them that deserve as much to be burnt as those of the rankest heretics."

"I am of your mind," said the curate; "and verily to-morrow shall not pass over before I have fairly brought them to a trial, and condemned them to the flames, that they may not minister occasion to such as would read them, to be perverted after the example of my good friend."

* The barber was always a surgeon, and consequently a country doctor; and a person of no small importance, since he had the ordering and adjusting of the mustachios, those enemies of the Spanish dignity and gravity.

The countryman, who, with Don Quixote, stood without, listening to all this discourse, now perfectly understood the cause of his neighbour's disorder; and, without any more ado, he called out:

"Open the gates there, for the Lord Baldwin, and the Lord Marquis of Mantua, who is coming sadly wounded; and for the Moorish Lord Abindaraez, whom the valorous Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, Alcade of Antequera, brings prisoner."

At which words they all went out of doors; and the one finding it to be her uncle, and the other to be her master, and the rest their friend, who had not yet alighted from the ass, because indeed he was not able, they all ran to embrace him; to whom Don Quixote:

"Forbear," said he, "for I am sorely hurt, by reason that my horse failed me; carry me to bed, and, if it be possible, let the enchantress Urganda be sent for to cure my wounds."

"Now," quoth the housekeeper, "see whether I did not guess right, on which foot my master halted! Come, get to bed, I beseech you; and, my life for yours, we will take care to cure you without sending for that same Urganda. A hearty curse, I say, light upon those books of chivalry that have put you in this pickle!"

Whereupon they carried him to his bed, and searched for his wounds, but could find none; and then he told them he was only bruised, having had a dreadful fall from his horse Rozinante while he was fighting ten giants, the most outrageous and audacious upon the face of the earth.

"Ho, ho!" cried the curate, "are there giants too in the dance? nay, then, we will have them all burnt by to-morrow night."

Then they asked the Don a thousand questions, but to every one he made no other answer, but that they should give him something to eat, and then leave him to his repose. They complied with his desires; and then the curate informed himself at large in what condition the countryman had found him; and having had a full account of every particular, as also of the knight's extravagant talk, both when the fellow found him, and as he brought him home, this increased the curate's desire of effecting what he had resolved to do next morning: at which time he called upon his friend, Mr. Nicholas the barber, and went with him to Don Quixote's house.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the pleasant and curious scrutiny which the Curate and the Barber made of the library of our ingenious gentleman.

THE knight was yet asleep, when the curate came, attended by the barber, and desired his niece to let him have the key of the room where her uncle kept his books, the authors of his woes: she readily consented; and so in they went, and the housekeeper with them. There they found above a hundred large volumes neatly bound, and a good number of small ones. As soon as the housekeeper had spied

them out, she ran out of the study, and returned immediately with a holy-water pot and a sprinkler.

"Here, doctor," cried she, "pray sprinkle every cranny and corner in the room, lest there should lurk in it some one of the many sorcerers these books swarm with, who might chance to bewitch us, for the ill-will we bear them, in going about to send them out of the world."

The curate could not forbear smiling at the good woman's simplicity; and desired the barber to reach him the books one by one, that he might peruse the title-pages, for perhaps he might find some among them that might not deserve this fate.

"Oh, by no means," cried the niece; "spare none of them; they all help, somehow or other, to crack my uncle's brain. I fancy we had best throw them all out at the window in the yard, and lay them together in a heap, and then set them on fire, or else carry them into the back-yard, and there make a pile of them, and burn them, and so the smoke will offend nobody."

The housekeeper joined with her, so eagerly bent were both upon the destruction of those poor innocents; but the curate would not condescend to those irregular proceedings, and resolved first to read at least the title-page of every book.

The first that Mr. Nicholas put into his hands was Amadis de Gaul, in four volumes.

"There seems to be some mystery in this book's being the first taken down," cried the curate, as soon as he had looked upon it; "for I have heard it is the first book of knight-errantry that was ever printed in Spain, and the model of all the rest; and therefore I am of opinion, that, as the first teacher and author of so pernicious a sect, it ought to be condemned to the fire without mercy."

"I beg a reprieve for him," cried the barber; "for I have been told 'tis the best book that has been written in that kind; and therefore, as the only good thing of that sort, it may deserve a pardon."

"Well, then," replied the curate, "for this time let him have it. Let's see that other, which lies next to him."

"These," said the barber, "are the exploits of Esplandian, the son of Amadis de Gaul."

"Verily," said the curate, "the father's goodness shall not excuse the want of it in the son. Here, good mistress housekeeper, open that window, and throw it into the yard, and let it serve as a foundation to that pile we are to set a-blazing presently."

She was not slack in her obedience; and thus poor Don Esplandian was sent headlong into the yard, there patiently to wait the time of punishment.

"To the next," cried the curate.

"This," said the barber, "is Amadis of Greece; and I'm of opinion that all those that stand on this side are of the same family."

"Then let them all be sent packing into the yard," replied the curate.

They were delivered to the housekeeper accordingly, and many they were; and to save herself the labour of carrying them downstairs, she fairly sent them flying out at the window.

"What overgrown piece of lumber have we here?" cried the curate.

"Olivante de Laura," returned the barber.

"The same author wrote the Garden of Flowers; and, to deal ingenuously with you, I cannot tell which of the two books has most truth in it, or, to speak more properly, less lies: but this I know for certain, that he shall march into the back-yard, like a nonsensical arrogant blockhead as he is."

"The next," cried the barber, "is Florismart of Hyrcania."

"How! my Lord Florismart, is he here?" replied the curate: "nay, then truly, he shall e'en follow the rest to the yard, in spite of his wonderful birth and incredible adventures; for his rough, dull, and insipid style deserves no better usage. Come, toss him into the yard, and this other too, good mistress."

"Here's the noble Don Platir," cried the barber.

"'Tis an old book," replied the curate, "and I can think of nothing in him that deserves a grain of pity: away with him, without any more words;" and down he went accordingly.

Another book was opened, and it proved to be the Knight of the Cross.

"The holy title," cried the curate, "might in some measure atone for the badness of the book; but then, as the saying is, *The devil lurks behind the cross!* To the flames with him."

Then opening another volume, he found it to be Palmerin de Oliva, and the next to that Palmerin of England.

"Ha, have I found you!" cried the curate. "Here, take that Oliva, let him be torn to pieces, then burnt, and his ashes scattered in the air; but let Palmerin of England be preserved as a singular relic of antiquity; and let such a costly box be made for him as Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, which he devoted to enclose Homer's works: for I must tell you, neighbour, that book deserves particular respect for two things; first, for its own excellences; and secondly, for the sake of its author, who is said to have been a learned King of Portugal: then all the adventures of the Castle of Miraguarda are well and artfully managed, the dialogue very courtly and clear, and the decorum strictly observed in equal character, with equal propriety and judgment. Therefore, Master Nicholas," continued he, "with submission to your better advice, this and Amadis de Gaul shall be exempted from the fire; and let all the rest be condemned, without any further inquiry or examination."

"By no means, I beseech you," returned the barber, "for this which have in my hands is the famous Don Bellianis."

"Truly," cried the curate, "he, with his second, third, and fourth parts, had need of a dose of rhubarb to purge his excessive choler: besides, his Castle of Fame should be demolished, and a heap of other rubbish removed; in order to which I give my vote to grant them the benefit of a reprieve; and as they show signs of amendment, so shall mercy or justice be used towards them: in the meantime, neighbour, take them into custody, and keep them safe at home; but let none be permitted to converse with them."

"Content," cried the barber; and to save himself the labour of

looking on any more books of that kind, he bid the housekeeper take all the great volumes, and throw them into the yard. This was not spoken to one stupid or deaf, but to one who had a greater mind to be burning them, than weaving the finest and largest web: so that laying hold of no less than eight volumes at once, she presently made them leap towards the place of execution.

"But what shall we do with all these smaller books that are left?" said the barber.

"Certainly," replied the curate, "these cannot be books of knight-errantry, they are too small; you will find they are only poets."

And so opening one, it happened to be the Diana of Montemayor; which made him say (believing all the rest to be of that stamp), "These do not deserve to be punished like the others, for they neither have done, nor can do, that mischief which those stories of chivalry have done, being generally ingenious books, that can do nobody any prejudice."

"Oh! good sir," cried the niece, "burn them with the rest, I beseech you; for should my uncle get cured of his knight-errant frenzy, and betake himself to the reading of these books, we should have him turn shepherd, and so wander through the woods and fields; nay, and what would be worse yet, turn poet, which they say is a catching and incurable disease."

"The gentlewoman is in the right," said the curate; "and it will not be amiss to remove that stumbling-block out of our friend's way; and since we began with the Diana of Montemayor, I am of opinion we ought not to burn it, but only take out that part of it which treats of the magician Felicia and the enchanted water, as also all the longer poems; and let the work escape with its prose, and the honour of being the first of that kind."

"Here," quoth the barber, "I have a book called the Ten Books of the Fortunes of Love, by Anthony de Lofraco, a Sardinian poet."

"Now we have got a prize," cried the curate, "I do not think since Apollo was Apollo, the muses muses, and the poets poets, there ever was a more humorous, more whimsical book! Of all the works of the kind commend me to this, for in its way 'tis certainly the best and most singular that ever was published; and he that never read it may safely think he never in his life read anything that was pleasant."

With that he laid it aside with extraordinary satisfaction; and the barber went on: "The next," said he, "is the Shepherd of Filida."

"He's no shepherd," replied the curate, "but a very discreet courtier; keep him as a precious jewel."

"Here's a bigger," cried the barber, "called the Treasure of divers Poems."

"Had there been less of it," said the curate, "it would have been more esteemed. 'Tis fit the book should be pruned and cleared of some inferior things that encumber and deform it: keep it, however, because the author is my friend, and for the sake of his other more heroic and lofty productions. What's the next book?"

"The Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes," replied the barber.

"That Cervantes has been my intimate acquaintance these many years," cried the curate: "and I know he has been more conversant with misfortunes than with poetry. His book, indeed, has I don't know what, that looks like a good design; he aims at something, but concludes nothing: therefore we must stay for the second part, which he has promised us; perhaps he may make us amends, and obtain a full pardon, which is denied him for the present; till that time keep him close prisoner at your house."

"I will," quoth the barber: "but see, I have here three more for you, the Araucana of Don Alonso de Ercilla; the Austirada of Juan Ruffo, a magistrate of Cordova; and the Monserrato of Christopher de Virves, a Valentian poet."

"These," cried the curate, "are the best heroic poems we have in Spanish, and may vie with the most celebrated of Italy! Reserve them as the most valuable performances which Spain has to boast of in poetry."

At last the curate grew so tired with prying into so many volumes, that he ordered all the rest to be burnt at a venture. But the barber showed him one which he had opened by chance ere the dreadful sentence was passed.

"Truly," said the curate, who saw by the title it was the Tears of Angelica, "I should have wept myself, had I caused such a book to share the condemnation of the rest; for the author was not only one of the best poets in Spain, but in the whole world, and translated some of Ovid's fables with extraordinary success."

CHAPTER VII.

Don Quixote's second sally in quest of adventures.

At the instant of the last decision, Don Quixote was heard calling out aloud, "This way! this way! valorous knights! here it is you must exert the force of your invincible arms, for the courtiers begin to get the better of the tournament!"

This outcry, to which the whole party ran, put a stop to all farther scrutiny of the books that remained; and therefore it is believed, that to the fire, without being seen or heard, went the Carolea, and Leon of Spain, with the Acts of the Emperor, composed by Don Louis de Avila, which, without doubt, must have been among those that were left: and, perhaps, had the priest seen them, they had not undergone so rigorous a sentence.

When they entered the chamber, they found Don Quixote continuing his ravings, and with his drawn sword laying furiously about him, back-stroke and fore-stroke, being as broad awake as if he had never been asleep. Closing in with him, they laid him upon his bed by main force; when, after being a little composed, he turned himself to the priest, and said, "Certainly, my lord archbishop Turpin, it is a great disgrace to us, who call ourselves the twelve peers, to let

the knights-courtiers carry off the victory, without more opposition, after we the adventurers, had gained the prize in the three preceding days."

"Say no more, my worthy friend," said the priest; "it may be God's will to change our fortune, and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow; for the present, mind your health; for you must needs be extremely fatigued, if not sorely wounded."

"Wounded! no," said Don Quixote; "but bruised and battered I most certainly am; for Don Roldan, with the trunk of an oak, has pounded me to a mummy, and all out of sheer envy, because he sees that I am the sole rival of his prowess. But may I never more be called Rinaldo of Montauban, if, as soon as I am able to rise from this bed, I do not make him pay dearly for it, in spite of his enchantments: and now bring me some breakfast, for I feel as if nothing would do me so much good, and let me alone to revenge my wrongs."

They did so; and having taken refreshment, he fell fast asleep again, leaving them more astonished than before at his madness.

The night was no sooner set in, than the housekeeper kindled a fire, and burned all the books that were either in the yard, or the house; and some must have perished that deserved to be treasured up in perpetual archives; but their fate, and the laziness of the scrutineers, would not permit it: and in them was fulfilled the saying, "that a saint may sometimes suffer for a sinner."

Another remedy, which the priest and barber prescribed for their friend's malady, was, to alter his apartment, and wall up the closet in which the books had been kept, in the hope that upon his getting up, and not finding them, the cause being removed, the effect might cease; and it was agreed they should pretend, that an enchanter had carried them away, room and all; which things were done accordingly within the two days that Don Quixote was confined to his bed. When he rose, the first thing he did was to visit, as had been supposed, his study; and, not finding the room where he left it, he went up and down looking for it: coming to the place where the door used to be, he felt with his hands, and stared about in every direction, without speaking a word; at last he asked the housekeeper where the room stood, in which his books were. She, who was already well tutored what to answer, said to him—

"What room, or what nothing, does your worship look for? there is neither room nor books in this house; for the devil himself has carried all away."

"It was not the devil," said the niece, "but an enchanter, who came one night, after your departure hence, upon a cloud, and, alighting from a serpent on which he rode, entered into the room. I know not what he did there, but after a short time out he came, flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had been doing, we could find neither books nor room; only we very well remember, both I and mistress housekeeper here, that when the old thief went away, he said with a gruff voice, that for

a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books and of the room, he had done a mischief, which would soon be manifest. He told us also, that he was the sage Munniaton."

"Freston, he meant to say," quoth Don Quixote.

"I know not," answered the housekeeper, "whether his name be Freston or Friton; all I know is, that it ended in ton."

"It doth so," replied Don Quixote; "he is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me a grudge, because by the mystery of his art he knows, that, in process of time, I shall engage in single combat with a knight whom he favours, and shall vanquish him, without his being able to prevent it: and for this reason he endeavours to do me all the discourtesy he can: but let him know from me, it will be difficult for him to withstand or avoid what is decreed by Heaven."

"Who doubts that?" said the niece. "But, dear uncle, what have you to do with these quarrels? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home, than to ramble about the world seeking for better bread than wheaten, not considering, that many go for wool and return shorn themselves."

"My dear niece," answered Don Quixote, "how little dost thou know of the matter? Before they shall shear me, I will pluck and tear off the beards of all those who shall dare think of touching a single hair of my moustache." Neither of the women would make farther reply; for they saw his choler beginning to kindle.

He stayed after this fifteen days at home, very composed, without discovering any symptom of relapse, or inclination to repeat his late frolics; in which time there passed many very pleasant discourses between him and his two gossiping friends, the priest and the barber; ne affirming, that the world stood in need of nothing so much as knights-errant, and the revival of chivalry; and the priest sometimes contradicting him, and at other times acquiescing; for without this artifice, there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

In the meantime, Don Quixote tampered with a neighbouring labourer, an honest man, but of a very shallow brain; to whom he said so much, used so many arguments, and made so many fair promises, that at last the poor silly clown consented to go with him, and be his squire. Among other inducements to entice him to do it willingly, Don Quixote failed not to tell him, that it was likely such an adventure would present itself, as might secure him the conquest of some island in the time that he might be picking up a straw or two, and then the squire might promise himself to be made governor of the place. Allured with these large promises, and many others, Sancho Panza (for that was the name of the fellow) forsook his wife and children to be his neighbour's squire.

This done, Don Quixote made it his business to furnish himself with money; to which purpose, selling one house, mortgaging another, and losing by all, he at last got a pretty good sum together. He also borrowed a target of a friend; and having patched up his head-piece and beaver as well as he could, he gave his squire notice

of the day and hour when he intended to set out, that he also might furnish himself with what he thought necessary; but, above all, he charged him to provide himself with a wallet; which Sancho promised to do, telling him he would also take his ass along with him, which being a very good one, might be a great ease to him, for he was not used to travel much a-foot. The mentioning of the ass made the noble knight pause awhile; he mused and pondered whether he had ever read of any knight-errant, whose squire used to ride upon an ass; but he could not remember any precedent for it: however, he gave him leave at last to bring his ass, hoping to mount him more honourably with the first opportunity, by unhorsing the next discourteous knight he should meet. He also furnished himself with linen, and as many other necessaries as he could conveniently carry, according to the innkeeper's advice. Which being done, Sancho Panza, without bidding either his wife or children good-bye, and Don Quixote, without taking any more notice of his housekeeper or of his niece, stole out of the village one night, not so much as suspected by anybody, and made such haste, that by break of day they thought themselves out of reach, should they happen to be pursued. As for Sancho Panza, he rode like a patriarch, with his canvas knapsack, or wallet, and his leathern bottle; having a huge desire to see himself governor of the island, which his master had promised him.

As they jogged on, "I beseech your worship, Sir Knight-errant," quoth Sancho to his master, "be sure you don't forget what you promised me about the island: for I daresay I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big."

"You must know, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that it has been the constant practice of knights-errant in former ages to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered: now I am resolved to outdo my predecessors; for whereas sometimes other knights delayed rewarding their squires till they were grown old, and worn out with services, and then put them off with some title, either of count, or at least marquis of some valley or province, of great or small extent; now, if thou and I do but live, it may happen, that before we have passed six days together, I may conquer some kingdom, having many other kingdoms annexed to its imperial crown; and this would fall out most luckily for thee; for then would I presently crown thee king of one of them. Nor do thou imagine this to be a mighty matter; for so strange accidents and revolutions so sudden and so unforeseen attend the profession of chivalry, that I might easily give thee a great deal more than I have promised."

"Why, should this come to pass," quoth Sancho Panza, "and I be made a king by some such miracle as your worship says, then Mary Gutierez would be at least a queen, and my children infantas and princes, an't like your worship."

"Who doubts of that?" cried Don Quixote.

"I doubt of it," replied Sancho Panza; "for I cannot help believing, that though it should rain kingdoms down upon the face of the earth, not one of them would sit well upon Mary Gutierez's head; for I must needs tell you, she's not worth two brass jacks to make a

queen of: no, countess would be better for her; and that, too, will be as much as she can handsomely manage."

"Recommend the matter to providence," returned Don Quixote; "'twill be sure to give what is most expedient for thee."



CHAPTER VIII.

Of the good success which the valorous Don Quixote had in the most terrifying and incredible adventure of the Windmills, with other transactions worthy to be transmitted to posterity.

As they were thus discoursing, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills, in the plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we could have wished; look yonder, Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils: for they are lawful prize; and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to heaven."

"What giants?" quoth Sancha Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long extended arms; some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."

"Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho: "those things yonder are not giants, but windmills, and the arms are their sails, which being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go."

"'Tis a sign," cried Don Quixote, "thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in combat with them all."

This said, he clapped spurs to his horse, without giving ear to his squire, who bawled out to him, and assured him that they were windmills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them.

"Stand, cowards!" cried he as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all."

At the same time the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which, when Don Quixote spied, "Base miscreants," cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance."

He most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir.

"Did not I give your worship fair warning?" cried he; "did not I tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded, that cursed necromancer Freston, who carried away my study and my books, has transformed these giants into windmills, to deprive me of the honour of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me: but in the end, all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword."

"So let it be," replied Sancho.

And heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, who was half disjointed with his fall.

This adventure was the subject of their discourse, as they made the best of their way towards the pass of Lapice; for Don Quixote took that road, believing he could not miss of adventures in one so mightily frequented.

Sancho desired him now to consider that it was high time to go to dinner; but his master answered him, that he might eat whenever he pleased; as for himself, he was not yet disposed to do so. Sancho

having obtained leave, fixed himself as orderly as he could upon his ass; and taking some victuals out of his wallet, fell to munching lustily; and ever and anon he lifted his bottle to his nose, and fetched such hearty pulls, that it would have made the best-pampered vintner in Malaga dry to have seen him.

In fine, they passed that night under some trees; from one of which Don Quixote tore a withered branch, which in some sort was able to serve him for a lance, and to this he fixed the head or spear of his broken lance. But he did not sleep all that night, keeping his thoughts intent on his dear Dulcinea, in imitation of what he had read in books of chivalry, where the knights pass their time, without sleep, in forests and deserts, wholly taken up with entertaining thoughts of their absent ladies. The next day they went on directly towards the pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three o'clock. When they came near it:

"Here it is, brother Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that we may, as it were, thrust our arms up to the very elbows in that which we call adventures. But let me give thee one necessary caution; know, that though thou shouldst see me in the greatest extremity of danger, thou must not offer to draw thy sword in my defence, unless thou findest me assaulted by base plebeians and vile scoundrels; for in such a case thou mayest assist thy master; but if those with whom I am fighting are knights, thou must not do it; for the laws of chivalry do not allow thee to encounter a knight till thou art one thyself."

"Never fear," quoth Sancho; "I'll be sure to obey your worship in that, I'll warrant you; for I have ever loved peace and quietness, and never cared to thrust myself into frays and quarrels."

As they were talking, they spied coming towards them two monks of the order of St. Benedict mounted on two dromedaries, for the mules on which they rode were so high and stately, that they seemed little less. After them came a coach, with four or five men on horseback, and two muleteers on foot. There proved to be in the coach a Biscayan lady, who was going to Seville to meet her husband, that was there in order to embark for the Indies, to take possession of a considerable post. Scarce had the Don perceived the monks, who were not of the same company, though they went the same way, but he cried to his squire, "Either I am deceived, or this will prove the most famous adventure that ever was known; for without all question those two black things that move towards us must be necromancers, that are carrying away by force some princess in that coach; and 'tis my duty to prevent so great an injury."

"I fear me this will prove a worse job than the windmills," quoth Sancho. "These are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some traveller. Take warning, sir, and do not be led away a second time."

"I have already told thee, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "thou art miserably ignorant in matters of adventures: what I say is true, and thou shalt find it so presently."

This said, he spurred on his horse, and posted himself just in the

midst of the road where the monks were to pass. And when they came within hearing, he immediately cried out in a loud and haughty tone, "Release those high-born princesses whom you are violently conveying away in the coach, or else prepare to meet with instant death, as the just punishment of your deeds."

The monks stopped, no less astonished at the figure than at the expressions of the speaker. "Sir Knight," cried they, "we are no such persons as you are pleased to term us, but religious men of the order of St. Benedict, that travel about our affairs, and are wholly ignorant whether or no there are any princesses carried away by force in that coach."

"I am not to be deceived," replied Don Quixote; "I know you well enough, perfidious caitiffs:" and immediately, without waiting their reply, he set spurs to Rozinante, and ran so furiously, with his lance couched, against the first monk, that if he had not prudently flung himself to the ground, the knight would certainly have laid him either dead, or grievously wounded. The other observing this, clapped his heels to his mule's flanks, and scoured over the plain as if he had been running a race with the wind. Sancho no sooner saw the monk fall, but he leapt off his ass, and running to him, began to strip him immediately; but the two muleteers, who waited on the monks, came up to him, and asked why he offered to strip him. Sancho told them that this belonged to him as lawful plunder, being the spoils won in battle by his lord and master Don Quixote. The fellows, with whom there was no jesting, not knowing what he meant by his spoils and battle, and seeing Don Quixote at a good distance in deep discourse by the side of the coach, fell both upon poor Sancho, threw him down, tore his beard from his chin, trampled on him, and there left him lying without breath or motion. In the meanwhile the monk, scared out of his wits and as pale as a ghost, got upon his mule again as fast as he could, and spurred after his friend, who stayed for him at a distance, expecting the issue of this strange adventure; but being unwilling to stay to see the end of it, they made the best of their way, making more signs of the cross than if the devil had been posting after them.

Don Quixote was all this while engaged with the lady in the coach.

"Lady," cried he, "your discretion is now at liberty to dispose of your beautiful self as you please; for the presumptuous arrogance of those who attempted to enslave your person lies prostrate in the dust, overthrown by this arm: and that you may not be at a loss for the name of your deliverer, know I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, by profession a knight-errant and adventurer, captive to that peerless beauty Donna Dulcinea del Toboso: nor do I desire any other recompense for the service I have done you, but that you return to Toboso to present yourself to that lady, and let her know what I have done to purchase your deliverance."

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire, who accompanied the coach, a Biscayner, who, finding he would not let it go on, but insisted upon its immediately returning to Toboso, flew at

Don Quixote, and, taking hold of his lance, addressed him, in bad Castilian, and worse Biscayan, after this manner:

"Get thee gone, cavalier; I swear if thou dost not quit the coach, thou shalt forfeit thy life, as I am a Biscayner."

Our knight, who understood him very well, with great calmness answered, "Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave."

To which the Biscayner replied, "I no gentleman! I swear thou liest, as I am a Christian; if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see I will make no more of thee than a cat does of a mouse: Biscayner by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou liest: look then if thou hast anything else to say."

"Thou shalt see that presently, as said Agrages," answered Don Quixote; and throwing down his lance, he drew his sword, and grasping his buckler, set upon the Biscayner, with a determined resolution to put him to death. The Biscayner, seeing him come on in that manner, would fain have alighted from his mule, which, being but a sorry hack, was not to be depended upon, but had only time to draw: it, however, fortunately happened that he was close to the coach, out of which he snatched a cushion, to serve him for a shield; and immediately they began to fight, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would fain have made peace between them, but could not succeed; for the Biscayner swore in his gibberish, that, if they would not let him finish the combat, he would kill his mistress, and everybody that offered to oppose it. The lady, amazed and terrified at what she saw, ordered the coachman to drive a little out of the way, and she sat at a distance, beholding the conflict; in the progress of which, the Biscayner bestowed on one of the shoulders of Don Quixote, and above his buckler, so mighty a stroke, that had it not been for his coat of mail, he would have been cleft to the very girdle. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of this terrific blow, ejaculated in a loud and pious tone, "O Dulcinea, lady of my soul, flower of all beauty, now aid thy knight, who for the satisfaction of thy great goodness, exposes himself to this great peril."

The ejaculation, the drawing the sword, the covering himself with his buckler, and attacking the Biscayner, were the business of a moment, for he resolved to venture all on the fortune of a single effort. The Biscayner, who saw him coming thus upon him, and perceived his bravery by his resolution, resolved to imitate his example, and accordingly waited for him, shielding himself with his cushion; but he was not able to turn his mule either to the right or the left, for she was already so jaded, and so little used to such sport, that she would not stir a step.

Don Quixote, then, as we have said, advanced against the wary Biscayner, with his lifted sword, fully determined to cleave him asunder; and the Biscayner expected him, with his sword also lifted up, and guarded by his cushion. All the bystanders trembled, and were in breathless suspense, at what might be the event of the prodigious blows with which they threatened each other; and the lady in the coach, and her waiting-women, put up a thousand prayers to

heaven, and vowed an offering to every image and place of devotion in Spain, if God would deliver them and their squire from the great peril they were in. But the misfortune is, that in this very critical minute, the author of the history leaves the battle unfinished, excusing himself, that he could find no farther account of these exploits of Don Quixote than what he has already related. It is true, indeed, that the second undertaker of this work would not believe that so curious a history could be lost in oblivion, or that the wits of La Mancha should have so little curiosity, as not to preserve in their archives, or their cabinets, some papers relating to this famous knight; and upon that presumption he did not despair to find the conclusion of this delectable history; in which, Heaven favouring his search, he at last succeeded, as shall faithfully be recounted.

CHAPTER IX.

Wherein is concluded the stupendous battle between the vigorous Biscayner and the valiant Manchegan.

We left the valiant Biscayner and the renowned Don Quixote, with their naked swords lifted up, ready to discharge two such furious strokes, as must, if they had lighted full, at least have divided the combatants from head to heel, splitting them asunder like a pomegranate; but in that critical instant this pleasant history stopped short, and was left imperfect, without the author giving us any clue by which to find what remained of it. This grieved me extremely; and the pleasure of having read so little was turned into mortification, to think what small probability there was of discovering the much that, in my opinion, was wanting to such a treat. It seemed to me impossible, and contrary to all laudable custom, that so accomplished a knight should have no sage to undertake the penning of his unparalleled exploits: a circumstance that never before failed, as to any of those knights-errant who travelled in quest of adventures; every one of whom had one or two sages, made as it were on purpose, who not only recorded their actions, but described likewise their most minute and trifling thoughts, though never so secret. Surely then so worthy a knight could not be so unfortunate as to want what Platir,* and others like him, abounded with. For this reason, I could not be induced to believe, that so delightful a history could be left maimed and imperfect; and I laid the blame upon the malignity of time, the devourer and consumer of all things, which either kept it concealed, or had destroyed it. On the other hand, I considered, that, since among the knight's books some were found of so modern a date as the "Cures of Jealousy," and the "Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares," his history also must be modern; and if not yet written, might, at least, still be in the memory of the people of his village, and those of the neighbouring places.

* A secondary character in the romance "Palmerin of England."

This thought held me in suspense, and made me desirous to learn, really and truly, the whole life and wonderful actions of our renowned Spaniard, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the light and mirror of Manchegan chivalry, and the first, who, in our age, and in these calamitous times, took upon him the toil and exercise of arms-errant; to redress wrongs, succour widows, and relieve that sort of damsels, who, with whip and palfrey, rambled up and down from mountain to mountain, and from valley to valley. I say, therefore, that upon these, and many other accounts, our gallant Don Quixote is worthy of immortal memory and praise; nor ought some share to be denied even to me, for the labour and pains I have taken to discover the end of this delectable history; though I am very sensible, that, if heaven and fortune had not befriended me, the world would have still been without that pastime and pleasure, which an attentive reader of it may enjoy for nearly two hours together. Now the manner of finding it was this:—

As I was walking one day on the exchange of Toledo, a boy offered for sale some bundles of old papers to a mercer; and as I am fond of reading, though it be torn scraps thrown about the streets, led by this my natural inclination, I took a parcel of those which the boy was selling, and perceived that the characters in which they were written were Arabic. As I could not read the language, though I knew the letters, I looked about for some Moorish sage, to read them for me: and it was not very difficult to find such an interpreter; for had I sought one even for a better and more ancient language, Toledo would have supplied me. In short, I met with one; and acquainting him with my desire, I put the book into his hands, and he opened it towards the middle, and, having read a little, began to laugh. I asked him what he laughed at: and he replied, at something which he found written in the margin, by way of annotation. I desired him to tell me what it was; and, still laughing, he said, there was written in the margin of one of the leaves as follows: "This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mentioned in this history, is said to have the best hand at salting pork of any woman in all La Mancha." When I heard the name of Dulcinea del Toboso, I stood amazed and confounded: for I instantly fancied to myself, that the bundles of paper contained the whole history of Don Quixote.

With this thought, I pressed him to turn to the beginning; which he did, and, rendering extempore the Arabic into Castilian, said that it began thus: "The history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cid Hamete Benengeli, Arabian historiographer." Much discretion was necessary to dissemble the joy I felt at hearing the title of the book; and snatching what was in the hands of the mercer, I bought the whole bundle of papers from the boy for half a real; whereas, if he had been cunning, and had perceived how eager I was for the purchase, he might very well have promised himself, and have really had, more than twelve times the sum for the bargain. I posted away immediately with the Morisco, through the cloister of the great church, and desired him to translate for me, into the Castilian tongue, all the papers that treated of Don Quixote, without

taking away or adding a syllable, offering to pay him for his trouble whatever he should demand. He was satisfied with fifty pounds of raisins, and two bushels of wheat; and promised to execute the task faithfully and expeditiously. But I, to make the business more sure, and not let so valuable a prize slip through my fingers, took him home to my own house, where, in little more than six weeks, he translated the whole, in the manner you have it here related.

In the first sheet was drawn, in a most lively manner, Don Quixote's combat with the Biscayner, in the very attitude in which the history sets it forth; their swords lifted up, the one covered with his buckler, the other with his cushion; and the Biscayner's mule so nicely to the life, that you might discover it to be a hackney-jade a bow-shot off. The Biscayner had a label at his feet, on which was written, Don Sancho de Azpetia: which, without doubt, must have been his name: and at the feet of Rozinante was another, on which Don Quixote was written. Rozinante was most wonderfully delineated; so long and lank, so lean and feeble, with so sharp a backbone, and so perfectly like one in a galloping consumption, that you might plainly see with what exact propriety the name of Rozinante had been given him. Close by him stood Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter: at whose feet was another scroll, whereon was inscribed, Sancho Zancas: and not without reason, if, as the painting expressed, he was paunch-bellied, short of stature, and spindle-shanked: which, doubtless, gave him the name of Panza and Zancas; for the history sometimes calls him by the one, and sometimes by the other of these surnames. There were other more minute particulars observable: but they are of little importance, and contribute nothing to the faithful narration of the history; though none are to be despised, if true. And against the truth of this history, there can be but one objection, that the author was an Arab, writers of that nation being not a little addicted to fiction: though, as they are so much our enemies, it may be supposed that the writer, in this instance, would fall short of, rather than exceed, the bounds of truth. And so, in fact, he seems to have done: for when he might, and ought to have launched out, in celebrating the praises of so excellent a knight, it looks as if he industriously passed them over in silence: a thing bad in itself, and worse intended; for historians ought to be precise, faithful, and unprejudiced; and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor affection, should induce them to swerve from the way of truth, whose mother is history, the rival of time, the depository of great actions, witness of the past, example and pattern of the present, and monitor of future generations. In this you will certainly find whatever can be expected in the most pleasant performance; and, if any perfection be wanted to it, it must, without question, be the fault of the infidel, its author, and not owing to any defect in the subject. In short, the second part, according to the translation, began in this manner:—

The trenchant blades of the two valorous and enraged combatants, being brandished aloft, seemed to threaten heaven, earth, and the deep abyss; such was the courage and gallantry of those who wielded

them. The first who discharged his blow was the choleric Biscayner, and it fell with such force and fury, that, if the edge of the weapon had not turned aslant by the way, that single blow had been enough to have put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our knight: but good fortune, that preserved him for greater things, so twisted his adversary's sword, that, though it alighted on the left shoulder, it did him no other hurt than to disarm that side, carrying off by the way a great part of his helmet, with half an ear; all which, with hideous ruin, fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

Who is he that can worthily recount the rage that entered into the breast of our Manchegan, at seeing himself so roughly handled? Let it suffice to say, it was such, that he raised himself afresh in his stirrups, and grasping his sword faster in both hands, struck with such fury at the Biscayner, taking him full upon the cushion, and upon the head, which he could not defend, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to gush out at his nostrils, his mouth, and his ears; and he seemed as if he was just falling from his mule, which doubtless he must have done, had he not laid fast hold of her neck; but presently, losing his stirrups, he let go his hold; and the mule, frightened by the terrible stroke, galloped about the field, and, after two or three plunges, laid her master flat upon the ground. Don Quixote had looked on with great calmness, but when he saw him fall, he leaped from his horse, and with much agility ran up to him, and, directing the point of his sword to his eyes, bid him yield, on pain of having his head cut off. The Biscayner was so stunned, that he could not answer a word: and it had gone hard with him, so blinded with rage was Don Quixote, if the ladies of the coach, who had hitherto in great dismay beheld the conflict, had not approached, and earnestly besought that he would do them the great kindness and favour to spare the life of their squire. Don Quixote answered with solemn gravity, "Assuredly, fair ladies, I am very willing to grant your request, but it must be upon a certain condition and compact; which is, that this knight shall promise to repair to the town of Toboso, and present himself, as from me, before the peerless Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him according to her good pleasure."

The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what was demanded, and without inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised that her squire should perform everything he enjoined him. "Upon the faith of your word then," said Don Quixote, "I will do him no farther hurt, though he has richly deserved it at my hands."

CHAPTER X.

Of the discourse Don Quixote had with his good squire Sancho Panza.

Sancho Panza had before this gotten upon his legs, and, roughly handled as he had been by the monks' lacqueys, stood beholding very attentively the combat of his master, beseeching God in his heart that he would be pleased to give him the victory, that he might

thereby win some island, of which to make him governor, as he had promised. Seeing the conflict at an end, and that his master was ready to mount again upon Rozinante, he came to hold his stirrup; but first fell upon his knees before him, and taking hold of his hand, kissed it, and said to him:

"Be pleased, my lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island, which you have won in this terrible combat; for, be it never so big, I find in myself ability sufficient to govern it, as well as the best he that ever governed island in the world." To which Don Quixote answered:

"Consider, brother Sancho, that this adventure, and others of a like nature, are not adventures of islands, but of crossways, in which nothing is to be gotten but a broken head, or the loss of an ear. Have patience; for adventures will offer, whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something still better."

Sancho returned him abundance of thanks, and, kissing his hand again, and the skirt of his coat of mail, he helped him to get upon Rozinante, and then mounted his ass to follow his master; who, going off at a round rate, without bidding adieu, or speaking a word to those in the coach, entered a wood that was at a short distance.

Sancho followed as fast as his beast would let him; but Rozinante made such speed, that, seeing himself likely to be left behind, he was obliged to call aloud to his master to stop for him. Don Quixote did so, checking Rozinante by the bridle, till his weary squire overtook him; who, as soon as he came near, said, "Methinks, sir, it would not be amiss to retire to some church; for, considering in what condition you have left your adversary, it is possible that they may give notice of the affair to the holy brotherhood,* who would then take us into custody; and faith, if they do, before we get out of their clutches we may chance to sweat for it."

"Peace," quoth Don Quixote; "for where hast thou ever seen or read of a knight-errant's being brought before a court of justice, whatever homicides he may have committed?"

"I know nothing of your omecils," answered Sancho, "nor in my life have I ever concerned myself about them: only this I know, that the holy brotherhood have something to say to those who fight in the fields."

"Set thy heart at rest, friend," answered Don Quixote; "for I would deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans; how much more then out of those of the holy brotherhood? But tell me, on thy life, hast thou ever seen a more valorous knight than thy master upon the face of the known earth? Hast thou read in story of any one, who has, or ever had, more bravery in assailing, more breath in holding out, more dexterity in wounding, or more address in giving a fall?"

"The truth is," answered Sancho, "that I never read any history at all; for I can neither read nor write: but I will make bold to affirm

* Not the Inquisition, but an institution in Spain for the apprehending of robbers, and making the roads safe for travellers.

that I never served a more daring master than your worship, in all the days of my life; and I pray God we be not called to an account for these darings, in the quarter I just how hinted at. But I beg of your worship, that you would let your wound be dressed, for there comes a great deal of blood from that ear; and I have some lint, and a little white ointment, here in my wallet, for the purpose."

"All this would have been needless," answered Don Quixote, "if I had bethought myself of making a vial of the balsam of Fierabras; for, with one single drop of that, we might have saved both time and medicines."

"What vial, and what balsam is that?" said Sancho Panza.

"It is a balsam," answered Don Quixote, "of which I have the receipt by heart; and he that possesses it need not fear death, nor so much as think of dying by any wound. And therefore, when I shall have made it, and given it thee, all thou wilt have to do, when thou seest me in some battle cleft asunder, which may frequently happen, will be to take up, fair and softly, that part of my body which shall fall to the ground, and with the greatest nicety, before the blood is congealed, place it upon the other half that shall remain in the saddle, using especial care to make them fit exactly. Then give me to drink only two draughts of the balsam aforesaid, and immediately thou wilt see me become sounder than any apple."

"If that be the case," said Sancho, "I renounce from henceforward the government of the promised island, and desire no other reward, in payment of my many and faithful services, but that your worship would give me the receipt of this extraordinary liquor; for I dare-say it will anywhere fetch more than two reals an ounce, and I want no more to pass this life in credit and comfort. But I should be glad to know whether it will cost much the making?"

"For less than three reals I can make nine pints," answered Don Quixote.

"Sinner that I am," replied Sancho, "why then does your worship delay to make it, and to teach it me?"

"Peace, friend," answered Don Quixote; "for I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and to do thee greater kindnesses: but at present, let us set about the cure of my ear, which pains me more than I could wish."

Sancho took the lint and ointment out of his wallet: but, when Don Quixote perceived that his helmet was broken, he had almost ran mad; and, laying his hand on his sword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, "I swear, by the Creator of all things, and by all that is contained in the four holy evangelists, to lead the life that the great Marquis of Mantua led, when he vowed to revenge the death of his nephew Valdovinos, which was, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, with other things, which, though I do not now remember, I consider as here expressed, until I am fully revenged on him who hath done me this outrage."

Sancho, hearing this invocation, said to him, "Pray reflect, Signor Don Quixote, that if the knight has performed what was enjoined him, namely, to go and present himself before my lady Dulcinea del

Toboso, he will then have done his duty, and deserves no new punishment, unless he commit a new crime."

"Thou hast spoken and remarked very justly," answered Don Quixote, "and I annul the oath, so far as concerns my revenge; but I make and confirm it anew, as to leading the life I have mentioned, until I shall take by force such another helmet, or one as good, from some other knight. And think not, Sancho, I undertake this lightly, or make a smoke of straw: I know what example I am following; for the same thing happened literally with regard to Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear."

"Good sir," replied Sancho, "give all such oaths to the Evil One, for they are very injurious to health and to the conscience. Besides, pray tell me, if perchance we should not for many days light upon a man armed with a helmet, what are we to do then? must the vow be kept, in spite of so many difficulties and inconveniences, such as sleeping in your clothes, and not sleeping in any inhabited place, and a thousand other penances, contained in the oath of that mad old fellow the Marquis of Mantua, which your worship would now revive? Consider well, that these roads are not frequented by armed men, but solely by carriers and carters, who, so far from wearing helmets, perhaps never heard of such a thing in the whole course of their lives."

"Thou art mistaken in this," said Don Quixote; "for we shall not be two hours in these crossways, before we shall see more armed men than came to the siege of Albraca,* to carry off Angelica the Fair."

"Be it so, then," quoth Sancho; "and God grant us good success, and that we may speedily gain that island, which costs me so dear; and then no matter how soon I die."

"I have already told thee, Sancho, to be in no pain upon that account; for, if an island cannot be won, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobradisa, which will suit thee as well as ever a ring fitted a finger; and moreover, being upon terra firma, should give thee more joy. But let us leave this to its own time, and see if thou hast anything for us to eat in thy wallet; and we will presently go in quest of some castle, where we may lodge for the night, and make the balsam that I told thee of; for, I vow to God, my ear pains me much."

"I have here in my bag an onion, a piece of cheese, and a few crusts of bread," said Sancho; "but these are not eatables fit for so valiant a knight as your worship."

"How little dost thou understand of this matter!" answered Don Quixote: "know, friend Sancho, that it is an honour to knights-errant not to eat for a whole month together; and, if they do eat, they must be contented with what is nearest at hand. Hadst thou read as many histories as I have, thou wouldst have known this: yet, in the many I have perused, I never found any account of knights-errant ever eating, unless by chance, or at some sumptuous banquet

* See Ariosto's "Orlando."

made on purpose for them; the rest of their days they lived, as it were, upon their sense of smelling. And though it is to be presumed, they could not subsist without eating, and without satisfying every other want to which human nature is subject, yet, it must likewise be supposed, as they passed the greater part of their lives in wandering through forests and deserts, and without a cook, that their most usual diet must have consisted of rustic viands, such as those thou hast now offered me. So that, friend Sancho, let not that trouble thee, which gives me pleasure; nor endeavour to make a new world, or to throw knight-errantry off its hinges."

"Pardon me, sir," said Sancho; "for, as I can neither read nor write, as I told you before, I am entirely unacquainted with the rules of the knightly profession; but henceforward I will furnish my wallet with all sorts of dried fruits for your worship, who are a knight; and for myself, who am none, I will supply it with poultry, and things of more substance."

"I do not say, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing but dried fruits, as thou supposest; but that their most usual sustenance was of that kind, and of certain herbs, they found here and there in the fields, which they were well acquainted with; as also am I."

"It is a great happiness to know these same herbs," answered Sancho; "for I am inclined to think we shall one day have occasion to make use of the knowledge."

And so saying, he took out what he had provided, and they eat together in a very peaceable and friendly manner. Desirous, however, to seek out some place in which to pass the night, they soon finished their poor and dry commons, and being mounted again, made what haste they could to get to some village: but both the sun, and their better hopes, failing them near the huts of certain goatherds, they determined to take up their lodging there: and in the same proportion as Sancho was grieved, did his master rejoice, at being obliged to lie in the open air, believing that, every time this befel him, he was performing such an act as gave fresh evidence of his title to chivalry.

CHAPTER XI.

Of what befel Don Quixote with certain goatherds.

He was kindly received by the goatherds; and Sancho, having accommodated Rozinante and his ass in the best manner he could, followed the scent of certain pieces of goat's flesh, that were boiling in a kettle; and though he would willingly, at that instant, have tried whether they were fit to be translated from the kettle to the stomach, he forbore doing it; for the goatherds themselves took them off the fire, and, spreading some sheep-skins on the ground, very speedily served up their rural mess, and invited them both, with show of much good-will, to share what they had. Six of them, that belonged to the cot, sat down round the skins, having first, with rustic compliments, de-

sired Don Quixote to seat himself upon a trough with the bottom upwards, placed on purpose for him. The knight sat down, and Sancho remained standing to serve the cup, which was of horn. His master, seeing him thus stationed, said to him: "That you may see, Sancho, the intrinsic worth of knight-errantry, and how fair a prospect its meanest retainers have of speedily gaining the respect and esteem of the world, my will is, that you sit here by my side, and in company with these good folks, and that you be equal with me, who am your master and natural lord; that you eat from off my plate, and drink of the same cup in which I drink: for the same may be said of knight-errantry that is said of love, it makes all things equal."

"I give you my most hearty thanks, sir," said Sancho; "but let me tell your worship, that, provided I have victuals enough, I can eat as well or better standing, and by myself, than if I were seated close by an emperor. And to tell you the truth, what I eat in my corner, without compliments or ceremonies, though it be nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than turkeys at other men's tables, where I am obliged to eat leisurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, and neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind. So that, good sir, as to these honours your worship is pleased to confer upon me, as a menial servant, and hanger-on of knight-errantry (being squire to your worship), be pleased to convert into something of more use and profit to me; for, though I place them to account, as received in full, I renounce them from this time forward to the end of the world."

"Notwithstanding all this," said Don Quixote, "thou shalt sit down; for whosoever humbleth himself, God doth exalt;" and, pulling him by the arm, he forced him to sit down next to him. The goatherds, who did not understand this jargon of squires and knights-errant, did nothing but eat, and listen, and stare at their guests, who, with keen appetite, solaced themselves by swallowing pieces as large as their fist. The service of flesh being finished, they spread upon the skins a great quantity of acorns, together with half a cheese, harder than if it had been made of plaster of Paris. The horn did not stand idle all this while; for it went round so often, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a well, that one of the two wine-bags that hung in view was presently emptied. After Don Quixote had satisfied his hunger, he took up a handful of the acorns, and, looking on them attentively, gave utterance to the following harangue:—

"Happy times, and happy ages were those, to which the ancients gave the name of golden; not because gold, which, in this our iron age, is so much esteemed, was to be had, in that fortunate period, without toil and labour; but because the mortals who then lived were ignorant of the two words, Meum and Tuum. In that period of innocence, all things were in common: no one needed to take any other pains for his ordinary sustenance, than to lift up his hand and take it from the sturdy oaks, which stood inviting him liberally to taste of their sweet and relishing fruit. The limpid fountains and running streams offered, in magnificent abundance, their salutary

and transparent waters. In the clefts of rocks, and in the hollow of trees, did the industrious and provident bees form their commonwealths, presenting to every hand, without usury, the fertile produce of their most delicious toil. The stately cork-trees, induced by their courtesy alone, divested themselves of their light and expanded bark, with which men began to cover their houses, supported by rough poles, only for a defence against the inclemency of the seasons. All then was peace, all amity, all concord. As yet the heavy coulter of the crooked plough had not dared to force open, and search into, the tender bowels of our first mother, who, unconstrained, offered from every part of her fertile and spacious bosom, whatever might feed, sustain, and delight those her children, whom her possession blessed. Then did the simple and beauteous young shepherdesses trip it from hill to hill, and from dale to dale, their tresses sometimes plaited, sometimes loosely flowing: nor were their ornaments like those now in fashion, to which the Tyrian purple and the so-many-ways martyred silk give a value; but composed of green-dock leaves and ivy interwoven: with which, perhaps, they were as splendidly and elegantly decked as the court-ladies of the present day, with all the rare and foreign inventions which idle curiosity hath taught them. Then were the conceptions of the soul clothed in simple and sincere expressions, in the same manner in which they were conceived, without seeking artificial phrases to set them off. Nor as yet were fraud, deceit, and malice intermixed with truth and plain-dealing. Justice kept within her proper bounds; favour and interest, which now confound and persecute her, not daring then to show their heads. As yet the judge did not make his own will the measure of equity; for then there was neither cause nor person to be judged. But at last when wickedness increased, the order of knight-errantry was instituted to defend helpless maidens, protect widows, and relieve orphans and persons distressed. Of this order am I, brother goatherds, and I take in friendly part the good cheer and civil reception you have given me and my squire: for, though by the law of nature, every one living is obliged to favour knights-errant, yet seeing that, without being acquainted with this obligation, you have entertained and regaled me, it is but reason that, with all possible goodwill towards you, I should acknowledge yours towards me."

This tedious discourse, which might well have been spared, our knight was induced to make because the acorns had put him in mind of the golden age, and inspired him with an eager desire to harangue, in no very pertinent strain, to the goatherds; who stood in amaze, gaping and listening, without answering him a word. Sancho himself was silent, stuffing himself with the fruit of the oak, and often visiting the second wine-bag, which, that the wine might be cool, was kept hung upon a cork-tree.

Don Quixote spent more time in talking than in eating; and supper being over, one of the goatherds said, "That your worship, Signor Knight-errant, may the more truly say that we entertain you with a ready goodwill, we will give you some diversion and amusement, by making one of our comrades, who will soon be here, sing: he is a

very intelligent lad, and deeply enamoured; and, above all, can read and write, and plays upon the rebeck* to one's heart's content."

The goatherd had scarcely said this, when the sound of the instrument reached their ears, and presently the person that played on it appeared. He was a youth of about two-and-twenty, of a very pleasing countenance. His comrades asked him if he had supped; and he answering in the affirmative, "Then, Antonio," said he who had asked the question, "you must give us the pleasure of hearing you sing a little, that this gentleman, our guest, may see we have here, among the mountains and woods, some that understand music. We have told him of your talents, and would have you show them, to make good what we have said; and therefore I entreat you to sit down, and sing the ditty of your love, which your uncle the prebendary composed for you, and which was so well liked in our village."

"With all my heart," replied the youth; and without farther entreaty he sat down upon the trunk of an old oak, and, after tuning his instrument, sang with singular good grace a pretty ballad.

Don Quixote desired him to favour them with another, but Sancho Panza was of a different mind, being more disposed to sleep than to hear ballads; and therefore he said to his master, "Sir, you had better consider where you are to lodge; for the pains these honest men take all day will not suffer them to pass their nights in singing."

"I understand thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for I see plainly that the visits to the wine-bag require to be paid rather with sleep than music."

"It relished well with us all, blessed be God," answered Sancho.

"I do not deny it," replied Don Quixote; "but bestow thyself where thou canst; it better becomes those of my profession to watch than to sleep. However, it would not be amiss, Sancho, to dress this ear again; for it pains me more than I could wish."

Sancho did as he was desired; and one of the goatherds, seeing the hurt, bid him give himself no more trouble about it, for he would apply a remedy that should quickly heal it. And taking some rosemary leaves, of which there was plenty about the huts, he chewed them, and mixed them with a little salt, and, laying them to the ear, bound them on fast, assuring the knight he would want no other salve, as the effect proved.

CHAPTER XII.

What a certain goatherd related to those that were with Don Quixote.

When this was done, there came another lad, who brought them provisions, and said, as he entered:

"Comrades, do you know what is passing in the village?"

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

"Let me tell you then," continued the youth, "that this morning

* A kind of violin with three strings.

that famous shepherd and scholar, Chrysostome, died; and it is whispered that it was for love of Marcella, daughter of William the Rich; she who rambles about the woods and fields, in the dress of a shepherdess."

"For Marcella! say you," quoth one.

"For her, I say," answered the goatherd: "and what is more, it is reported that he has ordered by his will that they should bury him in the fields, as if he had been a Moor, and at the foot of the rock by the cork-tree fountain, where they say he first saw her. Nay, he has likewise ordered many other strange things to be done, which the clergy cannot allow of: while Ambrose, the other scholar, who likewise apparelled himself like a shepherd, is resolved to have his friend Chrysostome's will fulfilled in everything, just as he has ordered it. It is thought that Ambrose and his friends will carry the day; and to-morrow morning he is to be buried in great state where I told you. I fancy it will be worth seeing; and I intend to go and see it, even though I should not get back again to-morrow."

"We will all go," cried the goatherds, "and cast lots who shall tarry to look after the goats."

"Well said, Pedro," cried one of the goatherds: "but as for casting of lots, I will save you that labour, for I will stay myself, not so much out of kindness to you neither, or want of curiosity, as because of the thorn in my toe, that will not let me go."

Don Quixote, who heard all this, entreated Pedro to tell him who the deceased was, and also to give him a short account of the shepherdess.

Pedro answered, that all he knew of the matter was, that the deceased was a wealthy gentleman, who had been several years at the university of Salamanca, and came home mightily improved in his learning. "Within some few months after he had left the university, on a certain morning we saw him come dressed for all the world like a shepherd, and driving his flock, having laid down the long gown, which he used to wear as a scholar. At the same time one Ambrose, who had been his fellow-scholar, also took upon him to go like a shepherd, and keep him company, which we all did not a little marvel at. Somewhat before that time Chrysostome's father died, and left him a large estate; and in truth he deserved it all, for he was bountiful to the poor, a friend to all honest people, and had a face like any blessing. At last it came to be known, that the reason of his altering his garb in that fashion was only that he might go up and down after that shepherdess Marcella, whom our comrade told you of before, for he was mightily in love with her. And now I will tell you who this lady is. You must know that there lived near us one William, a yeoman, who was richer yet than Chrysostome's father; now he had no child but a daughter; whose mother was as good a woman as ever went upon two legs: methinks I see her yet standing afore me, with that blessed face of hers. She was an excellent housewife, and did a good deal of good among the poor; for which, I believe, she is at this very time in paradise. Alas, her death broke old William's heart; he soon followed her, poor man, and left all to his little daughter, that Marcella by name, giving charge of her to her uncle,

the parson of our parish. When she came to be fourteen or fifteen years of age, no man set his eyes on her that did not bless heaven for having made her so handsome; so that most men fell in love with her, and were ready to run mad for her. All this while her uncle kept her very close: yet the report of her great beauty and wealth spread far and near, insomuch that all the young men in our town asked her of her uncle; nay, there flocked whole droves of suitors, and the very best in the country too, who all begged, and sued, and teazed her uncle to let them have her. But though he'd have been glad to have got fairly rid of her, yet would not he advise or marry her against her will; for he's a good man, I'll say that for him, and a true Christian every inch of him, and scorns to keep her from marrying to make a benefit of her estate; and, to his praise be it spoken, he has been mainly commended for it more than once, when the people of our parish meet together. For I would have you know, Sir Errant, that here in the country, and in our little towns, there is not the least thing can be said or done but people will talk and find fault: indeed, the parson must be essentially good who could bring his whole parish to give him a good word."

"Thou art in the right," cried Don Quixote, "and therefore go on; for the story is pleasant, and thou tellest it with a grace."

"May I never want God's grace," quoth Pedro, "for that is most to the purpose. But for our parson, as I told you before, though he took care to let her know of all those proposals, yet would she never answer otherwise, but that she had no mind to wed as yet, as finding herself too young for the burden of wedlock. But behold, when we least dreamed of it, the coy lass must needs turn shepherdess; and neither her uncle, nor all those of the village who advised her against it, could persuade her, but away she went to the fields to keep her own sheep with the other young lasses of the town. But then it was ten times worse; for no sooner was she seen abroad, when I cannot tell how many spruce gallants, both gentlemen and rich farmers, changed their garb for love of her, and followed her up and down in shepherd's guise. One of them, as I have told you, was this same Chrysostome, who now lies dead, of whom it is said he not only loved, but worshipped her. In this way Marcella does more harm in this country than the plague would do; for her courteousness and fair looks draw on everybody to love her: but then her reserve and disdain break their hearts; and all they can do, poor wretches, is to make a heavy complaint, and call her cruel, unkind, ungrateful, and a world of such names, whereby they plainly show what a sad condition they are in: were you but to stay here some time, you would hear these hills and valleys ring again with the doleful moans of those she has denied, who yet have not courage to give over following her. Here sighs one shepherd, there another moans; here is one singing doleful ditties, there another is wringing his hands and making woeful complaints. And all this while the hard-hearted Marcella never minds any one of them, and does not seem to be the least concerned for them. We are all at a loss to know what will be the end of all this pride and coyness, and who shall be the happy

man that shall at last succeed in taming her. Now, because there is nothing more certain than all this, I am the more apt to give credit to what our comrade has told us, as to the occasion of Chrysostome's death; and therefore I would needs have you go and see him laid in his grave to-morrow; which I believe will be worth your while, for he had many friends, and it is not half a league to the place where it was his will to be buried."

"I intend to be there," answered Don Quixote; "and in the meantime I return thee many thanks for the extraordinary satisfaction this story has afforded me."

CHAPTER XIII.

The conclusion of the story of the Shepherdess Marcella with other matters.

SCARCE had day begun to appear from the balconies of the east, when five of the goatherds got up, and having waked Don Quixote, asked him if he held to his resolution of going to the funeral, whither they were ready to bear him company. Thereupon the knight presently arose, and ordered Sancho to get ready immediately; which he did with all expedition, and then they set forwards. They had not gone a quarter of a league before they saw advancing out of a cross path six shepherds clad in black skins, their heads crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter rose-bay-tree, with long holly-staves in their hands. Two gentlemen on horseback, attended by three young lads on foot, followed them: as they drew near, they saluted one another civilly, and after the usual question—"Which way do you travel?" they found they were all going the same way, to see the funeral; and so they all joined company.

"I fancy, Signor Vivaldo," said one of the gentlemen, addressing himself to the other, "we shall not think our time misspent in going to see this famous funeral, for it must of necessity be very extraordinary, according to the account which these men have given us of the dead shepherd and his murdering shepherdess."

"I am so far of your opinion," answered Vivaldo, "that I would not stay one day, but a whole week, rather than miss the sight."

After this Vivaldo asked the knight why he travelled so completely armed in so peaceable a country?

"My profession," answered the champion, "does not permit me to ride otherwise. Luxurious feasts, sumptuous dresses, and downy ease, were invented for effeminate courtiers: but labour, vigilance, and arms are the portion of those whom the world calls knights-errant, of which number I have the honour to be one, though the most unworthy."

He needed to say no more to satisfy them that his brains were out of order; however, that they might the better understand the nature of his folly, Vivaldo asked him what he meant by a knight-errant?

"Have you not read, then," cried Don Quixote, "the Annals and History of Britain, where are recorded the famous deeds of King

Arthur, who, according to an ancient tradition in that kingdom, never died, but was turned into a raven by enchantment, and shall one day resume his former shape, and recover his kingdom again! For which reason, since that time, the people of Great Britain dare not offer to kill a raven."

After a great deal of conversation of this kind the travellers were sufficiently convinced of Don Quixote's frenzy. Nor were they less surprised than were all those who had hitherto discovered so unaccountable a distraction in one who seemed a rational creature. However, Vivaldo, who was of a gay disposition, had no sooner made the discovery than he resolved to make the best advantage of it that the shortness of the way would allow him.

"Methinks, Sir Knight-errant," said he, "you have taken up one of the strictest and most mortifying professions in the world. I do not think but that even a Carthusian friar has a better time of it than you have."

"The profession of the Carthusian," answered Don Quixote, "may be as austere, but ours is perhaps hardly less beneficial to the world. We knights, like soldiers, execute what they pray for, and procure those benefits to mankind, by the strength of our arms, and at the hazard of our lives, for which they only intercede. Nor do we do this sheltered from the injuries of the air, but under no other roof than that of the wide heavens, exposed to summer's scorching heat, and winter's pinching cold. However, gentlemen, do not imagine I would insinuate as if the profession of a knight-errant was a state of perfection equal to that of a holy recluse: I would only infer from what I have said, and what I myself endure, that ours without question is more laborious, more subject to the discipline of heavy blows, to maceration, to the penance of hunger and thirst, and, in a word, to rags, to want, and misery. For if you find that some knights-errant have at last by their valour been raised to thrones and empires, you may be sure it has been still at the expense of much sweat and blood. And had even those happier knights been deprived of those assisting sages and enchanters, who helped them in all emergencies, they would have been strangely disappointed of their mighty expectations."

"I am of the same opinion," replied Vivaldo. "But one thing I would ask, sir, since I understand it is so much the being of knight-errantry to be in love, I presume you, who are of that profession, cannot be without a mistress. And, therefore, if you do not set up for secrecy, give me leave to beg of you, in the name of all the company, that you will be pleased so far to oblige us as to let us know the name and quality of your lady, the place of her birth, and the charms of her person. For, without doubt, she cannot but esteem herself fortunate in being known to all the world to be the object of the wishes of a knight so accomplished as yourself."

With that Don Quixote, breathing out a deep sigh, "I cannot tell," said he, "whether this lovely enemy of my repose is the least affected with the world's being informed of her power over my heart; all I dare say, in compliance with your request is, that her name is Dulcinea, her country La Mancha, and Toboso the happy place which she

honours with her residence. As for her quality, it cannot be less than princess, seeing she is my lady and my queen. Her beauty transcends all the united charms of her whole sex; even those chimerical perfections, which the hyperbolical imaginations of poets in love have assigned to their mistresses, cease to be incredible descriptions when applied to her, in whom all those miraculous endowments are most divinely centred. The curling locks of her bright flowing hair are purest gold; her smooth forehead the Elysian plain; her brows are two celestial bows; her eyes two glorious suns; her cheeks two beds of roses; her lips are coral; her teeth are pearl; her neck is alabaster; her breasts marble; her hands ivory; and snow would lose its whiteness near her bosom."

As they went on in this and like discourse, they saw, upon the hollow road between the neighbouring mountains, about twenty shepherds more, all accoutred in black skins, with garlands on their heads, which, as they afterwards perceived, were all of yew or cypress; six of them carried a bier covered with several sorts of boughs and flowers: which one of the goatherds espying, "Those are they," cried he, "that are carrying poor Chrysostome to his grave; and it was in yonder hollow that he gave charge they should bury his corpse." This made them all double their pace, that they might get thither in time; and so they arrived just as the bearers had set down the bier upon the ground, and four of them had begun to open the ground with their spades at the foot of a rock. They all saluted each other courteously, and condoled their mutual loss; and then Don Quixote, with those who came with him, went to view the bier; where they saw the dead body of a young man in shepherd's weeds all strewed over with flowers. The deceased seemed to be about thirty years old; and, dead as he was, it was easily perceived that both his face and shape were extraordinarily handsome. This doleful object so strangely filled all the company with sadness, that not only the beholders, but also the grave-makers and the mourning shepherds, remained a long time silent; till at last one of the bearers, addressing himself to one of the rest, "Look, Ambrose," cried he, "whether this be the place which Chrysostome meant, since you must needs have his will so punctually performed?"

"This is the very place," answered the other; "there it was that my unhappy friend many times told me the sad story of his cruel fortune; and there it was that he first saw that mortal enemy of mankind; there it was that he made the first discovery of his passion, no less innocent than violent; there it was that the relentless Marcella last denied, shunned him, and drove him to that extremity of sorrow and despair that hastened the sad catastrophe of his miserable life; and there it was that, in token of so many misfortunes, he desired to be committed to the bosom of the earth."

Then addressing himself to Don Quixote and the rest of the travellers, "This body, gentlemen," said he, "which here you now behold, was once enlivened by a soul which heaven had enriched with the greatest part of its most valuable graces. This is the body of that

Chrysostome who was unrivalled in wit, matchless in courteousness, incomparable in gracefulness, a phœnix in friendship, generous and magnificent without ostentation, prudent and grave without pride, modest without affectation, pleasant and complaisant without meanness; in a word, the first in everything good, though second to none in misfortune: he loved well, and was hated; he adored, and was disdained; he begged pity of cruelty itself; he strove to move obdurate marble; pursued the wind; made his moans to solitary deserts; was constant to ingratitude; and, for the recompense of his fidelity, became a prey to death in the flower of his age, through the barbarity of a shepherdess, whom he strove to immortalize by his verse; as these papers which are here deposited might testify, had he not commanded me to sacrifice them to the flames, at the same time that his body was committed to the earth."

"Should you do so," cried Vivaldo, "you would appear more cruel to them than their unhappy author. Consider, sir, 'tis not consistent with discretion, nor even with justice, so nicely to perform the request of the dead, when it is repugnant to reason. Augustus Cæsar himself would have forfeited his title to wisdom, had he permitted that to have been effected which the divine Virgil had ordered by his will. Therefore, sir, now that you resign your friend's body to the grave, do not hurry thus the noble and only remains of that dear unhappy man to a worse fate, the death of oblivion. What though he has doomed them to perish in the height of his resentment, you ought not indiscreetly to be their executioner; but rather reprieve and redeem them from eternal silence, that they may live, and, flying through the world, transmit to all ages the dismal story of your friend's virtue and Marcella's ingratitude, as a warning to others, that they may avoid such tempting snares and enchanting destructions; for not only to me, but to all here present, is well known the history of your enamoured and desperate friend: we are no strangers to the friendship that was between you, as also to Marcella's cruelty which occasioned his death. Last night being informed that he was to be buried here to-day, moved not so much by curiosity as pity, we are come to behold with our eyes that which gave us so much trouble to hear. Therefore, in the name of all the company—deeply affected like me, with a sense of Chrysostome's extraordinary merit, and his unhappy fate, and desirous to prevent such deplorable disasters for the future—I beg that you will permit me to save some of these papers, whatever you resolve to do with the rest."

And so, without waiting for an answer, he stretched out his arm, and took out those papers which lay next to his hand.

"Well, sir," said Ambrose, "you have found a way to make me submit, and you may keep those papers; but for the rest, nothing shall make me alter my resolution of burning them."

Vivaldo said no more; but being impatient to see what those papers were which he had rescued from the flames, he opened one of them immediately, and read the title of it, which was, "The despairing Lover." "That," said Ambrose, "was the last piece my dear

friend ever wrote; and therefore, that you may all hear to what a sad condition his unhappy passion had reduced him, read it aloud, I beseech you, sir, while the grave is making."

"With all my heart," replied Vivaldo; and so the company, having the same desire, presently gathered round about him while he read the lines.

The verses were well approved by all the company; and Vivaldo was about to read another paper, when they were unexpectedly prevented by a kind of apparition that offered itself to their view. It was Marcella herself, who appeared at the top of the rock, at the foot of which they were digging the grave; but so beautiful, that fame seemed rather to have lessened than to have magnified her charms: those who had never seen her before gazed on her with silent wonder and delight; nay, those who used to see her every day seemed no less lost in admiration than the rest. But scarce had Ambrose spied her, when, with anger and indignation in his heart, he cried out, "What dost thou there, thou cruel basilisk of these mountains? comest thou to see whether the wounds of thy unhappy victim will bleed afresh at thy presence? or comest thou to glory in the fatal effects of thy inhumanity, like another Nero at the sight of flaming Rome?"

"I come not here to any of those ungrateful ends, Ambrose," replied Marcella; "but only to clear my innocence, and show the injustice of all those who lay their misfortunes and Chrysostome's death to my charge: therefore, I entreat you all who are here at this time to hear me a little, for I shall not need to use many words to convince people of sense of an evident truth. Heaven, you are pleased to say, has made me beautiful, and that to such a degree that you are forced, nay, as it were, compelled to love me, in spite of your endeavours to the contrary; and for the sake of that love, you say I ought to love you again. Now, though I am sensible that whatever is beautiful is lovely, I cannot conceive that what is loved for being handsome should be bound to love that by which it is loved merely because it is loved. He that loves a beautiful object may happen to be ugly; and as what is ugly deserves not to be loved, it would be ridiculous to say, I love you because you are handsome, and therefore you must love me again though I am ugly. But suppose two persons of different sexes are equally handsome, it does not follow that their desires should be alike and reciprocal; for all beauties do not kindle love; some only recreate the sight, and never reach nor captivate the heart. Alas! should whatever is beautiful produce love, and enslave the mind, mankind's desires would ever run confused and wandering, without being able to fix their determinate choice; for as there is an infinite number of beautiful objects, the desires would consequently be also infinite; whereas, on the contrary, I have heard that true love is still confined to one, and is voluntary and unforced. This being granted, why would you have me force my inclinations for no other reason but that you say you love me? Tell me, I beseech you, had Heaven formed me as ugly as it has made me beautiful, could I justly complain of you for not loving me? Pray consider also, that I do not possess those charms by choice; such as they are, they were freely

bestowed on me by Heaven: and as the viper is not to be blamed for the poison with which she kills, seeing it was assigned her by nature, so I ought not to be censured for that beauty which I derive from the same cause; for beauty in a virtuous woman is but like a distant flame, or a sharp-edged sword, and only burns and wounds those who approach too near it. Honour and virtue are the ornaments of the soul, and that body that is destitute of them cannot be esteemed beautiful, though it be naturally so. If, then, honour be one of those endowments which most adorn the body, why should she that is beloved for her beauty expose herself to the loss of it, merely to gratify the inclinations of one who, for his own selfish ends, uses all the means imaginable to make her lose it? I was born free, and, that I might continue so, I retired to these solitary hills and plains, where trees are my companions, and clear fountains my looking-glasses. With the trees and with the waters I communicate my thoughts and my beauty. I am a distant flame, and a sword far off: those whom I have attracted with my sight I have undeceived with my words; and if hope be the food of desire, as I never gave any encouragement to Chrysostome, nor to any other, it may well be said, it was rather his own obstinacy than my cruelty that shortened his life. If you tell me that his intentions were honest, and therefore ought to have been complied with, I answer, that when, at the very place where his grave is making, he discovered his passion, I told him I was resolved to live and die single, and that the earth alone should reap the fruit of my reservedness and enjoy the spoils of my beauty; and if, after all the admonitions I gave him, he would persist in his obstinate pursuit, and sail against the wind, what wonder is it he should perish in the waves of his indiscretion? Had I ever encouraged him, or amused him with ambiguous words, then I had been false; and had I gratified his wishes, I had acted contrary to my better resolves: he persisted, though I had given him a due caution, and he despaired without being hated. Now I leave you to judge whether I ought to be blamed for his sufferings. If I have deceived any one, let him complain; if I have broke my promise to any one, let him despair; if I encourage any one, let him presume; if I entertain any one, let him boast: but let no man call me cruel nor murderer until I either deceive, break my promise, encourage, or entertain him. Let him that calls me a tigress and a basilisk avoid me as a dangerous thing; and let him that calls me ungrateful give over serving me: I assure them I will never seek nor pursue them. Therefore let none hereafter make it their business to disturb my ease, nor strive to make me hazard among men the peace I now enjoy, which I am persuaded is not to be found with them. I have wealth enough; I neither love nor hate any one; the innocent conversation of the neighbouring shepherdesses, with the care of my flocks, help me to pass away my time, without either coquetting with this man, or practising arts to ensnare that other. My thoughts are limited by these mountains; and if they wander further, it is only to admire the beauty of heaven, and thus by steps to raise my soul towards her original dwelling."

As soon as she had said this, without waiting for any answer, she

left the place, and ran into the thickest of the adjoining wood, leaving all that heard her charmed with her discretion, as well as her beauty.

However, so prevalent were the charms of the latter that some of the company, who were desperately struck, could not forbear offering to follow her, without being in the least deterred by the solemn protestations which they had heard her make that very moment. But Don Quixote perceiving their design, and believing he had now a fit opportunity to exert his knight-errantry:

"Let no man," cried he, "of what quality or condition soever, presume to follow the fair Marcella, under the penalty of incurring my displeasure. She has made it appear, by undeniable reasons, that she was not guilty of Chrysostome's death; and has positively declared her firm resolution never to condescend to the desires of any of her admirers: for which reason, instead of being importuned and persecuted, she ought to be esteemed and honoured by all good men, as being one of the few women in the world who have lived with such a virtuous reservedness."

Now, whether it were that Don Quixote's threats terrified them, or that Ambrose's persuasion prevailed with them to stay and see their friend interred, none of the shepherds left the place, till the grave being made, and the papers burnt, the body was deposited in the bosom of the earth, not without many tears from all the assistants. They covered the grave with a great stone, and strewed upon it many flowers and boughs; and every one having condoled awhile with his friend Ambrose, they took their leave of him, and departed. Vivaldo and his companion did the like; as did also Don Quixote, who was not a person to forget himself on such occasions; he likewise bid adieu to the kind goatherds that had entertained him, and to the two travellers, who desired him to go with them to Seville, assuring him there was no place in the world more fertile in adventures, every street and every corner there producing some. Don Quixote returned them thanks for their kind information, but told them, "he neither would nor ought to go to Seville till he had cleared all those mountains of the thieves and robbers which he heard very much infested all those parts." Thereupon the travellers, being unwilling to divert him from so good a design, took their leaves of him once more, and pursued their journey, sufficiently supplied with matter to discourse on from the story of Marcella and Chrysostome, and the follies of Don Quixote. The knight, on his part, resolved to go in quest of the shepherdess Marcella, to make her an offer of his services; but things took a different course, as will be related in the progress of this true history.

CHAPTER XIV.

*Wherein is related the unfortunate adventure which befel Don Quixote, in meeting with certain Yanguesians.**

THE sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that, when Don Quixote had taken leave of his hosts, and of all those who were present at Chrysostome's funeral, he and his squire entered the same wood, into which they had seen the shepherdess Marcella previously retreat: and having ranged through it more than two hours, looking everywhere, without being able to find her, they stopped in a meadow full of fresh grass, near which ran a pleasant and refreshing brook; insomuch that it invited and compelled them to pass there the sultry hours of the noon-day heat, which began to be very oppressive. Don Quixote and Sancho alighted, and, leaving the ass and Rozinante at large, to feed upon the abundance of grass that sprung up in the place, they ransacked the wallet; and, without any ceremony, in friendly and social wise, master and man regaled together on what it contained. Sancho had taken no care to fetter Rozinante, being well assured he was so quiet he was sure not to run away. But fortune so ordered it that there were grazing in that valley a number of Galician mares, belonging to certain Yanguesian carriers, whose custom it is to pass the mid-day, with their drove, in places where there is grass and water: and that where Don Quixote chanced to be was very fit for the purpose. Now Rozinante, without asking his master's leave, started off at a smart trot, and ran amongst the mares. The strangers received him with their heels and their teeth in such a manner that his girths broke, and he lost his saddle. But what must have more sensibly affected him was that the carriers, seeing the intruder on their horses' pasturage, ran at him with their pack-staves, and so belaboured him, that he was laid at his length on the ground in wretched plight.

By this time Don Quixote and Sancho, who had seen the drubbing of Rozinante, came, out of breath, to his rescue; and the knight said to the squire, "By what I see, friend Sancho, these are no knights, but rascally people, of a scoundrel race. I tell thee this, because thou mayest now assist me to take ample revenge for the outrage they have done to Rozinante before our eyes."

"What revenge can we take," answered Sancho, "they being above twenty, and we no more than two, and perhaps but one and a half?"

"I am as good as a hundred of such vagabonds," replied Don Quixote, and, without saying a word more, he laid his hand on his sword, and flew at the Yanguesians; and Sancho did the same, incited and moved thereto by the example of his master.

At the first blow, Don Quixote gave one of them a terrible wound on the shoulder, through a leatnern doublet which he wore. The Yanguesians, seeing themselves assaulted in this manner by two men

* Carriers of Galicia, commonly thus called.

only, they being so many, betook themselves to their staves, and hemming in the enemy, began the combat with great vehemence and animosity. In the conflict, the second blow brought Sancho to the ground; and the same shortly was the lot of Don Quixote, neither his dexterity nor courage standing him in any stead. He fell just at the feet of Rozinante, who was not yet able to rise: whence we may learn how unmercifully pack-staves will bruise, when put into rustic and wrathful hands. The Yanguesians, perceiving the mischief they had done, loaded their beasts with all speed, and pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers in as woeful a plight as the steed.

The first who came to himself was Sancho Panza; who, finding himself close to his master, with a feeble and plaintive voice, cried, "Signor Don Quixote! ah, Signor Don Quixote!"

"What wouldst thou have, brother Sancho?" answered the knight, in the same feeble and lamentable tone.

"I could wish, if it were possible," replied Sancho, "that your worship would give me two gulps of that drink of Feo Blass, if you have it here at hand; perhaps it may do as well for broken bones, as it does for wounds."

"Unhappy I, that we have it not!" answered Don Quixote. "But I swear to thee, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a knight-errant, that, before two days pass, if fortune does not order it otherwise, I will have it in my power, or my hand shall be very much out."

"But in how many days do you think, sir, we shall recover the use of our feet?" replied Sancho Panza.

"With regard to myself," said the battered Don Quixote, "I cannot fix any limited number: but this I know that it is all my own fault; for I ought not to have laid hand on my sword against men who were not dubbed knights like myself; and therefore, I believe, the god of battles has permitted this chastisement to fall upon me, as a punishment for having transgressed the laws of chivalry. For which reason, brother Sancho, it is requisite I should forewarn thee of what I am now going to tell; for it highly concerns the good of us both: which is, that when thou seest we are insulted by such rascally rabble, thou art not to wait till I lay hand on my sword against them, for I will in no wise do it; but do thou draw thy sword, and chastise them thyself to thy own heart's content. If any knights shall come to their assistance, then shall I know how to defend thee, and offend them, with all my might: for thou hast already seen, by a thousand tokens and experiments, how far the valour of this strong arm of mine extends."

So arrogant was the poor gentleman become by his victory over the valiant Biscayner.

But Sancho Panza did not so thoroughly relish his master's instructions, as to forbear saying in reply, "Sir, I am a meek, peaceable, quiet man, and can dissemble any injury whatsoever; for I have a wife and children to maintain and bring up: so that give me leave to tell your worship, by way of hint, since it is not my part to command,

that I will upon no account draw my sword, either against peasant or against knight; and that, from this time forward, I forgive all injuries any one has done, or shall do me, or is now doing, or may hereafter do me, whether he be high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without excepting any state or condition whatever."

His master answered, "I wish I had breath to talk a little at my ease, and the pain I feel in this rib would cease for awhile, that I might convince thee, Panza, of the error thou art in. Hark ye, sinner: should the gale of fortune, hitherto so contrary, come about in our favour, filling the sails of our desires, so that we may safely, and without any hindrance, make the port of some one of those islands I have promised thee, what would become of thee, if, when I had gained it, and made thee lord thereof, thou shouldst render all ineffectual by not being a knight, nor desiring to be one, and by having neither valour nor intention to revenge the injuries done thee, or to defend thy dominions? For I would have thee know, that, in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of the natives are never so quiet, nor so much in the interest of their new master, but there is still ground to fear, that they will endeavour to bring about a change of things, and once more, as they call it, try their fortune. Therefore the new possessor ought to know how to conduct himself, and have courage enough to act offensively and defensively, whatever accident may happen."

"I wish, in that which hath now befallen us," answered Sancho, "I had been furnished with the understanding and valour your worship speaks of; but I swear, on the faith of a poor man, I am at this time fitter for plasters than discourses. Try, sir, whether you are able to rise, and we will help up Rozinante, though he does not deserve it, for he was the principal cause of all this suffering. I never could have believed such a thing of Rozinante. But it is a true saying, that 'we must keep company with a man a long time before we know him thoroughly;' and that 'we are sure of nothing in this life.' Who could have thought, that, after such swinging slashes as you gave that unfortunate adventurer, there should come in pursuit of you, this vast tempest of pack-staves, which has been discharged upon our shoulders?"

"Thine, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "should, one would think, be used to such storms; but mine, that were brought up between muslins and cambrics, must needs be more sensible of the grief of this mishap. And if I did not imagine; imagine, did I say? if I did not know for certain, that all these inconveniences are inseparably annexed to the profession of arms, I would suffer myself to die here out of pure vexation."

To this the squire replied, "Since these mishaps are the genuine fruits and harvests of chivalry, pray tell me, sir, whether they fall out often, or whether they have their set times in which to happen; for, to my thinking, two more such harvests will disable us from ever reaping a third, if God of his infinite mercy does not succour us."

"Learn, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that the life of

knights-errant is subject to a thousand perils and misfortunes: but then are they every whit as near becoming kings and emperors; as experience hath shown us in many and divers knights, whose histories I am perfectly acquainted with. I could tell thee of some, if the pain would give me leave, who, by the strength of their arm alone, have mounted to the high degrees I have mentioned; yet these very men were, before and after, involved in sundry calamities and afflictions. Witness the valorous Amadis de Gaul, who saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy, Archelaus the enchanter, of whom it is positively affirmed, that, when he had taken him prisoner, he gave him above two hundred lashes with his horse's bridle, having tied him to a pillar in his courtyard for the purpose. And moreover there is a private author, of no small credit, who tells us, that the 'knight of the sun, being caught by a trap-door, which sunk under his feet, in a certain castle, found himself at the bottom of a deep dungeon under ground, bound hand and foot; and if he had not been succoured in that great distress by a certain sage, his special friend, it had gone very hard with the poor knight.' So that I may very well suffer among so many worthy persons who experienced much greater affronts than those we now undergo: for I would have thee know, Sancho, that wounds, which are given with instruments that are accidentally in a man's hand, are no affront. And thus it is expressly written in the law of combat, that if a shoemaker strike a person with the last with which he is at work, though it be really of wood, it will not therefore be said, that the person thus beaten with it was cudgelled. I say this, that thou mayest not think, though we are beaten in this scuffle, we are disgraced: for the arms those men carried, wherewith they struck us, were no other than their pack-staves; and none of them, as I remember, had either sword or dagger."

"They gave me no leisure," answered Sancho, "to observe so narrowly; for scarcely had I laid hand on my dagger, when they crossed my shoulders with their saplings, in such a manner that they deprived my eyes of sight, and my feet of strength, laying me where I now lie, and where I am not so much concerned about whether the business of the beating be an affront or not, as I am troubled at the pain of the blows, which will leave as deep an impression in my memory as on my shoulders."

"All this, notwithstanding, I tell thee, brother Panza," replied Don Quixote, "there is no remembrance which time does not obliterate, nor any pain which death does not put an end to."

"And what greater misfortune can there be," replied Panza, "than that, which remains till time effaces, or death relieves it? If this mischance of ours were of that sort, which is cured with a couple of plasters, it would not be altogether so bad: but for aught I see, all the plasters of an hospital will not be sufficient to set us to rights again."

"Have done with these murmurings, and gather strength out of weakness, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for so I purpose to do: and let us examine Rozinante's case; for, by what I perceive, not the least part of this misfortune has fallen to the poor beast's share."

"That is not at all strange," answered Sancho, "since he also appertains to a knight-errant. But what I wonder at is, that my ass should come off scot-free, where we have paid so dear."

"Fortune always leaves some door open in disasters, whereby to come at a remedy," said Don Quixote. "I say this, because this poor beast may now supply the want of Rozinante, by carrying me hence to some castle, where I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I take the being mounted in this fashion to be dishonourable; for I remember to have read, that the good old Silenus, governor and tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he made his entry into the city of the hundred gates, went riding, much to his satisfaction, on a most beautiful ass."

"It is likely he rode as your worship says," answered Sancho; "but there is a difference between riding, and lying athwart, like a sack of rubbish."

To which Don Quixote replied, "The wounds received in battle rather give honour than take it away; so do as I bid thee, friend Panza, answer me no more, but raise me up as well as thou canst, and place me upon Dapple in whatever manner may seem best to thee, that we may get hence before night overtakes us in this uninhabited place."

"Yet I have heard your worship say," quoth Panza, "that it is usual for knights-errant to sleep on heaths and deserts the greatest part of the year, and that they looked upon it as fortunate they were not worse off."

"That is," said Don Quixote, "when they cannot help it, or are in love: and this is so true, that there have been knights who, unknown to their mistresses, have exposed themselves, for two years together, upon rocks, to the sun and the shade, and to the inclemencies of heaven. One of these was Amadis, when, calling himself Beltenebros,* he took up his lodging on the bare rock, whether for eight years or eight months I know not, for I am not perfect in his history. It is sufficient that there he was, doing penance for some distaste or other shown him by the Lady Oriana. But let us have done with this, Sancho, and despatch, before such another misfortune happens to thy beast, as hath befallen Rozinante."

Sancho sending forth thirty alases, and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses on him whosoever he was that had brought him to that pass, endeavoured to raise himself up, but remained half way, bent like a Turkish bow, being wholly unable to stand upright. He managed, however, with much labour, to saddle his ass, which had also taken advantage of that day's excessive liberty, to go a little astray. He then lifted up Rozinante, who, could he have found a tongue to complain with, most certainly would not have been outdone either by Sancho or his master. In short, Sancho at length settled Don Quixote upon Dapple, and tying Rozinante to his tail, led them both by the halter, proceeding now faster, now slower, toward the place where he thought the high road might lie: but he had scarcely gone a short

* The lovely obscure.

league, when fortune, who was conducting his affairs from good to better, discovered to him not the road only, but an inn; which, to his sorrow and Don Quixote's joy, must needs be a castle. Sancho positively maintained it was an inn, and his master that it was a castle; and the dispute was so obstinate, and lasted so long, that they had time to arrive there before it ended; and without more ado, Sancho entered it, with his string of cattle.

CHAPTER XV.

Of what happened at the inn.

The innkeeper, seeing Don Quixote laid across the ass, inquired of Sancho what ailed him. Sancho answered him that it was nothing but a fall from a rock, by which his ribs were somewhat bruised. The innkeeper had a wife of a different disposition from those who are usually found in that occupation; for she was naturally charitable, and touched with the misfortunes of her neighbours: so that she presently offered her humane services to Don Quixote, and made her daughter, a very comely young maiden, assist her in the cure of her guest.

With the assistance of their servant Maritornes, the damsel made Don Quixote a very sorry bed in a garret, that gave evident tokens of having formerly served as a hayloft; and immediately the hostess and her daughter plastered him from head to foot, Maritornes holding the light. And, as the hostess was thus employed, perceiving Don Quixote to be mauled in every part, she said that his bruises seemed the effect of hard drubbing, rather than of a fall.

"Not a drubbing," said Sancho; "but the knobs and sharp points of the rock, every one of which has left its mark: and, now I think of it," added he, "pray, contrive to spare a morsel of that tow, as somebody else may find it useful—indeed, I suspect that my sides would be glad of a little of it."

"What, you have had a fall too, have you?" said the hostess.

"No," replied Sancho, "not a fall, but a fright, on seeing my master tumble, which so affected my whole body that I feel as if I had received a thousand blows myself."

"That may very well be," said the damsel; "for I have often dreamed that I was falling down from some high tower, and could never come to the ground; and, when I awoke, I have found myself as much bruised and battered as if I had really fallen.

"But here is the point, mistress," answered Sancho Panza, "that I, without dreaming at all, and more awake than I am now, find myself with almost as many bruises as my master Don Quixote."

"What do you say is the name of this gentleman?" quoth the Asturian.

"Don Quixote de la Mancha," answered Sancho Panza: "he is a knight-errant, and one of the best and most valiant that has been seen for this long time in the world."

"What is a knight-errant?" said the wench.

"Are you such a novice as not to know that?" answered Sancho Panza. "You must know, then, that a knight-errant is a thing that, in two words, is cudgelled and made an emperor; to-day he is the most unfortunate wretch in the world: and to-morrow will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire."

"How comes it then to pass that you, being squire to this worthy gentleman," said the hostess, "have not yet, as it seems, got so much as an earldom?"

"It is early days yet," answered Sancho; "for it is but a month since we set out in quest of adventures, and hitherto we have met with none that deserve the name. And sometimes we look for one thing, and find another. But the truth is, if my master Don Quixote recovers of this wound or fall, and I am not disabled thereby, I would not truck my hopes for the best title in Spain."

To all this conversation Don Quixote had listened very attentively: and now, raising himself up in the bed as well as he could, and taking the hand of his hostess, he said to her: "Believe me, beauteous lady, you may esteem yourself fortunate in having entertained me in this your castle; if I say little of myself, it is because, as the proverb declares, self-praise depreciates: but my squire will inform you who I am. I only say that I shall retain the service you have done me eternally engraven on my memory, and be grateful to you as long as my life shall endure. And, had it pleased the high heavens that Love had not held me so enthralled and subject to his laws, and to the eyes of that beautiful ingrate whose name I silently pronounce, those of this lovely virgin had become enslavers of my liberty."

The hostess, her daughter, and the good Maritornes, stood confounded at this harangue of our knight-errant, which they understood just as much as if he had spoken Greek, although they guessed that it all tended to compliments and offers of service; and not being accustomed to such kind of language, they gazed at him with surprise, and thought him another sort of man than those now in fashion; and, after thanking him, in their inn-like phrase for his offers, they left him. The Asturian Maritornes had doctored Sancho, who stood in no less need of plasters than his master.

"Rise, Sancho," said Don Quixote, towards morning, "if thou canst, and call the governor of this castle, and procure me some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to make the healing balsam; for in truth I require it much at this time."

Sancho got up with aching bones, and proceeded in the dark towards the landlord's chamber. The innkeeper furnished him with what he desired, and Sancho carried them to Don Quixote, who took his simples, and made a compound of them, mixing them together, and boiling them some time, until he thought the mixture had arrived at the exact point. He then asked for a vial to hold it; but, as there was no such thing in the inn, he resolved to put it in a cruse, or tin oil-flask, of which the host made him a present. This being done, he pronounced over the cruse above four-score paternosters, and as many ave-marias, salves, and credos, accompanying every word

with a cross, by way of benediction; all which was performed in the presence of Sancho and the innkeeper. Having completed the operation, Don Quixote resolved to make trial immediately of the virtue of that precious balsam; and therefore drank about a pint and a half of what remained in the pot wherein it was boiled, after the cruse was filled; and scarcely had he swallowed the potion when it was rejected and followed by a violent sickness. To the pain and exertion of which a copious perspiration succeeding, he desired to be covered up warm, and left alone. They did so, and he continued asleep above three hours, when he woke and found himself greatly relieved in his body, and his battered and bruised members so much restored that he considered himself as perfectly recovered, and was thoroughly persuaded that he was in possession of the true balsam of Fierabras; and that consequently, with such a remedy, he might thenceforward encounter, without fear, all dangers, battles, and conflicts, however hazardous.

Sancho Panza, who likewise took his master's amendment for a miracle, desired he would give him what remained in the pot, which was no small quantity. This request being granted, he took it in both hands, and, with good faith and better will, swallowed down very little less than his master had done. Now the case was, that poor Sancho's stomach was not so delicate as that of his master; and, therefore, before he could reject it, he endured such pangs and such faintings, that he verily thought his last hour was come; and finding himself so afflicted and tormented, he cursed the balsam, and the thief that had given it him.

Don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, said: "I believe, Sancho, that all this mischief hath befallen thee because thou art not dubbed a knight: for I am of opinion this liquor can do good only to those who are of that order."

"If your worship knew that," replied Sancho, "evil betide me and all my generation! why did you suffer me to drink it?"

Sancho's illness lasted near two hours; and left him so exhausted and shattered that he was unable to stand. Don Quixote, feeling, as we said before, quite renovated, determined to take his departure immediately in quest of adventures, thinking that by every moment's delay he was depriving the world of his aid and protection; and more especially as he felt secure and confident in the virtues of his balsam. Thus stimulated, he saddled Rozinante with his own hands, and pannelled the ass of his squire, whom he also helped to dress, and afterwards to mount. He then mounted himself, and, having observed a pike in a corner of the inn-yard, he took possession of it to serve him for a lance.

Being now both mounted, and at the door of the inn, he called to the host, and, in a grave and solemn tone of voice, said to him: "Many and great are the favours, signor governor, which in this your castle I have received, and I am bound to be grateful to you all the days of my life. If I can make you some compensation, by taking vengeance on any proud miscreant who hath insulted you, know that the duty of my profession is no other than to strengthen the weak, to

revenge the injured, and to chastise the perfidious. Consider, and if your memory recalls anything of this nature to recommend to me, you need only declare it; for I promise you, by the order of knighthood I have received, to procure you satisfaction and amends to your heart's desire!"

The host answered with the same gravity: "Sir Knight, I have no need of your worship's avenging any wrong for me; I know how to take the proper revenge, when any injury is done me: all I desire of your worship is to pay me for what you have had in the inn, as well for the straw and barley for your two beasts, as for your supper and lodging."

"What! is this an inn?" exclaimed Don Quixote.

"Ay, and a very creditable one," answered the host.

"Hitherto, then, I have been in an error," answered Don Quixote; "for in truth I took it for a castle; but since it is indeed no castle, but an inn, all that you have now to do is to excuse the payment; for I cannot act contrary to the law of knights-errant, of whom I certainly know (having hitherto read nothing to the contrary) that they never paid for lodging or anything else in the inns where they reposed; because every accommodation is legally and justly due to them, in return for the insufferable hardships they endure while in quest of adventures, by night and by day, in winter and in summer, on foot and on horseback, with thirst and with hunger, with heat and with cold; subject to all the inclemencies of heaven, and to all the inconveniences of earth."

"I see little to my purpose in all this," answered the host; "pay me what is my due, and let us have none of your stories and knight-errantries; all I want is to get my own."

"Thou art a blockhead, and a pitiful innkeeper," answered Don Quixote: so clapping spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his lance, he sallied out of the inn without opposition, and, never turning to see whether his squire followed him, was soon a good way off.

The host, seeing him go without paying, ran to seize on Sancho Panza, who said that, since his master would not pay, neither would he pay; for being squire to a knight-errant, the same rule and reason held as good for him as for his master. The innkeeper, irritated on hearing this, threatened, that if he did not pay him, he should repent his obstinacy.

Poor Sancho's ill-luck would have it that, among the people in the inn, there were four clothworkers of Segovia, three needlemakers from the fountain of Cordova, and two neighbours from the market-place of Seville—frolicksome fellows, who, instigated and moved by the self-same spirit, came up to Sancho, and, having dismounted him, one of them produced a blanket from the landlord's bed, into which he was immediately thrown; but, perceiving that the ceiling was too low, they determined to execute their purpose in the yard, which was bounded above only by the sky. Thither Sancho was carried; and, being placed in the middle of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and divert themselves with him as with a dog at Shrovetide. The cries which the poor blanketed squire sent forth were so many

and so loud that they reached his master's ears; who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was at hand, until he plainly recognised the voice of Sancho; then turning the reins, he perceived the wicked sport they were making with his squire. He saw him ascend and descend through the air with so much grace and agility, that, if his indignation would have suffered him, he certainly would have laughed outright. But they suspended neither their laughter nor their labour; nor did the flying Sancho cease to pour forth lamentations, mingled now with threats, now with entreaties; yet all were of no avail, and they desisted at last only from pure fatigue. They then brought him his ass, and, wrapping him in his cloak, mounted him thereon. The compassionate maid of the inn, seeing him so exhausted, bethought of helping him to a jug of water, and that it might be the cooler, she fetched it from the well. Sancho took it, and instantly began to drink; but at the first sip, finding it was water, he would proceed no further, and besought Maritornes to bring him some wine, which she did willingly, and paid for it with her own money; for it is indeed said of her that, although in that station, she had some faint traces of a Christian. When Sancho had ceased drinking, he clapped heels to his ass; and, the inn-gate being thrown wide open, out he went, satisfied that he had paid nothing, and had carried his point, though at the expense of his usual pledge, namely, his back. The landlord, it is true, retained his wallets in payment of what was due to him; but Sancho never missed them in the hurry of his departure. The innkeeper would have fastened the door well after him, as soon as he saw him out: but the blanketeers would not let him, being persons of that sort that, though Don Quixote had really been one of the knights of the round table, they would not have cared two farthings for him.

Sancho came up to his master so faint and dispirited that he was not able to urge his ass forward. Don Quixote, perceiving him in that condition, said: "Honest Sancho, that castle, or inn, I am now convinced, is enchanted; for they who so cruelly sported with thee, what could they be but phantoms and inhabitants of another world? And I am confirmed in this from having found that, when I stood at the pales of the yard, beholding the acts of your sad tragedy, I could not possibly get over them, nor even alight from Rozinante; so that they must certainly have held me enchanted. If I could have got over, or alighted, I would have avenged thee in such a manner as would have made those poltroons and assassins remember the jest as long as they lived, even though I should have thereby transgressed the laws of chivalry; for, as I have often told thee, they do not allow a knight to lay hand on his sword against any one who is not so, unless it be in defence of his own life and person, and in cases of urgent and extreme necessity."

"And I too," quoth Sancho, "would have revenged myself if I had been able, knight or no knight, but I could not; though, in my opinion, they who diverted themselves at my expense were no hobgoblins, but men of flesh and bones, as we are; and each of them, as I heard while they were tossing me, had his proper name; so that,

sir, as to your not being able to leap over the pales, nor to alight from your horse, the fault lay not in enchantment, but in something else. And what I gather clearly from all this is, that these adventures we are in quest of will in the long-run bring us into so many misadventures that we shall not know which is our right foot. So that, in my poor opinion, the better and surer way would be to return to our village, now that it is reaping-time, and look after our business, nor go rambling thus out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"How little dost thou know, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "of what appertains to chivalry! Peace, and have patience; for the day will come when thine eyes shall witness how honourable a thing it is to follow this profession. For tell me what greater satisfaction can the world afford, or what pleasure can be compared with that of winning a battle, and triumphing over an adversary? Undoubtedly none."

"It may be so," answered Sancho, "though I do not know it. I only know that since we have been knights-errant, or since you have been one, sir (for I have no right to reckon myself of that honourable number), we have never won any battle; we have had nothing but drubbings upon drubbings, cuffs upon cuffs, with my blanket-tossing into the bargain, and that by persons enchanted, on whom I cannot revenge myself, and thereby know what that pleasure of overcoming an enemy is which your worship talks of."

"That is what troubles me, and ought to trouble thee also, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "but henceforward I will endeavour to have ready at hand a sword made with such art that no kind of enchantment can touch him that wears it; and perhaps fortune may put me in possession of that of Amadis, when he called himself 'Knight of the Burning Sword,' which was one of the best weapons that ever was worn by knight; for, beside the virtue aforesaid, it cut like a razor; and no armour, however strong or enchanted, could withstand it."

"Such is my luck," quoth Sancho, "that though this were so, and your worship should find such a sword, it would be of service only to those who are dubbed knights; as for the poor squires, they may sing sorrow."

"Fear not, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "Heaven will deal more kindly by thee."

The knight and his squire went on conferring thus together, when Don Quixote perceived, in the road on which they were travelling, a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them; upon which he turned to Sancho, and said, "This is the day, O Sancho, that shall manifest the good that fortune hath in store for me. This is the day, I say, on which shall be proved, as at all times, the valour of my arm; and on which I shall perform exploits that will be recorded and written in the book of fame, there to remain to all succeeding ages. Seest thou that cloud of dust, Sancho? It is raised by a prodigious army of divers nations, who are on the march this way."

"If so, there must be two armies," said Sancho; "for here, on this side, arises just another cloud of dust."

Don Quixote turned, and seeing that it really was so, he rejoiced

exceedingly, taking it for granted they were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain; for at all hours and moments his imagination was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagances, combats, and challenges detailed in his favourite books: and in every thought, word, and action he reverted to them. Now the cloud of dust he saw was raised by two great flocks of sheep going the same road from different parts, and as the dust concealed them until they came near, and Don Quixote affirmed so positively that they were armies, Sancho began to believe it, and said, "Sir, what then must we do?"

"What," replied Don Quixote, "but favour and assist the weaker side? Thou must know, Sancho, that the army which marches towards us in front is led and commanded by the great Emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Taprobana: this other, which marches behind us, is that of his enemy, the king of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the Naked Arm—for he always enters into battle with his right arm bare."

"But why do these two princes bear one another so much ill-will?" demanded Sancho.

"They hate one another," answered Don Quixote, "because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is most beautiful, and also a Christian; but her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan king unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and turn Christian."

"By my beard," said Sancho, "Pentapolin is in the right; and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power."

"Therein wilt thou do thy duty, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "but listen with attention whilst I give thee an account of the principal knights in the two approaching armies; and, that thou mayest observe them the better, let us retire to that rising ground, whence both armies may be distinctly seen." Seeing, however, in his imagination, what did not exist, he began, with a loud voice, to say: "The knight thou seest yonder with the gilded armour, who bears on his shield a lion crowned, couchant at a damsel's feet, is the valorous Laurcalco, Lord of the Silver Bridge. The other, with the armour flowered with gold, who bears three crowns argent, in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolembo, Grand Duke of Quiracia. The third, with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, Lord of the three Arabias. He is armed with a serpent's skin, and bears, instead of a shield, a gate, which fame says is one of those belonging to the temple which Samson pulled down when with his death he avenged himself upon his enemies."

In this manner he went on naming sundry knights of each squadron, as his fancy dictated, and giving to each their arms, colours, devices, and mottoes, extempore; and, without pausing, he continued thus "That squadron in the front is formed and composed of people of different nations. Here stand those who drink the sweet waters of the famous Xanthus; the mountaineers who tread the Massilian fields; these who sift the pure and fine gold-dust of Arabia Felix; those

who dwell along the famous and refreshing banks of the clear Thermodon; those who drain, by divers and sundry ways, the golden veins of Pactolus; the Numidians, unfaithful in their promises; the Persians, famous for bows and arrows; the Parthians and Medes, who fight flying; the Arabians, perpetually changing their habitations; the Scythians, as cruel as fair; the broad-lipped Ethiopians; and an infinity of other nations, whose countenances I see and know, although I cannot recollect their names."

How many provinces did he name! how many nations did he enumerate, giving to each, with wonderful readiness, its peculiar attributes! Sancho Panza stood confounded at his discourse, without speaking a word; and now and then he turned his head about, to see whether he could discover the knights and giants his master named. But seeing none, he said, "Sir, not a man, or giant, or knight, of all you have named, can I see anywhere."

"How sayest thou, Sancho?" answered Don Quixote; "hearest thou not the neighing of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and the rattling of the drums?"

"I hear nothing," answered Sancho, "but the bleating of sheep and lambs:" and so it was; for now the two flocks had come very near them.

"Thy fears, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "prevent thee from hearing or seeing aright; for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses and make things not to appear what they really are: and if thou art so much afraid, retire and leave me alone; for with my single arm I shall ensure victory to that side which I favour with my assistance:" then, clapping spurs to Rozinante, and setting his lance in his rest, he darted down the hillock like lightning.

Sancho cried out to him: "Hold, Signor Don Quixote, come back! they are only lambs and sheep you are going to encounter; pray come back; what madness is this? there is neither giant, nor knight, nor horses, nor arms, nor shields quartered or entire, nor true azures, nor devices: what are you doing, sir?"

Notwithstanding all this, Don Quixote turned not again, but still went on, crying aloud, "Ho, knights, you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant Emperor Pentapolin of the Naked Arm, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge him on his enemy Alifanfaron of Taprobana."

With these words he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, as courageously and intrepidly as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen who came with the flocks called out to him to desist; but seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings, and began to salute his ears with a shower of stones. Don Quixote cared not for the stones, but, galloping about on all sides, cried out: "Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? Present thyself before me; I am a single knight, desirous to prove thy valour hand to hand, and to punish thee with the loss of life for the wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolin Garamanta."

At that instant a large stone struck him with such violence that he believed himself either slain or sorely wounded; and remembering

some balsam which he had, he pulled out the cruse, and applying it to his mouth, began to swallow some of the liquor; but before he could take what he thought sufficient, another hit him full on the hand, and dashed the cruse to pieces: carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievously bruising two of his fingers. Such was the first blow, and such the second, that the poor knight fell from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believed they had killed him; whereupon in all haste they collected their flock, took up their dead, which were about seven, and marched off without farther inquiry.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock, beholding his master's actions—tearing his beard, and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment that ever he knew him. But seeing him fallen to the ground and the shepherds gone off, he descended from the hillock, and, running to him, found him in a very ill plight, though not quite bereaved of sense; and said to him, "Did I not beg you, Signor Don Quixote, to come back; for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men?"

"How easily," replied Don Quixote, "can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, transform things or make them invisible? However, do one thing, Sancho, for my sake, to undeceive thyself, and see the truth of what I tell thee; mount thy ass, and follow them fair and softly, and thou wilt find that, when they are got a little farther off, they will return to their first form, and, ceasing to be sheep, will become men, proper and tall, as I described them at first. But do not go now, for I want thy assistance; come hither to me, and see how many of my teeth are deficient; for it seems to me that I have not one left in my head."

He now raised himself up, and placing his left hand on his mouth, to prevent the remainder of his teeth from falling out, with the other he laid hold on Rozinante's bridle, who had not stirred from his master's side, such was his fidelity, and went towards his squire, who stood leaning with his breast upon the ass, and his cheek reclining upon his hand, in the posture of a man overwhelmed with thought. Don Quixote, seeing him thus, and to all appearance so melancholy, said to him, "Know, Sancho, that one man is no more than another, only inasmuch as he does more than another. So do not afflict thyself for the mischances that befall me, since thou hast no share in them."

"How? no share in them!" answered Sancho; "peradventure he they tossed in a blanket yesterday was not my father's son, and the wallets I have lost to-day, with all my moveables, belong to somebody else?"

"What! are the wallets lost?" quoth Don Quixote.

"Yes, they are," answered Sancho.

"Then we have nothing to eat to-day?" replied Don Quixote.

"It would be so," answered Sancho, "if these fields did not produce those herbs which your worship says you know, and with which unlucky knights-errant like your worship are used to supply such wants."

"Nevertheless," said Don Quixote, "at this time I would rather

have a slice of bread and a couple of heads of salt pilchards than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, though commented upon by Doctor Laguna himself. But, good Sancho, get upon thy ass, and follow me; for God, who provides for all, will not desert us, since he neglects neither the birds of the air, the beasts of the earth, nor the fish of the waters; more especially, being engaged, as we are, in his service."

"Your worship," said Sancho, "would make a better preacher than a knight-errant."

"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "the knowledge of knights-errant must be universal; there have been knights-errant, in times past, who would make sermons or harangues on the king's highway as successfully as if they had taken their degrees in the university of Paris; whence it may be inferred that the lance never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance."

"Well, be it as your worship says," answered Sancho; "but let us begone hence, and endeavour to get a lodging to-night; and pray God it be where there are neither blanket nor blanket-heavers, hobgoblins nor enchanted Moors."

CHAPTER XVI.

The sage discourse continued, with the adventures of a dead body.

Thus discoursing, night overtook them, and they were still in the high road; and the worst of it was, they were famished with hunger: for with their wallets they had lost their whole larder of provisions, and, to complete their misfortunes, an adventure now befel them which appeared indeed to be truly an adventure. The night came on rather dark; notwithstanding which they saw advancing towards them a great number of lights, resembling so many moving stars. Sancho stood aghast at the sight of them, nor was Don Quixote unmoved. The one checked his ass, and the other his horse, and both stood looking before them with eager attention. They perceived that the lights were advancing towards them, and that as they approached nearer they appeared larger.

"I beseech thee, Sancho, to be of good courage; for experience shall give thee sufficient proof of mine."

"I will, if it please God," answered Sancho; and, retiring a little on one side of the road, and again endeavouring to discover what those walking lights might be, they soon after perceived a great many persons clothed in white; this dreadful spectacle completely annihilated the courage of Sancho, whose teeth began to chatter, as if seized with quartan ague. But it was otherwise with his master, whose lively imagination instantly suggested to him that this must be truly a chivalrous adventure. He conceived that the litter was a bier, whereon was carried some knight sorely wounded or slain, whose revenge was reserved for him alone. He therefore, without delay, couched his spear, seated himself firm in his saddle, and, with grace and spirit

advanced into the middle of the road by which the procession must pass; and when they were near, he raised his voice, and said: "Ho! knights, whoever ye are, halt, and give me an account to whom ye belong, whence ye come, whither ye are going, and what it is ye carry upon that bier; for, in all appearance, either ye have done some injury to others, or others to you; and it is expedient and necessary that I be informed of it, either to chastise ye for the evil ye have done, or to revenge ye of wrongs sustained."

"We are in haste," answered one in the procession; "the inn is a great way off; and we cannot stay to give so long an account as you require;" then, spurring his mule, he passed forward.

Don Quixote, highly resenting this answer, laid hold of his bridle, and said, "Stand, and with more civility give me the account I demand; otherwise I challenge ye all to battle."

The mule was timid, and started so much upon his touching the bridle, that, rising on her hind-legs, she threw her rider over the crupper to the ground. A lacquey that came on foot, seeing the man in white fall, began to revile Don Quixote; whose choler being now raised, he couched his spear, and immediately attacking one of the mourners, laid him on the ground grievously wounded; then turning about to the rest, it was worth seeing with what agility he attacked and defeated them; it seemed as if wings at that instant had sprung on Rozinante—so lightly and swiftly he moved! All the white-robed people, being timorous and unarmed, soon quitted the skirmish, and ran over the plain with their lighted torches, looking like so many masqueraders on a carnival or a festival night. The mourners were so wrapped up and muffled in their long robes that they could make no exertion; so that the Don, with entire safety to himself, assailed them all, and, sorely against their will, obliged them to quit the field; for they thought him no man, but the devil broke loose upon them to seize the dead body they were conveying in the litter.

All this Sancho beheld, with admiration at his master's intrepidity, and said to himself, "This master of mine is certainly as valiant and magnanimous as he pretends to be."

A burning torch lay on the ground, near the first whom the mule had overthrown; by the light of which Don Quixote espied him, and going up to him, placed the point of his spear to his throat, commanding him to surrender, on pain of death. To which the fallen man answered, "I am surrendered enough already, since I cannot stir, for one of my legs is broken. I beseech you, sir, if you are a Christian gentleman, do not kill me: you would commit a great sacrilege; for I am a licentiate, and have taken the lesser orders."

"What, then, I pray you," said Don Quixote, "brought you hither, being an ecclesiastic?"

"What, sir?" replied the fallen man, "but my evil fortune."

"A worse fate now threatens you," said Don Quixote, "unless you reply satisfactorily to all my first questions."

"Your worship shall soon be satisfied," answered the licentiate "and therefore you must know, sir, that, though I told you before tha

I was a licentiate, I am, in fact, only a bachelor of arts, and my name is Alonzo Lopez. I am a native of Alcovendas, and came from the city of Baeza, with eleven more ecclesiastics, the same who fled with the torches; we were attending the corpse in that litter to the city of Segovia: it is that of a gentleman who died in Baeza, where he was deposited till now that, as I said before, we are carrying his bones to their place of burial in Segovia, where he was born."

"And who killed him?" demanded Don Quixote.

"God," replied the bachelor, "by means of a pestilential fever."

"Then," said Don Quixote, "Heaven hath saved me the labour of revenging his death, in case he had been slain by any other hand; but since he fell by the decree of God, there is nothing expected from us but patience and resignation; for just the same must I have done, had it been his pleasure to pronounce the fatal sentence upon me. It is proper that your reverence should know that I am a knight of La Mancha, Don Quixote by name; and that it is my office and profession to go all over the world, righting wrongs and redressing grievances."

"I do not understand your way of righting wrongs," said the bachelor; "for from right you have set me wrong, having broken my leg, which will never be right again whilst I live. But since my fate ordained it so, I beseech you, Signor Knight-errant, who have done me such arrant mischief, to help me to get from under this mule; for my leg is held fast between the stirrup and the saddle."

"I might have continued talking until to-morrow," said Don Quixote; "why did you delay acquainting me with your embarrassment?"

He then called out to Sancho Panza to assist; but he did not choose to obey, being employed in ransacking a sumpter-mule, which those pious men had brought with them, well stored with eatables. Sancho made a bag of his cloak, and having crammed into it as much as it would hold, he loaded his beast; after which he attended to his master's call, and helped to disengage the bachelor from the oppression of his mule: and, having mounted him and given him the torch, Don Quixote bade him follow the track of his companions, and beg their pardon, in his name, for the injury which he could not avoid doing them. Sancho likewise said, "If perchance those gentlemen would know who is the champion that routed them, tell them it is the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Rueful Countenance."

The bachelor being gone, Don Quixote asked Sancho what induced him to call him the Knight of the Rueful Countenance at that time more than any other?

"I will tell you," answered Sancho; "it is because I have been viewing you by the light of the torch, which that unfortunate man carried: and, in truth, your worship at present makes the most woeful figure I have ever seen; which must be owing, I suppose, either to the fatigue of this combat, or the want of your teeth."

"It is owing to neither," replied Don Quixote; "but the sage who has the charge of writing the history of my achievements has deemed

it proper for me to assume an appellation, like the knights of old; one of whom called himself the Knight of the Burning Sword; another of the Unicorn; this, of the Damsels; that, of the Phœnix; another, the Knight of the Griffin: and another, the Knight of Death; and by those names and ensigns they were known over the whole surface of the earth. And therefore I say that the sage I just now mentioned has put it into thy thoughts and into thy mouth to call me the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, as I purpose to call myself from this day forward; and that this name may fit me the better, I determine, when an opportunity offers, to have a most rueful figure painted on my shield."

"You need not spend time and money in getting this figure made," said Sancho; "your worship need only show your own, and, without any other image or shield, they will immediately call you him of the Rueful Countenance; and be assured I tell you the truth: for I promise you, sir (mind, I speak in jest), that hunger and the loss of your teeth make you look so ruefully that, as I said before, the rueful picture may very well be spared."

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's pleasantry; nevertheless, he resolved to call himself by that name, and to have his shield or buckler painted accordingly; and he said, "I conceive, Sancho, that I am liable to excommunication for having laid violent hands on holy things, 'Juxta illud, Siquis suadente diabolo,' &c.: although I know I did not lay my hands, but my spear, upon them; besides, I did not know that I was engaging with priests, or things belonging to the Church, which I reverence and adore, like a good Catholic and faithful Christian as I am, but with phantoms and spectres of the other world. And even were it otherwise, I perfectly remember what befel the Cid Ruy Diaz, when he broke the chair of that king's ambassador in the presence of his holiness the Pope, for which he was excommunicated; yet honest Roderigo de Vivar passed that day for an honourable and courageous knight."

They had not gone far between two hills, when they found themselves in a retired and spacious valley, where they alighted. Sancho disburdened his beast; and, extended on the green grass, with hunger for sauce, they despatched their breakfast, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and supper all at once: regaling their palates with more than one cold mess, which the ecclesiastics who attended the deceased had brought with them on the sumpter-mule. But there was another misfortune, which Sancho accounted the worst of all; namely, they had no wine, nor even water, to drink, and were, moreover, parched with thirst.

But they had not gone two hundred paces when a great noise of water reached their ears, like that of some mighty cascade pouring down from a vast and steep rock. The sound rejoiced them exceedingly, and stopping to listen whence it came, they heard on a sudden another dreadful noise, which abated the pleasure occasioned by that of the water; especially in Sancho, who was naturally faint-hearted. I say they heard a dreadful din of irons and rattling chains, accompanied with mighty strokes, repeated in regular time and measure

which, together with the furious noise of the water, would have struck terror into any other heart but that of Don Quixote. The night, as we have before said, was dark; and they chanced to enter a grove of tall trees, whose leaves, agitated by the breeze, caused a kind of rustling noise, not loud, though fearful; so that the solitude, the situation, the darkness, and the sound of rushing water, with the agitated leaves, all concurred to produce surprise and horror, especially when they found that neither the blows ceased, nor the wind slept, nor the morning approached; and in addition to all this was their total ignorance of the place where they were in. But Don Quixote, supported by his intrepid heart, leaped upon Rozinante, and, bracing on his buckler, brandished his spear, and said, "Friend Sancho, know that, by the will of Heaven, I was born in this age of iron, to revive in it that of gold, or, as it is usually termed, 'the golden age. I am he for whom dangers, great exploits, and valorous achievements, are reserved; I am he, I say again, who am destined to revive the order of the round table; that of the twelve peers of France, and the nine worthies; and to obliterate the memory of the Platirs, the Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, Knights of the Sun, and the Belianises, with the whole tribe of the famous knights-errant of times past. Stay for me here three days, and no more: if I return not in that time, thou mayest go back to our village; and thence, to oblige me, repair to Toboso, and inform my incomparable lady Dulcinea that her enthralled knight died in attempting things that might have made him worthy to be styled hers."

When Sancho heard these words of his master, he dissolved into tears, and said, "Sir, I cannot think why your worship should encounter this fearful adventure. It is now night, and nobody sees us. We may easily turn aside, and get out of danger, though we should not drink these three days; and, being unseen, we cannot be taxed with cowardice. Besides, I have heard the curate of our village, whom your worship knows very well, say in the pulpit that 'he who seeketh danger perisheth therein;' so that it is not good to tempt God by undertaking so extravagant an exploit, whence there is no escaping but by a miracle. I left my country and forsook my wife and children to follow and serve your worship; but as covetousness bursts the bag, so hath it rent my hopes; for when they were most alive, and I was just expecting to obtain that unlucky island which you have so often promised me, I find myself, in lieu thereof, ready to be abandoned by your worship in a place remote from everything human. Dear sir, do me not such an unkindness; or, if your worship will not wholly desist from this enterprise, at least wait till daybreak, to which, according to the little skill I learned when a shepherd, it cannot be above three hours; for the muzzle of the north-bear is at the top of the head, and makes midnight in the line of the left arm."

"How," said Don Quixote, "canst thou see where this line is made, or where the muzzle, or top of the head thou talkest of is, when the night is so dark, that not a star appears in the whole sky?"

"True," said Sancho, "but fear has many eyes, and sees things

beneath the earth, how much more above in the sky; besides, it is reasonable to think it does not want much of daybreak."

"Want what it will," answered Don Quixote, "it shall never be said of me, either now or at any other time, that tears or entreaties could dissuade me from doing the duty of a knight: therefore, I pray thee, Sancho, hold thy tongue; for God, who has put it into my heart to attempt this unparalleled and fearful adventure, will take care to watch over my safety, and to comfort thee in thy sadness. What thou hast to do is to girt Rozinante well, and to stay here; for I will quickly return, alive or dead."

Sancho, seeing his master's final resolution, and how little his tears, prayers, and counsels prevailed with him, determined to have recourse to a stratagem, and oblige him, if he could, to wait till day; and with this view, pretending to be straitening the girths, softly, and without being perceived, he tied Rozinante's two hinder feet together with Dapple's halter; so that, when Don Quixote would have departed, he was not able; for the horse could not move but by jumps. Sancho, seeing the success of his contrivance, said, "Ah, sir! behold how Heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has ordained that Rozinante cannot stir; and if you will obstinately persist to spur him, you will but provoke fortune, and, as the saying is, kick against the pricks."

This made Don Quixote quite desperate, and the more he spurred his horse, the less he could move him; and, without suspecting the ligature, he thought it best to be quiet, and either stay till day appeared, or till Rozinante should recover the use of his legs: believing it proceeded from some other cause, and not from Sancho's cunning; to whom he said, "Since it is so, Sancho, that Rozinante cannot move, I am contented to stay till the dawn smiles, though I weep all the time she delays her coming."

"You need not weep," answered Sancho, "for I will entertain you with telling you stories, if you had not rather alight and compose yourself to sleep a little upon the soft grass, as knights-errant are wont to do, and so be the less weary when the day and hour come for attempting the unparalleled adventure you wait for."

"To whom dost thou talk of alighting, or sleeping?" said Don Quixote; "am I one of those knights who take repose in time of danger? Sleep thou, who wert born to sleep, or do what thou wilt; I will do what I think best befits my profession."

"Pray, good sir, be not angry," answered Sancho, "I did not say it with that design:" and, coming close to him, he put one hand on the pummel of the saddle before, and the other on the pique behind, and stood embracing his master's left thigh, without daring to stir from him a finger's breadth, so much was he afraid of the blows which still sounded alternately in his ears. Don Quixote claimed his promise of telling him some story to entertain him; and Sancho replied, "that he would, if the dread of what he heard would permit him; notwithstanding," said he, "I will force myself to tell one, which, if I can hit upon it, and it slips not through my fingers, is the best of all stories; and I beg your worship to be attentive, for now I begin.

"What hath been, hath been; the good that shall befal be for us all, and evil to him that evil seeks. Which fits the present purpose like a ring to your finger, signifying that your worship should be quiet, and not go about searching after evil."

"Proceed with thy tale, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and leave to my care the road we are to follow."

"I say then," continued Sancho, "that in a village of Estremadura, there was a shepherd, I mean a goatherd; which shepherd, or goatherd, as my story says, was called Lope Ruiz; and this Lope Ruiz was in love with a shepherdess called Torralva; which shepherdess called Torralva was daughter to a rich herdsman, and this rich herdsman——"

"If this be thy manner of telling a story, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou wilt not have done these two days; tell it concisely, like a man of sense, or else say no more."

"I tell it in the same manner that they tell all stories in my country," answered Sancho; "and I cannot tell it otherwise, nor ought your worship to require me to make new customs."

"Tell it as thou wilt, then," said Don Quixote; "since it is the will of fate that I must hear thee, go on."

"And so, sir," continued Sancho, "as I said before, this shepherd was in love with the shepherdess Torralva, who was a merry strapping wench, somewhat scornful, and somewhat masculine; but, in process of time, it came about that the love which the shepherd bore to the shepherdess turned into hatred; and the cause was a certain quantity of little jealousies she gave him, so as to exceed all bounds: and so much did he hate her thenceforward, that, to shun the sight of her, he chose to absent himself from that country, and go where his eyes should never more behold her. Torralva, who found herself disdained by Lope, then began to love him better than ever she had loved him before."

"It is a disposition natural in women," said Don Quixote, "to slight those who love them, and love those who hate them: go on, Sancho."

"It fell out," proceeded Sancho, "that the shepherd put his design into execution; and, collecting together his goats, went over the plains of Estremadura, in order to pass over into the kingdom of Portugal. Upon which, Torralva followed him at a distance, on foot and bare-legged, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wallet about her neck. Presently, the shepherd came with his flock to pass the river Guadiana, which at that time was swollen, and had almost overflowed its banks; and on the side he came to there was neither boat nor anybody to ferry him or his flock over to the other side; which grieved him mightily: for he saw that Torralva was at his heels, and would give him much disturbance by her entreaties and tears. He therefore looked about him until he espied a fisherman with a boat near him, but so small that it could hold only one person and one goat: however he spoke to him, and agreed with him to carry over himself and his three hundred goats. The fisherman got into the boat, and carried over a goat; he returned and carried over another; he came

back again, and carried over another. Pray, sir, keep an account of the goats that the fisherman is carrying over; for if you lose count of a single goat, the story ends, and it will be impossible to tell a word more of it. I go on then, and say that the landing-place on the opposite side was covered with mud, and slippery, and the fisherman was a great while in coming and going. However, he returned for another goat, and another, and another."

"Suppose them all carried over," said Don Quixote, "and do not be going and coming in this manner; or thou wilt not have finished carrying them over in a twelvemonth."

"Tell me, how many have passed already?" said Sancho.

"How should I know?" answered Don Quixote.

"See there, now! did I not tell thee to keep an exact account? There is now an end of the story; I can go no farther."

"How can this be?" answered Don Quixote. "Is it so essential to the story to know the exact number of goats that passed over that, if one error be made, the story can proceed no farther?"

"Even so," answered Sancho; "for when I desired your worship to tell me how many goats had passed, and you answered you did not know, at that very instant all that I had to say fled out of my memory; though, in truth, it was very edifying and satisfactory."

"So, then," said Don Quixote, "the story is at an end?"

"To be sure it is," quoth Sancho.

"Verily," answered Don Quixote, "thou hast told one of the rarest tales, fables, or histories, imaginable; and thy mode of relating and concluding it is such as never was, nor ever will be, equalled; although I expected no less from thy good sense: however, I do not wonder at it, for this incessant din may have disturbed thy understanding."

"All that may be," answered Sancho; "but as to my story, I know there's no more to be told; for it ends just where the error begins in the account of carrying over the goats."

"Let it end where it will," said Don Quixote, "and let us see whether Rozinante can stir himself."

Again he clapt spurs to him, and again the animal jumped, and then stood stock still, so effectually was he fettered.

Thus passed the night; and when Sancho perceived the dawn of morning, with much caution he unbound Rozinante, who being at liberty, though naturally not over-mettlesome, seemed to feel himself alive, and began to paw the ground; but as for curveting (begging his pardon) he knew nothing about it. Don Quixote, perceiving that Rozinante began to be active, took it for a good omen, and a signal that he should forthwith attempt the tremendous adventure. The dawn now making the surrounding objects visible, Don Quixote perceived he was beneath some tall chestnut-trees, which afforded a gloomy shade: but the cause of that striking, which yet continued, he was unable to discover; therefore, without farther delay, he made Rozinante feel the spur, and again taking leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait there three days at the farthest, as he had said before, and that if he returned not by that time, he might conclude that it

was the will of Heaven that he should end his days in that perilous adventure. He again also repeated the embassy and message he was to carry to his lady Dulcinea; and told him that as to the reward of his service he need be in no pain, for he had made his will before he left his village, and in it he would find himself gratified as to his wages, in proportion to the time he had served; but, if God should bring him off safe and sound from the impending danger, he might reckon himself infallibly secure of the promised island. Sancho wept afresh at hearing again the moving expressions of his good master, and resolved not to leave him to the last moment and end of this business. From the tears, and this honourable resolution of Sancho Panza's, the author of this history gathers, that he must have been well born, and at least an old Christian. His tender concern somewhat softened his master, but not so much as to make him discover any weakness; on the contrary, dissembling as well as he could, he pressed on toward the place, whence the noise of the water and of the strokes appeared to proceed. Sancho followed him on foot, leading, as usual, his ass, that constant companion of his fortunes, good or bad. And having proceeded some distance among those shady chestnut-trees, they came to a little green meadow, bounded by some steep rocks, down which a mighty torrent precipitated itself. At the foot of these rocks were several wretched huts, that seemed more like ruins than habitable dwellings; and it was from them, they now discovered, that the fearful din proceeded. Rozinante was startled at the noise; but Don Quixote, after quieting him, went slowly on towards the huts, recommending himself devoutly to his lady, and beseeching her to favour him in so terrific an enterprise. Sancho kept close to his side, stretching out his neck to see if he could discover the cause of his terrors. In this manner they advanced about a hundred yards farther, when, on doubling a point, the true and undoubted cause of that horrible noise, which had held them all night in such suspense, appeared plain and exposed to view. It was (kind reader, take it not in dudgeon) six fulling-hammers, whose alternate strokes produced that hideous sound. Don Quixote, on beholding them, was struck dumb, and in the utmost confusion. Sancho looked at him, and saw he hung down his head upon his breast, with manifest indications of being abashed. Don Quixote looked also at Sancho, and seeing his cheeks swollen, and his mouth full of laughter, betraying evident signs of being ready to explode, notwithstanding his vexation he could not forbear laughing himself at the sight of his squire, who, thus encouraged by his master, broke forth in so violent a manner that he was forced to apply both hands to his sides, to secure himself from bursting. Don Quixote, perceiving that Sancho made a jest of him, was so enraged that he lifted up his lance, and discharged two such blows on him that, had he received them on his head, instead of his shoulders, the knight would have acquitted himself of the payment of his wages, unless it were to his heirs. Sancho, finding he paid so dearly for his jokes, and fearing lest his master should proceed farther, with much humility said, "Pray, sir, be pacified; as truly as I live I did but jest."

"Though thou mayest jest, I do not," answered Don Quixote. "Come hither, merry sir; what thinkest thou? Suppose these mill-hammers had really been some perilous adventure, have I not given proof of the courage requisite to undertake and achieve it? Am I obliged, being a knight as I am, to distinguish sounds, and know which are, or are not, those of a fulling-mill, more especially if (which is indeed the truth) I had never seen any fulling-mills in my life, as thou hast—a pitiful rustic as thou art, who wert born and bred amongst them? But let these six fulling-hammers be transformed into six giants, and let them beard me one by one, or altogether, and if I do not set them all on their heads, then make what jest thou wilt of me."

"It is enough, good sir," replied Sancho; "I confess I have been a little too jocose; but pray tell me, now that it is peace between us, was it not a thing to be laughed at, and worth telling, what a fearful taking we were in last night—I mean, that I was in—for I know that your worship is a stranger to fear."

"I do not deny," answered Don Quixote, "that what has befallen us may be risible, but it is not proper to be repeated; for all persons have not the sense to see things in their right point of view."

"But," answered Sancho, "your worship knew how to point your lance aright when you pointed it at my head, and hit me on the shoulders; let that pass, for I have heard say, 'he loves thee well who makes thee weep:' and, besides, your people of condition, when they have given a servant a hard word, presently give him some old hose, though what is usually given after a beating I cannot tell, unless it be that your knights-errant, after bastinados, bestow islands, or kingdoms on terra firma."

"The die may so run," quoth Don Quixote, "that all thou hast said may come to pass; excuse what is done, since thou art considerate; for know that first impulses are not under a man's control: and that thou mayest abstain from talking too much with me henceforth, I apprise thee of one thing, that in all the books of chivalry I ever read, numerous as they are, I recollect no example of a squire who conversed so much with his master as thou dost with thine. And really I account it a great fault both in thee and in myself; in thee, because thou payest me so little respect; in me, that I do not make myself respected more. There was Gandalin, squire to Amadis de Gaul, earl of the firm island, of whom we read that he always spoke to his master cap in hand, his head inclined, and body bent after the Turkish fashion. What shall we say of Gasabel, squire to Don Galaor, who was so silent that, to illustrate the excellence of his marvellous taciturnity, his name is mentioned but once in all that great and faithful history? From what I have said, thou mayest infer, Sancho, that there ought to be a difference between master and man, between lord and lacquey, and between knight and squire; so that, from this day forward, we must be treated with more respect: for howsoever thou mayest excite my anger, 'it will go ill with the pitcher.' The favours and benefits I promised thee will come in due time; and if they do not come, the wages, at least, thou wilt not lose."

"Your worship says very well," quoth Sancho; "but I would just know (if perchance the time of the favours should not come, and it should be necessary to have recourse to the article of the wages) how much might the squire of a knight-errant get in those times? and whether they agreed by the month, or by the day, like labourers?"

"I do not believe," answered Don Quixote, "that those squires were retained at stated wages, but they relied on courtesy; and if I have appointed thee any in the will I left sealed at home, it was in case of accidents; for I know not yet how chivalry may succeed in these calamitous times, and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for trifles; for I would have thee know, Sancho, that there is no state more perilous than that of adventurers."

"It is so, in truth," said Sancho, "since the noise of the hammers of a fulling-mill were sufficient to disturb and discompose the heart of so valorous a knight as your worship."

CHAPTER XVII.

Which treats of the grand adventure of Mambrino's helmet, with other things which befel our invincible Knight.

About this time it began to rain, and Sancho proposed entering the fulling-mill; but Don Quixote had conceived such an abhorrence for the late jest that he would by no means go in. Soon after he discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered, as if it had been of gold; and turning to Sancho, he said, "I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience; especially that which says, 'Where one door is shut, another is opened.' I say this because, if fortune last night shut the door against us with the fulling-mills, it now opens another, for a better and more certain adventure, in which, if I am deceived, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my ignorance of fulling-mills, or to the darkness of night. This I say because, if I mistake not, there comes one towards us who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet."

"Take care, sir, what you say, and more what you do," said Sancho; "for I would not wish for other fulling-mills to finish the milling and mashing our senses."

"What has a helmet to do with fulling-mills?" replied Don Quixote.

"I know not," answered Sancho; "but if I might talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I could give such reasons that your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say."

"How can I be mistaken?" said Don Quixote. "Seest thou not yon knight coming towards us on a dapple-grey steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?"

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

"Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote; "retire, and leave me alone to deal with him, and thou shalt see how, in order to save time, I shall conclude this adventure without speaking a word, and the helmet I have so much desired remain my own."

"I shall take care to get out of the way," replied Sancho; "but grant, I say again, it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure."

"I have already told thee, Sancho, not to mention those fulling-mills, nor even think of them," said Don Quixote; "if thou dost, I say no more, but I vow to mill thy soul out of thy body."

Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow.

Now, the truth of the matter, concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight which Don Quixote saw, was this. There were two villages in that neighbourhood, one of them so small that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both; therefore the barber of the larger served also the lesser, wherein one customer now wanted to be let blood, and another to be shaved: to perform which the barber was now on his way, carrying with him his brass basin; and it so happened that, while upon the road, it began to rain, and to save his hat, which was a new one, he clapped the basin on his head, which being lately scoured, was seen glittering at the distance of half a league. He rode on a grey ass, as Sancho said, and this was the reason why Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-grey steed, and his basin for a golden helmet, for he readily adapted all he saw to his delusions with regard to knight-errantry. And when he saw the poor cavalier draw near, he advanced at Rozinante's best speed, and couched his lance low, intending to run him through and through; but when close upon him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out, "Defend thyself, caitiff, or instantly surrender what is justly my due!"

The barber, seeing this phantom coming upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance than to slip down from the ass; and no sooner had he touched the ground, than leaping up nimbler than a roebuck, he scampered over the plain with such speed that the wind could not overtake him. The basin he left on the ground, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, saying that the miscreant had acted discreetly in imitating the beaver, which when closely pursued by the hunters, tears off with its teeth that for which it knows, by instinct, they hunt him. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, who, holding it in his hand, said, "The basin is a special one, and is well worth a piece of eight, if it is worth a farthing."

He then gave it to his master, who immediately placed it upon his head, turning it round in search of the vizor: and, not finding it, he said, "Doubtless the pagan for whom this famous helmet was originally forged must have had a prodigious head—the worst of it is, that one half is wanting."

When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing; which, however, he instantly checked on recollecting his master's late choler.

"What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"I am laughing," answered he, "to think what a huge head the

pagan had who owned that helmet, which is for all the world just like a barber's basin."

"Knowest thou, Sancho, what I conceive to be the case? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident must have fallen into the possession of one, who, ignorant of its true value as a helmet, and seeing it to be of the purest gold, hath inconsiderately melted down the one half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as thou sayest, doth indeed look like a barber's basin; but to me, who know what it really is, its transformation is of no importance, for I will have it so repaired, in the first town where there is a smith, that it shall not be surpassed, nor even equalled. In the meantime I will wear it as I can: for something is better than nothing; and it will be sufficient to defend me from stones."

"It will so," said Sancho, "if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chops, and broke the cruse which contained the precious balsam."

"I do not care for having lost it," said Don Quixote, "for, as thou knowest, Sancho, I have the receipt by heart."

"So have I, too," answered Sancho, "but if ever I make or try it again may I never stir from this place. Besides, I do not intend to run the risk of wanting it, for I intend to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding anybody. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing; for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps, and if they do come, there is nothing to be done but to wink, hold one's breath, and submit to go whither fortune and the blanket shall please."

"Thou art no good Christian, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "since thou dost not forget an injury once done thee; but know it is inherent in generous and noble minds to disregard trifles. What leg of thine is lamed, or what rib or head broken, that thou canst not forget that jest? for, properly considered, it was a mere jest and pastime; otherwise I should long ago have returned thither, and done more mischief in revenging thy quarrel than the Greeks did for the rape of Helen; who, had she lived in these times, or my Dulcinea in those, would never have been so famous for beauty as she is!" And here he heaved a sigh towards heaven.

"Let it pass, then, for a jest," said Sancho, "since it is not likely to be revenged in earnest: but I know of what kind the jests and the earnests were; and I know also they will no more slip out of my memory than off my shoulders. But, setting this aside, tell me, sir, what shall we do with this dapple-grey steed, which looks so like a grey ass, and which that caitiff whom your worship overthrew has left behind here, to shift for itself; for, by his scouring off so hastily, he does not think of ever returning for him; and, by my beard, the beast is a special one."

"It is not my custom," said Don Quixote, "to plunder those whom I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from the vanquished their horses, and leave them on foot, unless the victor hath lost his own in the conflict; in such a case it is lawful to take that of the

enemy as fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or ass, or whatever thou wilt have it to be; for, when we are gone, his owner will return for him."

"I should like to carry him off," replied Sancho, "or at least to change mine for him, which is something the worst of the two. Truly the laws of chivalry are very strict, since they do not extend to the swapping one ass for another. I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I were so inclined."

"I am not very clear as to that point," answered Don Quixote; "and as it is a case of doubt, till better information can be obtained, I think thou mayest exchange the furniture, if the necessity be extreme."

"It is so extreme," replied Sancho, "that I could not want them more, if they were for my own proper person."

And so saying, he proceeded without further licence, to the transposition, and made his own beast three parts in four the better for the exchange.

They now breakfasted on the remains of the plunder from the sumpter-mule, and drank of the water belonging to the fulling-mills, but without turning their faces towards them—such was the abhorrence in which they were held. Being thus refreshed and comforted, both in body and mind, they mounted, and without determining upon what road to follow, according to the custom of knights-errant, they went on as Rozinante's will directed, which was a guide to his master and also to Dapple, who always followed, in love and good fellowship, wherever he led the way. They soon, however, turned into the great road, which they followed at a venture, without forming any plan.

As they were sauntering on, Sancho said to his master: "Sir, will your worship be pleased to indulge me the liberty of a word or two; for, since you imposed on me that harsh command of silence, sundry things have been rotting in my breast, and I have one just now at my tongue's end that I would not for anything should miscarry."

"Speak, then," said Don Quixote, "and be brief in thy discourse; for what is prolix cannot be pleasing."

"I say, then, sir," answered Sancho, "that for some days past I have been considering how little is gained by wandering about in quest of those adventures your worship is seeking through these deserts and crossways, where, though you should overcome and achieve the most perilous, there is nobody to see or know anything of them; so that they must remain in perpetual oblivion, to the prejudice of your worship's intention and their deserts. And therefore I think it would be more advisable for us, with submission to your better judgment, to serve some emperor or other great prince engaged in war, in whose service your worship may display your valour, great strength, and superior understanding: which being perceived by the lord we serve, he must of course reward each of us according to his merit, nor can you there fail of meeting with somebody to put your worship's exploits in writing, for a perpetual remembrance of them I say nothing of my own, because they must not exceed the squirely

limits; though I daresay, if it be the custom in chivalry to pen the deeds of squires, mine will not be forgotten."

"Thou art not much out, Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "but, before it comes to that, it is necessary for a knight-errant to wander about the world, seeking adventures, by way of probation; that, by repeated achievements, he may acquire sufficient fame and renown, when he comes to the court of some great monarch, to be known by his achievements before his appearance there. So that as soon as the boys see him enter the gates of the city, they shall all follow and surround him, crying aloud, 'This is the Knight of the Sun, or of the Serpent' (or of any other device, under which he may have performed his exploits); 'this is he who overthrew the huge giant Brocabruno of mighty force, in single combat; he who delivered the great Mameluco of Persia from the long enchantment, which had held him confined almost nine hundred years.' Thus, from mouth to mouth, shall they go on blazoning his deeds; until, surprised at the noise of the populace, the king of the country shall appear at the windows of his royal palace; and, as soon as he espies the knight, knowing him by his armour, or by the device on his shield, he will say, 'Ho, go forth, my knights, all that are at court, to receive the flower of chivalry, who is coming yonder.' At which command they will all go forth, and the king himself, descending half way down the stairs, will receive him with a close embrace, saluting and kissing him; and then, taking him by the hand, will conduct him to the apartment of the queen, where the knight will find her with her daughter the infanta, who is so beautiful and accomplished a damsel that her equal cannot easily be found in any part of the known world. In this interview, the princess will immediately fix her eyes on the knight, and he his eyes upon her, and each will appear to the other something rather divine than human; and without knowing how they will be entangled in the inextricable net of love, and be in great perplexity of mind, through not knowing how to converse, and discover their passion to each other. After this audience, he will, no doubt, be conducted to some quarter of the palace richly furnished, where, having taken off his armour, they will bring him a superb scarlet mantle to put on; and, if he looked well in armour, he must needs make a much more graceful figure in ermine. The night being come, he will sup at the same table with the king, queen, and infanta, upon whom he will fix his eyes, viewing her by stealth, and she gazing on him, with the same wariness; for, as I have said, she is a very discreet damsel. The tables being removed, there will enter, unexpectedly, at the hall-door, a little ill-favoured dwarf, followed by a beautiful matron between two giants, with the offer of a certain adventure, so contrived by a most ancient sage, that he who shall accomplish it shall be esteemed the best knight in the world. The king shall immediately command all who are present to try it, and none shall be able to finish it, but the stranger knight, to the great advantage of his fame. At which the infanta will be highly delighted, and consider herself overpaid for having placed her thoughts on so exalted an object. Better still, this king, or prince, or whatever he be, is carrying on a bloody war with

another monarch as powerful as himself; and the stranger knight, after having been a few days at his court, asks leave to serve his majesty in the war. The king shall readily grant his request, and the knight shall most courteously kiss his royal hands for the great favour he has done him. And that night, he shall take leave of his lady the infanta at the iron rails of a garden, adjoining to her apartment, through which he had already conversed with her several times, by the mediation of a certain female confidante, in whom the infanta greatly trusted. He sighs, she swoons; the damsel runs for cold water; he is very uneasy at the approach of the morning light, and would by no means they should be discovered, for the sake of his lady's honour. The infanta at length comes to herself, and gives her snowy hands to the knight to kiss through the rails, and he kisses them a thousand and a thousand times over, and bedews them with his tears. Then is concerted between them some method by which to communicate to each other their good or ill fortune; and the princess desires him to be absent as short a time as possible. He promises with many oaths; he kisses her hands again, and takes leave with so much concern, that it almost deprives him of life. From thence he repairs to his chamber, throws himself on his bed, and cannot sleep for grief at the parting. He rises early in the morning, and goes to take leave of the king, the queen, and the infanta: their majesties having bidden him farewell, he is told by them that the princess is indisposed, and cannot admit of a visit. The knight thinks it is for grief at his departure; his heart is pierced, and he is very near giving manifest indications of his passion. The damsel confidante is all this while present, and observing what passes, communicates it to her lady, who receives the account with tears, and tells her that her chief concern is, that she does not know who her knight is, and whether he be of royal descent or not; the damsel assures her he is, since so much courtesy, politeness, and valour, as her knight is endowed with, cannot exist but in a royal and dignified subject. The afflicted princess is comforted hereby, and endeavours to compose herself, that she may not give her parents cause to suspect anything amiss, and two days after she appears in public. The knight is now gone to the war; he fights, and overcomes the king's enemy; takes many towns; wins several battles; returns to court, sees his lady at the usual place of interview; and it is agreed he shall demand her in marriage of her father, in recompense for his services; but the king does not consent to give her to him, not knowing who he is; notwithstanding which, either by carrying her off, or by some other means, the infanta becomes his spouse, and her father at last is overjoyed at his good fortune, being assured that the knight is son to a valorous king, of I know not what kingdom, for I believe it is not in the map. The father dies; the infanta inherits; and in two words, the knight becomes a king. Then is the time for rewarding his squire, and all those who assisted him in mounting to so exalted a state. The squire is accordingly married to one of the infanta's maids of honour, who is, doubtless, the very confidante of this amour, and daughter to one of the chief dukes."

"This is what I would be at, and a clear stage," quoth Sancho; "for every tittle of this must happen precisely to your worship, your honour being the Knight of the Rueful Countenance."

"Doubt it not, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "for by those very means, and those very steps, which I have recounted, knights-errant do rise, and have risen, to be kings and emperors. All that remains to be done is, to look out, and find what king of the Christians, or of the pagans, is at war, and has a beautiful daughter; but there is time enough to think of this; for, as I have told thee, we must procure renown elsewhere, before we repair to court. Besides, there is yet another difficulty; for, if a king were found who is at war and has a handsome daughter, and I had acquired incredible fame throughout the whole universe, I do not see how it can be made appear that I am of the lineage of kings, or even second cousin to an emperor; for the king will not give me his daughter to wife until he is first very well assured that I am such, however my renowned actions might deserve it. For thou must know, Sancho, that there are two kinds of lineages in the world. Some there are who derive their pedigree from princes and monarchs, whom time has gradually reduced until they have ended in a point, like a pyramid; others have had a low origin, and have risen by degrees, until they have become great lords. So that the difference is, that some have been what now they are not, and others are now what they were not before; and who knows but I may be one of the former, and that, upon examination, my origin may be found to have been great and glorious, with which the king, my future father-in-law, ought to be satisfied? And if he should not be satisfied, the infanta is to be so in love with me that, in spite of her father, she is to receive me for her lord and husband, even though she knew me to be the son of a water-carrier; and in case she should not, then is the time to take her away by force, and convey her whither I please; there to remain until time or death put a period to the displeasure of her parents."

"Here," said Sancho, "comes in properly what some naughty people say, 'Never stand begging for that which you have the power to take;' though this other is nearer to the purpose: 'A leap from a hedge is better than a hundred petitions.' I say this, because if my lord the king, your worship's father-in-law, should not vouchsafe to yield unto you my lady the infanta, there is no more to be done, as your worship says, but to steal and carry her off. But the mischief is, that while peace is making, and before you can enjoy the kingdom quietly, the poor squire may go whistle for his reward, unless the damsel confidante accompany the infanta, and he shares his misfortune with her until it shall please Heaven to better their fate. For I believe his master may immediately give her to him as his lawful wife."

"That thou mayest depend upon," said Don Quixote.

"Since that is the case," answered Sancho, "we have nothing to do but to commend ourselves to Heaven, and let fortune take its course."

"Heaven conduct it," answered Don Quixote, "as I desire, and thou needest, and let him be wretched who thinks himself so."

"Let him," said Sancho, "for I am an old Christian,* and that is enough to qualify me to be an earl."

"Ay, and more than enough," said Don Quixote; "but it matters not whether thou art qualified or not; for I being a king, can easily bestow nobility on thee, without thy buying it, or doing me the least service; and, in creating thee an earl, I make thee a gentleman of course; and, let people say what they will, in good faith, they must style thee your lordship, however ill it may sit upon their stomachs."

"Do you think," quoth Sancho, "I should know how to give authority to the indignity?"

"Dignity, thou shouldst say, and not indignity," said his master.

"So let it be," answered Sancho Panza: "I daresay, I should do well enough with it; for I assure your worship I was once beadle of a company, and the beadle's gown became me so well, that everybody said I had a presence fit to be warden. Then what will it be when I am arrayed in a duke's robe, all shining with gold and pearls like a foreign count? I am of opinion folks will come a hundred leagues to see me."

"Thou wilt make a goodly appearance indeed," said Don Quixote; "but it will be necessary to trim thy beard a little oftener, for it is so rough and matted that, if thou shavest not every day at least, what thou art will be seen at the distance of a bow-shot."

"Why," said Sancho, "it is but taking a barber into the house, and giving him a salary; and, if there be occasion, I will make him follow me like a gentleman of the horse to a grandee."

"How camest thou to know," demanded Quixote, "that grandees have their gentlemen of the horse to follow them?"

"I will tell you," said Sancho; "some years ago I was near the court for a month, and I often saw a very little gentleman riding about, who, they said, was a very great lord; and behind him I noticed a man on horseback, turning about as he turned, so that one would have thought he had been his tail. I asked why that man did not ride by the side of the other, but kept always behind him? They answered me that it was his gentleman of the horse, and that it was the custom for noblemen to be followed by them; and from that day to this I have never forgotten it."

"Thou art in the right," said Don Quixote, "and in the same manner thou mayest carry about thy barber; for all customs do not arise together, nor were they invented at once; and thou mayest be the first earl who carried about his barber after him: and, indeed, it is a higher trust to dress the beard than to saddle a horse."

"Leave the business of the barber to my care," said Sancho, "and let it be your worship's to make yourself a king, and me an earl."

"So it shall be," answered Don Quixote; and, lifting up his eyes, he saw what will be told in the following chapter.

* "I am an old Christian," means I am a Spaniard of pure birth, without Jewish or Moorish blood in my veins. On such only, nobility could be conferred in Spain.

CHAPTER XVIII.

How Don Quixote set at liberty several unfortunate persons, who were going, much against their wills, to a place they did not like.

CID HAMET BENENGELI, the Arabian and Manchegan author, relates, in this most grave, lofty, accurate, delightful, and ingenious history, that, presently after those discourses, which passed between the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha and Sancho Panza his squire, as they are related at the end of the foregoing chapter, Don Quixote lifted up his eyes, and saw coming towards him, in the same road, about a dozen men on foot, strung, like beads in a row, by the necks, in a great iron chain, and all handcuffed. There came also with them two men on horseback, and two on foot; those on horseback armed with firelocks, and those on foot with pikes and swords. Sancho Panza, espying them also, said, "This is a chain of galley-slaves, persons forced by the king to the galleys."

"How! forced, do you say!" quoth Don Quixote; "is it possible the king should force anybody?"

"I mean not so," answered Sancho, "but that they are persons who, for their crimes, are condemned by law to the galleys, where they are forced to serve the king."

"In truth, then," replied Don Quixote, "these people are conveyed by force, and not voluntarily?"

"So it is," said Sancho.

"Then," said his master, "here the execution of my office takes place, which is to defeat violence, and to succour and relieve the wretched."

"Consider, sir," quoth Sancho, "that justice—which is the king himself—does no violence to such persons, he only punishes them for their crimes."

But his master gave no heed to him.

By this time the chain of galley-slaves had reached them, and Don Quixote very courteously desired the guard to inform him of the cause or causes for which they conducted those persons in that manner. One of the guards on horseback answered that they were slaves, and on their way to the galleys; which was all he had to say, nor was there anything more to know.

"Nevertheless," replied Don Quixote, "I should be glad to be informed, by each individually, of the cause of his misfortune."

To these he add such other courteous expressions, entreating the information he desired, that the other horseman said, "Though we have here the certificate of the sentence of each of these wretches, this is no time to produce them; make your inquiry of themselves; they may inform you, if they please, and no doubt they will: for they are such as take a pleasure in acting and relating rogueries."

With this Don Quixote went up to them, and demanded of the first for what offence he marched in such evil plight? He answered, that it was for being in love,

"For that alone?" replied the Don; "if people are sent to the galleys for being in love, I might long since have been rowing in them myself."

"It was not such love as your worship imagines," said the galley-slave; "mine was a strong affection for a basket of fine linen. The process was short; they gave me a hundred lashes, and sent me to the galleys."

Don Quixote put the same question to the second, who returned no answer, he was so melancholy and dejected; but the first answered for him, and said, "This gentleman goes for being a canary-bird—I mean, for being a musician and a singer."

"How so?" replied Don Quixote; "are men sent to the galleys for being musicians and singers?"

"Yes, sir," replied the slave; "for there is nothing worse than to sing in an agony."

"Nay," said Don Quixote, "I have heard say, 'Who sings in grief, procures relief.'"

"This is the very reverse," said the slave; "for here he who sings once weeps all his life after."

"I do not understand that," said Don Quixote.

One of the guards said to him, "Signor Cavalier, to sing in an agony means, in the cant of these rogues, to confess upon the rack. This offender was put to the torture, and confessed his crime, which was that of a stealer of cattle; and, because he confessed, he is sentenced for six years, besides two hundred lashes on the shoulders. He is pensive and sad, because all the other rogues abuse, vilify, flout, and despise him for confessing, and not having the courage to say No: for, say they, No does not contain more letters than Ay; and think it lucky, when it so happens that a man's life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon proofs and witnesses; and, for my part, I think they are in the right."

"And so I think," answered Don Quixote; who, passing on to the third, interrogated him as he had done the others. He answered very readily, and with much indifference, "I am also going for five years, merely for want of ten ducats."

"I will give twenty, with all my heart," said Don Quixote, "to redeem you from this misery."

"That," said the convict, "is like having money at sea, where, though dying for hunger, nothing can be bought with it. I say this because, if I had been possessed in time of those twenty ducats you now offer me, I would have so greased the clerk's pen and sharpened my advocate's wit that I should have been this day upon the market-place of Toledo, and not upon this road, coupled and dragged like a hound: but God is great; patience and—that is enough."

Behind all these came a man about thirty years of age, of a goodly aspect, only that his eyes looked at each other. He was bound somewhat differently from the rest; for he had a chain to his leg, so long, that it was fastened round his middle, and two collars about his neck, to one of which the chain was fastened, and the other, called a keep-friend, or friend's foot, had two straight irons, which descended from it

to his waist, having at the ends two manacles, in which his hands were secured with a huge padlock; so that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend down his head to his hands. Don Quixote inquired why this man was fettered and shackled so much more than the rest. The guard answered, because he had committed more iniquities than all the rest put together; and was so bold and desperate a villain, that, though they confined him in that manner, they were not sure of him, but were still afraid he would make his escape.

"What kind of iniquities has he committed," said Don Quixote, "that they have deserved no greater punishment than being sent to the galleys?"

"He goes for ten years," said the guard, "which is a kind of civil death. You need only be told that this honest gentleman is the famous Gines de Passamonte, alias Ginesillo de Parapilla."

"Fair and softly, Signor Commissary," interrupted the slave. "Let us not now be spinning out names and surnames. Gines is my name, and not Ginesillo; and Passamonte is the name of my family, and not Parapilla, as you say?"

"Are you not so called, lying rascal?" said the guard.

"Yes," answered Gines; "but I will make them cease calling me so, or I will flay them where I care not at present to say. Signor Cavalier," continued he, "if you have anything to give us, let us have it now, and God be with you; for you tire us with inquiring so much after other men's lives. If you would know mine, I am Gines de Passamonte, whose life is written by these very fingers."

"He says true," said the commissary; "for he himself has written his own history as well as heart could wish, and has left the book in prison pawned for two hundred reals."

"Ay, and I intend to redeem it," said Gines, "if it lay for two hundred ducats."

"What, is it so good?" said Don Quixote.

"So good," answered Gines, "that woe be to Lazarillo de Tormes, and to all that have written or shall write in that way. What I can affirm is, that it relates truths, and truths so ingenious and entertaining that no fiction can equal them."

"What is the title of your book?" demanded Don Quixote.

"The Life of Gines de Passamonte," replied Gines himself.

"And is it finished?" quoth Don Quixote.

"How can it be finished," answered he, "since my life is not yet finished?"

"You seem to be an ingenious fellow," said Don Quixote.

"And an unfortunate one," answered Gines; "but misfortunes always persecute genius."

"Rather, the villanous," said the commissary.

"I have already desired you, Signor Commissary," answered Passamonte, "to go on fairly and softly; for your superiors did not give you that staff to misuse us poor wretches here, but to conduct and carry us whither his majesty commands you: now by the life of —— I say no more; but the spots, which were contracted in the inn, may

perhaps one day come out in the bucking; and let every one hold his tongue, and live well, and speak better; and let us march on, for this has held us long enough."

The commissary lifted up his staff to strike Passamonte, in return for his threats; but Don Quixote interposed, and desired he would not ill-treat him, since it was but fair that he who had his hands so tied up should have his tongue a little at liberty. After questioning several more in a similar fashion, the Don thus addressed the company: "From all you have told me, dearest brethren, I clearly gather that, although it be only the punishment of your crimes, you do not much relish what you are to suffer, and that you go to it with ill-will, and much against your grain and your good liking; and, perhaps, the pusillanimity of him who was put to the torture, this man's want of money, and the other's want of friends, and, in short, the judge's wresting of the law, may have been the cause of your ruin, and that you were not acquitted, as in justice you ought to have been. And so strong a persuasion have I, that this is the case, that my mind prompts, and even forces me, to show in your behalf the end, for which Heaven threw me into the world, and ordained me to profess the order of chivalry, which I do profess, and the vow I made in it to succour the needy, and those oppressed by the mighty. But, knowing that it is one part of prudence, not to do that by foul means, which may be done by fair, I will entreat these gentlemen your guard, and the commissary, that they will be pleased to loose your fetters and manacles, and let you go in peace, there being persons enough to serve the king for better reasons: for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and Nature made free. Besides, gentlemen guards," added Don Quixote, "these poor men have committed no offence against you: let every one answer for his sins in the other world; there is a God in heaven, who does not neglect to chastise the wicked, nor to reward the good; neither is it fitting that honest men should be the executioners of others, they having no interest in the matter. I request this of you, in this calm and gentle manner, that I may have some ground to thank you for your compliance: but if you do it not willingly, this lance, and this sword, with the vigour of my arm, shall compel you to do it."

"This is pleasant fooling," answered the commissary; "an admirable conceit he has hit upon at last: he would have us let the king's prisoners go, as if we had authority to set them free, or he to command us to do it. Go on your way, signor, and adjust that basin on your noddle, and do not go feeling for three legs in a cat."

"You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal to boot," answered Don Quixote; and, with a word and a blow, he attacked him so suddenly, that, before he could stand upon his defence, he threw him to the ground, much wounded with the thrust of the lance: and it happened luckily for Don Quixote, that this was one of the two who had firelocks. At the unexpected encounter, the rest of the guards were astonished and confounded: but recovering themselves, those on horseback drew their swords, and those on foot laid hold of their javelins, and fell upon our knight, who waited for them with much

calmness; and doubtless it had gone ill with him, if the galley-slaves, perceiving the opportunity which presented itself of recovering their liberty, had not embraced it, by breaking the chain, with which they were linked together. The confusion was such, that the guards, between their endeavours to prevent the slaves from getting loose, and their efforts against Don Quixote, who attacked them, could do nothing to any purpose. Sancho, for his part, assisted in disengaging Gines de Passamonte, who was the first that leaped free and disembarrassed upon the plain; and, setting upon the fallen commissary, he took away his sword and his gun, with which, levelling it, first at one, and then at another, without discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guard, who fled no less from Passamonte's firelock than from the shower of stones which the slaves poured upon them.

Sancho was much grieved at what had happened; for he imagined, that the fugitives would give notice of the affair to the holy brotherhood, who, upon ringing a bell, would sally out in quest of the delinquents; and he hinted this to his master, and begged of him to depart forthwith, and take shelter among the trees and rocks of the neighbouring mountain.

"It is well," said Don Quixote; "but I know what is first expedient to be done."

Then, having called all the slaves before him, they gathered round to know his pleasure; when he thus addressed them: "To be grateful for benefits received is natural to persons well born. This I say, gentlemen, because you already know, by manifest experience, the benefit you have received at my hands; in return for which it is my desire that you immediately go to the city of Toboso, and there present yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her that her Knight of the Rueful Countenance sends you to present his service to her; and recount to her every circumstance of this memorable adventure, to the point of restoring you to your wished-for liberty: this done, you may go wherever good fortune may lead you."

Gines de Passamonte answered for them all, and said, "What your worship commands us, noble sir and our deliverer, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to be complied with; for we dare not be seen together on the road, but must go separate, each man by himself, and endeavour to hide ourselves in the very bowels of the earth from the holy brotherhood, who doubtless will be out in quest of us. To think that we will now return to our chains, and put ourselves on our way to Toboso, is to imagine it already night, whereas it is not yet ten o'clock in the morning; and to expect this from us is to expect pears from an elm-tree."

"I vow, then," quoth Don Quixote in a rage, "that you Don Ginesillo de Parapilla, or whatever you call yourself, shall go there alone, and the whole chain upon your back."

Passamonte, who was not over passive, seeing himself thus treated, gave a signal to his comrades, upon which they all began to rain such a shower of stones upon the knight that he could not contrive to cover himself with his buckler; and poor Rozinante cared no more for the spur than if he had been made of brass. Sancho got

behind his ass, and thereby sheltered himself from the hailstorm that poured upon them both. Don Quixote could not screen himself sufficiently to avoid the stones, which came against him with such force that they brought him to the ground. Scarcely was he fallen, when the student set upon him, and, taking the basin from his head, applied it furiously three or four times to the knight's shoulders, and then struck it as often against the ground, by which he almost broke it to pieces. They stripped him of a jacket he wore over his armour, and would have robbed him of his trousers too, if the greaves had not been in the way. They took from Sancho his cloak, leaving him in his doublet, and sharing the spoils of the battle, they betook themselves each a different way, more anxious to escape the holy brotherhood they were in fear of, than to present themselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The ass and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, remained by themselves; the ass hanging his head and pensive, and now and then shaking his ears, thinking that the storm of stones was not yet over, but still whizzing about him; Rozinante stretched along close by his master, he also being knocked down by the stones; Sancho in his doublet, terrified at the thoughts of the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote extremely out of humour, to find himself so ill-treated by those very persons whom he had served in so essential a manner.

CHAPTER XIX.

Of what befel Don Quixote in the Sierra Morena, being one of the most extraordinary adventures related in this faithful history.

Don Quixote, finding himself thus ill-requited, said to his squire: "Sancho, I have always heard it said that to do good to the vulgar is to throw water into the sea. Had I believed what you said to me, I might have prevented this trouble: but it is done, I must have patience, and henceforth take warning."

"Your worship will as much take warning," answered Sancho, "as I am a Turk; but since you say that if you had believed me this mischief would have been prevented, believe me now, and you will avoid what is still worse; for, let me tell you, there is no putting off the holy brotherhood with chivalries; they do not care two farthings for all the knights-errant in the world, and I fancy already that I hear their arrows whizzing about my ears."

"Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "but that thou mayest not say I am obstinate, and that I never do what thou advisest, I will for once take thy counsel, and retire from that fury of which thou art in so much fear; but upon this one condition —that, neither living nor dying, thou shalt ever say that I retired and withdrew myself from this peril out of fear, but that I did it out of mere compliance with thy entreaties."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "retreating is not running away, nor is

staying wisdom when the danger overbalances the hope; and it is the part of wise men to secure themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all upon one throw. And know that, although I am but a clown and a peasant, I yet have some smattering of what is called good conduct; therefore repent not of having taken my advice, but get upon Rozinante, if you can, if not, I will assist you, and follow me: for my head tells me that, for the present, we have more need of heels than hands."

Don Quixote mounted without replying a word more; and Sancho, leading the way upon his ass, they entered on one side of the Sierra Morena, which was near, and it was Sancho's intention to pass through it, and get out at Viso or Almodovar del Campo, and there hide themselves for some days among those craggy rocks, in case the holy brotherhood should come in search of them. He was encouraged to this, by finding that the provisions carried by his ass had escaped safe from the skirmish with the galley-slaves, which he looked upon as a miracle, considering what the slaves took away, and how narrowly they searched.

That night they got into the heart of the Sierra Morena, where Sancho thought it would be well to pass the remainder of the night, if not some days, or at least as long as their provisions lasted, and they chose their retreat between two rocks, amidst a grove of cork trees. But destiny so ordered it that Gines de Passamonte (whom the valour and frenzy of Don Quixote had delivered from the chain), being justly afraid of the holy brotherhood, took it into his head to hide himself among those very mountains where Don Quixote and Sancho Panza had taken refuge, and his fortune and his fear led him to the very place to which the same reasons had driven Don Quixote and Sancho, whom he perceived and recognised just as they had fallen asleep. Now, as the wicked are always ungrateful, Gines, who had neither gratitude nor good-nature, resolved to steal Sancho Panza's ass; not caring for Rozinante, as a thing neither pawnable nor saleable. Sancho Panza slept; the varlet stole his ass; and before dawn of day, was so far off as to elude pursuit.

Aurora issued forth, giving joy to the earth, but grief to Sancho Panza, who, when he missed his Dapple, began to utter the most doleful lamentations, insomuch that Don Quixote awaked at his cries, and heard him say, "O darling of my heart, born in my house, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the relief of my burdens, and lastly, the half of my maintenance! For, with the six-and-twenty maravedis which I have earned every day by thy means have I half supported my family!"

Don Quixote, on learning the cause of these lamentations, comforted Sancho in the best manner he could, and desired him to have patience, promising to give him a bill of exchange for three asses out of five which he had left at home. Sancho, comforted by this promise, wiped away his tears, moderated his sighs, and thanked his master for the kindness he showed him. Don Quixote's heart gladdened upon entering among the mountains, being the kind of situation he thought likely to furnish those adventures he was in quest of.

They recalled to his memory the marvellous events which had befallen knights-errant in such solitudes and deserts. He went on meditating on these things, and his mind was so absorbed in them that he thought of nothing else. Nor had Sancho any other concern than to appease his hunger with what remained of the clerical spoils; and thus he jogged after his master, emptying the bag and stuffing his paunch; and while so employed he would not have given two maravedis for the rarest adventure that could have happened.

While thus engaged, he raised his eyes, and observed that his master, who had stopped, was endeavouring, with the point of his lance, to raise something that lay on the ground; upon which he hastened to assist him, if necessary, and came up to him just as he had turned over with his lance a saddle-cushion and a portmanteau fastened to it, half, or rather quite, rotten and torn, but so heavy that Sancho was forced to stoop down in order to take it up. His master ordered him to examine it. Sancho very readily obeyed, and although the portmanteau was secured with its chain and padlock, he could see through the chasm what it contained; which was four fine holland shirts, and other linen, no less curious than clean; and in a handkerchief he found a quantity of gold crowns, which he no sooner espied than he exclaimed: "Blessed be Heaven, which has presented us with one profitable adventure!"

And, searching further, he found a little pocket-book, richly bound; which Don Quixote desired to have, bidding him take the money and keep it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favour; and, taking the linen out of the portmanteau, he put it in the provender-bag. All this was perceived by Don Quixote, who said, "I am of opinion, Sancho (nor can it possibly be otherwise), that some traveller must have lost his way in these mountains, and fallen into the hands of robbers, who have killed him, and brought him to this remote part to bury him."

"It cannot be so," answered Sancho; "for had they been robbers they would not have left this money here."

"Thou art in the right," said Don Quixote, "and I cannot conjecture what it should be; but stay, let us see whether this pocket-book has anything written in it that may lead to a discovery."

He opened it, and the first thing he found was a rough copy of verses, and, being legible, he read aloud, that Sancho might hear it, the following sonnet:—

I.

Love either cruel is or blind,
Or still unequal to the cause
Is this distemper of the mind,
That with infernal torture gnaws.

II.

Of all my sufferings and my woe
Is Chloe, then, the fatal source?
Sure ill from good can never flow,
Or so much beauty gild a curse![*]

[*] From Smollett's translation.

"From those verses," quoth Sancho, "nothing can be collected, unless, from the Clue there given, you can come at the whole bottom."

"What clue is here?" said Don Quixote.

"I thought," said Sancho, "your worship named a clue."

"No, I said Chloe," answered Don Quixote; "and doubtless that is the name of the lady of whom the author of this sonnet complains; and, in faith, either he is a tolerable poet, or I know but little of the art."

"So, then," said Sancho, "your worship understands making verses too!"

"Yes, and better than thou thinkest," answered Don Quixote, "and so thou shalt see, when thou bearest a letter to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso in verse; for know, Sancho, that all or most of the knights-errant of times past were great poets and great musicians; these two accomplishments, or rather graces, being annexed to lovers-errant. True it is that the couplets of former knights have more of passion than elegance in them."

"Pray, sir, read on farther," said Sancho, "perhaps you may find something to satisfy us."

Don Quixote turned over the leaf, and said, "This is in prose, and seems to be a letter."

"A letter of business, sir?" demanded Sancho.

"By the beginning, it seems rather to be one of love," answered Don Quixote.

"Then, pray, sir, read it aloud," said Sancho; "for I mightily relish these love-matters."

"With all my heart," said Don Quixote; and reading aloud, as Sancho desired, he found it to this effect:

"Thy broken faith and my certain misery drive me to a place whence thou wilt sooner hear the news of my death than the cause of my complaint. Thou hast renounced me, O ungrateful maid, for one of larger possessions, but not of more worth than myself. What thy beauty excited, thy conduct has erased: by the former I thought thee an angel, by the latter I know thou art a woman. Peace be to thee, fair cause of my disquiet!"

The letter being read, Don Quixote said, "We can gather little more from this than from the verses. It is evident, however, that the writer of them is some slighted lover." Then, turning over other parts of the book, he found other verses and letters, but the purport was the same in all—their sole contents being reproaches, lamentations, suspicions, desires, dislikings, favours, and slights, interspersed with rapturous praises and mournful complaints. While Don Quixote was examining the book, Sancho examined the portmanteau, without leaving a corner which he did not scrutinise, nor seam which he did not rip, nor lock of wool which he did not carefully pick—that nothing might be lost through carelessness—such was the cupidity excited in him by the discovery of this golden treasure, consisting of more than a hundred crowns! And although he could find no more, he thought himself abundantly rewarded for the tossings in the blanket, the loss of the wallet, and the theft of his cloak; together

with all the hunger, thirst, and fatigue he had suffered in his good master's service.

The Knight of the Rueful Countenance was extremely desirous to know who was the owner of the portmanteau; but as no information could be expected in that rugged place, he had only to proceed, taking whatever road Rozinante pleased, and still thinking that among the rocks he should certainly meet with some strange adventure.

As he went onward, impressed with this idea, he espied, on the top of a rising ground not far from him, a man springing from rock to rock with extraordinary agility. His body seemed to be naked, his beard black and bushy, his hair long and tangled, his legs and feet bare: on his thighs he wore a pair of breeches of sad-coloured velvet, but so ragged, that his skin appeared though several parts; and his head was without any sort of covering. Don Quixote immediately conceived that this must be the owner of the portmanteau, and resolved therefore to go in search of him, even though it should prove a twelvemonth's labour, in that wild region. He immediately commanded Sancho to cut short over one side of the mountain, while he skirted the other, as they might possibly by this expedition find the man who had so suddenly vanished from their sight. To which Sancho replied, "It would be much more prudent not to look after him; for if we should find him, and he, perchance, proves to be the owner of the money, it is plain I must restore it; and therefore it would be better to preserve it faithfully until its owner shall find us out; by which time, perhaps, I may have spent it, and then I am free by law."

"Therein thou art mistaken, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for since we have a vehement suspicion of who is the right owner, it is our duty to seek him, and to return it; otherwise that suspicion makes us no less guilty than if he really were so."

Then he pricked Rozinante on, when, having gone round part of the mountain, they found a dead mule, saddled and bridled, which confirmed them in the opinion that he who fled from them was owner both of the mule and the portmanteau.

While they stood looking at the mule, a goatherd descended, and, coming to the place where Don Quixote stood, he said, "I suppose, gentlemen, you are looking at the dead mule? in truth it has now lain there these six months. Pray tell me, have you met with his master hereabouts!"

"We have met with nothing," answered Don Quixote, "but a saddle-cushion and a small portmanteau, which we found not far hence."

"I found it too," answered the goatherd, "but would by no means take it up, nor come near it, for fear of some mischief, and of being charged with theft; for the devil is subtle, and lays stumbling-blocks in our way, over which we fall without knowing how."

"Tell me, honest man," said Don Quixote, "do you know who is the owner of these goods?"

"What I know," said the goatherd, "is, that six months ago there came to a shepherd's hut, three leagues from this place, a genteel and

comely youth, mounted on the very mule which lies dead there. He inquired which of these mountains was the most unfrequented. We told him it was where we now are; and so it is truly, for if you were to go on about half a league farther, perhaps you would never find the way out; and I wonder how you could get even hither, since there is no road nor path to lead you to it. The youth, hearing our answer, turned about, and made towards the part we pointed out, leaving us all pleased with his goodly appearance, and wondering at his question and at the haste he made to reach the mountain. From that time we saw him not again until, some days after, he issued out upon one of our shepherds, and, without saying a word, struck him, and immediately fell upon our sumpter-ass, which he plundered of our bread and cheese, and then fled again to the rocks with wonderful swiftness. Some of us sought for him nearly two days, and at last found him lying in the hollow of a large cork-tree. He came out to us with much gentleness, his garment torn, and his face so disfigured and scorched by the sun that we should scarcely have known him, but that his clothes, ragged as they were, convinced us he was the person we were in search after. He saluted us, and in a few but civil words bid us not be surprised to see him in that condition, which was necessary in order to perform a certain penance enjoined him for his sins. We entreated him to tell us who he was, but could get no more from him. We also desired him to inform us where he might be found; because when he stood in need of food, we would willingly bring some to him. He thanked us, and begged pardon for his past violence, and promised to ask it for God's sake, without molesting anybody. As to the place of his abode, he said he had only that which chance presented him wherever the night overtook him; and he ended his discourse with so many tears, that we must have been very stones not to have wept with him, considering what he was when we first saw him; for, as I before said, he was a very comely and graceful youth, and by his courteous behaviour showed himself to be well-born. Presently, ceasing to lament, he became silent, fixing his eyes, as it were, to the ground, for a considerable time, whilst we all looked on in suspense, waiting to see what this distraction would end in, with no small compassion at the sight; for, by his demeanour, his staring on the ground without moving his eyelids, then shutting them close, biting his lips, and arching his brows, we could easily perceive that his mad fit was coming on, and our suspicions were quickly confirmed; for he suddenly darted forward, and fell with great fury upon one that stood next him, whom he bit and struck with so much violence that, if we had not released him, he would have taken away his life. In the midst of his rage he frequently called out, 'Ah, traitor Fernando! now shalt thou pay for the wrong thou hast done me; these hands shall tear out that heart, the dark dwelling of deceit and villany!' We disengaged him from our companion at last, with no small difficulty; upon which he suddenly left us, and plunged into a thicket so entangled with bushes and briars that it was impossible to follow him. By this we guessed that his madness returned by fits, and that some person, whose name is Fernando, must have done him some

injury of so grievous a nature as to reduce him to the wretched condition in which he appeared. And in that we have since been confirmed, as he has frequently come out into the road, sometimes begging food of the shepherds, and at other times taking it from them by force; for when the mad fit is upon him, though the shepherds offer it freely, he will not take it without coming to blows; but when he is in his senses, he asks it with courtesy, and receives it with thanks, and even with tears. In truth, gentlemen, I must tell you," pursued the goatherd, "that yesterday I and four young men, two of them my servants and two my friends, resolved to go in search of him, and, having found him, either by persuasion or force carry him to the town of Almodovar, which is eight leagues off, there to get him cured, if his distemper be curable, or at least to learn who he is, and whether he has any relations to whom we may give notice of his misfortune. This, gentlemen, is all I can tell you, in answer to your inquiry; by which you may understand that the owner of the goods you found is the same wretched person who passed you so quickly:" for Don Quixote had told him that he had seen a man leaping about the rocks.

Don Quixote was surprised at what he heard; and being now still more desirous of knowing who the unfortunate madman was, he renewed his determination to search every part of the mountain until he should find him. But fortune managed better for him than he expected; for at that very instant the youth appeared, descending, and muttering to himself something which was not intelligible. The rags he wore were such as have been described; but as he drew near, Don Quixote perceived that his buff doublet, though torn to pieces, still retained the perfume of amber; whence he concluded that he could not possibly be of low condition. When he came up, he saluted them in a harsh and untuned voice, but with a civil air. Don Quixote politely returned the salute with graceful demeanour, and advanced to embrace him, and held him a considerable time clasped within his arms, as if they had been long acquainted. The other, whom we may truly call the Tattered Knight of the Woful, as Don Quixote was of the Rueful, Countenance, having suffered himself to be embraced, drew back a little, and laying his hands on Don Quixote's shoulders, stood contemplating him, as if to ascertain whether he knew him; and perhaps no less surprised at the aspect, demeanour, and habiliments of the knight than was Don Quixote at the sight of him. In short, the first who broke silence after this prelude was the Tattered Knight; and what he said shall be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XX.

A continuation of the adventure in the Sierra Morena.

DON QUIXOTE listened with profound attention to the Tattered Knight of the mountain, who thus addressed himself to him: "Assuredly, signor, whoever you are, I am obliged to you for the courtesy you

have manifested towards me; and I wish it were in my power to serve you with more than my goodwill, which is all that my fate allows me to offer in return for your civility."

"So great is my desire to do you service," answered Don Quixote, "that I had determined to learn from yourself whether your affliction, which is evident by the strange life you lead, may admit of any remedy, and, if so, make every possible exertion to procure it; I conjure you also by whatever in this life you love most, to tell me who you are, and what has brought you hither, to live and die like a brute beast amidst these solitudes: an abode, if I may judge from your person and attire, so unsuitable to you. And I swear," added Don Quixote, "by the order of knighthood I have received, though unworthy and a sinner, to remedy your misfortune, or assist you to bewail it, as I have already promised."

The Knight of the Mountain, hearing him talk thus, could only gaze upon him, viewing him from head to foot; and, after surveying him again and again, he said to him, "If you have anything to give me to eat, for God's sake let me have it; and when I have eaten, I will do all you desire, in return for the good wishes you have expressed towards me."

Sancho immediately took from his wallet some provisions, wherewith the wretched wanderer satisfied his hunger, eating what they gave him like a distracted person, so ravenously that he made no interval between one mouthful and another. When he had finished, he made signs to them to follow him; and having conducted them to a little green plot, he there laid himself down, and the rest did the same. When the Tattered Knight had composed himself, he said, "If you desire that I should tell you the immensity of my misfortunes, you must promise not to interrupt the thread of my doleful history; for in the instant you do so, my narrative will break off." These words brought to Don Quixote's memory the tale related by his squire, which, because he had not reckoned the number of goats that had passed the river, remained unfinished. Don Quixote, in the name of all the rest, promised not to interrupt him, and upon this assurance he began in the following manner:

"My name is Cardenio; the place of my birth one of the best cities of Andalusia; my family noble; my parents wealthy; my wretchedness so great that it must have been deplored by my parents, although not to be alleviated by all their wealth—for riches are of little avail in many of the calamities to which mankind are liable. In that city there existed a heaven, wherein love had placed all the joy I could desire: such is the beauty of Lucinda, a damsel as well-born and as rich as myself, though more fortunate and less constant than my honourable intentions deserved. This Lucinda I loved and adored from my childhood; and she, on her part, loved me with that innocent affection proper to her age. Our parents were not unacquainted with our attachment, nor was it displeasing to them. Our love increased with our years, insomuch that Lucinda's father thought it prudent to restrain my wonted freedom of access to his house; thus imitating the parents of the unfortunate Thisbe, so celebrated by the

poets. This restraint served only to increase the ardour of our affection; for though it was in their power to impose silence on our tongues, they could not do the same on our pens, which reveal the secrets of the soul more effectually than even the speech; for the presence of a beloved object often so bewilders and confounds its faculties that the tongue cannot perform its office. O heavens, how many billets-doux did I write to her! What charming, what modest answers did I receive! How many sonnets did I pen! At length, my patience being exhausted, I resolved at once to demand her for my lawful wife; which I immediately did. In reply, her father thanked me for the desire I expressed to honour him by an alliance with his family, but that, as my father was living, it belonged more properly to him to make this demand; for without his entire concurrence the act would appear secret and unworthy of his Lucinda. I went therefore directly to him, and found him with a letter open in his hand, which he gave me, saying, 'By this letter you will see, Cardenio, the inclination Duke Ricardo has to do you service.' This Duke Ricardo, gentlemen, as you cannot but know, is a grandee of Spain, whose estate lies in the best part of Andalusia. I read the letter, which was so extremely kind that I thought it would be wrong in my father not to comply with its request, which was, that I should be sent immediately to the duke, who was desirous of placing me as a companion to his eldest son, and engaged to procure me a post answerable to the opinion he entertained of me.

"The time fixed for my departure came. I conversed the night before with Lucinda, and told her all that had passed; and also entreated her father to wait a few days, and not to dispose of her until I knew what Duke Ricardo's pleasure was with me. He promised me all I desired, and she confirmed it with a thousand vows and a thousand faintings. I arrived at the residence of the duke, who treated me with so much kindness that envy soon became active, by possessing his servants with an opinion that every favour the duke conferred upon me was prejudicial to their interest. But the person most pleased at my arrival was a second son of the duke, called Fernando, a sprightly young gentleman, of a gallant, liberal, and loving disposition, who contracted so intimate a friendship with me that it became the subject of general conversation; and though I was treated with much favour by his elder brother, it was not equal to the kindness and affection of Don Fernando.

"Now as unbounded confidence is always the effect of such intimacy, he revealed to me all his thoughts, and particularly a love matter, which gave him some disquiet. He loved a country girl, the daughter of one of his father's vassals. Her parents were rich, and she herself was so beautiful, discreet, and modest, that no one could determine in which of these qualities she most excelled. Don Fernando's passion for this lovely maiden was so excessive that he resolved to promise her marriage. Prompted by friendship, I employed the best arguments I could suggest to divert him from such a purpose; but finding it was all in vain, I resolved to acquaint his father, the duke, with the affair. Don Fernando, being artful and shrewd, sus-

pected and feared no less, knowing that I could not, as a faithful servant, conceal from my lord and master so important a matter; and therefore, to amuse and deceive me, he said that he knew no better remedy for effacing the remembrance of the beauty that had so captivated him than to absent himself for some months; which he said might be effected by our going together to my father's house, under pretence, as he would tell the duke, of purchasing horses in our town, which is remarkable for producing the best in the world. No sooner had he made this proposal than, prompted by my own love, I expressed my approbation of it, as the best that possibly could be devised, and should have done so, even had it been less plausible, since it afforded me so good an opportunity of returning to see my dear Lucinda. At the very time he made this proposal to me he had already, as appeared afterwards, been married to the maiden, and only waited for a convenient season to divulge it with safety to himself, being afraid of what the duke his father might do when he should hear of his folly. Now love in young men too often expires with the attainment of its object; and what seems to be love vanishes, because it has nothing of the durable nature of true affection. In short, Don Fernando, having obtained possession of the country girl, his love grew faint, and his fondness abated; so that, in reality, that absence which he proposed as a remedy for his passion, he only chose in order to avoid what was now no longer agreeable to him. The duke consented to his proposal, and ordered me to bear him company.

"We reached our city, and my father received him according to his quality. I immediately visited Lucinda; my passion revived (though, in truth, it had been neither dead nor asleep), and, unfortunately for me, I revealed it to Don Fernando; thinking that, by the laws of friendship, nothing should be concealed from him. I expatiated so much on the beauty, grace, and discretion of Lucinda, that my praises excited in him a desire of seeing a damsel endowed with such accomplishments. Unhappily I consented to gratify him, and showed her to him one night by the light of a taper at a window, where we were accustomed to converse together. He beheld her, and every beauty he had hitherto seen was cast into oblivion. From that time I began to fear and suspect him: for he was every moment talking of Lucinda, and would begin the subject himself, however abruptly, which awakened in me I know not what jealousy; and though I feared no change in the goodness and fidelity of Lucinda, yet I could not but dread the very thing against which they seemed to secure me. He also constantly importuned me to show him the letters I wrote to Lucinda, as well as her answers, which I did, and he pretended to be extremely delighted with both.

"Now it happened that Lucinda, having desired me to lend her a book of chivalry, of which she was very fond, entitled Amadis de Gaul——"

Scarcely had Don Quixote heard him mention a book of chivalry, when he said, "Had you told me, sir, at the beginning of your story, that the Lady Lucinda was fond of reading books of chivalry, no more would have been necessary to convince me of the sublimity of

her understanding. I pronounce her to be the most beautiful and the most ingenious woman in the world. Pardon me, sir, for having broken my promise by this interruption; but when I hear of matters appertaining to knights-errant and chivalry, I can as well forbear talking of them as the beams of the sun can cease to give heat, or those of the moon to moisten. Pray, therefore, excuse me and proceed; for that is of most importance to us at present."

While Don Quixote was saying all this, Cardenio hung down his head upon his breast, apparently in profound thought; and although Don Quixote twice desired him to continue his story, he neither lifted up his head nor answered a word. But after some time he raised it, and uttering some disloyalty against Queen Madasima, one of the heroines of the Don's books of chivalry, "It is false, I swear," answered Don Quixote, in great wrath; "it is extreme malice, or rather villany, to say so; and whoever asserts it lies like a very rascal, and I will make him know it, on foot or on horseback, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or how he pleases."

Cardenio, being now mad, and hearing himself called liar and villain, with such other opprobrious names, did not like the jest; and catching up a stone that lay close by him, he threw it with such violence at Don Quixote's breast that it threw him on his back. Sancho Panza, seeing his master treated in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fist; and the Tattered Knight received him in such sort that, with one blow, he laid him at his feet, and then trampled upon him to his heart's content. The goatherd, who endeavoured to defend him, fared little better; and when the madman had sufficiently vented his fury upon them all, he left them, and quietly retired to his rocky haunts among the mountains. Sancho got up in a rage to find himself so roughly handled, and was proceeding to take revenge on the goatherd, telling him the fault was his, for not having given them warning that this man was subject to these mad fits; for had they known it, they might have been upon their guard. The goatherd answered that he had given them notice of it, and that the fault was not his. Sancho Panza replied, the goatherd rejoined; and the replies and rejoinders ended in taking each other by the beard, and coming to such blows that, if Don Quixote had not interposed, they would have demolished each other. But Sancho still kept fast hold of the goatherd, and said, "Let me alone, Sir Knight, for this fellow being a bumpkin like myself, and not a knight, I may very safely revenge myself by fighting with him, hand to hand, like a man of honour."

"True," said Don Quixote; "but I know that he is not to blame for what has happened."

Hereupon Sancho was pacified; and Don Quixote again inquired of the goatherd whether it were possible to find out Cardenio; for he had a vehement desire to learn the end of his story. The goatherd told him, as before, that he did not exactly know his haunts, but that, if he waited some time about that part, he would not fail to meet him, either in or out of his senses.

Don Quixote took his leave of the goatherd, and, mounting Roz-

nante, commanded Sancho to follow him, which he did very unwillingly. They proceeded slowly on, making their way into the most difficult recesses of the mountain; in the meantime Sancho was dying to converse with his master, but would fain have had him begin the discourse, that he might not disobey his orders. Being, however, unable to hold out any longer, he said to him, "Signor Don Quixote, be pleased to give me your worship's blessing, and my dismissal: for I will get home to my wife and children, with whom I shall at least have the privilege of talking and speaking my mind; for it is very hard, and not to be borne with patience, for a man to ramble about all his life in quest of adventures, and to meet with nothing but kicks and cuffs, tossings in a blanket, and bangs with stones, and with all this, to have his mouth sewed up, not daring to utter what he has in his heart, as if he were dumb."

"I understand thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "thou art impatient until I take off the embargo I have laid on thy tongue. Suppose it, then, removed, and thou art permitted to say what thou wilt, upon condition that this revocation is to last no longer than whilst we are wandering among these rocks."

"Be it so," said Sancho; "let me talk now, for we know not what will be hereafter. And now, taking the benefit of this licence, I ask what had your worship to do with standing up so warmly for that same Queen Magimasa, or what's her name? for had you let that pass, I verily believe the madman would have gone on with his story, and you would have escaped the thump with the stone, the kicks, and above half a dozen buffets."

"In faith, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "if thou didst but know, as I do, how honourable and how excellent a lady Queen Madasima was, I am certain thou wouldst acknowledge that I had a great deal of patience in forbearing to dash to pieces that mouth out of which such blasphemies issued; and to prove that Cardenio knew not what he spoke, thou mayest remember that when he said it he was not in his senses."

"That is what I say," quoth Sancho; "and therefore no account should have been made of his words; for if good fortune had not befriended your worship, and directed the flint-stone at your breast instead of your head, we had been in a fine condition for standing up in defence of that dear lady; and Cardenio would have come off unpunished, being insane."

"Against the sane and insane," answered Don Quixote, "it is the duty of a knight-errant to defend the honour of women, particularly that of a queen of such exalted worth as Queen Madasima, for whom I have a particular affection, on account of her excellent qualities; for, besides being extremely beautiful, she was very prudent, and very patient in her afflictions, which were numerous. I say again, they will lie two hundred times more, all who affirm, or think her wrong."

"I neither say nor think so," answered Sancho; "let those who say it eat the lie, and swallow it with their bread; whether they were guilty or not, they have given an account to God before now: I come from my vineyard; I know nothing; I am no friend to inquiring into

other men's lives; for he that buys and lies, shall find the lie left in his purse behind: besides, naked was I born, and naked I remain; I neither win nor lose; if they were guilty, what is that to me? Many think to find bacon, where there is not so much as a pin to hang it on; but who can hedge in the cuckoo?"

"Prithee, Sancho, peace; and henceforth attend to our matters, and forbear any interference with what doth not concern thee. Be convinced, that whatever I have done, do, or shall do, is highly reasonable, and exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry, which I am better acquainted with than all the knights who ever professed it in the world."

"Sir," replied Sancho, "is it a good rule of chivalry for us to go wandering through these mountains, without either path or road, in quest of a madman who, perhaps, when he is found, will be inclined to finish what he began—not his story, but the breaking of your worship's head and my ribs?"

"Peace, Sancho, I repeat," said Don Quixote; "for know that it is not only the desire of finding the madman that brings me to these parts, but an intention to perform in them an exploit whereby I shall acquire perpetual fame and renown over the face of the whole earth; and it shall be such a one as shall set the seal to make an accomplished knight-errant."

"And is this exploit a very dangerous one?" quoth Sancho.

"No," answered the knight; "although the die may chance to run unfortunately for us, yet the whole will depend upon thy diligence."

"Upon my diligence!" exclaimed Sancho.

"Yes," said Don Quixote; "for if thy return be speedy from the place whither I intend to send thee, my pain will soon be over, and my glory forthwith commence; and that thou mayest no longer be in suspense with regard to the tendency of my words, I inform thee, Sancho, that the famous Amadis de Gaul was one of the most perfect of knights-errant—I should not say one, for he was the sole, the principal, the unique—in short, the prince of all his contemporaries. A fig for Don Belianis, and all those who say that he equalled Amadis in anything; for I swear they are mistaken. I say, moreover, that if a painter would be famous in his art, he must endeavour to copy after the originals of the most excellent masters. The same rule is also applicable to all the other arts and sciences which adorn the commonwealth; thus, whoever aspires to a reputation for prudence and patience must imitate Ulysses, in whose person and toils Homer draws a lively picture of those qualities; so also Virgil, in the character of Æneas, delineates filial piety, courage, and martial skill, being representations not of what they really were, but of what they ought to be, in order to serve as models of virtue to succeeding generations. Thus was Amadis the polar, the morning-star, and the sun of all valiant and enamoured knights, and whom all we, who militate under the banners of love and chivalry, ought to follow. This being the case, friend Sancho, that knight-errant who best imitates him will be most certain of arriving at pre-eminence in

chivalry. And an occasion upon which this knight particularly displayed his prudence, worth, courage, patience, constancy, and love, was his retiring, when disdained by the Lady Oriana, to do penance on the poor rock, changing his name to that of Beltenebros; a name most certainly significant and proper for the life he had voluntarily chosen. Now it is easier for me to imitate him in this than in cleaving giants, beheading serpents, slaying dragons, routing armies, shattering fleets, and dissolving enchantments; and since this place is so well adapted for the purpose, I ought not to neglect the opportunity which is now so commodiously offered to me."

"What is it your worship really intends to do in so remote a place as this?" demanded Sancho.

"Have I not told thee," answered Don Quixote, "that I design to imitate Amadis, acting here the desperate, raving, and furious lover; at the same time following the example of the valiant Don Orlando with respect to Angelica the fair: he ran mad, tore up trees by the roots, disturbed the waters of the crystal springs, slew shepherds, destroyed flocks, fired cottages, and a hundred thousand other extravagances worthy of eternal record. And although it is not my design to imitate Orlando in all his frantic actions, words, and thoughts, yet I will give as good a sketch as I can of those which I deem most essential; or I may, perhaps, be content to imitate only Amadis, who, without committing any mischievous excesses, by tears and lamentations alone attained as much fame as all of them."

"It seems to me," quoth Sancho, "that the knights who acted in such manner were provoked to it, and had a reason for these follies and penances; but what cause has your worship to run mad? What lady has disdained you? or what have you discovered to convince you that the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso has done you any wrong?"

"There lies the point," answered Don Quixote, "and in this consists the refinement of my plan. A knight-errant who runs mad with just cause deserves no thanks; but to do so without this is the point; giving my lady to understand how much more I should perform were there a good reason on her part. But I have cause enough given me by so long an absence from my ever-honoured Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Therefore, friend Sancho, counsel me not to refrain from so rare, so happy, and so unparalleled an imitation. Mad I am, and mad I must be, until thy return with an answer to a letter I intend to send by thee to my Lady Dulcinea; for if good, I shall enjoy it in my right senses; if otherwise, I shall be mad, and consequently insensible of my misfortune."

While they were thus discoursing, they arrived at the foot of a high mountain, which stood separated from several others that surrounded it, as if it had been hewn out from them. Near its base ran a gentle stream, that watered a verdant and luxurious vale, adorned with many wide-spreading trees, plants, and wild flowers of various hues. This was the spot in which the Knight of the Rueful Countenance chose to perform his penance; and while contemplating the scene, he thus

broke forth in a loud voice: "This is the place, O ye heavens! which I select and appoint for bewailing the misfortune in which I am so cruelly involved. This is the spot where my flowing tears shall increase the waters of this crystal stream, and my sighs, continual and deep, shall incessantly move the foliage of these lofty trees in testimony and token of the pain my persecuted heart endures. O ye rural deities, whoever ye be that inhabit these remote deserts, give ear to the complaints of an unhappy lover, whom long absence and some pangs of jealousy have driven to bewail himself among these rugged heights, and to complain of the cruelty of that ungrateful fair, the utmost extent and ultimate perfection of human beauty! And, O thou my squire, agreeable companion in my prosperous and adverse fortune, carefully imprint on thy memory what thou shalt see me here perform, that thou mayest recount and recite it to her who is the sole cause of all?"

Thus saying, he alighted from Rozinante, and in an instant took off his bridle and saddle, and clapping him on the back, said to him, "O steed, as excellent for my performances as unfortunate in thy fate, he gives thee liberty who is himself deprived of it. Go whither thou wilt; for thou hast it written on thy forehead that neither Astolpho's Hippogriff, nor the famous Frontino, which cost Bradamante so dear, could match thee in speed."

Sancho, observing all this, said, "Blessings be with him who saved us the trouble of unharnessing Dapple; for truly he should have wanted neither slaps nor speeches in his praise. Yet if he were here, I would not consent to his being unpannelled, there being no occasion for it; for he had nothing to do with love or despair any more than I, who was once his master, when it so pleased God. And truly, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, if it be so that my departure and your madness take place in earnest, it will be well to saddle Rozinante again, that he may supply the loss of my Dapple, and save me time in going and coming; for if I walk, I know not how I shall be able either to go or return, being, in truth, but a sorry traveller on foot."

"Be that as thou wilt," answered Don Quixote; "for I do not disapprove thy proposal: and I say thou shalt depart within three days, during which time I intend thee to bear witness of what I do and say for her, that thou mayest report it accordingly."

"What have I more to see," quoth Sancho, "than what I have already seen?"

"So far thou art well prepared," answered Don Quixote; "but I have now to rend my garments, scatter my arms about, and dash my head against these rocks; with other things of the like sort, which will strike you with admiration."

"Good master," said Sancho, "content yourself, I pray you, with running your head against some soft thing, such as cotton; and leave it to me to tell my lady that you dashed your head against the point of a rock harder than a diamond."

"I thank thee for thy good intentions, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "but I would have thee to know, that all these actions of mine are no mockery, but done very much in earnest."

"As for the three days allowed me for seeing your mad pranks," interrupted Sancho, "I beseech you to reckon them as already passed; for I take all for granted, and will tell wonders to my lady: do you write the letter, and despatch me quickly, for I long to come back and release your worship from this purgatory, in which I leave you."

"But how," said Don Quixote, "shall we contrive to write the letter?"

"And the ass-colt bill?" added Sancho.

"Nothing shall be omitted," said Don Quixote; "and since we have no paper, we shall do well to write it as the ancients did, on the leaves of trees, or on tablets of wax; though it will be as difficult at present to meet with these as with paper. But, now I recollect, it may be as well, or indeed better, to write it in Cardenio's pocket-book, and you will take care to get it fairly transcribed upon paper in the first town you reach where there is a schoolmaster."

"But what must we do about the signing it with your own hand?" said Sancho.

"The letters of Amadis were never subscribed," answered Don Quixote.

"Very well," replied Sancho; "but the order for the colts must needs be signed by yourself; for if that be copied, they will say it is a false signature, and I shall be forced to go without the colts."

"The order shall be signed in the same pocket-book; and, at sight of it, my niece will make no difficulty in complying with it. As to the love-letter, let it be subscribed thus: 'Yours until death, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.' And it is of little importance whether it be written in another hand; for I remember, Dulcinea has never seen a letter or writing of mine in her whole life: for our loves have always been of the platonic kind, extending no farther than to modest glances at each other; such is the reserve and seclusion in which she is brought up by her father Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother Aldonza Nogales!"

"Ah!" quoth Sancho, "the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo! Is she the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, otherwise called Aldonza Lorenzo?"

"It is even she," said Don Quixote, "and she deserves to be mistress of the universe."

"I know her well," quoth Sancho; "and I can assure you she will pitch the bar with the lustiest swain in the parish; straight and vigorous, and I warrant can make her part good with any knight-errant that shall have her for his lady. Oh, what a pair of lungs and a voice she has! I remember she got out one day upon the bell-tower of the church, to call some young ploughmen, who were in a field of her father's; and though they were half a league off, they heard her as plainly as if they had stood at the foot of the tower; and the best of her is, that she is not at all coy, but as bold as a court lady, and makes a jest and a may-game of everybody. I say, then, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, that you not only may and ought to run mad for her, but also you may justly despair and hang yourself; and nobody that hears it but will say you did extremely well. However, I am anxious to see her; for I have not met with

her this many a day, and by this time she must needs be altered; for it mightily spoils women's faces to be abroad in the field, exposed to the sun and weather. But, all things considered, what good can it do to the Lady Aldonza Lorenzo—I mean the Lady Dulcinea del oboso—to have the vanquished whom your worship sends or may send falling upon their knees before her? For perhaps at the time they arrive she may be carding flax, or threshing in the barn, and they may be confounded at the sight of her, and she may laugh and care little for the present."

"I have often told thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that thou art an eternal babbler, and though void of wit, thy bluntness often stings. Be assured, Sancho, that Dulcinea del Toboso deserves as highly as the greatest princess on earth. For of those poets who have celebrated the praises of ladies under fictitious names many had no such mistresses. Thinkest thou that the Amaryllises, the Phyllises, the Silvias, the Dianas, the Galateas, the Alidas, and the like, famous in books, ballads, barbers' shops, and stage-plays, were really ladies of flesh and blood, and beloved by those who have celebrated them? Certainly not: they are mostly feigned, to supply subjects for verse, and to make the authors pass for men of gallantry. It is therefore sufficient that I think and believe that the good Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and modest; and as to her lineage, it matters not, for no inquiry concerning it is requisite; and to me it is unnecessary, as I regard her as the greatest princess in the world. For thou must know, Sancho, that two things, above all others, incite to love; namely, beauty and a good name. Now both these are to be found in perfection in Dulcinea; for in beauty none can be compared to her, and for purity of reputation few can equal her. In fine, I conceive she is exactly what I have described, and everything that I can desire, both as to beauty and quality, unequalled by Helen, or by Lucretia, or any other of the famous women of antiquity, whether Grecian, Roman, or Goth; and I care not what be said, since, if upon this account I am blamed by the ignorant, I shall be acquitted by the wise."

"Your worship," replied Sancho, "is always in the right, and I am an ass—why do I mention an ass?—one should not talk of halters in the house of the hanged. But I am off—give me the letter, sir, and peace be with you."

Don Quixote took out the pocket-book to write the letter; and having finished, he called Sancho, and said he would read to him, that he might have it by heart, lest he might perchance lose it by the way; for everything was to be feared from his evil destiny. To which Sancho answered: "Write it, sir, two or three times in the book, and give it me, and I will take good care of it; but to suppose that I can carry it in my memory is a folly: for mine is so bad that I often forget my own name. Your worship, however, may read it to me; I shall be glad to hear it, for it must needs be very much to the purpose."

"Listen then," said Don Quixote, "this is what I have written:

Don Quixote's Letter to Dulcinea del Toboso.

"High and sovereign lady,—He who is stabbed by the point of absence, and pierced by the arrows of love, O sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, greets thee with wishes for that health which he enjoys not himself. If thy beauty despise me, if thy worth favour me not, and if thy disdain still pursue me, although inured to suffered, I shall ill support an affliction which is not only severe but lasting. My good squire Sancho will tell thee, O ungrateful fair and most beloved foe, to what a state I am reduced on thy account. If it be thy pleasure to relieve me, I am thine; if not, do what seemeth good to thee: for by my death I shall at once appease thy cruelty and my own passion.

"Until death thine,

"THE KNIGHT OF THE RUEFUL COUNTENANCE."

"By the life of my father," quoth Sancho, after hearing the letter, "it is the finest thing I ever heard. How choicely your worship expresses whatever you please! and how well you close all with 'the Knight of the Rueful Countenance!' Verily, there is nothing but what you know."

"The profession which I have embraced," answered Don Quixote, "requires a knowledge of everything."

"Well, then," said Sancho, "pray put on the other side the order for the three ass-colts, and sign it very plain, that people may know your hand at first sight."

"With all my heart," said the knight; and having written it, he read as follows:—

"Dear niece,—at sight of this, my first bill of ass-colts, give order that three out of the five I left at home in your custody be delivered to Sancho Panza, my squire; which three colts I order to be delivered and paid for the like number received of him here in tale; and this, with his acquittance, shall be your discharge. Done in the heart of the Sierra Morena, the twenty-second of August, this present year——"

"It is mighty well," said Sancho; "now you have only to sign it."

"It wants no signing," said Don Quixote; "I need only put my cipher to it, which is the same thing, and is sufficient, not only for three, but for three hundred asses."

"I rely upon your worship," answered Sancho; "let me go and saddle Rozinante, and prepare to give me your blessing; for I intend to depart immediately, without staying to see the frolics you are about to commit; and I will tell quite enough to satisfy her. But in the meantime, setting that aside, what has your worship to eat until my return? Are you to go upon the highway, to rob the shepherds, like Cardenio?"

"Trouble not yourself about that," answered Don Quixote, "for were I otherwise provided, I should eat nothing but the herbs and

fruits which here grow wild: for abstinence and other austerities are essential in this affair."

"Now I think of it, sir," said Sancho, "how shall I be able to find my way back again to this bye-place?"

"Observe and mark well the spot, and I will endeavour to remain near it," said Don Quixote; "and will, moreover, ascend some of the highest ridges to discover thee upon thy return. But the surest way not to miss me, or lose thyself, will be to cut down some of the broom that abounds here, and scatter it here and there, on thy way to the plain, to serve as marks and tokens to guide thee on thy return, in imitation of Theseus's clue to the labyrinth."

Sancho Panza followed this counsel; and having provided himself with branches, he begged his master's blessing, and not without many tears on both sides, took his leave of him; and mounting upon Rozinante, with an especial charge from Don Quixote to regard him as he would his own proper person, he rode towards the plain, strewing the boughs at intervals, as his master had directed him.

CHAPTER XXI.

Of what happened to Don Quixote's Squire, with the famous device of the Curate and the Barber.

The history recounting what the Knight of the Rueful Countenance did when he found himself alone, informs us that, having performed many strange antics after Sancho's departure, he mounted the top of a high rock, and began to deliberate on a subject that he had often considered before, without coming to any resolution; that was, which was the best and most proper model for his imitation, Orlando in his furious fits, or Amadis in his melancholy moods; and thus he argued with himself: "If Orlando was as valiant a knight as he is allowed to have been, where is the wonder? since, in fact, he was enchanted, and could only be slain by having a needle thrust into the sole of his foot; therefore he always wore shoes of iron. But setting aside his valour, let us consider his madness: and if he was convinced of his lady's cruelty, it was no wonder he ran mad. But how can I imitate him in his frenzy without a similar cause? I should do my Dulcinea manifest wrong if I should be seized with the same species of frenzy as that of Orlando Furioso. On the other side, I see that Amadis de Gaul, finding himself disdained by his Lady Oriana, only retired to the poor rock, accompanied by a hermit, and there wept abundantly until Heaven succoured him in his great tribulation. All honour, then, to the memory of Amadis! and let him be the model of Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom shall be said, that if he did not achieve great things, he at least died in attempting them; and though neither rejected nor disdained by my Dulcinea, it is sufficient that I am absent from her. Now to the work; come to my memory, ye deeds of Amadis, and instruct me in the task of imitation! One

thing I know he did, which was to pray; and so will I do." Whereupon he strung some large galls of a cork tree, which served him for a rosary: but what greatly troubled him, was his not having a hermit to hear his confession, and to comfort him: he therefore amused himself in strolling about the meadow, writing and graving verses on the barks of trees, and in the fine sand, all of a plaintive kind or in praise of Dulcinea. Among those afterwards discovered, only the following were entire and legible:

I.

Ye lofty trees, with spreading arms,
The pride and shelter of the plain;
Ye humbler shrubs and flowery charms,
Which here in springing glory reign!
If my complaints may pity move,
Hear the sad story of my love!
While with me here you pass your hours,
Should you grow faded with my cares,
I'll bribe you with refreshing showers;
You shall be watered with my tears.
Distant, though present in idea,
I mourn my absent Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

II.

While I through honour's thorny ways
In search of distant glory rove,
Malignant fate my toil repays
With endless woes and hopeless love.
Thus I on barren rocks despair,
And curse my stars, yet bless my fair.
Love, armed with snakes, has left his dart,
And now does like a fury rave,
And scourge and sting on every part,
And into madness lash his slave.
Distant, though present in idea,
I mourn my absent Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

The whimsical addition at the end of each stanza occasioned no small amusement to those who found the verses; for they concluded that Don Quixote had thought that, unless to the name of "Dulcinea" he added "Del Toboso," the object of his praise would not be known —and they were right, as he afterwards confessed. Here, however, it will be proper to leave him, wrapped up in poetry and grief, to relate what happened to the squire during his embassy.

As soon as Sancho had gained the high road, he directed his course to Toboso, and the next day he came within sight of the inn where the misfortune of the blanket had befallen him; and fancying himself again flying in the air, he felt no disposition to enter it, although it was then the hour of dinner, and he longed for something warm. And as he stood doubtful whether or not to enter, two persons came out who recognised him.

"Pray, signor," said one to the other, "is not that Sancho Panza

yonder on horseback, who, as our friend's housekeeper told us, accompanied her master as his squire?"

"Truly it is," said the licentiate; "and that is our Don Quixote's horse."

No wonder they knew him so well, for they were the priest and the barber of his village, and the very persons who had passed sentence on the mischievous books. Being now certain it was Sancho Panza and Rozinante, and hoping to hear some tidings of Don Quixote, the priest went up to him, and calling him by his name, "Friend," said he, "where have you left your master?"

Sancho immediately knew them, and resolved to conceal the place of Don Quixote's retreat; he therefore told them that his master was very busy about a certain affair of the greatest importance to himself, which he durst not discover for the eyes in his head.

"No, no," quoth the barber, "that story will not pass. If you do not tell us where he is, we shall conclude that you have murdered and robbed him, since you come thus upon his horse. See, then, that you produce the owner of that horse, or woe be to you!"

He then freely related to them in what state he had left him, and how he was then carrying a letter to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with whom his master was up to the ears in love.

They were astonished at Sancho's report; and though they knew the nature of their friend's derangement, yet every fresh instance was a new source of wonder. They begged Sancho to show them the letter he was carrying to the lady. He said it was written in a pocket-book, and that his master had ordered him to get it copied in the first town he should arrive at. The priest said, if he would show it to him, he would transcribe it in a fair character. Sancho put his hand into his bosom to take out the book, but found it not; for it remained with its owner, who had forgotten to give it him. When Sancho found he had no book, he turned as pale as death; he laid hold of his beard with both hands, and tore away half of it, bestowing at the same time sundry blows upon his nose and mouth. The priest and barber asked him wherefore he treated himself so roughly.

"Wherefore?" answered Sancho, "but that I have let slip through my fingers three ass-colts, each of them a castle!"

"How so?" replied the barber.

"I have lost the pocket-book," answered Sancho, "that contained the letter to Dulcinea, and a bill signed by my master, in which he ordered his niece to deliver to me three colts out of four or five he had at home."

This led him to mention his loss of Dapple; but the priest bid him be of good cheer, telling him that when he saw his master he would engage him to renew the order in a regular way; for one written in a pocket-book would not be accepted. Sancho was comforted by this, and said that he did not care for the loss of the letter, as he could almost say it by heart; so they might write it down, where and when they pleased.

"Repeat it, then, Sancho," quoth the barber, "and we will write it afterwards."

Sancho then began to scratch his head, in order to fetch the letter to his remembrance; now he stood upon one foot, and then upon the other; sometimes he looked down upon the ground, sometimes up to the sky; then, biting off half a nail, and keeping his hearers long in expectation, he said, "At the beginning I believe it said, 'High and subterrane lady.'"

"No," said the barber, "not subterrane, but superhumane, sovereign lady."

"Ay, so it was," said Sancho. "Then, if I do not mistake, it went on, 'the stabbed, the waking, and the pierced, kisses your honour's hands, ungrateful and most regardless fair;' and then it said I know not what of 'health and sickness that he sent;' and so he went on, until at last he ended with 'thine till death, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'"

They were both greatly diverted at Sancho's excellent memory, desiring him to repeat the letter twice more, that they also might get it by heart, in order to write it down in due time. Thrice Sancho repeated it, and added to it fifty other extravagances; relating to them also many other things concerning his master, but not a word of the blanket. He informed them likewise, how his lord, upon his return with a kind despatch from his Lady Dulcinea, was to set about endeavouring to become an emperor, or at least a king (for so it was concerted between them)—a thing that would be very easily done, considering the valour of his person, and the strength of his arm: and, when this was accomplished, his master was to marry him, for by that time he should, without doubt, be a widower, giving him to wife one of the empress's maids of honour, heiress to a large and rich territory on the main land, for, as to islands, he was quite out of conceit with them. Sancho said all this with so much gravity, from time to time wiping his nose, and with so firm belief, that they were struck at the powerful influence of Don Quixote's madness, which had carried away with it this poor fellow's understanding also. They would not give themselves the trouble to convince him of his error, thinking it better to let him continue in it, as it did not at all interfere with his conscience; and it would afford them greater pleasure in hearing a recital of his follies: they therefore told him, he should pray for his lord's health, since it was very possible, and very feasible, that in process of time he might become an emperor, as he said, or at least an archbishop, or something else of equal dignity. To which Sancho answered, "Gentlemen, if fortune should so order it, that my master should take it into his head not to be an emperor, but an archbishop, I would fain know what archbishops-errant usually give to their squires?"

"They usually give them," answered the priest, "some benefice, or cure, or vergership, which brings them in a good penny-rent, besides the perquisites of the altar, usually valued at so much more."

"For this, it will be necessary," replied Sancho, "that the squire be not married, and that he should know, at least, the responses to the mass; and, if so, woe is me; for I am married, and at the same time ignorant of the first letter of the A, B, C. What then will become

of me, should my master choose to be an archbishop, and not an emperor, as is the fashion and custom of knights-errant?"

"Be not uneasy, friend Sancho," said the barber; "for we will entreat and advise your master, and even make it a case of conscience, that he be an emperor, and not an archbishop; and it will be better for himself also, by reason he is more a soldier than a scholar."

"I have thought the same," answered Sancho, "though I can affirm he has ability for everything: so I will pray that he may choose that which is best for him, and which will enable him to bestow most favours upon me."

"You talk like a wise man," said the priest, "and will act, by so doing, like a good Christian. But the thing of most importance now is to contrive how we may bring your master from the performance of that unprofitable penance; and that we may concert the proper measures, and get something to eat likewise, for it is high time, let us go into the inn."

Sancho desired they would go in, but said he had rather stay without, for reasons he would afterwards tell them; but begged them to bring him out something hot, and some barley for Rosinante. They accordingly went in, leaving him at the door; but the barber presently returned with a hot mess, in compliance with his wish.

The priest and barber having deliberated together how to accomplish their design, the priest bethought himself of a device exactly fitted to Don Quixote's humour, and likely to effect that which they had in view. This was to dress himself as a damsel-errant, and to equip the barber so as to pass for his squire, and in this disguise to go to the place where Don Quixote was; when the curate pretending to be an afflicted and distressed damsel, should beg a boon of him, which he, as a valorous knight-errant, could not choose but vouchsafe: the boon he intended to beg, was, that he would go with her to a place to which she would conduct him, to redress an injury done her by a discourteous knight, entreating him, at the same time, that he would not desire to take off her mask, nor inquire anything farther concerning her, until he had done her justice on her abominable adversary: and he made no doubt, but that Don Quixote would, by these means, be brought to do whatever they desired of him, and so they should bring him away from the mountains, to his village, where they would endeavour to find some remedy for his unaccountable infirmity.

CHAPTER XXII.

How the Priest and the Barber proceeded in their project; with other things worthy of being related.

THE barber liked well the priest's contrivance, and they immediately began to carry it into execution. They borrowed a petticoat and head-dress of the landlady; and the barber made himself a huge beard of the tail of a pied ox, in which the innkeeper used to hang his comb.

The hostess having asked them for what purpose they wanted those things, the priest gave her a brief account of Don Quixote's insanity, and the necessity of that disguise to draw him from his present retreat. The host and hostess immediately conjectured that this was the same person who had once been their guest, and the master of the blanketed squire; and they related to the priest what had passed between them, without omitting what Sancho had been so careful to conceal. In the meantime the landlady equipped the priest to admiration; she put him on a cloth petticoat all pinked and slashed, and a corset of green velvet, with a border of white satin. The priest would not consent to wear a woman's head-dress, but put on a little white quilted cap, which he used as a nightcap, and bound one of his garters of black taffeta about his forehead, and with the other made a kind of veil, which covered his face and beard very well. He then pulled his hat over his face, which was so large that it served him for an umbrella; and wrapping his cloak around him, he got upon his mule sideways like a woman. The barber mounted also, with a beard that reached to his girdle, of a colour between sorrel and white, being, as before said, made of the tail of a pied ox.

But scarcely had they got out of the inn when the curate began to think that it was indecent for a priest to be so accoutred, although for so good a purpose; and, acquainting the barber with his scruples, he begged him to exchange apparel, as it would better become him to personate the distressed damsel, and he would himself act the squire, as being a less profanation of his dignity.

They now set forward on their journey; but first they told Sancho that their disguise was of the utmost importance towards disengaging his master from the miserable life he had chosen; and that he must by no means tell him who they were; and if he should inquire, as no doubt he would, whether he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea, he should say he had; and that she not being able to read or write, had answered by word of mouth, and commanded the knight, on pain of her displeasure, to repair to her immediately upon an affair of much importance; for, with this, and what they intended to say themselves, they should certainly reconcile him to a better mode of life, and put him in the way of soon becoming an emperor or a king; as to an archbishop, he had nothing to fear on that subject. Sancho listened to all this, and imprinted it well in his memory; and gave them many thanks for promising to advise his lord to be an emperor, and not an archbishop; for he was persuaded that, in rewarding their squires, emperors could do more than archbishops-errant. He told them also it would be proper he should go before, to find him, and deliver him his lady's answer; for, perhaps, that alone would be sufficient to bring him out of that place, without farther trouble. They agreed with Sancho, and determined to wait for his return with intelligence of his master. Sancho entered the mountain pass, and left them in a pleasant spot, refreshed by a streamlet of clear water, and shaded by rocks and overhanging foliage.

It was in the month of August, when the heat in the mountains is

excessive, and the hour was the sultry one of three in the afternoon; their sheltered situation therefore was an agreeable one, and, as it were, invited them to make it their abode till the return of the squire. While they reposed themselves in the shade, a voice reached their ears, which, though unaccompanied by any instrument, uttered sounds so harmonious and delightful, that they were astonished, it not being a place where they might expect to find a person accomplished in the art of singing. For, though it is usually said that the woods and fields abound with shepherds who sing enchantingly, this is rather an exaggeration of the poets, than what is strictly true; nor was their astonishment diminished by observing that the verses they heard were not those of a rustic muse, but of refined and courtly invention, as will appear by the following stanzas;

I.

What makes me languish and complain?
O 'tis disdain!
What yet more fiercely tortures me?
'Tis jealousy.
How have I my patience lost?
By absence crossed.
Then, hope, farewell, there's no relief;
I sink beneath oppressing grief;
Nor can a wretch, without despair,
Scorn, jealousy, and absence bear.

II.

Where shall I find a speedy cure?
Death is sure.
No milder means to set me free?
Inconstancy.
Can nothing else my pains assuage?
Distracting rage.
What, die or change? Lucinda lose?
O rather let me madness choose!
But judge what we endure,
When death or madness are a cure!

The hour, the season, the solitude, the voice, and the skill of the singer, all conspired to impress the auditors with wonder and delight, and they remained for some time motionless, in expectation of hearing more; but finding the silence continue, they resolved to see who it was who had sung so agreeably; and were again detained by the same voice regaling their ears with this other song:

A Sonnet.

O sacred Friendship, Heaven's delight,
Which, tired with man's unequal mind,
Took to thy native skies thy flight,
While scarce thy shadow's left behind!

Bless'd genius, now resume thy seat!
Destroy imposture and deceit;
Harmonious peace and truth renew,
Show the false friendship from the true.

The song ended with a deep sigh; and they went in search of the unhappy person whose voice was no less excellent than his complaints were mournful. They had not gone far when, turning the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the same appearance that Sancho had described Cardenio to them. The man expressed no surprise, but stood still in a pensive posture, without again raising his eyes from the ground. The priest, who was a well-spoken man, went up to him, and, in few but very impressive words, entreated him to forsake that miserable kind of life, and not hazard so great a misfortune as to lose it in that inhospitable place. Cardenio was at this time perfectly tranquil, and he appeared surprised to hear them speak of his concerns, and replied, "It is very evident to me, gentlemen, whoever you are, that Heaven, which succours the good, and often even the wicked, unworthy as I am, sends to me in this solitude persons who, being sensible how irrational is my mode of life, would divert me from it; but by flying from this misery I shall be plunged into worse; for so overwhelming is the sense of my misery, I sometimes become like a stone, void of all knowledge and sensation. But, gentlemen, if you come with the same intention that others have done, I beseech you to hear my sad story, and spare yourselves the trouble of endeavouring to find consolation for an evil which has no remedy."

The two friends, being desirous of hearing his own account of himself, entreated him to indulge them, assuring him they would do nothing but what was agreeable to him, either in the way of remedy or advice. The unhappy young man began his melancholy story thus, almost in the same words in which he had related it to Don Quixote and the goatherd some few days before, when, on account of Queen Madasima, and Don Quixote's zeal in defending the honour of knight-errantry, the tale was abruptly suspended; but Cardenio's sane interval now enabled him to conclude it quietly. On coming to the circumstance of the love-letters, he repeated one which Don Fernando found between the leaves of Amadis de Gaul, which had been first lent to Lucinda, and afterwards to him. It was as follows:

"'Each day I discover in you qualities which raise you in my esteem; and therefore, if you would put it in my power to discharge my obligations to you, without prejudice to my honour, you may easily do it. I have a father who knows you, and has an affection for me; who will never force my inclinations, and will comply with whatever you can justly desire, if you really have that value for me which you profess, and which I trust you have.'

"This letter had made me resolve to demand Lucinda in marriage; but it was this letter, also, which made Don Fernando determine

upon my ruin before my design could be effected. I told him that Lucinda's father expected that the proposal should come from mine, but that I durst not mention it to him, lest he should refuse his consent; not that he was ignorant of Lucinda's exalted merits, which might ennoble any family of Spain; but because I had understood from him that he was desirous I should not marry until it should be seen what Duke Ricardo would do for me. In short, I told him that I had not courage to speak to my father about it, being full of vague apprehensions and sad forebodings. In reply to all this, Don Fernando engaged to induce my father to propose me to the father of Lucinda —— O ambitious Marius! cruel Catiline! wicked Sylla! crafty Galalon! perfidious Vellido! vindictive Julian! O covetous Judas! cruel, wicked, and crafty traitor! what injury had been done thee by a poor wretch who so frankly disclosed to thee the secrets of his heart? Wherein had I offended thee? Have I not ever sought the advancement of thy interest and honour? But why do I complain—miserable wretch that I am! For when the stars are adverse, what is human power? Who could have thought that Don Fernando, obliged by my services, and secure of success wherever his inclinations led him, should take such cruel pains to deprive me of my jewel? But no more of these unavailing reflections; I will now resume the broken thread of my sad story.

"Don Fernando, thinking my presence an obstacle to the execution of his treacherous design, resolved to send me to pay for six horses which he had bought, merely as a pretext to get me out of the way, that he might the more conveniently execute his diabolical purpose. Could I foresee such treachery? Could I even suspect it? Surely not: and I cheerfully consented to depart immediately. That night I had an interview with Lucinda, and told her what had been agreed upon between Don Fernando and myself, assuring her of my hopes of a successful result. She, equally unsuspicious of Don Fernando, desired me to return speedily, since she believed the completion of our wishes was only deferred until proposals should be made to her father by mine. I know not whence it was, but as she spoke her eyes filled with tears, and some sudden obstruction in her throat prevented her articulating another word.

"I executed my commission to Don Fernando's brother, by whom I was well received, but not soon dismissed. All this was a contrivance of the false Fernando; and I felt disposed to resist the injunction, as it seemed to me impossible to support life so many days absent from Lucinda, especially having left her in such a state of dejection. Nevertheless, I did obey, like a good servant, though I found it was likely to be at the expense of my health. But, four days after my arrival, a man came in quest of me with a letter, the superscription of which I knew to be the handwriting of Lucinda. I opened it with fear and trembling, believing it must be some very extraordinary occurrence that induced her to write to me, a thing she very seldom did, whether I were near or at a distance. Before I read it, I inquired of the messenger who gave it him, and how long he had been in

coming. He told me that, passing accidentally through a street of the town about noon, a very beautiful lady called to him from a window, and said to him, with tears in her eyes, and in great agitation, 'Friend, if you are a Christian, as you seem to be, I beg of you, for the love of God, to carry this letter, with all expedition, to the place and person specified in the direction; for both are well known: and in so doing you will perform an act of charity acceptable to the Lord. And that you may not want what is necessary for the journey, take what is tied up in this handkerchief:'—and she threw a handkerchief out of the window, in which were a hundred reals, and this gold ring, with the letter I have given you; and, without staying for farther reply, when she saw me take up the letter and the handkerchief, and I assured her, by signs, that I would do what she commanded, she quitted the window; and now finding myself well paid, and seeing, by the superscription, it was for you, sir (for I know you very well), and obliged moreover by the tears of that beautiful lady, I resolved not to trust any other person, but to deliver the letter with my own hands. And, in sixteen hours, for it is no longer since it was given me, I have performed the journey, which as you know is eighteen leagues.' While the friendly messenger was giving me this account, I hung upon his words; my legs trembling in such a manner that I could scarcely stand. At length I had the courage to open the letter, and found it contained these words:

"'The promise which Don Fernando gave you, that he would desire your father to speak to mine, he has fulfilled, more for his own gratification than your interest. Know, sir, he has demanded me in marriage for himself; and my father, allured by the advantage he thinks Don Fernando possesses over you, as to rank and fortune, has accepted this proposal with so much eagerness, that the nuptials are to be solemnized two days hence, and with so much privacy, that the heavens alone, and a few of our own family, are to be witnesses. Picture to yourself the state I am in; and return, if you can, with all speed; and whether I love you or not, the event of this business will show. God grant this may come to your hand, before I am reduced to the extremity of joining mine with his, who keeps so ill his promised faith.'

"Such were the contents of the letter, and it had the effect of making me set out immediately, without waiting for answer or money: for now I plainly saw, it was not the business of the horses, but the indulging his own pleasure, that had moved Fernando to send me to his brother. The rage I conceived against Don Fernando, and the fear of losing the rich reward of my long service and affection, gave wings to my speed; and the next day I reached our town, at the moment favourable for an interview with Lucinda. I went privately, having left my mule with the honest man who brought me the letter, and fortune was just then so propitious that I found Lucinda at the grate. We saw each other—but how!

Who is there in the world that can boast of having fathomed and thoroughly penetrated the intricate and ever-changing nature of woman? Certainly none. As soon as Lucinda saw me she said, 'Cardenio, I am in my bridal habit; they are now waiting for me in the hall—the treacherous Don Fernando and my covetous father, with some others, who shall sooner be witnesses of my death than of my nuptials. Be not afflicted, my friend; but endeavour to be present at this sacrifice, which, if my arguments cannot avert, I carry a dagger about me, which can oppose a more effectual resistance, by putting an end to my life, and will give you a convincing proof of the affection I have ever borne you.'

"I answered, with confusion and precipitation, 'Let your actions, madam, prove the truth of your words. If you carry a dagger to secure your honour, I carry a sword to defend you, or kill myself if fortune proves adverse.'

"I do not believe she heard all I said, being hastily called away; for the bridegroom waited for her. Here the night of my sorrow closed in upon me; here set the sun of my happiness! My eyes were clouded in darkness, and my brain was disordered! I was irresolute whether to enter her house, and seemed bereaved of the power to move; but recollecting how important my presence might be on that occasion, I exerted myself, and hastened thither. Being perfectly acquainted with all the avenues, I escaped observation, and concealed myself in the hall behind the hangings, whence I could see all that passed. Who can describe the flutterings of my heart, and my various sensations, as I stood there? The bridegroom entered the hall, in his usual dress, accompanied by a cousin of Lucinda; and no other person was present, except the servants of the house. Soon after, from a dressing-room, came forth Lucinda, accompanied by her mother and two of her own maids, adorned in the extreme of courtly splendour. The agony and distraction I endured allowed me not to observe the particulars of her dress; I remarked only the colours, which were carnation and white, and the precious stones that glittered on every part of her attire; surpassed, however, by the singular beauty of her fair and golden tresses, in the splendour of which the brilliance of her jewels and the blaze of the surrounding lights seemed to be lost. O memory, thou mortal enemy of my repose! Were it not better, thou cruel faculty, to represent to my imagination her conduct at that period, that, moved by so flagrant an injury, I may strive, if not to avenge it, at least to end this life of pain?

"I say, then," continued Cardenio, "that, being all assembled in the hall, the priest entered, and having taken them both by the hand, in order to perform what is necessary on such occasions, when he came to these words, 'Will you, Signora Lucinda, take Signor Don Fernando, who is here present, for your lawful husband, as our holy mother the Church commands?' I thrust out my head and neck through the tapestry, and with attentive ears and distracted soul awaited Lucinda's reply, as the sentence of my death, or the confirmation of my life. Oh, that I had then dared to venture forth,

and to have cried aloud—'Ah, Lucinda, Lucinda! Remember that you are mine, and cannot belong to another.' Ah, fool that I am! Now I am absent, I can say what I ought to have said, but did not! Now that I have suffered myself to be robbed of my soul's treasure I am cursing the thief, on whom I might have revenged myself, if I had been then as prompt to act as I am now to complain! I was then a coward and a fool; no wonder therefore if I now die ashamed, repentant, and mad.

"The priest stood expecting Lucinda's answer, who paused for a long time; and when I thought she would draw forth the dagger in defence of her honour, or make some declaration which might redound to my advantage, I heard her say in a low and faint voice, 'I will.' Don Fernando said the same, and the ring being put on, they remained tied in an indissoluble band. The bridegroom approached to embrace his bride; and she, laying her hand on her heart, fainted in the arms of her mother. Imagine my condition after that fatal Yes, by which my hopes were frustrated, Lucinda's vows and promises broken, and I for ever deprived of all chance of happiness. On Lucinda's fainting, all were in confusion; and her mother, unlacing her bosom to give her air, discovered in it a folded paper, which Don Fernando instantly seized, and read it by the light of one of the flambeaux; after which, he sat himself down in a chair, apparently full of thought, and without attending to the exertions made to recover his bride.

"During this general consternation I departed, indifferent whether I was seen or not. I quitted the house, and returning to the place where I had left the mule, I mounted and rode out of the town, not daring to stop, or even to look behind me; and when I found myself alone on the plain, concealed by the darkness of the night, the silence inviting my lamentations, I gave vent to a thousand execrations on Lucinda and Don Fernando, as if that, alas, could afford me satisfaction for the wrongs I had sustained. I called her cruel, false, and ungrateful; and above all, mercenary, since the wealth of my enemy had seduced her affections from me. But amidst all these reproaches I sought to find excuses for her submission to parents whom she had ever been accustomed implicitly to obey; especially as they offered her a husband with such powerful attractions. Then again I considered that she need not have been ashamed of avowing her engagement to me, since, had it not been for Don Fernando's proposals, her parents could not have desired a more suitable connexion; and I thought how easily she could have declared herself mine, when on the point of giving her hand to my rival. In fine, I concluded that her love had been less than her ambition, and she had thus forgotten those promises by which she had beguiled my hopes and cherished my passion.

"In the utmost perturbation of mind, I journeyed on the rest of the night, and at daybreak reached these mountains, over which I wandered three days more, without road or path, until I came to a valley not far hence; and inquiring of some shepherds for the most rude and

solitary part, they directed me to this place: where I instantly came, determined to pass here the remainder of my life. Among these crags, my mule fell down dead through weariness and hunger; and thus was I left, extended on the ground, famished and exhausted, neither hoping nor caring for relief. How long I continued in this state I know not; but at length I got up, without the sensation of hunger, and found near me some goatherds, who had undoubtedly relieved my wants: they told me of the condition in which they found me, and of many wild and extravagant things that I had uttered, clearly proving the dérangement of my intellects; and I am conscious that since then I have committed a thousand extravagances, tearing my garments, cursing my fortune, and repeating in vain the beloved name of my enemy. When my senses return, I find myself so weary and bruised that I can scarcely move. My usual abode is in the hollow of a cork-tree, large enough to enclose this wretched body. Thus I pass my miserable life, waiting until it shall please Heaven to bring it to a period, or erase from my memory the beauty and treachery of Lucinda and the perfidy of Don Fernando; otherwise, Heaven have mercy on me, for I feel no power to change my mode of life."

Here Cardenio concluded his long tale of love and sorrow; and just as the priest was preparing to say something consolatory, he was prevented by the sound of a human voice, which, in a mournful tone, was heard to say what will be related in the following chapter.



CHAPTER XXIII.

Which treats of the new and agreeable adventure that befel the Priest and the Barber in the same mountain.

HAPPY, most fortunate and happy, was the age, in which the most daring knight Don Quixote de la Mancha was ushered into the world; since, by his honourable resolution, to restore to the world the long-lost, and as it were buried, order of knight-errantry, we, in these our times, so barren and unfruitful of amusing incidents, enjoy not only the sweets of his true and delightful adventures, but also the intervening stories and episodes, scarcely less pleasing, less ingenious, or less true, than the history itself; which, resuming the broken thread of the narrative, goes on thus.

As the priest was preparing himself to advise and comfort Cardenio, he was prevented by a voice, which, in mournful strain, thus arrested his attention. "O Heavens! is it possible, that I have at last found a place, that can afford a secret grave for the irksome burden of this body, which I bear about so much against my will? Yes, the favour is granted, if the solitude which these rocks promise do not deceive me. Ah, woe is me! how much more agreeable shall I find the society

of these crags and brakes, which will at least afford me leisure to communicate, in lamentations, my miseries to Heaven, than the conversation of men! since there is no one living, from whom I can expect counsel in doubts, ease in complaints, or remedy in afflictions!"

This was very distinctly heard by the priest and those that were with him, and, as the voice was near, they rose up to seek the speaker, and they had not gone twenty paces, when, behind the fragment of a rock, they perceived a youth, dressed like a peasant, sitting at the foot of an ash-tree; but whose face they could not then discern, as he was in a bending posture, being employed in washing his feet in a rivulet that murmured by. They drew near so silently, that, intent upon what he was doing, he did not hear them; and they stood in admiration at the whiteness and beauty of his feet, which appeared among the pebbles of the brook like pure crystal, and seemed not at all formed for breaking of clods, or following the plough, as they might have supposed, from his dress, was his employment. Finding they were not perceived, the priest, who went foremost, made signs to his two companions to crouch down, or hide themselves behind a rock; which they did, choosing a place from which they could observe the youth's motions. His dress was a double skirted grey jacket, girt about the middle with a piece of white linen; with breeches and hose of grey cloth; and a grey huntsman's cap. His hose were drawn up to the middle of his legs, which seemed of the purest alabaster. Having bathed his delicate feet, he wiped them with a handkerchief, which he took from under his cap, and as he lifted up his face to do it, the lookers-on had an opportunity of beholding so exquisite a beauty, that Cardenio said in a low voice to the priest: "As this is not Lucinda, it must be some heavenly, for it can be no earthly creature."

The youth took off his cap, and, shaking his head, a profusion of lovely hair, that Apollo himself might envy, fell over his shoulders, and betrayed, that the supposed peasant was a woman, and the most delicate and handsome that two of the party had ever beheld, or even Cardenio himself, had he never seen or known Lucinda, whose beauty alone, as he afterwards confessed, could stand in competition with her. Her long and golden tresses not only fell on her shoulders, but, her feet excepted, covered her whole body. Her fingers served instead of a comb, and, if her feet in the water resembled crystal, her hands in the tresses of her hair were like driven snow.

The desire of the bystanders to learn who she was, was increased by these circumstances, and they resolved to show themselves. At the rustling they made, the pretty creature started; and peeping through her hair, which she hastily removed from before her eyes with both her hands, she no sooner saw three men coming towards her, but in a mighty fright she snatched up a little bundle that lay by her, and fled as fast as she could, without so much as staying to put on her shoes, or do up her hair. But, alas! scarce had she gone six steps, when, her tender feet not being able to endure the rough encounter of the stones, the poor affrighted fair fell on the hard ground; so that those from whom she fled hastened to help her.

"Stay, madam," cried the curate, "whoever you be, you have no

reason to fly; we have no other design but to do you service." With that, approaching her, he took her by the hand; and perceiving she was so disordered with fear and confusion that she could not answer a word, he strove to compose her mind with kind expressions. "Be not afraid, madam," continued he; "though your hair has betrayed what your disguise concealed from us, we are but the more disposed to assist you, and do you all manner of service. Then pray tell us how we may best do it. I imagine it was no slight occasion that made you obscure your singular beauty under so unworthy a disguise, and venture into this desert, where it was the greatest chance in the world that ever you met with us. However, we hope it is not impossible to find a remedy for your misfortunes, since there are none which reason and time will not at last surmount; and therefore, madam, if you have not absolutely renounced all human comfort, I beseech you to tell us the cause of your affliction, and assure yourself we do not ask this out of mere curiosity, but from a real desire to serve you, and assuage your grief."

While the curate endeavoured thus to remove the trembling fair one's apprehension, she stood amazed, without speaking a word, looking sometimes at one, sometimes at another, like one scarce well awake, or like an ignorant clown who happens to see some strange sight. But at last, the curate having given her time to recollect herself, and persisting in his earnest and civil entreaties, she sighed deeply, and then unclosing her lips, broke silence in the following manner:

"Since this desert has not been able to conceal me, it would be needless now for me to dissemble with you; and since you desire to hear the story of my misfortunes, I cannot in civility deny you, after all the obliging offers you have been pleased to make me; but yet, gentlemen, I am much afraid what I have to say will but make you sad, and afford you little satisfaction; for you will find my disasters are not to be remedied. There is one thing that troubles me yet more; it shocks my nature to think I must be forced to reveal to you some secrets which I had a design to have buried in my grave; but yet, considering the garb and the place you have found me in, I fancy it will be better for me to tell you all than to give occasion to doubt of my past conduct and my present designs by an affected reservedness." The disguised lady having made this answer with a modest blush and extraordinary discretion, the curate and his company, who now admired her the more for her sense, renewed their kind offers and pressing solicitations; and then they courteously let her retire a moment to some distance to put herself in decent order. Which done she returned, and, being all seated on the grass, after she had used no small effort to restrain her tears, she thus began her story.

"I was born in a certain town of Andalusia, from which a duke takes his title that makes him a grandee of Spain. This duke had two sons, the eldest heir to his estate, and, as it may be presumed, of his virtues; the youngest heir to nothing I know of but treachery and deceit. My father, who is one of his vassals, is but of low degree; but so very rich, that had fortune equalled his birth to his estate, he

could have wanted nothing more, and I, perhaps, had never been so miserable; for I verily believe my not being of noble blood is the chief occasion of my distress. True it is, my parents are not so meanly born as to have any cause to be ashamed, nor so high as to alter the opinion I have that my misfortune proceeds from their lowness. It is true, they have been farmers from father to son, yet without any scandal or stain. They are honest old-fashioned Christian Spaniards, and the antiquity of their family, together with their large possessions, raises them much above their profession, and has by little and little almost universally gained them the name of gentlemen, setting them, in a manner, equal to many such in the world's esteem. As I am their only child, they loved me with the utmost tenderness; and their great affection made them esteem themselves happier in their daughter than in the peaceable enjoyment of their large estate. Now, as it was my good fortune to be possessed of their love, they were pleased to trust me with their substance. The whole house and estate were left to my management, and I took such care not to abuse the trust reposed in me that I never forfeited their good opinion of my discretion. The time I had to spare from the care of the family I employed in the usual exercises of young women, sometimes making bone-lace, or at my needle, and now and then reading some good book, or playing on the harp—having experienced that music was very proper to recreate the wearied mind. While I thus lived the life of a recluse, unseen, as I thought, by anybody but our own family, and never leaving the house but to go to church, which was commonly betimes in the morning, and always with my mother, and so close hid in a veil that I could scarce find my way; notwithstanding all the care that was taken to keep me from being seen, it was unhappily rumoured abroad that I was handsome, and, to my eternal disquiet, love intruded into my peaceful retirement. Don Fernando, second son to the duke I have mentioned, had a sight of me——"

Scarce had Cardenio heard Don Fernando named but he changed colour, and betrayed such a disorder of body and mind that the curate and the barber were afraid he would have fallen into one of those frantic fits that often used to take him; but, by good fortune, it did not come to that, and he only set himself to look steadfastly on the country maid, presently guessing who she was; while she continued her story, without taking any notice of the alteration of his countenance.

"No sooner had he seen me," said she, "but, as he since told me, he felt in his breast that violent passion of which he afterwards gave me so many proofs. He purchased the good will of all our servants with private gifts; made my father a thousand kind offers of service; every day seemed a day of rejoicing in our neighbourhood, every evening ushered in some serenade, and the continual music was even a disturbance in the night. He got an infinite number of love-letters transmitted to me, I do not know by what means, every one full of tender expressions, promises, and vows. But all this assiduous courtship was so far from inclining my heart to a kind return, that it rather moved my indignation, insomuch that I looked upon Don

Fernando as my greatest enemy; not but that I was well enough pleased with his gallantry, and took a secret delight in seeing myself courted by a person of his quality. Such demonstrations of love are never altogether displeasing to women, and the most disdainful, in spite of all their coyness, reserve a little complaisance in their hearts for their admirers. But the inequality between us was too great to suffer me to entertain any reasonable hopes, and his gallantry too singular not to offend me. My father, who soon put the right construction upon Don Fernando's pretensions, like a kind parent, perceiving I was somewhat uneasy, and imagining the flattering prospect of so advantageous a match might still amuse me, told me that if I would marry, to rid me at once of his unjust pursuit, I should have liberty to make my own choice of a suitable match, either in our own town or the neighbourhood; and that he would do for me whatever could be expected from a loving father. I humbly thanked him for his kindness, and told him that as I had never yet had any thoughts of marriage, I would try to rid myself of Don Fernando some other way. Accordingly, I resolved to shun him with so much precaution that he should never have the opportunity to speak to me; but all my reserve, far from tiring out his passion, strengthened it the more. In short, Don Fernando, either hearing or suspecting I was to be married, thought of a contrivance to cross a design that was likely to cut off all his hopes. One night, therefore, when I was in my chamber, nobody with me but my maid, and the door double-locked and bolted, that I might be secured against the attempts of Don Fernando, whom I took to be a man who would scruple at nothing to accomplish his ends, unexpectedly I saw him just before me; which amazing sight so surprised me, that I was struck dumb, and fainted away with fear. I had not power to call for help, nor do I believe he would have given me time to have done it, had I attempted it; for he presently ran to me, and taking me in his arms, while I was sinking with the fright, he spoke to me in such endearing terms, and with so much address and pretended tenderness and sincerity, that I did not dare to cry out when I came to myself. His sighs, and yet more his tears, seemed to me undeniable proofs of his vowed integrity; and I being but young, bred up in perpetual retirement from all society but my virtuous parents, and inexperienced in those affairs, in which even the most knowing are apt to be mistaken, my reluctancy abated by degrees, and I began to have some sense of compassion. However, when I was pretty well recovered from my first fright, my former resolution returned: and then with more courage than I thought I should have had, 'My lord,' said I, 'if at the same time that you offer me your love, and give me such strange demonstrations of it, you would also offer me poison and leave me to take my choice, I would soon resolve which to accept, and convince you by my death that my honour is dearer to me than my life. To be plain, I can have no good opinion of a presumption that endangers my reputation; and unless you leave me this moment, I will so effectually make you know how much you are mistaken in me, that if you have but the least sense of honour left, you will regret driving me to that extremity

as long as you live. I was born your vassal, but not your slave; nor does the greatness of your birth privilege you to injure your inferiors, or exact from me more than the duties which all vassals pay; that excepted, I do not esteem myself less in my low degree than you have reason to value yourself in your high rank. Do not, then, think to awe or dazzle me with your grandeur, or fright or force me into a base compliance; I am not to be tempted with titles, pomp, and equipage; nor weak enough to be moved with vain sighs and false tears. In short, my will is wholly at my father's disposal, and I will not entertain any man as a lover, but by his appointment.'

"'What do you mean, charming Dorothea?' cried the perfidious lord. 'Cannot I be yours by the sacred title of husband? Who can hinder me, if you will but consent to bless me on those terms? I am yours this moment, beautiful Dorothea; I give you here my hand to be yours, and yours alone, for ever; and let all-seeing Heaven, and this holy image here in your oratory, witness the solemn truth.'

"In short, urged by his solicitations, I became his wife by a secret marriage, but not long afterwards he left me, I knew not whither. Months passed away, and in vain I watched for his coming; yet he was in the town, and every day amusing himself with hunting. What melancholy days and hours were those to me! I long strove to hide my tears and so to guard my looks that my parents might not see and inquire into the cause of my wretchedness; but suddenly my forbearance was at an end, with all regard to delicacy and fame, upon the intelligence reaching me that Don Fernando was married in a neighbouring town to a beautiful young lady of some rank and fortune, named Lucinda."

Cardenio heard the name of Lucinda at first only with signs of indignation, but soon after a flood of tears burst from his eyes.

Dorothea, however, pursued her story, saying, "When this sad news reached my ears, my heart became so inflamed with rage that I could scarcely forbear rushing into the streets and proclaiming the baseness and treachery I had experienced; but I became more tranquil, after forming a project which I executed the same night. I borrowed this apparel of a shepherd swain in my father's service, whom I entrusted with my secret, and begged him to attend me in my pursuit of Don Fernando. He assured me it was a rash undertaking; but finding me resolute, he said he would go with me to the end of the world. Immediately I packed up some of my own clothes, with money and jewels, and at night secretly left the house, attended only by my servant and a thousand anxious thoughts, and travelled on foot to the town, where I expected to find my husband; impatient to arrive, if not in time to prevent his perfidy, to reproach him for it.

"I inquired where the parents of Lucinda lived; and the first person to whom I addressed myself told me more than I desired to hear. He told me also that on the night that Don Fernando was married to Lucinda, after she had pronounced the fatal Yes, she fell into a swoon; and the bridegroom, in unclasping her bosom to give her air, found a paper written by herself, in which she affirmed that she could not be wife to Don Fernando, because she was already be-

trothed to Cardenio (who, as the man told me, was a gentleman of the same town), and that she had pronounced her assent to Don Fernando merely in obedience to her parents. The paper also revealed her intention to kill herself as soon as the ceremony was over, which was confirmed by a poniard they found concealed upon her. Don Fernando was so enraged to find himself thus mocked and slighted, that he seized hold of the same poniard, and would certainly have stabbed her, had he not been prevented by those present; whereupon he immediately quitted the place. When Lucinda revived, she confessed to her parents the engagement she had formed with Cardenio, who, it was suspected, had witnessed the ceremony, and had hastened from the city in despair; for he left a paper expressing his sense of the wrong he had suffered, and declaring his resolution to fly from mankind for ever.

"All this was publicly known, and the general subject of conversation; especially when it appeared that Lucinda also was missing from her father's house—a circumstance that overwhelmed her family with grief, but revived my hopes; for I flattered myself that Heaven had thus interposed to prevent the completion of Don Fernando's second marriage, in order to touch his conscience and restore him to a sense of duty and honour.

"In this situation, undecided what course to take, I instantly left the city, and at night took refuge among these mountains. I engaged myself in the service of a shepherd, and have lived for some months among these wilds, always endeavouring to be abroad, lest I should betray myself. Yet all my care was to no purpose, for my master at length discovered my secret. Lest I might not always find means at hand to free myself from insult, I sought for security in flight, and have endeavoured to hide myself among these rocks. Here, with incessant sighs and tears, I implore Heaven to have pity on me, and either alleviate my misery or put an end to my life in this desert, that no traces may remain of so wretched a creature."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Which treats of the beautiful Dorothea's discretion; with other particulars.

"THIS, gentlemen," added Dorothea, "is my tragical story: think whether the sighs and tears which you have witnessed have not been more than justified. My misfortunes, as you will confess, are incapable of a remedy; and all I desire of you is to advise me how to live without the continual dread of being discovered; for although I am certain of a kind reception from my parents, so overwhelmed am I with shame, that I choose rather to banish myself for ever from their sight than appear before them the object of such hateful suspicions."

Here she was silent, while her blushes and confusion sufficiently

manifested the shame and agony of her soul. Her auditors were much affected by her tale, and the curate was just going to address her, when Cardenio interrupted him, saying, "You, madam, then, are the beautiful Dorothea, only daughter of the rich Clenardo." Dorothea stared at hearing her father named by such a miserable-looking object, and she asked him who he was, since he knew her father.

"I am that hapless Cardenio," he replied, "who suffer from the base author of your misfortunes, reduced, as you now behold, to nakedness and misery—deprived even of reason! Yes, Dorothea, I heard that fatal Yes uttered by Lucinda, and, unable to bear my anguish, fled precipitately from her house. Amidst these mountains I thought to have terminated my wretched existence; but the account you have just given has inspired me with hope that Heaven may still have happiness in store for us. Lucinda has avowed herself to be mine, and therefore cannot wed another; Don Fernando, being yours, cannot have Lucinda. Let us then, my dear lady, indulge the hope that we may both yet recover our own, since it is not absolutely lost. Indeed, I swear that, although I leave it to Heaven to avenge my own injuries, your claims I will assert; nor will I leave you until I have obliged Don Fernando, either by argument or by my sword, to do you justice."

Dorothea would have thrown herself at the feet of Cardenio to express her gratitude to him, had he not prevented her. The licentiate, too, commended his generous determination, and entreated them both to accompany him to his village, where they might consult on the most proper measures to be adopted in the present state of their affairs; a proposal to which they thankfully acceded. The barber, who had hitherto been silent, now joined in expressing his good wishes to them; he also briefly related the circumstances which had brought them to that place; and when he mentioned the extraordinary insanity of Don Quixote, Cardenio had an indistinct recollection of having had some altercation with the knight, though he could not remember whence it arose.

They were now interrupted by the voice of Sancho Panza, who, not finding them where he left them, began to call out loudly; they went instantly to meet him, and were eager in their inquiries after Don Quixote. He told them that he had found him half dead with hunger, sighing for his Lady Dulcinea; and that though he had told him that it was her express command that he should repair to Toboso, where she impatiently expected him, his answer was that he positively would not appear before her beauty, until he had performed exploits that might render him worthy of her favour; so they must consider what was to be done to get him away. The licentiate begged him not to give himself any uneasiness on that account, for they should certainly contrive to get him out of his present retreat.

The priest then informed Cardenio and Dorothea of their plan for Don Quixote's cure, or at least for decoying him to his own house. Upon which Dorothea said she would undertake to act the distressed damsel better than the barber, especially as she had a woman's ap-

parel with which she could perform it to the life; and they might have reliance upon her, as she had read many books of chivalry, and was well acquainted with the style in which distressed damsels were wont to beg their boons of knights-errant.

"Let us, then, hasten to put our design into execution," exclaimed the curate; "since fortune seems to favour all our views."

Dorothea immediately took from her bundle a petticoat of very rich stuff, and a mantle of fine green silk; and, out of a casket, a necklace and other jewels, with which she quickly adorned herself in such a manner that she had all the appearance of a rich and noble lady. They were charmed with her beauty, grace, and elegance; and agreed that Don Fernando must be a man of little taste, since he could slight so much excellence. But her greatest admirer was Sancho Panza, who thought that in all his life he had never seen so beautiful a creature; and he earnestly desired the priest to tell him who that handsome lady was, and what she was looking for in those parts?

"This beautiful lady, friend Sancho," answered the priest, "is, to say the least of her, heiress in the direct male line of the great kingdom of Micomicon; and she comes in quest of your master, to beg a boon of him, which is to redress a wrong or injury done her by a wicked giant; for it is the fame of your master's prowess, which is spread over all Guinea, that has brought this princess to seek him."

"Now, a happy seeking and a happy finding," quoth Sancho Panza; "especially if my master is so fortunate as to redress that injury, and right that wrong, by killing the giant you mention; and kill him he certainly will if he encounters him, unless he be a goblin, for my master has no power at all over goblins. But one thing, among others, I would beg of your worship, Signor Licentiate, which is, that you would not let my master take it into his head to be an archbishop, which is what I fear, but that you would advise him to marry this princess out of hand, and then he will be disqualified to receive archiepiscopal orders; and so he will come with ease to his kingdom, and I to the end of my wishes. For I have considered the matter well, and find it will not be convenient for me that my master should be an archbishop; for I am unfit for the church, as being a married man; and for me to be now going about to procure dispensations for holding church-livings, having, as I have, a wife and children, would be an endless piece of work. So that, sir, the whole business rests upon my master's marrying this lady out of hand. I do not yet know her grace, and therefore do not call her by her name."

"The Princess Micomicona is her title," replied the priest; "for her kingdom being called Micomicon, it is clear she must be called after it."

"There is no doubt of that," answered Sancho; "for I have known many take their title and surname from the place of their birth, as Pedro de Alcala, John de Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid; and for aught I know, it may be the custom yonder in Guinea for queens to take the names of their kingdoms."

"It is certainly so," said the priest; "and as to your master's marrying, I will promote it to the utmost of my power."

With which assurance Sancho rested as well satisfied as the priest was amazed at his simplicity, when he found how strongly the same absurdities were riveted in his fancy as in his master's, since he could so firmly persuade himself that Don Quixote would, one time or other, come to be an emperor.

Dorothea now having mounted the priest's mule, and the barber fitted on the ox-tail beard, they desired Sancho to conduct them to Don Quixote, cautioning him not to say that he knew the licentiate or the barber, since on that depended all his fortune. The priest would have instructed Dorothea in her part; but she would not trouble him, assuring him that she would perform it precisely according to the rules and precepts of chivalry.

Having proceeded about three-quarters of a league, they discovered Don Quixote in a wild rocky recess, clothed, but not armed. Dorothea now whipped on her palfrey, attended by the well-bearded squire; and having approached the knight, her squire leaped from his mule to assist his lady, who, lightly dismounting, went and threw herself at Don Quixote's feet, where, in spite of his efforts to raise her, she remained kneeling, as she thus addressed him:

"I will never arise from this place, O valorous and redoubted knight, until your goodness and courtesy vouchsafe me a boon, which will redound to the honour and glory of your person, and to the lasting benefit of the most disconsolate and aggrieved damsel the sun has ever beheld. And if the valour of your puissant arm correspond with the report of your immortal fame, you are bound to protect an unhappy wight, who, attracted by the odour of your renown, is come from distant regions to seek at your hands a remedy for her misfortunes."

"It is impossible for me to answer you, fair lady," said Don Quixote, "while you remain in that posture."

"I will not arise, signor," answered the afflicted damsel, "until your courtesy shall vouchsafe the boon I ask."

"I do vouchsafe and grant it you," answered Don Quixote, "provided my compliance be of no detriment to my king, my country, or to her who keeps the key of my heart and liberty."

"It will not be to the prejudice of any of these, dear sir," replied the afflicted damsel.

Sancho, now approaching his master, whispered softly in his ear, "Your worship may very safely grant the boon she asks; for it is a mere trifle, only to kill a great lubberly giant."

"Whosoever the lady may be," answered Don Quixote, "I shall act as my duty and my conscience dictate, in conformity to the rules of my profession:" then addressing himself to the damsel, he said, "Fairest lady, arise; for I vouchsafe you whatever boon you ask."

"My request, then, is," said the damsel, "that your magnanimity will go whither I shall conduct you; and that you will promise not to engage in any other adventure until you have avenged me on a traitor who, against all right, human and divine, has usurped my kingdom."

"I grant your request," answered Don Quixote; "and therefore, lady, dispel that melancholy which oppresses you, and let your fainting hopes recover fresh life and strength; for you shall soon be restored to your kingdom, and seated on the throne of your ancient and high estate, in despite of all the miscreants who would oppose it; and therefore we will instantly proceed to action, for there is always danger in delay."

The distressed damsel would fain have kissed his hands; but Don Quixote, making her arise, embraced her with much politeness and respect, and ordered Sancho to look after Rozinante's girths, and to assist him to arm. Sancho took down the armour from a tree, where it hung, and having got Rozinante ready, quickly armed his master, who then cried, "In God's name, let us hasten to succour this fair lady."

The barber was still upon his knees, and under much difficulty to forbear laughing, and keep his beard from falling; but seeing that the boon was already granted, and Don Quixote prepared to fulfil his engagement, he got up and took his lady by the other hand; when they both assisted to place her upon the mule, and then mounted themselves. Sancho remained on foot, which renewed his grief for the loss of his Dapple; but he bore it cheerfully, with the thought that his master was now in the ready road, and just upon the point of being an emperor: for he made no doubt that he would marry that princess, and be at least king of Micomicon; one thing, however, troubled him, which was that the kingdom was in the land of Negroes, and that the people, who would be his subjects, were all blacks: but he presently bethought himself of a special remedy for this, and said to himself, "What care I, if my subjects be blacks? what have I to do, but to ship them off for Spain, where I may sell them for ready money; with which money I may buy some title or employment; and on which title and employment live at my ease all the days of my life? No! sleep on, dolt, and have neither sense nor capacity to manage matters, nor to sell thirty or ten thousand slaves in the turn of a hand. I will make them fly, little and big, or as I can; and, let them be never so black, I will transform them into white and yellow: let me alone to lick my own fingers." With these conceits he went on, so busied, and so satisfied, that he forgot the pain of travelling on foot.

Cardenio and the priest, concealed among the bushes, had observed all that passed, and being now desirous to join them, the priest, who had a ready invention, soon hit upon an expedient; for with a pair of scissors which he carried in a case, he quickly cut off Cardenio's beard; then put him on a grey capouch, and gave him his own black cloak, which so changed his appearance that had he looked in a mirror he would not have known himself. They waited in the plain until Don Quixote and his party came up; whereupon the curate, after gazing for some time earnestly at him, at last ran towards him with open arms, exclaiming aloud, "Happy is this meeting, O thou mirror of chivalry, my noble countryman, Don Quixote de la Mancha! the flower and cream of courtesy, the protector of suffering mankind, the

quintessence of knight-errantry!" Having thus spoken, he embraced Don Quixote by the knee of his left leg.

The knight was surprised at this address, but after attentively surveying the features of the speaker, he recognised him, and would immediately have alighted; but the priest would not suffer it.

"You must permit me to alight, Signor Licentiate," said Don Quixote; "for it would be very improper that I should remain on horseback, while so reverend a person as you are travelling on foot."

"I will by no means consent to your dismounting," replied the priest, "since on horseback you have achieved the greatest exploits this age hath witnessed. As for myself, an unworthy priest, I shall be satisfied if one of these gentlemen of your company will allow me to mount behind him: and I shall then fancy myself mounted on Pegasus, or on a Zebra, or the sprightly courser bestrode by the famous Moor Muzarque, who lies to this day enchanted in the great mountain Zulema, not far distant from the grand Compluto."

"I did not think of that, dear licentiate," said Don Quixote; "and I know her highness the princess will, for my sake, order her squire to accommodate you with the saddle of his mule; and he may ride behind, if the beast will carry double."

"I believe she will," answered the princess; "and I know it is unnecessary for me to lay my commands upon my squire; for he is too courteous and well-bred to suffer an ecclesiastic to go on foot when he may ride."

"Most certainly," answered the barber; and alighting in an instant, he complimented the priest with the saddle, which he accepted without much entreaty. But it unluckily happened that as the barber was getting upon the mule, which was a vicious jade, she threw up her hind-legs twice or thrice into the air; and had they met with Master Nicholas's breast or head he would have wished his rambling after Don Quixote far enough. He was, however, thrown to the ground, and so suddenly that he forgot to take due care of his beard, which fell off; and all he could do was to cover his face with both hands, and cry out that his jawbone was broken. Don Quixote, seeing such a mass of beard without jaws and without blood lying at a distance from the fallen squire, exclaimed, "Heavens! what a miracle! His beard has fallen as clean from his face as if he had been shaven!" The priest, seeing the danger of discovery, instantly seized the beard, and ran to Master Nicholas, who was still on the ground moaning; and going close up to him, with one twitch replaced it; muttering over him some words, which he said were a specific charm for fixing on beards, as they should soon see; and when it was adjusted, the squire remained as well bearded and as whole as before. Don Quixote was amazed at what he saw, and begged the priest to teach him that charm; for he was of opinion that its virtue could not be confined to the refixing of beards, and since it wrought a perfect cure, it must be valuable upon other occasions. The priest said that his surmise was just, and promised to take the first opportunity of teaching him the art.

Don Quixote, the princess, and the priest, being thus mounted,

attended by Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho Panza on foot, Don Quixote said to the damsel—

"Your highness will now be pleased to lead on in whatever direction you please."

Before she could reply, the licentiate interposing, said, "Whither would your ladyship go? To the kingdom of Micomicon, I presume, or I am much mistaken?"

She, being aware that she was to answer in the affirmative, said, "Yes, signor, that kingdom is indeed the place of my destination."

"If so," said the priest, "we must pass through my native village; and thence you must go straight to Carthagena, where you may embark; and if you have a fair wind, a smooth sea, and no storms, in somewhat less than nine years you will get within view of the great lake Meona, I mean Meotis, which is not more than a hundred days' journey from your highness's territories."

"You are mistaken, good sir," said she; "for it is not two years since I left it; and although I had very bad weather during the whole passage, here I am, and I have beheld what so ardently I desired to see—Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha—the fame of whose valour reached my ears the moment I set foot in Spain, and determined me upon seeking him, that I might appeal to his courtesy, and commit the justice of my cause to the valour of his invincible arm."

"Cease, I pray, these encomiums," said Don Quixote, "for I am an enemy to every species of flattery; and even if this be not such, still are my chaste ears offended at this kind of discourse. All I can say, dear madam, is, that my powers, such as they are, shall be employed in your service, even at the forfeit of my life; but waiving these matters for the present, I beg the Signor Licentiate to tell me what has brought him into these parts alone, unattended, and so lightly apparelled."

"I can soon satisfy your worship," answered the priest: "our friend, Master Nicholas, and I were going to Seville, to receive a legacy left me by a relation in India, and no inconsiderable sum, being sixty thousand crowns; and on our road yesterday we were attacked by four highway robbers, who stripped us of all we had, to our very beards, and in such a manner that the barber thought it expedient to put on a false one; as for this youth here (pointing to Cardenio), you see how they have treated him. It is publicly reported here that those who robbed us were galley-slaves, set at liberty near this very place, by a man so valiant that in spite of the commissary and his guards he released them all; but he must certainly have been out of his senses, or as great a rogue as any of them, since he could let loose wolves among sheep, foxes among poultry, and wasps among the honey; for he has defrauded justice of her due, and has set himself up against his king and natural lord by acting against his lawful authority. He has, I say, disabled the galleys of their hands, and disturbed the many years' repose of the holy brotherhood; in a word, he has done a deed by which his body may suffer, and his soul be for ever lost."

Sancho had communicated the adventure of the galley-slaves, so

gloriously achieved by his master; and the priest laid it on thus heavily to see what effect it would have upon Don Quixote; whose colour changed at every word, and he dared not confess that he had been the deliverer of those worthy gentlemen.

CHAPTER XXV.

Of the ingenious method pursued to withdraw our enamoured Knight from the rigorous penance which he had imposed on himself.

As soon as the priest had done speaking, Sancho said, "By my troth, signor, it was my master who did that feat; not but that I gave him fair warning, and advised him to mind what he was about, telling him that it was a sin to set them at liberty; for they were all going to the galleys for being most notorious villains."

"Blockhead!" said Don Quixote, "knights-errant are not bound to inquire whether the fettered and oppressed are brought to that situation by their faults or their misfortunes. It is their part to assist them under oppression, and to regard their sufferings, not their crimes. I encountered a bead-roll and string of miserable wretches, and acted towards them as my profession required of me. As for the rest, I care not; and whoever takes it amiss, saving the holy dignity of signor the licentiate, and his reverend person, I say, he knows but little of the principles of chivalry; and this I will maintain with the edge of my sword!"

Dorothea was possessed of too much humour and sprightly wit not to join with the rest in their diversion at Don Quixote's expense; and perceiving his wrath, she said, "Sir Knight, be pleased to remember the boon you have promised me, and that you are thereby bound not to engage in any other adventure, however urgent; therefore assuage your wrath; for had signor the licentiate known that the galley-slaves were freed by that invincible arm, he would sooner have sewed up his mouth with three stitches, and thrice have bitten his tongue, than he would have said a word that might redound to the disparagement of your worship."

"Ay, verily I would," exclaimed the priest; "or even have plucked off one of my mustachios."

"I will say no more, madam," said Don Quixote; "and I will repress that just indignation raised within my breast, and quietly proceed, until I have accomplished the promised boon. But, in requital, I beseech you to inform me of the particulars of your grievance, as well as the number and quality of the persons on whom I must take due, satisfactory, and complete revenge."

"That I will do most willingly," answered Dorothea; "but yet I fear a story like mine, consisting wholly of afflictions and disasters, will prove but a tedious entertainment."

"Never fear that, madam," cried Don Quixote.

"Since, then, it must be so," said Dorothea, "be pleased to lend me your attention."

With that Cardenio and the barber gathered up to her, to hear what kind of story she had provided so soon; Sancho did the same, being no less deceived in her than his master; and the lady having seated herself well on her mule, after coughing once or twice, and other preparations, very gracefully began her story.

"First, gentlemen," said she, "you must know my name is"—here she stopped short, and could not call to mind the name the curate had given her; whereupon finding her at a nonplus, he made haste to help her out.

"It is not at all strange," said he, "madam, that you should be so discomposed by your disasters as to stumble at the very beginning of the account you are going to give of them; extreme affliction often distracts the mind to that degree, and so deprives us of memory, that sometimes we for awhile can scarce think on our very names: no wonder, then, that the Princess Micomicona, lawful heiress to the vast kingdom of Micomicon, disordered with so many misfortunes, and perplexed with so many various thoughts for the recovery of her crown, should have her imagination and memory so encumbered; but I hope you will now recollect yourself, and be able to proceed."

"I hope so too," said the lady, "and I will endeavour to relate my story without further hesitation. Know, then, gentlemen, that the king my father, who was called Tinacrio the Sage, having great skill in the magic art, understood by his profound knowledge in that science, that Queen Xamarilla, my mother, should die before him, that he himself should not survive her long, and I should be left an orphan. But he often said that this did not so much trouble him as the foresight he had, by his speculations, of my being threatened with great misfortunes, which would be occasioned by a certain giant, lord of a great island near the confines of my kingdom; his name Pandafilando, surnamed of the Gloomy Sight; because, though his eyeballs are seated in their due place, yet he affects to squint and look askew on purpose to fright those on whom he stares. My father, I say, knew that this giant, hearing of his death, would one day invade my kingdom with a powerful army, and drive me out of my territories, without leaving me so much as a village for a retreat; though he knew withal that I might avoid that extremity if I would but consent to marry him; but as he found out by his art, he had reason to think I never would incline to such a match. And indeed I never had any thoughts of marrying this giant, nor any other giant in the world, how unmeasurably great and mighty soever. My father therefore charged me patiently to bear my misfortunes, and abandon my kingdom to Pandafilando for a time, without offering to keep him out by force of arms, since this would be the best means to prevent my own death and the ruin of my subjects, considering the impossibility of withstanding the terrible force of the giant. But withal he ordered me to direct my course towards Spain, where I should be sure to meet with a powerful champion in the person of a knight-errant, whose fame should at that time be spread over all the kingdom; and his name, my father said, should be, if I forget not, Don Azote, or Don Gigote."

"And it please you, forsooth," quoth Sancho, "you would say Don Quixote, otherwise called the Knight of the Rueful Countenance."

"You are right," answered Dorothea; "and doubtless I do right in recommending myself to Don Quixote, who so well agrees with my father's description, and whose renown is so far spread, not only in Spain, but over all La Mancha, that I had no sooner landed at Ossuna but the fame of his prowess reached my ears; so that I was satisfied he was the very person in quest of whom I came."

"But pray, madam," cried Don Quixote, "how did you do to land at Ossuna, since it is no seaport town?"

"Doubtless, sir," said the curate, before Dorothea could answer for herself, "the princess would say, that after she landed at Malaga, the first place where she heard of your feats of arms was Ossuna."

"That is what I would have said," replied Dorothea; "and now I have nothing more to add, but that fortune has so far favoured me as to make me find the noble knight by whose valour I look upon myself as already restored to the throne of my ancestors, since he has so courteously and magnanimously vouchsafed to grant me the boon I begged. For all I have to do is to show him this Pandafilando of the Gloomy Sight, that he may slay him, and restore that to me of which he has so unjustly deprived me. For all this will certainly be done with the greatest ease in the world, since it was foretold by Tinacrio the Sage, my good and royal father, who has also left a prediction written either in Chaldean or Greek characters (for I cannot read them) which denotes that after the knight of the prophecy has cut off the giant's head and restored me to the possession of my kingdom, if he should ask me to marry him, I should by no means refuse him, but instantly put him in possession of my person and kingdom."

"Well, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, hearing this, and turning to the squire, "what thinkest thou now? Dost thou not hear how matters go? Did I not tell thee as much before? See now whether we have not a kingdom which we may command and a queen whom we may espouse!"

"Ah, marry have you," replied Sancho.

And with that, to show his joy, he cut a couple of capers in the air; and turning to Dorothea, laid hold on her mule by the bridle, and flinging himself down on his knees, begged she would be graciously pleased to let him kiss her hand, in token of his owning her for his sovereign lady.

There was none of the beholders but was ready to burst for laughter, having a sight of the master's madness, and the servant's simplicity. In short, Dorothea was obliged to comply with his entreaties, and promised to make him a grandee, when fortune should favour her with the recovery of her lost kingdom. Whereupon Sancho gave her his thanks in such a manner as obliged the company to a fresh laughter. Then going on with her relation, "Gentlemen," said she, "this is my history; and among all my misfortunes, this only has escaped a recital, that not one of the numerous attendants I brought from my kingdom has survived the ruins of my fortune but this good

squire with the long beard: the rest ended their days in a great storm, which dashed our ship to pieces in the very sight of the harbour; and he and I had been sharers in their destiny had we not laid hold of two planks, by which assistance we were driven to land, in a manner altogether miraculous, and agreeable to the whole series of my life, which seems, indeed, but one continued miracle. And if in any part of my relation I have been tedious, and not so exact as I should have been, you must impute it to what Master Curate observed to you in the beginning of my story, that continual troubles oppress the senses, and weaken the memory."

"Those pains and afflictions, be they ever so intense and difficult," said Don Quixote, "shall never deter me, most virtuous and high-born lady, from adventuring for your service, and enduring whatever I shall suffer in it: and therefore I again ratify the assurances I have given you, and swear that I will bear you company, though to the end of the world, in search of this implacable enemy of yours, till I shall find him; whose insulting head, by the help of Heaven and my own invincible arm, I am resolved to cut off with the edge of this (I will not say good) sword;—(a plague on Gines de Passamonte, who took away my own!)" This he spoke murmuring to himself; and then prosecuted his discourse in this manner: "And after I have divided it from the body, and left you quietly possessed of your throne, it shall be left at your own choice to dispose of your person as you shall think convenient; for as long as I shall have my memory full of her image, my will captivated, and my understanding wholly subjected to her whom I now forbear to name, it is impossible I should in the least deviate from the affection I bear to her, or be induced to think of marrying, though it were a Phœnix."

The close of Don Quixote's speech, which related to his not marrying, touched Sancho so to the quick, that he could not forbear bawling out his resentments:

"Sir Don Quixote," cried he, "you are certainly out of your wits; or how is it possible you should stick at striking a bargain with so great a lady as this? Do you think fortune will put such dainty bits in your way at every corner? Is my Lady Dulcinea handsomer, do you think? No, marry, she is not half so handsome: I could almost say she is not worthy to tie this lady's shoe-latchets. I am likely, indeed, to get the earldom I have fed myself with the hopes of, if you spend your time in fishing for mushrooms at the bottom of the sea! Marry out of hand, I say, and lay hold of the kingdom which is ready to leap into your hands; and as soon as you are a king, make me a marquis, or a peer of the land, and afterwards, let things go at sixes and sevens, it will be all one to Sancho."

Don Quixote, quite divested of all patience at the blasphemies which were spoken against his Lady Dulcinea, could bear with him no longer; and therefore, without so much as a word to give him notice of his displeasure, gave him two such blows with his lance, that poor Sancho measured his length on the ground, and had certainly there breathed his last, had not the knight desisted through the persuasions of Dorothea.

"Thinkest thou," said he, after a considerable pause, "most infamous peasant, that I shall always have leisure and disposition to put up with thy affronts, and that thy whole business shall be to study new offences, and mine to give thee new pardons? Dost thou not know, excommunicated traitor (for certainly excommunication is the least punishment can fall upon thee after such profanations of the peerless Dulcinea's name), and art thou not assured, vile slave and ignominious vagabond, that I should not have strength sufficient to kill a flea, did she not give strength to my nerves and infuse vigour into my sinews? Speak, thou villain with the viper's tongue; who dost thou imagine has restored the queen to her kingdom, cut off the head of a giant, and made thee a marquis (for I count all this as done already), but the power of Dulcinea, who makes use of my arm as the instrument of her act in me? She fights and overcomes in me, and I live and breathe in her, holding life and being from her. Thou base-born wretch! art thou not possessed of the utmost ingratitude, thou who seest thyself exalted from the very dregs of the earth to nobility and honour, and yet dost repay so great a benefit with obloquies against the person of thy benefactress? But I pardon thee for this time," added the Don, "and thou must excuse me for what I have done to thee; for the first movements are not in our power."

"I perceive that well enough," said Sancho, "and that is the reason my first thoughts are always on my tongue; and I cannot for my life help speaking what comes uppermost."

"However, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou hadst best think before thou speakest; for the pitcher never goes so oft to the well——"

"No more of this, Sancho," said Dorothea; "but run and kiss your lord's hands and beg his pardon; and for the time to come be more advised and cautious how you run into the praise or dispraise of any person; but especially take care you do not speak ill of that lady of Toboso, whom I do not know, though I am ready to do her any service; and trust me you shall have a lordship which shall enable you to live like a prince."

Sancho shrugged up his shoulders, and in a humble posture went and asked his master for his hand, which he held out to him with a grave countenance; and after the squire had kissed the back of it, the knight gave him his blessing, and told him he had a word or two with him, bidding him come nearer, that he might have the better convenience of speaking to him. Sancho did as his master commanded, and going a little from the company with him, they conversed awhile together. At the conclusion, Sancho said: "Good master, you shall not want satisfaction; but your worship, for the time to come, I beseech you do not be too hasty."

"What occasion hast thou, Sancho, to make this request?" replied Don Quixote.

"Reason good enough, truly," said Sancho; "for the blows you gave me even now were rather given me on account of that quarrel which was stirred up between your worship and me the other night,

than for your dislike of anything which was spoken against my Lady Dulcinea."

"Prithee, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "be careful of falling again into such irreverent expressions; for they provoke me to anger, and are highly offensive. I pardoned thee then for being a delinquent; but thou art sensible that a new offence must be attended with a new punishment."

As they were going on in such discourse as this, they saw at a distance a person riding up to them on an ass, who, as he came near enough to be distinguished, seemed to be a gipsy by his habit. But Sancho Panza, who, whenever he got sight of any asses, followed them with his eyes and his heart, as one whose thoughts were ever fixed on his own, had scarce given him half an eye but he knew him to be Gines de Passamonte, and by the looks of the gipsy found out the visage of his ass; for indeed it was the very same which Gines had got under him, who, to conceal himself from the knowledge of the public, and have the better opportunity of making a good market of his beast, had clothed himself like a gipsy; the cant of that sort of people, as well as the language of other countries, being as natural and familiar to him as his own. Sancho saw him and knew him; and scarce had he seen and taken notice of him, when he cried out as loud as his tongue would permit him—

"Ah, thou thief Genesillo! leave my goods and chattels behind thee; get off from the back of my own dear life; thou hast nothing to do with my poor beast, without whom I cannot enjoy a moment's ease; away from my Dapple, away from my comfort! take to thy heels, thou villain! hence, thou hedge-bird, leave what is none of thine!"

He had no occasion to use so many words, for Gines dismounted as soon as he heard him speak, and taking to his heels, got from them, and was out of sight in an instant. Sancho ran immediately to his ass, and embraced him.

"How hast thou done," cried he, "since I saw thee, my darling and treasure, my dear Dapple, the delight of my eyes, and my dearest companion?"

And then he stroked and slabbered him with kisses, as if the beast had been a rational creature. The ass, for his part, was as silent as could be, and gave Sancho the liberty of as many kisses as he pleased, without the return of so much as one word to the many questions he had put to him. At sight of this the rest of the company came up with him, and paid their compliments of congratulation to Sancho for the recovery of his ass, especially Don Quixote, who told him that though he had found his ass again, yet would not he revoke the warrant he had given him for three asses, for which favour Sancho returned him a multitude of thanks.

While they were travelling together, and discoursing after this manner, the curate addressed himself to Dorothea, and gave her to understand that she had excellently discharged herself of what she had undertaken, as well in the management of the history itself, as in her brevity, and adapting her style to the particular terms made

use of in books of knight-errantry. She returned for answer that she had frequently amused herself with such romances, but that she was ignorant of the situation of the provinces and the sea-ports, which occasioned the blunder she had made by saying that she landed at Ossuna.

"I perceived it," replied the curate, "and therefore I put in what you heard, which brought matters to rights again. But is it not an amazing thing to see how ready this unfortunate gentleman is to give credit to these fictitious reports, only because they have the air of the extravagant stories in books of knight-errantry?"

Cardenio said that he thought this so strange a madness that he did not believe the wit of man, with all the liberty of invention and fiction, capable of hitting so extraordinary a character.

"The gentleman," replied the curate, "has some qualities in him, even as surprising in a madman as his unparalleled frenzy; for take him but off his romantic humour, discourse with him of any other subject, you will find him to handle it with a great deal of reason, and show himself, by his conversation, to have very clear and entertaining conceptions; insomuch that if knight-errantry bears no relation to his discourse, there is no man but will esteem him for his vivacity of wit and strength of judgment."

While they were thus discoursing, Don Quixote, prosecuting his converse with his squire, "Sancho," said he, "let us lay aside all manner of animosity; let us forget and forgive injuries; and answer me as speedily as thou canst, without any remains of my last displeasure, how, when, and where didst thou find my Lady Dulcinea? What was she doing when thou first paidst thy respects to her? How didst thou express thyself to her? What answer was she pleased to make thee? What countenance did she put on at the perusal of my letter? Who transcribed it fairly for thee? And everything else which has any relation to this affair, without addition, lies, or flattery. On the other side, take care thou losest not a tittle of the whole matter, by abbreviating it, lest thou rob me of part of that delight which I propose to myself from it."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "if I must speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, nobody copied out that letter for me; for I carried none at all."

"That's right," cried Don Quixote; "for I found the pocket-book in which it was written two days after thy departure, which occasioned exceeding grief in me, because I knew not what thou couldst do when thou foundst thyself without the letter; and I could not but be induced to believe that thou wouldst have returned, in order to take it with thee."

"I had certainly done so," replied Sancho, "were it not for this head of mine, which kept it in remembrance ever since your worship read it to me, and helped me to say it over to a parish-clerk, who wrote it out to me word for word so purely, that he vowed, though he had written out many a letter of excommunication in his time, he never in all the days of his life had read or seen anything so well spoken as it was."

"And dost thou still retain the memory of it, my dear Sancho?" cried Don Quixote.

"Not I," quoth Sancho; "for as soon as I had given it her, and your turn was served, I was very willing to forget it. But if I remember anything, it is what was on the top; and it was thus, 'High and subterrene'—I would say sovereign lady; and at the bottom, 'yours until death, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance;' and I put between these two things three hundred souls and lives."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The pleasant dialogue between Don Quixote and his Squire continued; with other adventures.

"ALL this is mighty well," said Don Quixote; "proceed therefore: you arrived, and how was that queen of beauty then employed? On my conscience thou foundst her stringing of orient pearls, or embroidering some curious device in gold for me her captive knight; was it not so, my Sancho?"

"No," answered the Squire; "I found her winnowing a parcel of wheat very seriously in the back-yard."

"Then," said the Don, "you may rest assured that every corn of that wheat was a grain of pearl, since she did it the honour of touching it with her divine hand. Didst thou observe the quality of the wheat, was it not of the finest sort?"

"Very indifferent, I thought," said the squire.

"Well, this at least you must allow; it must make the finest whitest bread, if sifted by her white hands. But go on; when you delivered my letter, did she kiss it? Did she treasure it in her bosom? or what ceremony did she use worthy such a letter? How did she behave herself?"

"Why truly, sir," answered Sancho, "when I offered her the letter she was very busy handling her sieve; 'and, prithee, honest friend,' said she, 'do so much as lay that letter down upon that sack there; I cannot read it till I have winnowed out what is in my hands."

"O unparalleled discretion!" cried Don Quixote; "she knew that a perusal required leisure, and therefore deferred it for her more pleasing and private hours. But oh, my squire, while she was thus employed, what conference passed? What did she ask about her knight, and what did you reply? Say all, say all, my dearest Sancho, let not the smallest circumstance escape the tongue; speak all that thought can frame or pen describe."

"Her questions were easily answered, sir," said Sancho; "for she asked me none at all. I told her, indeed, in what a sad pickle I had left you, and how disconsolate you were; that you eat and slept like the brute beasts; that you would let a razor as soon touch your throat as your beard; that you were still blubbering and crying, or lamenting and cursing your fortune."

"There you mistook," replied Don Quixote; "I rather bless my fortune, and always shall, while life affords me breath, since I am thought to merit the esteem of so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso. But now," continued the knight, "supposing the corn winnowed and despatched to the mill, what did she after she had read my letter?"

"Your letter, sir," answered Sancho, "your letter was not read at all, sir; as, for her part, she said she could neither read nor write, and she would trust nobody else, lest they should tell tales, and so she cunningly tore your letter. She said that what I told her by word of mouth of your love and sufferings was enough: to make short now, she gave her service to you, and said she had rather see you than hear from you; and she prayed you, if ever you loved her, upon sight of me forthwith to leave your madness among the bushes here, and come straight to Toboso (if you be at leisure), for she has something to say to you, and has a huge mind to see you; she had like to burst with laughing, when I called you the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. I asked her whether the Biscayen of the other day had been to her; she told me he had, and that he was a very honest fellow. I asked her also after the galley-slaves; but she told me she had not yet seen any of them."

"Thus far all goes well," said Don Quixote; "but tell me, pray, what jewel did she present you at your departure, as a reward for the news you brought? for it is a custom of ancient standing among knights and ladies errant, to bestow on squires, dwarfs, or damsels, who bring them good news of their ladies or servants, some precious jewel, as a grateful reward of their welcome tidings."

"Ah, sir," said Sancho, "that was the fashion in the days of yore, and a very good fashion, I take it; but all the jewels Sancho got was a luncheon of bread and a piece of cheese, which she handed to me over the wall, when I was taking my leave: by the same token (I hope there is no ill luck in it), the cheese was made of sheep's milk."

"It is strange," said Don Quixote, "for she is liberal even to profuseness; and if she presented thee not a jewel, she had certainly none about her at that time: but what is deferred is not lost. I shall see her, and matters shall be accommodated. But, Sancho, one thing raises my astonishment, which is thy sudden return; for proportioning thy short absence to the length of thy journey, Toboso being at least thirty leagues distant, thou must have ridden on the wind. Certainly the sagacious enchanter, who is my guardian and friend,—for doubtless such a one there is and ought to be, or I should not be a true knight-errant,—certainly, I say, that wise magician has furthered thee on thy journey unawares; for there are sages of such incredible power as to take up a knight-errant sleeping in his bed, and waken him next morning a thousand leagues from the place where he fell asleep. By this power knights-errant succour one another in their most dangerous exigents when and where they please. For instance, suppose me fighting in the mountains of Armenia with some horrid monster, some dreadful sprite, or fierce gigantic knight, where perhaps I am like to be worsted (such a thing may happen), when just in the very crisis of my fate, when I least

expect it, I behold on the top of a flying cloud, or riding in a flaming chariot, another knight, my friend, who but a minute before was in England perhaps—he sustains me, delivers me from death, and returns that night to his own lodging, where he sups with a very good appetite after his journey, having rid you two or three thousand leagues that day; and all this performed by the industry and wisdom of these knowing magicians, whose only business and charge is glorious knight-errantry. Some such expeditious power, I believe, Sancho, though hidden from you, has promoted so great a despatch in your late journey."

"I believe, indeed," answered Sancho, "that there was witchcraft in the case; for Rozinante went without spur all the way, and was as mettlesome as though he had been a gipsy's ass with quicksilver in his ears."

"And what is thy advice as to my lady's commands to visit her? I know her power should regulate my will. But then my honour, Sancho; my solemn promise has engaged me to the princess's service that comes with us; and the law of arms confines me to my word. Love draws me one, and glory the other way; on this side Dulcinea's strict commands, on the other my promised faith; but—it is resolved. I will travel night and day, cut off this giant's head, and, having settled the princess in her dominions, will presently return to see that sun which enlightens my senses. She will easily condescend to excuse my absence when I convince her it was for her fame and glory; since the past, present, and future success of my victorious arms depends wholly on the gracious influences of her favour, and the honour of being her knight."

"Oh sad! oh sad!" said Sancho; "I doubt your worship's head is much the worse for wearing. Are you mad, sir, to take so long a voyage for nothing? why don't you catch at this preferment that now offers, where a fine kingdom is the portion, twenty thousand leagues round, they say; nay, bigger than Portugal and Castile both together. Good your worship, hold your tongue, I wonder you are not ashamed. Take a fool's counsel for once, marry the princess by the first priest you meet: here is our own curate can do the job most curiously. Come, master, I have hair enough in my beard to make a counsellor, and my advice is as fit for you as your shoe for your foot—"a sparrow in the hand is worth a bustard on the wing," and

> "He that will not when he may,
> When he would he shall have nay."

"Thou advisest me thus," answered Don Quixote, "that I may be able to promote thee according to my promise; but that I can do without marrying this lady; for I shall make this the condition of entering into battle, that after my victory, without marrying the princess, she shall leave part of her kingdom at my disposal, to gratify whom I please; and who can claim any such gratuity but thyself?"

"That's plain," answered Sancho; "but pray, sir, take care that

you reserve some part near the sea-side for me; that if the air does not agree with me, I may transport my black slaves, make my profit of them, and go live somewhere else; so that I would have you resolve upon it presently: leave the Lady Dulcinea for the present, and go kill this same giant, and make an end of that business first; for I assure you it will yield you a good market."

"I am fixed in thy opinion," said Don Quixote; "but I admonish thee not to whisper to any person the least hint of our conference; for since Dulcinea is so cautious and secret, it is proper that I and mine should follow her example."

"Why, then," said Sancho, "should you send everybody you overcome packing to Madam Dulcinea, to fall down before her and tell her they came from you to pay their obedience, when this tells all the world that she is your mistress, as much as if they had it under your own hand?"

"How dull of apprehension and stupid thou art!" said the knight; "hast thou not sense to find that all this redounds to her greater glory? Know, that in proceedings of chivalry, a lady's honour is calculated from the number of her servants, whose services must not tend to any reward but the favour of her acceptance, and the pure honour of performing them for her sake, and being called her servants."

Master Nicholas, seeing them so deep in discourse, called to them to stop and drink at a little fountain by the road. Don Quixote halted; and Sancho was very glad of the interruption, his stock of fiction being almost spent, and he stood in danger besides of being trapped in his words; for he had never seen Dulcinea, though he knew she lived at Toboso. Cardenio by this time had changed his clothes for those Dorothea wore when they found her in the mountains; and though they made but an ordinary figure, they looked much better than those he had put off.* They all stopped at the fountain, and fell upon the curate's provision, which was but a snap among so many, for they were all very hungry. While they sat refreshing themselves, a young lad, travelling that way, observed them, and looking earnestly on the whole company, ran suddenly and fell down before Don Quixote, addressing him in a very doleful manner.

"Alas, good sir," said he, "don't you know me? don't you remember poor Andres, whom you caused to be untied from the tree?" With that the knight knew him; and raising him up, turned to the company; "That you may all know," said he, "of how great importance to the redressing of injuries, punishing vice, and the universal benefit of mankind, the business of knight-errantry may be, you must understand, that riding through a desert some days ago, I heard certain lamentable shrieks and outcries. Prompted by the misery of the afflicted, and borne away by the zeal of my profession, I followed the voice, and found this boy, whom you all see, bound to a great oak; I am glad he is present, because he can attest the truth of

* These must be the ragged apparel Cardenio wore before he was dressed in the priest's short cassock and cloak.

my relation. I found him, as I told you, bound to an oak; naked from the waist upwards, and a bloody-minded peasant scourging his back unmercifully with the reins of a bridle. I presently demanded the cause of his severe chastisement. The rude fellow answered, that he had liberty to punish his own servant, whom he thus used for some faults that argued him more knave than fool. 'Good sir,' said the boy, 'he can lay nothing to my charge but demanding my wages.' His master made some reply, which I would not allow as a just excuse, and ordered him immediately to unbind the youth, and took his oath that he would take him home and pay him all his wages upon the nail, in good and lawful coin. Is not this literally true, Andres? Did you not mark, besides, with what face of authority I commanded, and with how much humility he promised to obey all I imposed, commanded, and desired? Answer me, boy; and tell boldly all that passed to this worthy company, that it may appear how necessary the vocation of knights-errant is up and down the high roads."

"All you have said is true enough," answered Andres; "but the business did not end after that manner you and I hoped it would."

"How!" said the knight; "has not the peasant paid you?"

"Ay, he has paid me with a vengeance," said the boy; "for no sooner was your back turned but he tied me again to the same tree, and lashed me so horridly that I looked like St. Bartholomew flayed alive; and at every blow he had some joke or another to laugh at you; and had he not laid on me as he did, I fancy I could not have helped laughing myself. At last he left me, in so pitiful a case that I was forced to crawl to a hospital, where I have lain ever since to get cured, so wofully the tyrant had lashed me. And now I may thank you for this; for had you rode on your journey, and neither meddled nor made, seeing nobody sent for you, and it was none of your business my master, perhaps, had been satisfied with giving me ten or twenty lashes, and after that would have paid me what he owed me; but you were so huffy, and called him so many names, that it made him mad, and so he vented all his spite against you upon my poor back, as soon as yours was turned, inasmuch that I fear I shall never be mine own man again."

"The miscarriage," answered the knight, "is only chargeable on my departure before I saw my orders executed; for I might by experience have remembered that the word of a peasant is regulated, not by honour, but by profit. But you remember, Andres, how I said, that if he disobeyed, I would return and seek him through the universe, and find him though hid in a whale's belly."

"Ah, sir," answered Andres, "but there is no cure for my sore shoulders."

"You shall be redressed," answered the knight, starting fiercely up, and commanding Sancho immediately to bridle Rozinante, who was baiting as fast as the rest of the company. Dorothea asked what he intended to do: he answered, that he intended to find out the villain, and punish him severely for his crimes, then force him to pay Andres his

wages to the last maravedi,* in spite of all the peasants in the universe. She then desired him to remember his engagements to her, which withheld him from any new achievement till that was finished; that he must therefore suspend his resentments till his return from her kingdom.

"It is but just and reasonable," said the knight; "and therefore Andres must wait with patience my return; but when I do return, I do hereby ratify my former oath and promise, never to rest till he be fully satisfied and paid."

"I dare not trust to that," answered Andres: "but if you will bestow on me as much money as will bear my charges to Seville, I shall thank your worship more than for all the revenge you tell me of. Give me a snap to eat, and a bit in my pocket; and so Heaven be with you and all other knights-errant, and may they prove as arrant fools in their own business as they have been in mine."

Sancho took a crust of bread and a slice of cheese, and reaching it to Andres—

"There, friend," said he, "there is something for thee; on my word, we have all of us a share of thy mischance."

"What share?" said Andres.

"Why, the cursed mischance of parting with this bread and cheese to thee; for my head to a halfpenny, I may live to want it; for thou must know, friend of mine, that we, the squires of knights-errant, often pick our teeth without a dinner, and are subject to many other things which are better felt than told."

Andres snatched at the provender, and seeing no likelihood of any more, he made his leg and marched off. But looking over his shoulder at Don Quixote, "Hark ye, you Sir Knight-errant," cried he, "if ever you meet me again in your travels, which I hope you never shall, though I were torn in pieces, do not trouble me with your foolish help, but mind your own business; and so fare you well, with a plague upon you and all the knights-errant that ever were born!"

The knight thought to chastise him, but the lad was too nimble for any there, and his heels carried him off, leaving Don Quixote highly incensed at his story, which moved the company to hold their laughter, lest they should raise his anger to a dangerous height.

CHAPTER XXVII.

What befel Don Quixote and his company at the inn.

When they had eaten plentifully they left that place, and travelled all that day and the next without meeting anything worth notice, till they came to the inn, which was so frightful a sight to poor Sancho, that he would willingly not have gone in, but could by no means avoid it. The innkeeper, the hostess, her daughter, and their servant

* Near the value of a farthing.

Maritornes, met Don Quixote and his squire with a very hearty welcome. The knight received them with a face of gravity and approbation, bidding them prepare him a bettter bed than their last entertainment afforded him.

"Sir," said the hostess, "pay us better than you did then, and you shall have a bed for a prince."

And upon the knight's promise that he would, she promised him a tolerable bed in the large room where he lay before. He presently undressed, and being heartily crazed in body as well as in mind, he went to bed. He was scarcely got to his chamber, when the hostess flew suddenly at the barber, and catching him by the beard—

"On my life," said she, "you shall use my tail no longer for a beard; pray, sir, give me my tail; my husband wants it to stick his comb into; and my tail I will have, sir."

The barber would not part with it, for all her tugging, until the licentiate bid him comply; for there was no farther need of it for a disguise, as he might now appear in his own shape, and tell Don Quixote, that, being robbed by those thieves, the galley-slaves, he had fled to this inn; and, if he should ask for the princess's squire, they would tell him that she had despatched him before, with advice to her subjects, that she was on the road, and bringing with her their common deliverer. The tail was accordingly surrendered willingly to the hostess, together with all the other appurtenances she had lent them with a view to Don Quixote's enlargement. They would not disturb the knight, who slept very soundly, for his distemper wanted rest more than meat; but they diverted themselves with the hostess's account of his encounter with the carriers, and of Sancho's being tossed in a blanket. Don Quixote's unaccountable madness was the principal subject of their discourse; upon which the curate insisting and arguing that it proceeded from his reading romances, the innkeeper took him up.

"Sir," said he, "you cannot make me of your opinion; for, in my mind, it is the pleasantest reading that ever was. I have now in the house two or three books of that kind, and some other pieces that really have kept me and many others alive. In harvest-time, a great many of the reapers come to drink here in the heat of the day, and he that can read best among us takes up one of these books, and all the rest of us, sometimes thirty or more, sit round about him and listen with such pleasure that we think neither of sorrow nor care. As for my own part, when I hear the mighty blows and dreadful battles of those knights-errant, I have half a mind to be one myself, and am raised to such a life and briskness that I could frighten away old age. I could sit and hear them from morning till night."

"I wish you would, husband," said the hostess; "for then we should have some rest; for at all other times you are so out of humour and so snappish that we lead a sad life with you."

"And what think you of this matter, young miss?" said the curate to the innkeeper's daughter.

"Alack-a-day, sir," said she, "I do not understand those things, and yet I love to hear them; but I do not like that frightful ugly

fighting that so pleases my father. Indeed, the sad lamentations of the poor knights for the loss of their mistresses sometimes makes me cry like anything."

"I suppose, then, young gentlewoman," said Dorothea, "you will be tender-hearted, and will never let a lover die for you."

"I do not know what may happen as to that," said the girl; "but this I know, that I will never give anybody reason to call me tigress and lioness, and I do not know how many other ugly names, as those ladies are often called; and I think they deserve yet worse, so they do; for they can never have soul nor conscience to let such fine gentlemen die or run mad for a sight of them. What signifies all their coyness? If they are civil women, why do not they marry them; for that is all their knights would be at?"

"Hold your prating, mistress," said the hostess, "how came you to know all this? It is not for such as you to talk of these matters."

"The gentleman only asked me a question," said she, "and it would be uncivil not to answer him."

"It is mighty well," said the priest; "pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them."

"With all my heart," answered the host; and going to his chamber he brought out a little old cloak-bag with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a fine character. The title of the first was Don Cirongilio of Thrace; the second Felixmarte of Hircania; and the third was the history of the great Captain Gonçalo Hernandes de Corduba, and the life of Diego Garcia de Paredes, bound together.* The curate, after reading the titles, turned to the barber, and told him they wanted now Don Quixote's housekeeper and his niece.

"I shall do as well," said the barber; "for I can find the way to the backyard, or to the chimney; where there is a good fire that will do their business."

"Business!" said the innkeeper, "I hope you would not burn my books?"

"Only two of them," said the curate; "this same Don Cirongilio and his friend Felixmarte."

"I hope, sir," said the host, "they are neither heretics nor phlegmatics."

"Schismatics, you mean," said the barber.

"I mean so," said the innkeeper; "and if you must burn any, let it be this of Gonsalo Hernandes and Diego Garcia; for you should sooner burn one of my children than the others."

"These books, honest friend," said the curate, "that you appear so concerned for are senseless rhapsodies of falsehood and folly; and this which you so despise is a true history, and contains a true account of two celebrated men. The first by his bravery and courage purchased immortal fame, and the name of the Great General, by

* These two last were not fabulous heroes, though romantic authors have added much of fable to their true history.

the universal consent of mankind; and the other, Diego Garcia de Paredes, was of noble extraction, and born in Truxillo, a town of Estremadura, and was a man of singular courage, and of such mighty strength, that with one of his hands he could stop a mill-wheel in its most rapid motion, and with his single force defended the passage of a bridge against an immense army. Several other great actions are related in the memoirs of his life, but all with so much modesty and unbiassed truth, that they easily pronounce him his own historiographer; and had they been written by any one else, with freedom and impartiality, they might have eclipsed your Hectors, Achilleses, and Orlandos, with all their heroic exploits."

"That's a fine jest, truly," said the innkeeper; "my father could have told you another tale, sir. Holding a mill-wheel! why, is that such a mighty matter? Only do but turn over a leaf of Felixmarte there; you will find how with one single back-stroke he cut five swinging giants off by the middle, as if they had been so many beancods, of which the children make little puppet-friars; and read how at another time he charged a most mighty and powerful army of above a million and six hundred thousand fighting men, all armed cap-a-pie, and routed them all like so many sheep. And what can you say of the worthy Cirongilio of Thrace? who, as you may read there, going by water one day, was assaulted by a fiery serpent in the middle of the river; he presently leaped nimbly upon her back, and, hanging by her scaly neck, grasped her throat fast with both his arms, so that the serpent, finding herself almost strangled, was forced to dive into the water to save herself, and carried the knight, who would not quit his hold, to the very bottom, where he found a stately palace and such pleasant gardens that it was a wonder; and straight the serpent turned into a very old man, and told him such things as were never heard nor spoken. A fig for your Great Captain and your Diego Garcia!"

Dorothea, hearing this, said softly to Cardenio, that the host was capable of making a second part to Don Quixote.

"I think soo too," cried Cardenio, "for it is plain he believes every tittle contained in those books; nor can all the Carthusian friars in the world persuade him otherwise."

"I tell thee, friend," said the curate, "there were never any such persons as your books of chivalry mention upon the face of the earth; your Felixmarte of Hircania and your Cirongilio of Thrace are all but chimeras and fictions of idle and luxuriant wits, who wrote them for the same reason that you read them, because they had nothing else to do."

"Sir," said the innkeeper, "you must angle with another bait, or you will catch no fish; I know what's what as well as another; I can tell where my own shoe pinches me; and you must not think, sir, to catch old birds with chaff. A pleasant jest indeed, that you should pretend to persuade me now that these notable books are lies and stories! Why, sir, are they not in print? Are they not published according to order? licensed by authority from the privy council? And do you think that they would permit so many untruths to b

printed, and such a number of battles and enchantments, to set us all a-madding?"

"I have told you already, friend," replied the curate, "that this is licensed for our amusement in our idle hours: for the same reason that tennis, billiards, chess, and other recreations are tolerated, that men may find a pastime for those hours they cannot find employment for. Neither could the Government foresee this inconvenience from such books that you urge, because they could not reasonably suppose any rational person would believe their absurdities. And were this a proper time, I could say a great deal in favour of such writings; and how, with some regulations, they might be made both instructive and diverting. But I design upon the first opportunity to communicate my thoughts on this head to some that may redress it. In the meantime, honest landlord, you may put up your books, and believe them true if you please, and much good may they do you. And I wish you may never halt on the same foot as your guest, Don Quixote."

"There's no fear of that," said the innkeeper; "for I never design to turn knight-errant, because I find the customs that supported the noble order are quite gone by."

Sancho came in about the middle of this conversation, and was much alarmed and very pensive at what he heard, that knights-errant were not now in fashion, and that all books of chivalry were mere lies and fooleries; and he resolved with himself to wait the event of this expedition of his master's, and, if it did not succeed as happily as he expected, to leave him, and return home to his wife and children, and to his accustomed labour.

The innkeeper was carrying away the cloak-bag and the books; but the priest said to him, "Pray stay, for I would fain see what papers those are that are written in so fair a character."

The host took them out, and having given them to the priest to read, he found about eight sheets in manuscript, entitled, in large letters, The Novel of the Curious Impertinent. The priest having read three or four lines to himself, said, "Really, I like the title and beginning of this novel so well, that I am disposed to read it through."

To which the innkeeper answered, "Your reverence may well venture to read it; for I assure you that some of my guests who have read it liked it mightily, and begged it of me, with great earnestness; but I would not part with it, designing to restore it to the person who, through forgetfulness, left behind him this cloak-bag, with these books and papers; for perhaps their owner may come this way again some time or other; and though I shall miss them heavily, in faith, I will restore them; for, though I am an innkeeper, thank God I am a Christian."

"You are much in the right, friend," said the priest; "nevertheless, if the novel pleases me, you must give me leave to take a copy of it."

"With all my heart," answered the innkeeper.

While the landlord and priest were talking, Cardenio had taken

up the novel, and being likewise pleased with it, he desired the priest to read it aloud, that they might all hear it.

"I will," said the priest, "if we had not better spend our time in sleeping than in reading."

"It will be as well for me," said Dorothea, "to pass the time in listening to some story; for my spirits are not yet so composed, as to permit me to sleep, though it were needful."

"Well then," said the priest, "I will read it, if only for curiosity; and perhaps we may be requited by something that is entertaining."

Master Nicholas and even Sancho joined in the request; and the priest, perceiving that he should give them all pleasure, and receive some himself, said, "Be ye all attentive then, for the novel begins thus."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In which is recited the Novel of the Curious Impertinent.

In Florence, a rich and celebrated city of Italy, in the province called Tuscany, lived Anselmo and Lothario, two gentlemen of fortune and quality, and so closely united in the bands of amity, that all who knew them styled them, by way of eminence and distinction, the Two Friends. They were both bachelors, young, of the same age, and of similar manners; a foundation sufficient for reciprocal friendship. It is true, indeed, that Anselmo was more inclined to ladies' society than Lothario, who was fonder of country sports; but, upon occasion, Anselmo neglected his own pleasures, to pursue those of Lothario; and Lothario quitted his, to follow those of Anselmo: and thus their inclinations went hand in hand, with such harmony, that no clock kept more exact time. Anselmo fell desperately in love with a beautiful young lady of rank in the same city, called Camilla, daughter of such good parents, and herself so good, that he resolved, with the approbation of his friend Lothario, without whose advice he did nothing, to ask her of her father in marriage. It was Lothario who carried the message, and it was he who concluded the match, much to the advantage of his friend; and Camilla was so satisfied with having obtained Anselmo for her husband, that she ceased not to give thanks to Heaven, and to Lothario, by whose means such good fortune had befallen her.

For some days after the wedding, days usually dedicated to mirth, Lothario frequented his friend Anselmo's house as he was wont to do, striving to honour, please, and entertain him to the utmost of his power; but the nuptial season being over, and compliments of congratulation at an end, he began to remit the frequency of his visits, thinking, as all discreet men should, that to frequent the houses of friends, when married, in the same free manner as when they were single, was not decorous. For though true friendship neither can nor ought to be suspicious in anything, yet so nice is the honour of a married man, that it may suffer even by the intimacy of a friend.

Anselmo took notice of Lothario's remissness, and complained of it greatly, telling him, that, had he suspected that his marriage would have been the occasion of their not being as much together as before, it should never have taken place; and since, by the entire harmony between them, while both were bachelors, they had acquired the appellation of the Two Friends, he desired he would not suffer so honourable and pleasing a title to be lost, by over-acting the cautious part. Therefore he besought him to return, if such a term might be used between them, and be joint master of his house, and come and go as heretofore; assuring him, that his wife Camilla had no other pleasure, or will, than what he desired she should have; and that, knowing how sincerely and ardently they loved each other, she was surprised and mortified at his shyness.

To these, and many other reasons, which Anselmo urged to Lothario, to persuade him to visit his house as usual, Lothario replied with so much prudence, discretion, and judgment, that Anselmo rested satisfied with the good intention of his friend; and it was agreed, that he should dine with him two days in a week, besides holidays: but though this was concerted between them, Lothario resolved to act in the manner he should think most conducive to the honour of his friend, whose reputation was dearer to him than his own. He said, and he said justly, that a married man, on whom Heaven has bestowed a beautiful wife, should be as careful what male personages he admits to his house, as what female friends she converses with abroad. On many of the days agreed upon therefore he busied and employed himself about such things as he pretended were indispensable: and thus the time passed on, in complaints on the one hand, and excuses on the other.

One day, however, as the two friends were walking in a meadow in the suburbs of the city, Anselmo addressed Lothario in words to this effect: "I am fully sensible, Lothario, that I can never be thankful enough to God for the blessings he has bestowed upon me; first, in making me the son of such excellent parents, and giving me, with so liberal a hand, what men call the goods of nature and fortune, and especially in having bestowed upon me such a friend as yourself, and such a wife as Camilla; two jewels, which, if I value not as highly as I ought, I value, at least, as highly as I am able. Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, which are usually sufficient to make men live contented, I am the most uneasy and dissatisfied man in the whole world; having been for some time past harassed and oppressed with a desire, so strange, and so much out of the common track of other men, that I wonder at myself, and blame and rebuke myself for it, when I am alone, endeavouring to stifle and conceal it even from my own thoughts; and yet I have succeeded no better in these endeavours at self-concealment, than if I had made it my business to publish it to all the world. And since, in short, it must one day be disclosed to some one or other, I would fain have it lodged in the archives of your breast; not doubting but that, through your secresy, and friendly application to relieve me, I shall soon be freed from the

vexation it gives me, and my joy will rise to as high a pitch by your diligence, as my discontent has done by my own folly."

Lothario was in anxious suspense at Anselmo's discourse, being wholly unable to guess at what he aimed, by so tedious a preparation and preamble; and though he revolved in his imagination what desire it could be, that gave his friend so much disturbance, he still shot wide of the mark; and, to be rid of the perplexity into which this suspense threw him, he said to Anselmo, that it was doing a notorious injury to the warmth of his friendship, to seek for roundabout ways to acquaint him even with his most hidden thoughts, since he might depend upon him, either for advice to suppress, or assistance to support them.

"I have no doubt of it," answered Anselmo; "and in this confidence I will tell you, that the thing, which disquiets me, is a desire to know, whether my wife Camilla be as good and as perfect as I imagine her to be; and I cannot be thoroughly informed of this truth, but by trying her in such a manner, that the proof may manifest the perfection of her goodness, as fire does that of gold. For it is my opinion, my friend, that a woman is honest only so far as she is, or is not, courted and solicited: and that she alone is really chaste, who has not yielded to the force of promises, presents, and tears, or the continual importunities of persevering lovers. For, what thanks are due to a woman for being virtuous, when nobody persuades her to be otherwise? or what mighty matter, if she be reserved and cautious, who has no opportunity given her of going astray, and knows she has a husband, who will be sure to take away her life, should he once catch her transgressing? The woman, therefore, who is honest out of fear, or for want of opportunity, I cannot hold in the same degree of esteem with her, who, after solicitation and importunity, comes off with the crown of victory. So that, for these reasons, and for many more I could assign in support of my opinion, my desire is, that my wife Camilla may pass through these trials, and be purified and refined by the ordeal of courtship and solicitation, and that by some person worthy of placing his affections on her: and if she prove under this conflict (as I believe she will) unsullied, I shall applaud my matchless fortune: I shall then have it to say, that I have attained the utmost bounds of my wishes, and may safely boast, that the virtuous woman is fallen to my lot, of whom the wise man says, 'Who can find her?' And even if the reverse of all this should happen, the satisfaction of being confirmed in my opinion will enable me to bear, without regret, the trouble so costly an experiment may reasonably give me. And, as nothing you can urge against my design can be of any avail towards hindering me from carrying it in execution, I would have you, my friend, dispose yourself to be the instrument of performing this work of my fancy. I will give you every opportunity, and you shall want for no means, that I can think necessary, towards gaining upon a modest, virtuous, reserved, and disinterested woman. Among other reasons, which induce me to trust this nice affair to your management, one is, my being certain,

that, if Camilla should be weak, you will not push the victory to the last extremity, but only account that as done, which, for good reasons, ought not to be done; and thus I shall be wronged only in the intention, and the injury will remain hidden in the virtue of your silence, which, in what concerns me, will, I am assured, be eternal as that of death. Therefore, if you would have me enjoy a life that deserves to be called such, you must immediately enter upon this trial, not languidly and lazily, but with all the fervour and diligence my design requires, and with the confidence of assured friendship."

This was what Anselmo addressed to Lothario; who was so attentive, that, excepting what he is already said to have uttered, he opened not his lips till his friend had done; but now perceiving that he was silent, after he had gazed at him earnestly, as if he had been looking at something he had never seen before, and which occasioned in him wonder and amazement, he said to him—

"I cannot persuade myself, friend Anselmo, but that what you have been saying to me is all in jest; for, had I thought you in earnest, I would not have suffered you to proceed so far; and, by not listening to you, I should have prevented your long harangue. I cannot but think, either that you do not know me, or that I do not know you. But, no: I well know that you are Anselmo, and you know that I am Lothario: the mischief is, that I think you are not the Anselmo you used to be, and you must imagine I am not the Lothario I ought to be: for neither is what you have said to me becoming that friend of mine, Anselmo; nor is what you require of me to be asked of that Lothario whom you know. For true friends ought to prove and use one another, as the poet expresses it, '*usque ad aras*;' meaning, that they ought not to employ their friendship in matters against the law of God. If a heathen had this notion of friendship, how much more ought a Christian to have it, who knows, that the divine friendship ought not to be forfeited for any human friendship whatever. And when a friend goes so far as to set aside his duty to Heaven, in compliance with the interests of his friend, it must not be for light and trivial matters, but only when the honour and life of his friend are at stake. Tell me then, Anselmo, which of these two are in danger, that I should venture to compliment you by undertaking a task, so detestable as that you require of me? Neither, assuredly: on the contrary, if I understand you right, you would have me take pains to deprive you of honour and life, and, at the same time, myself too of both. For, if I must do that which will deprive you of your honour, it is plain I take away your life, since a man, without honour, is worse than if he were dead: and I being the instrument, as you would have me to be, of doing you so much harm, shall I not bring dishonour upon myself, and, by consequence, rob myself of life? Hear me, friend Anselmo, and have patience, and forbear answering, until I have done urging what I have to say, as to what your desire exacts of me; for there will be time enough for you to reply, and for me to hear you."

"With all my heart," said Anselmo; "say what you please."

Then Lothario went on, "Methinks, O Anselmo, you are at this time in the same disposition as the Moors, whom you cannot convince of the error of their sect, by citations from Holy Scripture, or by arguments drawn from reason, or founded upon articles of faith; but you must produce examples that are plain, easy, intelligible, demonstrative, and undeniable, with such mathematical proofs as cannot be denied; as 'If from equal parts we take equal parts, those that remain will also be equal.' And, when they do not comprehend this in words, as in reality they do not, you must show it to them with your hands, and set it before their very eyes; and, after all, nothing can convince them of the truths of our holy religion. In this very way and method must I deal with you; for this desire, which possesses you, is so extravagant and beyond the least shadow of reason, that I look upon it as misspending time, to endeavour to convince you of your folly; for, at present, I can give it no better name. Nay, I am even tempted to leave you to your indiscretion, as a punishment of your preposterous desire: but the friendship I have for you will not let me deal so rigorously, nor will it consent that I should desert you, when you are in such manifest danger of undoing yourself. And, that you may clearly see that this is the case, say, Anselmo, have you not told me, that I must solicit her that is reserved, persuade her that is virtuous, bribe her that is disinterested, and court her that is prudent?—yes, you have told me so. If then you know, that you have a reserved, virtuous, disinterested, and prudent wife, what is it you would have more? And if you are of opinion she will come off victorious from all my attacks, as doubtless she will, what better titles do you think to bestow on her afterwards, than those she has already? or what will she be more then, than she is now? Either you do not take her for what you pretend, or you do not know what it is you ask. If you do not take her for what you say you do, to what purpose would you try her, and not rather suppose her guilty, and treat her as such? But, if she be as good as you believe her to be, it is impertinent to try experiments upon truth itself, since, when that is done, it will remain but in the same degree of esteem it had before. And therefore we must conclude, that to attempt things, from which mischief is more likely to ensue, than any advantage, is the part of rashness and inconsideration; and especially when they are such as we are in no respect forced or obliged to attempt, and when it may be easily seen at a distance, that the enterprise itself is downright madness. Difficult things are undertaken for the sake of God, of the world, or of both together: the first are enterprised by the saints, who endeavour to live a life of angels in human bodies: the second by those who traverse boundless oceans, visiting various climates, and many foreign nations, to acquire what are usually called the goods of fortune: and lastly, those which are undertaken for the sake of God and the world together, are the actions of brave soldiers, who if they espy in the enemy's wall a breach, though no bigger than may be made by a single cannon-ball, laying aside all fear, without deliberating, or regarding the manifest danger that threatens them, and borne upon the wings of desire to act in defence of their faith, their country, and their

king, will throw themselves intrepidly into the midst of a thousand opposing deaths that await them. These are the difficulties which are commonly attempted; and it is honour, glory, and advantage, to attempt them, though so full of dangers and inconveniences. But that, which you would have attempted and put in execution, will neither procure you the favour of Heaven, nor the goods of fortune, nor reputation among men. For, supposing the event to answer your desires, you will be neither happier, richer, nor more honoured than you are at present: and, if you should miscarry, you will find yourself in the most miserable condition that can be imagined; for then it will avail you nothing to think, that nobody knows the misfortune that has befallen you: it will sufficiently afflict and undo you, to know it yourself. And, as a farther confirmation of this truth, I will repeat a stanza from the famous poet Louis Tansilo, at the end of his first part of the "Tears of Saint Peter:"—

> "When conscious Peter saw the blushing east,
> He felt redoubled anguish in his breast,
> And, though by privacy secur'd from blame,
> Saw his own guilt, and seeing died with shame.
> For generous minds, betray'd into a fault,
> No witness want, but self-condemning thought:
> To such the conscious earth alone and skies
> Supply the place of thousand prying eyes."

And therefore its being a secret will not prevent your sorrow, but rather make it perpetual, and be a continual subject for weeping, it not tears from your eyes, tears of blood from your heart. But I have still something more to say upon this subject; which, I hope, will bring you to a full conviction of the great error you are going to commit.

"Tell me, Anselmo: if Heaven, or good fortune, had made you master and lawful possessor of a superlatively fine diamond, of the goodness and beauty of which all jewellers, who had seen it, were fully satisfied, and should unanimously declare, that, in weight, excellence, and beauty, it equalled whatever the nature of such a stone is capable of, and you yourself should believe as much, as knowing nothing to the contrary: would it be right that for some wild freak you should place the diamond between the anvil and the hammer, and, by mere dint of blows, try whether it was as hard, and as fine, as it was thought to be? And further, supposing this put in execution, and that the stone resist so foolish a trial, would it acquire thereby any additional value or reputation? and, if it should break, as it might, would not all be lost? yes, certainly, and its owner pass for a simple fellow in the opinion of everybody. Make account then, friend Anselmo, that Camilla is an exquisitely fine diamond, both in your own opinion, and in that of other people, and that it is unreasonable to put her to the hazard of being broken, since, though she should remain entire, she cannot rise in her value; and, should she fail, and not resist, consider in time what a condition you would be in without her, and how justly you might blame yourself, for having been the cause, both of her ruin and your own. There is no jewel in the world

so valuable as a chaste and virtuous woman; and all the honour of the sex consists in the good opinion the world has of them: and since that of your wife is unquestionably good, why will you bring this truth into doubt? Consider, friend, that woman is an imperfect creature, and that we should not lay stumbling-blocks in her path, to make her trip and fall, but rather remove them, and clear the way before her, that she may, without hindrance, advance towards her proper perfection, which consists in being virtuous. Naturalists inform us, that the ermine is a little white creature with a fine fur, and that when the hunters are desirous of catching it, they make use of this artifice: knowing the way it usually takes, or the places it haunts, they spread those places with dirt, and then frighten the creature with noise, and drive it towards them; and when the ermine comes to the dirt, it stands still, suffering itself rather to be taken, than, by passing through the mire, destroy and sully its whiteness, which it values more than liberty or life. The virtuous and modest woman is an ermine, and the virtue of chastity is whiter and cleaner than snow; and he who would not have her lose, but rather guard and preserve it, must take a quite different method from that which is used with the ermine: he must not lay in her way the mire of the courtship and assiduity of importunate lovers, since, perhaps, and without a perhaps, she may not have virtue and natural strength enough to enable her, of herself, to trample down and get clear of those impediments: but must remove such things out of her way, and set before her eyes pure and unspotted virtue, and the charms of an unblemished reputation. A virtuous woman may also be compared to a mirror of crystal, shining and bright, but liable to be sullied and dimmed by every breath that comes near it. A virtuous woman is to be treated in the same manner as relics are treated, to be adored, but not handled; or to be looked after and prized, like a fine garden full of roses and other flowers, the owner of which suffers nobody to walk among them, or touch them; but only at a distance, and through iron rails, to enjoy their fragrancy and beauty.

"All that I have hitherto said, O Anselmo, relates only to you: it is now fit I should say something concerning myself; and pardon me if I am prolix; for the labyrinth into which you have involved yourself, and from which you would have me extricate you, requires amplification. You look upon me as your friend, and yet, against all rules of friendship, would deprive me of my honour: nor is this all; you would have me take away yours. That you will rob me of mine is plain; for, when Camilla finds that I make love to her, as you desire I should, it is certain she will look upon me as a man dishonourable and base, since I attempt, and do a thing so contrary to what I owe to myself, and to your friendship. That you would have me deprive you of yours there is no doubt: for Camilla, perceiving that I make addresses to her, must think I have discovered some mark of lightness in her character, which has emboldened me to declare to her my guilty passion; and her looking upon herself as dishonoured, affects you as being her husband. But I will tell the reason, why the husband of a vicious wife is justly dishonoured, though he does not know that he

is, nor has been at all in fault, or connived at, or given her occasion to become such: and be not weary of hearing me since the whole will redound to your own advantage.

"When God created our first parent in the terrestrial Paradise, as the Holy Scripture informs he, he infused a sleep into Adam; and, while he slept, he took a rib out of his left side, of which he formed our mother Eve: and, when Adam awaked, and beheld her, he said, 'This is flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.' And God said, 'For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and they two shall be one flesh.' And at that time the holy sacrament of marriage was instituted, with such ties as death only can unbind. And this miraculous sacrament is of such force and virtue, that it makes two different persons to be but one flesh; nay, it doth more in the properly married; for though they have two souls, they have but one will. And hence it is, that, as the flesh of the wife is the very same with that of the husband, the blemishes or defects thereof are participated by the flesh of the husband, though, as is already said, he was not the occasion of them. For, as the whole body feels the pain of the foot, or of any other member, because they are all one flesh; and the head feels the smart of the ankle, though it was not the cause of it: so the husband partakes of the wife's dishonour, by being the selfsame thing with her. And as the honours and dishonours of the world all proceed from flesh and blood, those of the vicious wife being of this kind, the husband must of necessity bear his part in them, and be reckoned dishonoured, though he may not know it. Behold, then, O Anselmo, the danger to which you expose yourself, in seeking to disturb the quiet your virtuous consort enjoys. Consider, through how vain and impertinent a curiosity, you would stir up the humours that now lie dormant in her chaste breast. Reflect, that what you adventure to gain is little, and what you may lose will be so great, that I will pass over in silence what I want words to express. But, if all I have said be not sufficient to dissuade you from your preposterous design, you must look out for some other instrument of your disgrace and misfortune, for I resolve not to act this part, though I should thereby lose your friendship, which is the greatest loss I am able to conceive."

Here Lothario ceased, and Anselmo was so confounded and pensive, that, for some time, he could not answer him a word; but at last he said, "I have listened, friend Lothario, to all you have been saying to me, with the attention you may have observed; and in your arguments, examples, and comparisons, I plainly discover your great discretion, and the perfection of that friendship to which you have attained: I see also and acknowledge, that, in rejecting your opinion, and adhering to my own, I fly the good and pursue the evil. The trial may be made with ease, only by your beginning, though but coldly and feignedly, to court Camilla, who cannot be so yielding and pliant, that her modesty should fall to the ground at the first onset; and with this faint beginning I shall rest satisfied, and you will have complied with what you owe to our friendship, not only by restoring me to life, but by persuading me not to be the cause of my own dishonour. And there is one reason especially, which obliges

you to undertake this business, which is, that, since I am determined to put this experiment in practice, it behoves you not to let me disclose my frenzy to another person, and so hazard that honour you are endeavouring to preserve: and though your own should lose ground in Camilla's opinion, while you are making love to her, it is of little or no consequence; since, in a short time, when we have experienced in her the integrity we expect, you may then discover to her the pure truth of our contrivance; upon which you will not fail to regain your former credit with her. And since you hazard so little, and may give me so much pleasure by the risk, do not decline the task, whatever inconveniences may appear to you in it, since, as I have already said, I shall give up the cause for determined, if you will but make a beginning attempt."

Lothario, perceiving Anselmo's fixed resolution, and not knowing what other examples to produce, nor what farther reasons to offer, to dissuade him from his purpose, and finding he threatened to impart his extravagant desire to some one else, resolved, in order to avoid a greater evil, to gratify him, and undertake what he desired; but with a full purpose and intention so to order the matter, that, without giving Camilla any disturbance, Anselmo should rest satisfied. Therefore he returned for answer, that he should have no occasion to communicate his design to any other person, for he would take the business upon himself, and would begin it whenever he pleased. Anselmo embraced him with great tenderness and affection, thanking him for this offer, as if he had done him some great favour; and it was agreed between them, that he should begin the very next day, when he would give him opportunity and leisure to talk with Camilla alone, and would also furnish him with money and jewels to present her with. He advised him to ply her with music, and to write verses in her praise, and, if he thought it too much trouble, he would himself make them for him. Lothario consented to everything, but with an intention very different from what Anselmo imagined. Things thus settled, they returned to Anselmo's house, where they found Camilla waiting with great uneasiness and anxiety for her husband, who had that day been absent longer than usual. Lothario, after awhile, retired to his own house, and Anselmo remained in his, as contented as Lothario was pensive, reflecting what stratagem to invent to extricate himself out of this impertinent business: and at night he thought of a way by which to deceive Anselmo, without offending Camilla.

The next day Lothario went to dine with his friend, and was kindly received by Camilla, who always entertained and treated him with singular goodwill, knowing the affection her husband had for him. Dinner being ended, and the cloth taken away, Anselmo desired him to stay with Camilla while he went upon an urgent affair, which he would despatch, and be back in about an hour and a half. Camilla entreated him not to go, and Lothario offered to bear him company: but Anselmo would listen to neither; on the contrary, he importuned Lothario to wait his return; for he had a matter of great importance to talk to him about, and desired Camilla to entertain his friend in the best way she could during his absence. In short, he knew so

well how to counterfeit a necessity for leaving them, though that necessity proceeded only from his own folly, that no one could perceive it was feigned.

Anselmo went out, and Camilla and Lothario remained at table by themselves, the rest of the family being gone to dinner. Thus Lothario found himself fairly in the lists, as his friend had wished, with an enemy before him, able to conquer, by her beauty alone, a squadron of armed cavaliers: judge then, if he had no cause to fear. All he did, however, was to lean his cheek on his hand, his elbow resting on the arm of his chair, and, begging pardon of Camilla for his ill manners, expressed a wish to be indulged with a little sleep. Camilla answered, that he would be more at ease on a couch than in a chair, and desired him to walk into an adjoining room, where he would find one: but he excused himself, and continued where he was till the return of Anselmo; who, seeing him in the posture we have described, and Camilla retired to her chamber, believed, that, as he had stayed so long, they had found time sufficient both for conversation and repose, and he was impatient for Lothario to awake, that he might inquire into the nature of his success. Everything fell out to his wish. Lothario roused himself, they walked out together, and Anselmo having asked every question that suggested itself upon the subject of his curiosity, Lothario answered, that he had not thought it prudent, in the first opening scene, to proceed too far, and had therefore contented herself with telling her how extremely handsome and fascinating she was, of which the whole town seemed sensible, for it rung with the praises of her wit and beauty. This he thought a happy introduction, as it might serve to insinuate him into her good graces, and dispose her to listen favourably to him the next opportunity: and it was the same artifice which the devil employs, when he would seduce those who are on their guard, by transforming himself from an angel of darkness into an angel of light, and, setting plausible appearances before them, carries his point, if the cloven foot be not seen in the beginning. Anselmo was pleased and satisfied, and said, that he would give him a similar opportunity every day, without quitting his house, as he could easily contrive some employment, so that Camilla should never suspect his stratagem.

Many days passed, in which, though Lothario never addressed a word on the subject of love to Camilla, he told Anselmo, that he had made repeated attacks, without perceiving in her conduct the slightest tendency to weakness, or discovering a shadow of hope for himself: on the contrary, she threatened, if he did not relinquish his base design, to inform her husband of his perfidy.

"So far, it is well," said Anselmo: "she has withstood words; we must next see how she will withstand deeds: to-morrow I will give you two thousand crowns as a present for her, and as many more to purchase jewels as a lure; for women, however chaste, if they are handsome, love dress and decorations; and if she resist this temptation, I shall be satisfied, and will give you no farther trouble."

Lothario promised, that, as he had begun, he would go on with the enterprise, though he was sure he should come off humiliated and

repulsed. The next day he received the four thousand crowns, and with them four thousand confusions, not knowing what new lie to invent: however, he determined to tell his friend, that Camilla was as inflexible to presents as to words, and he need therefore weary himself no farther, for it was time wholly misspent. But fortune, which directed matters otherwise, so ordered it, that Anselmo, having left them together as usual, should shut himself up in an adjoining room, and by listening and looking through the keyhole, observe how they conducted themselves; when he discovered, that for more than half an hour, Lothario never addressed a syllable to her, nor would he have done, apparently, had he listened for an age. Hence he concluded that all his friend had told him of Camilla's answers was mere fiction and falsehood: and to ascertain whether it was so or not, he came out of the apartment, and, calling Lothario aside, asked, what news he had for him, and in what humour he found his wife. He replied, that he was resolved to pursue the business no farther, for she had treated him with such asperity and indignation, that he had not the courage to open his lips to her again upon the subject.

"Ah! Lothario, Lothario!" cried Anselmo, "how treacherously you fulfil your engagement, and abuse the confidence I reposed in your affection! I am just come from looking through the keyhole of that door, and have found that you have not spoken one word to Camilla; whence I infer that the preceding interviews have been the same, and that a first declaration is still to be made. If it be so, as I have no doubt, why thus deceive me? Why industriously deprive me of the means I might otherwise find to compass my desire?"

He said no more, but what he had said was sufficient to abash and confound Lothario; who, thinking his honour concerned, by being detected in a falsehood, swore to his friend, that from that moment he would faithfully undertake to satisfy him, and would no longer prevaricate; which he would find, if he had the curiosity to watch him; but he might save himself the trouble of doing so, for he would enter on the task so earnestly, that there should be no room for suspicion.

Anselmo had faith in his protestations; and that his opportunities might be secure, and less liable to surprise, he resolved to absent himself for a week, on a visit to a friend, who lived a few miles from the city, and who, as an excuse to Camilla, he contrived should give him a pressing invitation. Rash and unhappy Anselmo! what is it you are doing? what is it you are contriving? what is it you intend? Consider, you are acting against yourself, designing your own dishonour, contriving your own ruin.

The next day Anselmo went on his visit, having previously informed Camilla, that, during his absence, Lothario would take charge of the house, and regularly dine with her, and he requested her to treat him with the same respect, as she would himself. Camilla, like a discreet and virtuous woman, was troubled at this intelligence, and represented to her husband how improper it was, that any one in his absence should take his place at his table; and begged, if he were led to this step, from doubting her ability to manage the concerns of the

family, that he would put her to the trial, and he should find that she was equal to trusts of greater importance. Anselmo replied, that it was his pleasure it should be so, and she had nothing to do but to show a ready obedience. She accordingly acquiesced, though much against her inclination. Anselmo departed, and the next day Lothario came, and was received by Camilla with a kind and modest welcome. But she never exposed herself during the whole day to be left alone with him, being constantly attended by one or other of her servants, and especially by her own maid Leonela, to whom, as they had been brought up together from their infancy in her father's house, she was much attached, and who, upon her marriage with Anselmo, had been induced still to live with her.

During the first three days, Lothario never uttered a word to Camilla in furtherance of the project he had undertaken, though he had opportunities when the cloth was removed, and the servants were gone to make a hasty dinner; for so Camilla had directed; and Leonela was to dine every day before her mistress, that she might always be at her side: but she, having her thoughts intent upon other matters, and wanting to employ those hours, and every opportunity, to her own purposes and pleasures, did not always observe her mistress's injunctions, but often left them together, as if she had been expressly commanded to do so. Nevertheless the modest presence of Camilla, the gravity of her countenance, and her composed behaviour, awed Lothario, and bridled his tongue. But this influence of her virtues redounded to the greater prejudice of them both. For, if his tongue were still, his thoughts were in motion; and he had leisure to contemplate, one by one, those manifold perfections of worth and beauty, of which Camilla was mistress, and which were sufficient to inspire love into a statue of marble, and how much more into a heart of flesh. Lothario gazed at her, when he might have talked to her, and considered how worthy she was to be beloved: and, by little and little, this consideration began to undermine the regard he had for Anselmo; and, a thousand times, he was on the point of withdrawing from the city, and going where his friend should never see him more, nor he see Camilla: but the pleasure he took in beholding her, had already thrown an obstacle in the way of his virtuous intention. He did violence to his feelings, however, and had frequent struggles with his heart to get the better of the pleasure he received in gazing on her charms. When alone, he blamed himself for his rashness; he called himself a perfidious friend and a bad Christian. But he also reasoned upon, and made comparisons between, his own conduct and that of Anselmo; and the inference he drew was that Anselmo's folly and presumption were greater than his own infidelity; and if that which he had in his thoughts were but as excusable before God as it was before men, he should have no punishment to fear for his crime. In short, the beauty and accomplishments of Camilla, together with the opportunity which the thoughtless husband had put into his hands, quite overturned his integrity; and without regarding anything but the gratification of his passion, at the expiration of three days from the commencement of Anselmo's absence (during

which he had been in perpetual struggle with his desires) he commenced the plan of solicitation, and addressed such disordered, vehement, and passionate discourse to Camilla, that she was astonished, and could only rise from her seat and retire, being wholly incapable of uttering a word in reply. But Lothario's hope was not withered by this sudden blast, for hope being born with love, always lives with it. On the contrary, he was the more eager in the pursuit of his object; while she, discovering in him an evil she could never have imagined, was at a loss what conduct to adopt: but deeming it neither safe, nor decorous, to give him another opportunity, she resolved on writing to Anselmo, and that very night despatched a servant to him with the following letter:—

CAMILLA'S LETTER TO ANSELMO.

"It is commonly said, that an army makes but an ill appearance without its general, or a castle without its governor; but a young married woman, in my opinion, makes a still worse, without a husband, when there is no just cause for his absence. I am so uneasy without you, and so entirely unable to support this absence, that, if you do not return immediately, I must pass the remainder of the time at my father's house, though I leave yours without a guard; for the guard you left me, if you left him with that title, is, I suspect, more intent upon his own pleasure, than upon anything which concerns your interest: but, as you are wise, I shall say no more, nor is it proper that I should."

Anselmo, on receiving this letter, inferred from it, that Lothario had begun the attack, and that Camilla must have received his addresses unfavourably, as he had wished; and, overjoyed at this good news, he sent her a verbal message, not to move from her house upon any account, for he should speedily return. Camilla was surprised at this answer, which increased the perplexity she was in: for now she durst neither stay in her own house, nor retire to her father's; since, in staying, she hazarded her honour, and in going, she would act contrary to her husband's positive command. At length, she resolved upon that, which proved the worst of all; namely, to remain, and not shun Lothario, lest it should give her servants occasion to talk; and she was sorry for what she had written to Anselmo, fearing he might think his friend had observed signs of lightness in her conduct, which had emboldened him to lay aside the respect he owed her. But, with conscious integrity, she trusted in God, and her own virtuous disposition, resolving to oppose silence to whatever Lothario should say to her, without giving her husband any farther account, lest it should involve him in some quarrel or perplexity. She even began to consider how she might excuse him to Anselmo, when he should inquire into the cause of her writing such a letter.

With these thoughts, more honourable than prudent or beneficial, she sat the next day quietly listening to Lothario; who pleaded his cause so warmly, that her firmness began to totter, and her virtue

with difficulty gained access to her eyes, to prevent outward indications of a compassion, which his tears and eloquence had awakened in her breast. All this Lothario observed, and it contributed to inflame him the more. In short, he thought it necessary, whilst he had the time and opportunity, which Anselmo's absence afforded him, to shorten the siege of this fortress. He wept, entreated, flattered, and solicited with such earnestness and demonstrations of sincerity, that all her reserve was quite overthrown, and he at last triumphed. Even Camil'a surrendered; and what wonder, when even Lothario's friendship could not stand its ground! A striking example, showing us, that the passion of love is to be vanquished by flight alone, and that we must not pretend to grapple with so powerful an adversary, since, though the force be human, divine succours are necessary to subdue it. Leonela alone was privy to the frailty of her lady; for the two faithless friends, and new lovers, could not hide it from her. Lothario would not acquaint Camilla with Anselmo's project, nor with his having designedly given him the opportunity of arriving at the point he had gained, lest she should esteem his passion the less or should think he had made love to her by compulsion, rather than the more flattering one of choice.

In a few days, Anselmo returned. He went in search of Lothario, and found him at home. They embraced each other, and he eagerly inquired, "What news as to my life or death?"

"The news I have for you, my friend," said Lothario, "is, that you have a wife worthy to be the pattern and crown of all good women. The words I addressed to her were given to the wind; my offers have been despised, my presents refused; and of my feigned tears she made a jest and mockery. In short, as Camilla is the sum of all beauty, so is she the repository in which goodness, modesty, reserve, and every virtue which can make a woman praiseworthy and happy, are treasured. Therefore, friend, take back your money, which I had no occasion to use; for Camilla's integrity is not to be shaken by things so mean as promises and presents. Be satisfied, Anselmo, and seek for no farther proof; and since you have safely passed the gulf of those doubts and suspicions men are apt to entertain of women, do not expose yourself again on the deep sea of new disquiets, nor make a fresh trial, with another pilot, of the soundness and strength of the vessel, which Heaven has allotted you for your passage through the ocean of this world: but consider yourself arrived safe in port; and, secure with the anchor of serious consideration, lie by, until you are required to pay that duty, from which no human rank is exempted."

Anselmo was entirely satisfied with Lothario's account, and believed it as implicitly as if it had been delivered by an oracle. But he desired him nevertheless not to give over the chase, though he should continue it merely out of curiosity and amusement; adding, however, that, for the future, he need not ply the vessel so close. All he had now to wish was, that under the name of Chloris, he would write some verses in her praise, and he would give Camilla to understand that he was in love with a lady, to whom he had given that name, that he might celebrate her with the regard due to her modesty

and, if he was averse to the trouble of writing the verses himself, he would do it for him.

"There will be no occasion for that," said Lothario, "for the Muses are not so unpropitious but that, now and then, they make me a visit. Tell Camilla your thoughts of my counterfeit passion, and leave the verses to me; which, if they should not be as good as the subject deserves, shall, at least, be the best I can write."

This agreement being settled between the impertinent husband and the treacherous friend, Anselmo returned to his house, and inquired of Camilla the occasion of her writing the letter she had sent him. Camilla answered, that she fancied Lothario looked at her with a little more licence than he was accustomed to do when Anselmo was at home; but that now she was undeceived, and believed it to have been mere imagination; for, of late, he had avoided all opportunities of being alone with her. Anselmo replied, that she might be very secure upon the subject; for, to his knowledge, Lothario was in love with a young lady of condition in the city, whom his muse celebrated under the name of Chloris; and, though it were not so, she had nothing to fear, considering Lothario's virtue, and the close friendship that subsisted between them. Had not Camilla been advertised beforehand by Lothario, that this story of his love for Chloris was a fiction, and that he had told it Anselmo, that he might have an opportunity, now and then, of employing himself in the praises of herself, she had doubtless fallen into the desperate snare of jealousy: but, thus prepared, it gave her no disturbance.

Meantime her confidential servant, when she found that her mistress's conduct was not distinguished by the same purity as it used to be, had the assurance to introduce and conceal her own lover in the house, presuming that her lady, should she discover it, would not dare to complain. And thus another inconvenience attends the failings of mistresses, that they become slaves to their very servants, and are obliged to conceal their dishonesty, as was the case with Camilla: for, though she saw, not once only, but often, that Leonela entertained her lover, a young gentleman of the city, in the house, so far was she from daring to reprimand her, that she gave her opportunities of concealing him, and did all she could to prevent his being observed by her husband. But all their caution could not screen him from the eyes of Lothario, who seeing him one morning at break of day, coming out of the house, and not knowing who he was, thought at first it must be some apparition: but when he saw him steal off, muffling himself up, and concealing himself with care, he changed one foolish opinion for another, which would have been the ruin of them all, if Camilla had not remedied it. Lothario was so far from thinking that the man, whom he had discovered hurrying out of Anselmo's house, at so unseasonable an hour, had come thither upon Leonela's account, that he did not so much as remember there was such a person as Leonela in the world. What he thought, was, that Camilla, as she had been easy and complying to him, was so to another person: for this additional mischief attends an indiscreet woman, that her credit is weakened even with the man to whose entreaties

she has surrendered her honour; and he is ready to believe, upon the slightest grounds, that she yields to new lovers with still greater facility.

All Lothario's good sense, and prudent reasonings, seem to have failed him upon this occasion: for, without making one proper, or even rational reflection, impatient, blinded with a jealous rage, and dying to be revenged on Camilla, who had offended him in nothing, he posted, without farther examination, to Anselmo before he was up, and said to him—

"Anselmo, for several days past, I have struggled with myself, to keep from you what it is no longer possible or just to conceal. Know, then, that the fort is surrendered. I have delayed discovering to you this truth, that I might satisfy myself, whether it proceeded from any lightness in your wife, or that she had a mind to try, if in the love which, with your connivance, I made to her, I was in earnest. I waited also to ascertain, whether she would give you an account of my solicitations, which, had she been what she ought, and we believed her to be, she would have done; that however not being the case, I conclude she intends to keep the promise she has made, of giving me a meeting, the next time you are from home. Since the crime however is not yet committed, except in thought, I would not have you run precipitately to your revenge; for, perhaps, between this and the time of executing her promise, she may change her mind, and repent. And therefore, as you have hitherto followed my advice, in whole or in part, follow and observe what I shall now give you, that, without the possibility of being mistaken, you may satisfy yourself, and then determine, upon the maturest deliberation, what is best to be done. Pretend an absence of three or four days, as you have done before, and contrive to hide yourself in the wardrobe, where the tapestry and other moveables may serve to conceal you: and you will see with your own eyes, as I shall with mine, what are Camilla's intentions; and if they incline to wickedness, as is rather to be feared than hoped, you may, with secrecy and caution, be the avenger of your own injury."

Anselmo was confounded, astonished, thunderstruck at Lothario's declaration, which came upon him at a time when he least expected it. He stood silent for awhile, his eyes fixed motionless on the ground, and at length said, "Lothario, you have executed faithfully what I expected from your friendship; I shall follow your advice in everything; do what you please, but be as secret as so unlooked for an event requires."

Lothario promised him that he would; but scarcely had he quitted the room, when he began to repent of everything he had said, and was convinced he had acted a most absurd part, since he might have revenged himself on Camilla by a less cruel and less dishonourable method. He cursed his want of sense, condemned his heedless resolution, and was at a loss how to undo what was done, or to get decently out of the scrape. At last he resolved to discover all to Camilla; and, as he could not long want an opportunity of doing it, that very day he found her alone; but, immediately, on his coming

in, before he could say a word to her, she thus accosted him: "My dear Lothario, I have an uneasiness at heart, which tortures me to such a degree, that I feel as if it were ready to break: and, indeed, I am surprised it does not; for Leonela's impudence is arrived to such a pitch, that she, every night, entertains her lover in the house, to the extreme prejudice of my reputation, which is thus exposed to the censure of whoever may see him go out at such an unseasonable hour, and what adds to my concern is, that I dare not chastise, or so much as reprimand her for her effrontery; for her being in the secret of our correspondence, puts a bridle into my mouth, and obliges me to conceal hers; from which I cannot help fearing some unlucky event will befall us."

At first, when Camilla said this, Lothario believed it a stroke of cunning to deceive and persuade him, that the man he saw going out was Leonela's gallant, and not hers; but, perceiving that she wept, and afflicted herself, and begged his assistance in finding a remedy for the evil, he changed his opinion, and was filled with confusion and sorrow for what he had done. He desired however that she would make herself easy, for he would soon take an effectual course to restrain Leonela's insolence. He then informed her what the furious rage of jealousy had instigated him to do, and how it was agreed, that Anselmo should hide himself in the wardrobe, to be an eye-witness, from thence, of her disloyalty to him. He begged pardon for this madness, and requested her advice how to counteract what was done, and extricate them out of the perplexed labyrinth in which his rashness had involved them. Camilla was astonished at what she heard, and reproached him for the ill thoughts he had entertained of her; at the same time setting before him, with many and discreet reasons, the folly and inconsiderateness of the step he had taken. But, as women have naturally a more ready invention, be it for good or bad purposes, than men, though it often fails them in premeditated schemes, Camilla instantly hit upon a way to remedy an affair seemingly incapable of all remedy; and bid Lothario take care that Anselmo hid himself the next day in the place he had proposed: and, without letting him into the whole of her design, she only desired, when Anselmo was at his post, that he would be ready at Leonela's call, and take care to answer to whatever she should say to him, just as he would do, if he did not know that Anselmo was listening. Lothario pressed her to explain herself further, that he might, with the more safety and caution, be upon his guard in all that he might deem necessary. "No other guard," said Camilla, "is necessary, but that you answer directly to what I shall ask you." For she was not willing to let him into the secret of what she intended to do, lest he should disapprove of the plan, which she thought so good, and devise some other, not likely to prove equally successful.

Lothario then left her; and, the next day, Anselmo, under pretence of going to his friend's villa, quitted the house, but turned presently back to conceal himself; which he might conveniently do, for Camilla and Leonela were out of the way on purpose. When

assured of the fact that he was behind the hangings, they entered the room, and instantly Camilla, heaving a deep sigh, said, "Ah, my dear Leonela, would it not be better, before I carry into execution, that which I would keep secret from you, lest you should endeavour to prevent it, that you should take Anselmo's dagger, and plunge it into this infamous heart? But no; it is not reasonable that I should bear the punishment of another's fault. I will first know, from his own lips, what the bold eyes of Lothario saw in me that could give him the assurance to disclose to me so wicked a passion, in contempt of his friend's honour and my own. Go to the window, Leonela, and call him; for doubtless he is waiting in the street, in the hope of succeeding in his villanous purpose. But first my cruel, but honourable intentions shall be executed."

"Ah, dear madam," answered the cunning and well-instructed Leonela, "what is it you intend to do with this dagger? Is it to take away your own life, or Lothario's? Whichever of the two it be, it will redound alike to the ruin of your credit and fame. A mischief upon my master Anselmo, for giving this impudent fellow such an ascendant in his house. But pray, madam, if you kill him, as I imagine you intend, what shall we do with him after he is dead?"

"Do with him?" answered Camilla, "why, leave him here for Anselmo to bury; for it is but just he should have the agreeable trouble of interring his own infamy. Go, call him, I say; for every moment I lose in delaying to take revenge for my wrong, methinks I offend against the loyalty I owe my husband."

All this Anselmo listened to, and, at every word Camilla spoke, his sentiments changed. But when he understood that she intended to use the dagger against Lothario's life, he was inclined to prevent it, by coming out and discovering himself; but was withheld by the strong desire he had to see what would be the end of so brave and virtuous a resolution: purposing, however, to appear time enough to prevent mischief. Camilla was now seized with a strong fainting fit; and throwing herself upon a couch, Leonela began to weep bitterly, bewailing, "Ah! woe is me! that I should be so unhappy as to see die here, between my arms, the flower of the human virtue, the crown of good women, the pattern of chastity!" with other expressions of similar import, that nobody, who had heard her, but would have taken her for the most compassionate and faithful damsel in the universe, and her lady for another persecuted Penelope. Camilla soon recovered from her swoon, and, when she was come to herself, she said, "Why do you not go, Leonela, and call the most faithless of all friends that the sun ever beheld, or the night ever covered? Be quick, run, fly! let not the fire of my rage be spent by delay, and the just vengeance I mean to take, pass off in empty threats and revilings."

"I am going," said Leonela; "but, dear madam, you must first give me that dagger; lest when I am gone, you should do a thing which might give those who love you cause to weep all the days of their lives."

"Go, dear Leonela, and fear not," said Camilla; 'I will not do it

for though I am resolute in defending my honour, I shall not act like that Lucretia, of whom it is said, that she killed herself without having committed any fault, and without first taking his life, who was the cause of her misfortune. Yes, I will die, if die I must; but it shall be after I have satiated my revenge on the wretch who is the occasion of my being now here to bewail his insolence, which no misconduct of mine has in the slightest degree authorized."

Leonela wanted a great deal of entreaty before she would call Lothario; but at last she went, and while she was away, Camilla, as if she was talking to herself, said, "Good God! would it not have been more advisable to have dismissed Lothario, as I have often done before, than to give him reason to think ill of me, though it be only for the short time that I defer the undeceiving him? Doubtless it would have been better; but neither shall I be revenged, nor will my husband's honour be satisfied, if from an attempt, to which his wicked thoughts alone have led him, he escape. But after all it would perhaps be a better step still to disclose the whole to Anselmo. I have already hinted the subject to him, in the letter I wrote while he was in the country; and his neglecting to remedy the threatened mischief must be owing to his own purity of heart, and a blind confidence in Lothario, which would not let him believe that the least thought to the prejudice of his honour could be lodged in the breast of so faithful a friend; nor did I myself believe it for many days, nor should ever have believed it, had not his daring by presents, large promises, and continual tears, put it beyond all dispute." And she walked up and down the room with such disordered steps and strange gestures, the drawn dagger in her hand, that she seemed quite beside herself, and might have been taken for some desperate ruffian instead of a soft and delicate woman.

Anselmo, in perfect amazement, observed all this from behind the arras where he had hid himself, and he already thought what he had seen and heard more than sufficient to balance his suspicions, had they been greater than they were, and began to wish that Lothario might not come, for fear of some sudden disaster. Indeed, he was upon the point of discovering himself, of flying out to embrace and undeceive his wife, when he was prevented by seeing Leonela return with his friend, whom Camilla no sooner beheld, than she drew with the dagger a long line between her and him, and said, "Take notice signor, of what I say: if you shall dare to pass this line, or even come near it, the moment I perceive the attempt, I will pierce my breast with this weapon; and before you answer a word to this, hear what I have farther to say, and then reply as you please. In the first place, I would ask whether you know Anselmo, my husband, and in what estimation you hold him? And in the next place, I would be informed whether you know me? The questions are not difficult, and may be answered promptly, without perturbation or study." Lothario was not so ignorant but that, from the instant Camilla desired him to advise Anselmo to hide himself, he guessed what she intended, and accordingly humoured her design so well, that they were able between them to make the counterfeit pass for

something more than truth; and he therefore answered in this manner—

"I did not imagine, fair Camilla, that you called me hither to answer to things so wide of the purpose for which I supposed myself invited. But that you may not reproach me with not answering your questions, I reply that I know your husband Anselmo well, for we have been intimate from our tenderest years. Of our friendship I will say nothing, that I may not be a witness against myself of the wrong which love, that powerful excuse for greater faults, has led me to commit. You too I know, and prize as highly as he does; for were it otherwise, did you possess less excellence, I should not have acted so contrary to my duty as a gentleman, and so much against the holy laws of true friendship, which I have broken and violated, through the tyranny of that uncontrollable power I have mentioned."

"If you acknowledge so much," replied Camilla, "with what face, mortal enemy of all that justly deserves to be loved, dare you appear before her whom you know to be the mirror that reflects him, and in whose affection you might have seen whether you had reasonable grounds on which to build your presumption? But ah, unhappy that I am! a light dawns upon me, leading me to discover what it was that made you forget yourself; it was doubtless some indiscretion on my part, for I will not call it by the name of immodesty, since it proceeded not from design, but from some one of those inadvertences into which women frequently fall unawares when there is nobody present before whom they think they need be upon the reserve. But tell me, O traitor, when did I ever answer your addresses with any word or sign that could give you the least shadow of hope. When were your advances not repulsed and rebuked with rigour and severity? When were your promises and presents believed or accepted? But knowing that no one can persevere long in an affair of love, unless it be kept alive by some hope, I take upon myself the blame of your impertinence; and therefore I will chastise and inflict that punishment on myself which your offence merits. And to convince you that being so severe to myself, I could not possibly be otherwise to you, I have invited you hither to be a witness to the sacrifice I intend to make to the offended honour of my worthy husband, injured by you with the greatest imaginable deliberation, and by me through carelessness in not shunning the occasion, if occasion I gave, of countenancing in any way your wicked intentions. Yes, I will die, but I will die bearing with me the blood of one whose death shall entirely satisfy the thirst of that revenge which I partly enjoy already in the reflection that I shall have before my eyes, to what place soever I go, the sentence of impartial justice strictly executed on the villain who has reduced me to this desperate condition."

Saying this, she flew at Lothario, with the drawn dagger, so quickly, so violently, and with such seeming earnestness, to stab him to the heart, that he was almost in doubt himself, whether the efforts were feigned or real; and was obliged to use his dexterity and strength to prevent his being wounded. Indeed, she played the coun-

terfeit part so much to the life, that, to give this strange imposture a colour of truth, she resolved to stain it with her own blood. Perceiving, therefore, or pretending, that she could not wound Lothario, she said, "Since fortune denies to my just desires a complete satisfaction, it shall not defeat it entirely."

And struggling to free her dagger-hand, which was held by Lothario, she succeeded; and, directing the point of the weapon to a part where it might give but a slight wound, she stabbed herself above the breast, near the left shoulder, and fell upon the floor as in a swoon. Leonela and Lothario were now in greater astonishment than before, and more at a loss what to think of the event, especially when they saw Camilla lying at her length, and bathed in her own blood. Lothario, frighted, and breathless, hastened to draw out the dagger; when, perceiving the wound had but little depth, his fears vanished, and he could not help admiring anew the sagacity, prudence, and great ingenuity of the fair tragedian. And now, to act his part, he began a long and sorrowful lamentation over the body of Camilla, as if she were dead, imprecating heavy curses, not only on himself, but on him who had been the original cause of this calamitous scene; and, knowing that his friend Anselmo was listening to what passed, he uttered such things, that whoever had heard them, would have pitied him more than Camilla herself, though they had judged her to be really dead. Leonela took her in her arms, and having laid her on the couch, besought Lothario to procure, and introduce privately, some one to dress the wound; and was anxious for his advice and opinion, as to what should be said to Anselmo, should he unfortunately come home before it was healed. To this he replied, that she might say what she pleased; that he was not in a condition to give advice worth following; he bid her, however, endeavour to stanch the blood; and, as for himself, he would go where he should never be seen more. And, with a show of much sorrow and concern, he left the house; but when he found himself alone, and unseen, he crossed himself repeatedly, in admiration of the cunning of Camilla, and the no less subtle behaviour of her maid. He was pleased, too, with reflecting, that now Anselmo must have a thorough assurance of his wife being a second Portia; and he longed to be with him, that they might rejoice together at the imposture, so nearly resembling truth, that perhaps no artful disguise was ever carried farther.

Leonela, as desired, stopped the flowing of her mistress's blood, which was just as much as was necessary to give the wonted effect to the stratagem; and washing the wound with a little wine, she bound it up as well as she could, uttering all the while such pathetic things in her praise, that Anselmo could not but believe his wife the very mirror of chastity. To those of Leonela, Camilla added her lamentations, calling herself poor-spirited and a coward, in that she had failed in resolution, at a time when she stood most in need of it, to deprive herself of a life which she so much abhorred. She asked her maid's advice, whether she should disclose what had happened to her husband; and the maid advised that nothing should be said about it, since, if he knew it, he would be under the necessity of revenging

himself on Lothario, which would be attended with danger to himself; and it was the duty of a good woman not only to avoid all occasion of involving her husband in a quarrel, but, as far as lay in her power, to prevent it. Camilla expressed her approbation of this advice, and said she would follow it; but then what could she say to Anselmo about the wound, which he must needs see. The maid affected to be at a loss here, observing, that, for her part, she could not tell a lie, even in jest.

"How, then, can I?" replied Camilla, "who dare not invent, or persist in one, though my life were at stake? If we cannot contrive some means of conquering this difficulty, it will be better to tell at once the whole truth, than be detected in a false story."

"Be in no pain, madam," answered Leonela, "about the matter; for, between this and to-morrow morning, I will study what is best to be done; and perhaps, the wound being where it is, he may not observe it, and Heaven may befriend us. Compose yourself, therefore, good madam; endeavour to quiet your spirits, that my master, should he return, may not find you in this disorder; and leave the rest to my care, and to that of Heaven, which never fails to favour just and honourable intentions."

Anselmo stood listening, with the utmost attention, to this tragedy of the death of his honour, which the actors represented with such strange and appropriate passions, that it seemed as if they were transformed into the very characters they personated; and he longed for night, that he might have an opportunity of escaping to his dear Lothario, and rejoice with him on finding, in the confirmed virtue of his wife, which the denouement evinced, so precious a jewel. The opportunity he wanted, they took care he should not be long without, and he did not fail to embrace it; and, having found his friend, it would be difficult to describe the eagerness with which he embraced him, the satisfaction he expressed at his conduct, and the praises he heaped on Camilla. In Lothario, however, there were no signs of corresponding joy, for he could not but reflect how cruelly his friend was deceived, and how ungenerously he treated him. Anselmo observed that he did not partake of his joy; but he ascribed it to the wound Camilla had inflicted on herself, and of which he had been the occasion; he therefore requested him to be in no pain on that account, for the wound could be but slight, as she had agreed with her maid upon concealing it; and as there was nothing to be feared, he hoped he would cast off his gloom, and be jocund with him, since it was by his means he found himself raised to the highest pitch of happiness he could wish to attain.

Anselmo, the most agreeably deceived man in the world, now led home by the hand the instrument, as he thought, of his glory, but, in reality, the perdition of his fame. The imposture was carried on for several months; but fortune at last turned her wheel, and the iniquity till then so artfully concealed, came to light, and poor Anselmo's Impertinent Curiosity cost him his life.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The dreadful battle Don Quixote fought with certain wine-skins.

THERE remained but little more of the novel to be read when Sancho Panza came running out of Don Quixote's chamber in a terrible fright, crying out, "Help, help, good people! help my master! He is just now at it tooth and nail with that same giant, the Princess Micomicona's foe; I never saw a more dreadful battle in my born days. He has lent him such a blow, that whip off went the giant's head, as round as a turnip."

"You are mad, Sancho," said the curate, starting up astonished; "is thy master such a wonderful hero as to fight a giant at two thousand leagues distance?"

Upon this they presently heard a noise and bustle in the chamber, and Don Quixote bawling out, "Stay, villain! robber, stay! since I have thee here, thy scimitar shall but little avail thee!" and with this they heard him strike with his sword with all his force against the walls.

"Good folks," said Sancho, "my master does not want your hearkening; why do not you run in and help him? though I believe it is after-meat mustard; for sure the giant is dead by this time, and giving an account of his ill life; for I saw his blood run all about the house, and his head sailing in the middle on it; but such a head! it is bigger than any wine-skin in Spain."*

"Mercy on me!" cried the innkeeper, "I will be cut like a cucumber, if this Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not been hacking my wine-skins that stood filled at his bed's head, and this coxcomb has taken the spilt liquor for blood."

Then running with the whole company into the room, they found the poor knight in the most comical posture imaginable.

He wore on his head a little red greasy nightcap of the innkeeper's; he had wrapped one of the best blankets about his left arm for a shield; and wielded his drawn sword in the right, laying about him pell-mell; with now and then a start of some military expression, as if he had been really engaged with some giant. But the best jest of all, he was all this time fast asleep; for the thoughts of the adventure he had undertaken had so wrought on his imagination that his depraved fancy had in his sleep represented to him the kingdom of Micomicon and the giant; and dreaming that he was then fighting him, he assaulted the wine-skins so desperately that he set the whole chamber afloat with good wine. The innkeeper, enraged to see the havoc, flew at Don Quixote with his fists; and had not Cardenio and the curate taken him off, he had proved a giant indeed against the knight. All this could not wake the poor Don, till the barber, throw-

* In Spain they keep their wines in the skin of a goat, sheep, or other beast, pitched within, and sewed close without.

ing a bucket of cold water on him, wakened him from his sleep, though not from his dream.

Sancho ran up and down the room searching for the giant's head, till, finding his labour fruitless, "Well, well," said he, "now I see plainly that this house is haunted; for now the giant's head that I saw cut off with these eyes is vanished, and I am sure I saw the body spout blood like a pump."

"What prating and nonsense!" said the innkeeper; "I tell you, rascal, it is my wine-skins that are slashed, and my wine that runs about the floor here."

"Well, well," said Sancho, "do not trouble me; I only tell you that I cannot find the giant's head, and my earldom is gone after it; and so I am undone, like salt in water."

And truly Sancho's waking dream was as pleasant as his master's when asleep. The innkeeper was almost mad to see the foolish squire harp so on the same string with his frantic master, and swore they should not come off now as before; that their chivalry should be no satisfaction for his wine, but that they should pay him sauce for the damage, and for the very leathern patches which the wounded wine-skins would want.

Don Quixote in the meanwhile, believing he had finished his adventure, and mistaking the curate, that held him by the arms, for the Princess Micomicona, fell on his knees before him, and with a respect due to a royal presence, "Now may your highness," said he, "great and illustrious princess, live secure, free from any further apprehensions from your conquered enemy; and now I am acquitted of my engagement, since, by the assistance of Heaven, and the influence of her favour by whom I live and conquer, your adventure is so happily achieved."

"Did not I tell you so, gentlefolks?" said Sancho; "who is drunk or mad now? See if my master has not already put the giant in pickle? I am an earl as sure as possible."

The whole company (except the unfortunate innkeeper) were highly diverted at the extravagances of both. At last, the barber, Cardenio, and the curate, having with much ado got Don Quixote to bed, he presently fell asleep, being heartily tired; and then they left him to comfort Sancho Panza for the loss of the giant's head; but it was no easy matter to appease the innkeeper, who was at his wit's end for the unexpected and sudden fate of his wine-skins.

The hostess in the meantime ran up and down the house crying and roaring: "In an ill hour," said she, "did this unlucky knight-errant come into my house; I wish, for my part, I had never seen him, for he has been a dear guest to me. He and his man, his horse and his ass, went away last time without paying me a cross for their supper, their bed, their litter, and provender; and all, forsooth, because he was seeking adventures. What, in the wide world, have we to do with his statutes of chivalry? If they oblige him not to pay, they should oblige him not to eat neither. It was upon this score that the other fellow took away my good tail; it is clean spoiled, the hair is all torn off, and my husband can never use it again. And now to come upon me again with destroying my wine-skins, and spilling

my liquor. But I will be paid, so I will, to the last maravedis, or I will disown my name, and forswear my mother." Her honest maid Maritornes seconded her fury; but Master Curate stopped their mouths by promising that he would see them satisfied for their wine and their skins, but especially for the tail which they made such a clatter about. Dorothea comforted Sancho, assuring him that whenever it appeared that his master had killed the giant, and restored her to her dominions, he should be sure of the best earldom in her disposal. With this he buckled up again, and vowed "that he himself had seen the giant's head, by the same token that it had a beard that reached down to his middle; and if it could not be found, it must be hid by witchcraft, for everything went by enchantment in that house, as he had found to his cost when he was there before." Dorothea answered that she believed him; and desired him to pluck up his spirits, for all things would be well.

Tranquillity being now restored, the priest was desirous of reading the remainder of the novel, for he saw that it drew towards a close, and the rest of the company wishing him to do so, to please both himself and them, he went on with the story as follows:—

Now it was that Anselmo, from the satisfaction he felt in the supposed virtue of his wife, begun to taste the sweets of that felicity, which content and security could give him; while Camilla looked with seeming displeasure on Lothario, that her husband might think he was an object rather of hatred to her than love. As a further disguise, Lothario on his part begged his friend to excuse his coming to his house, since it was manifest that his presence gave uneasiness to Camilla. But the deceived Anselmo would by no means consent to this: and thus, in a thousand different ways, he became the contriver of his own dishonour, while he thought he was laying up for himself an increasing store of happiness. As for Leonela, she was so pleased to find herself thus at liberty to follow her inclinations, that she grew regardless of everything.

One night, however, Anselmo heard somebody walking in her chamber, and being desirous of knowing who it was, he found, on attempting to go in, the door held against him. This increased his curiosity, and with an effort of strength he burst open the door, when, as he entered, he saw a man leap from the window into the street; but he was not quick enough to lay hold of him, or ascertain who he was, being prevented by Leonela, who clung about him, crying—

"Pray, dear sir, do not be angry, do not pursue the person who has escaped by the window: he came here on my account: he is, indeed he is, my husband."

Anselmo would not believe a word of what she said, and, blind with rage, he drew his poniard, protesting, if she did not tell him the whole truth, he would instantly put her to death. Terrified, and not knowing what she said, she answered—

"Do not kill me, sir, and I will tell you things of greater importance than you can imagine."

"Be quick, then, in your communication," said Anselmo, "or you are a dead woman."

"In my present agitation it is impossible," said Leonela; "wait till

to-morrow and you shall learn what will amaze you; but I assure you, sir, he who jumped out of the window is a young man of this city, who has given me a promise of marriage."

With this declaration Anselmo was in some degree pacified, and consented to wait the time she desired, not dreaming he should hear anything to the prejudice of Camilla, of whose virtue he was so satisfied and secure; but on quitting the room he took the precaution of locking up Leonela, telling her that she should not stir out of it till she had made the promised discovery. From the chamber of Leonela he went immediately to Camilla and related to her all that had passed, and the promise her maid had made to acquaint him with things of the utmost importance. It is needless to ask whether Camilla was disturbed at this intelligence: so greatly was she disturbed, that believing, and not without reason, that Leonela would disclose all she knew of her disloyalty, she had not the courage to wait the event of her suspicion, but that very night, when Anselmo was asleep, taking with her all her best jewels and what money she could, she left the house without being perceived by any one, and hastened to Lothario, to whom she recounted what had passed, begging him to conduct her to a place of safety, or fly with her to some retreat in which they might live secure from her husband's pursuit. The confusion of Lothario at what she related was so great, that for awhile he could not answer a word, much less resolve on what was to be done. At length, recovering himself, he determined on placing her in a convent of which the prioress was his sister, and Camilla consenting, he conducted her thither with all the expedition which the case required, and commending her to the friendly offices of the abbess, departed himself in haste from the city, without communicating the occasion of his flight to any soul breathing.

As soon as it was day, Anselmo, without missing Camilla from his side, so impatient was he to know what Leonela had to impart, rose and went to the room in which he had shut her up: but on opening the door and going in, he found that his prisoner was gone, and perceiving the sheets tied to the window, he wanted no other proof in what way she had effected her escape. Full of concern, he instantly returned to acquaint Camilla with the circumstance, and not finding her in bed, nor anywhere in the house, he was in the utmost astonishment. He made inquiries of every servant, but no one could give him the least tidings. It happened, however, in the course of his search, that he found her cabinet open, and upon inspecting it, most of her jewels gone; and then it was that the suspicion of his disgrace first entered his head, and that his wife, not Leonela, was the cause of his misfortune. Half dressed as he was, he went sad and pensive to give an account of his disaster to his friend Lothario, and when he learned from the servants that he had gone away in the night, and had taken with him all the ready money he had, his senses nearly forsook him. To complete his wretchedness, when he returned to his house he found it deserted, not a servant, male or female, being anywhere to be seen in it. In this miserable dilemma, he was at a loss what to think, say, or do, and was so truly bewildered, that his

mind began to fail him. In an instant he found himself deprived of wife, friend, and servants, and abandoned, as he thought, by the heavens that covered him, and above all robbed of his honour by the misconduct of Camilla, which he considered as the consummation of his ruin. Reflecting as well as he could, he resolved at last to go to the country-house of his friend, whom he had visited when he furnished the opportunity of plotting this unhappy business. He accordingly locked the doors of his house, and mounting his horse, set out greatly oppressed in spirit; but before he had gone half way, overwhelmed by his melancholy thoughts, he was obliged to alight, and tying his horse to a tree, he fell down at the foot of it, giving vent to the most heart-rending sighs and lamentations. Here he remained till the approach of night, when seeing a man on horseback coming from the city, he saluted him, and inquired what news there was in Florence.

"The strangest," replied the citizen, "that has been heard this many a day; for it is publicly reported that Lothario, the particular friend of Anselmo the rich, who lived at St. John's, last night carried off Camilla, the wife of Anselmo, and that he also is missing. The discovery, it seems, was made by Camilla's maid to the governor, who caught her in the night letting herself down by a sheet from a window of Anselmo's house. I am not acquainted with the particulars, but I know that the whole city is in a blaze at an event so little to be expected from the friendship that subsisted between the two gentlemen, which was of so extraordinary a nature, that they were styled on account of it the Two Friends."

"Is it known what road the runaways have taken?" said Anselmo.

"No, it is not," replied the citizen; "but the governor has ordered diligent search to be made after them."

This inauspicious news reduced Anselmo to the brink, not only of losing his senses, but his life. He remounted, however, as well as he could, and arrived at the house of his friend, who had not heard of his misfortune, but from his looking so pale, spiritless, and faint, concluded that some heavy affliction was upon him. He begged that he might be permitted to retire to a bedroom and furnished with pen, ink, and paper, which being done, he was left alone on the bed, and the door locked, as he also requested. In this situation he felt his mind so overcharged with his misfortunes, that he plainly perceived his end was approaching, and resolving to leave behind him some account of his strange and unexpected death, he began to write; but before he could execute his whole intention, his breath failed him, and he expired, a victim to that sorrow which his own impertinent curiosity had occasioned. The master of the house, finding it grow late, and that his friend did not call, resolved to go to him to inquire if he were better, and he found him lying on his face, his body half in bed and half resting on the table, the paper lying open, and the pen still in his hand. Having spoken to him without receiving an answer, he was induced to take him by the hand, and he found him so cold and stiff that he inferred he had for some time breathed his last. Surprised and troubled, he called the family together to be

witnesses of the sad disaster, and taking up the paper, he read these words, which he knew to be in the handwriting of Anselmo:—

"A foolish and impertinent curiosity has deprived me of life. If the news of my death should reach the ears of Camilla, let her know that I forgive her, for she was neither obliged to work miracles, nor I to require them at her hands; and since I have been the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason why——"

Thus far only had he written; by which it would appear as if life had deserted him before he could finish the sentence. The next day his friend sent an account of the circumstance of his death to his relations, who had already heard of his misfortune, and of Camilla having retired to a convent, where she was almost in a condition to accompany him in the last inevitable journey, not from the intelligence of his death, but the absence of her lover. Though now a widow, it was said she would neither quit the convent nor take the veil, till a short time after that the news reached her of Lothario having been killed in a battle fought about that time between the renowned Captain Gonzalo Fernandez of Cordova, and Monsieur de Lautrec, in the kingdom of Naples, whither the too late repenting friend had retreated. Then she assumed the religious habit, and in a few days, like the husband she had disgraced, resigned her life into the rigorous hands of grief and melancholy. Such was the untimely end of all the parties engaged in this fatal drama, which owed its rise to an instance of extravagant rashness and indiscretion.

"I do not dislike this novel," said the priest, as he finished it; "but I cannot persuade myself that it is a true story; and if it be fiction, the author has erred greatly against probability, for there cannot be supposed a husband so senseless as to venture upon so dangerous an experiment as that of Anselmo. The manner of telling, however, is not unpleasant."

CHAPTER XXX.

Containing an account of many surprising incidents in the inn.

As the priest finished his comment on the novel, the host, who stood at the inn-door, said, "Here comes a goodly company of guests. If they stop here, we shall sing Gaudeamus."*

"What sort of persons are they?" said Cardenio.

"Four gentlemen," answered the host, "on horseback à la gineta,† with lances and targets, and black masks on their faces;‡ and a lady on a side-saddle, dressed in white, her face likewise covered; and two lads behind on foot."

"Are they near?" asked the priest.

"So near," replied the innkeeper, "that they are already at the gate."

Dorothea hearing this, veiled her face, and Cardenio retired to Don Quixote's chamber; and scarcely had they done so, when the com-

* O be joyful. † With short stirrups. ‡ A Moorish fashion.

pany mentioned by the host entered the inn-yard. The four horsemen, who seemed by their appearance to be persons of distinction, having alighted, went to help the lady from her horse; and one of them, taking her in his arms, placed her in a chair, which stood at the door of the chamber into which Cardenio had withdrawn. All this time not one of them had unmasked or spoken a word; but the lady, on sitting down in the chair, breathed a deep sigh, and then let her arms fall, like a person indisposed and ready to faint. The servants on foot having taken the horses to the stable, the priest, desirous to know who they were in such odd guise, and observing such profound silence, followed the lads, and inquired of one of them.

"Really, signor," said he, "I cannot inform you; but I take them to be persons of considerable quality, especially he who lifted the lady from her horse, because the others pay him such respect and do nothing but what he orders and directs."

"And the lady, pray, who is she?" demanded the priest.

"Neither can I tell that," replied the servant, "for I have not seen her face during the whole journey. I have indeed often heard her sigh bitterly, and utter such groans, that one would think any one of them enough to break her heart. But it is no wonder we know so little of them, for it is not more than two days since my comrade and I came into their service. Having met us upon the road, they begged and persuaded us to accompany them as far as Andalusia, promising to pay us well for our trouble."

"But have you heard none of them called by their names?" said the priest.

"Not once," answered the lad; "for they travel in so much silence, that nothing is heard but the sobs and sighs of the poor lady, which move us to pity her. Wherever she is going, we believe it to be against her will; and from what we can gather from her dress, we suppose her to be a nun, or, as is more probable, about to become one, and the reason she is so sorrowful perhaps is that it does not proceed from her own choice."

"Very likely," quoth the priest; and leaving them, he returned to the room where he had left Dorothea, who hearing the sighs of the lady stranger, by a natural impulse of compassion approached and accosted her thus—

"May I presume to ask, dear madam, what is the matter with you? If it be anything in which female aid can be of service, I offer you mine with the utmost good-will."

The afflicted lady returned no answer to this, and though urged by Dorothea to speak, persisted in her silence, till the cavalier whom the servant had represented as superior to the rest, addressing himself to Dorothea, said, "Do not trouble yourself, madam, to offer any kindness to this woman, for it is her disposition not to be thankful for any favours that are conferred upon her, nor endeavour to make her speak, unless you would hear falsehood from her lips."

"Falsehood!—no!" said the hitherto silent lady; "it is for my aversion to falsehood and deceit that I am reduced to my present hard lot. Of this you are yourself a witness, who know that it is my

truth alone that makes you act towards me so false and treacherous a part."

Cardenio, being only parted from the company by Don Quixote's chamber-door, overheard these last words very distinctly, and immediately cried out, "Good Heaven, what do I hear! What voice struck my ear just now?"

The lady, startled at this exclamation, sprung from the chair, and would have rushed into the chamber whence the voice came; but the gentleman perceiving it, laid hold of her to prevent her, which so disordered the lady that her mask fell off, and discovered an incomparable face, beautiful as an angel's, though very pale, and strangely discomposed. Dorothea and the rest beheld her with fear and wonder. She struggled so hard, and the gentleman was so disordered by beholding her, that his mask dropped off too, and discovered to Dorothea, who was assisting to hold the lady, the face of her husband Don Fernando. Scarce had she recognised him when, with a long and dismal "Oh!" she fell in a swoon, and would have fallen to the ground, had not the barber, by good fortune, stood behind and supported her. The curate ran presently to help her, and pulling off her veil to throw water in her face, Don Fernando presently knew her, and was struck almost as dead as she at the sight; nevertheless he did not quit Lucinda, who was the lady that struggled so hard to get out of his hands. Cardenio hearing Dorothea's exclamation, and imagining it to be Lucinda's voice, flew into the chamber in great disorder, and the first object he met was Don Fernando holding Lucinda, who presently knew him. They were all struck dumb with amazement; Dorothea gazed on Don Fernando, Don Fernando on Cardenio, and Cardenio and Lucinda on one another.

At last Lucinda broke silence, and addressing Don Fernando, "Let me go," said she; "unloose your hold, my lord; by the generosity you should have, or by your inhumanity, since it must be so, I conjure you leave me, that I may cling like ivy to my old support; and from whom neither your threats, nor prayers, nor gifts, nor promises, could ever alienate my love. Contend not against Heaven, whose power alone could bring me to my dear husband's sight by such strange and unexpected means; you have a thousand instances to convince you that nothing but death can make me ever forget him; let this, at least, turn your love into rage, which may prompt you to end my miseries with my life here before my dear husband, where I shall be proud to lose it, since my death may convince him of my unshaken love and honour till the last minute of my life."

Dorothea by this time had recovered, and finding by Lucinda's discourse who she was, and that Don Fernando would not unhand her, she made a virtue of necessity, and falling at his feet, "My lord," cried she, all bathed in tears, "if that beauty which you hold in your arms has not altogether dazzled your eyes, you may behold at your feet the once happy, but now miserable Dorothea. I am the poor and humble villager, whom your generous bounty, I dare not say your love, did condescend to raise to the honour of calling you her own; I am she who, once confined to peaceful innocence, led a contented life,

till your importunity, your show of honour and deluding words, charmed me from my retreat, and made me resign my freedom to your power. How I am recompensed may be guessed by my grief, and my being found here in this strange place, whither I was led, not through any dishonourable ends, but purely by despair and grief to be forsaken of you. It was at your desire I was bound to you by the strictest tie; and whatever you do, you can never cease to be mine. Consider, my dear lord, that my matchless love may balance the beauty and nobility of the person for whom you would forsake me; she cannot share your love, for it is only mine; and Cardenio's interest in her will not admit a partner. It is easier far, my lord, to recall your wandering desires, and fix them upon her that adores you, than to draw her to love who hates you. Have some regard to your honour! remember you are a Christian! Why should you then make her life end so miserably, whose beginning your favour made so happy? If I must not expect the usage and respect of a wife, let me but serve you as a slave; so I belong to you, though in the meanest rank, I shall never complain; let me not be exposed to the slandering reflections of the censorious world by so cruel a separation from my lord; afflict not the declining years of my poor parents, whose faithful services to you and yours have merited a more suitable return."

These, with many such arguments, did the mournful Dorothea urge, appearing so lovely in her sorrow, that Don Fernando's friends, as well as all the rest, sympathized with her. Lucinda particularly, as much admiring her wit and beauty as moved by the tears, the piercing sighs and moans, that followed her entreaties; and she would have gone nearer to have comforted her, had not Fernando's arms, that still held her, prevented it. He stood full of confusion, with his eyes fixed attentively on Dorothea a great while; at last, opening his arms, he quitted Lucinda.

"Thou hast conquered," cried he; "charming Dorothea, thou hast conquered; it is impossible to resist so many united truths and charms."

Lucinda was still so disordered and weak that she would have fallen when Fernando quitted her, had not Cardenio, without regard to his safety, leaped forward and caught her in his arms, and embracing her with eagerness and joy—

"Thanks, gracious Heaven!" cried he, aloud; "my dear, my faithful wife, thy sorrows are now ended; for where canst thou rest more safely than in my arms, which now support thee as once they did when my blessed fortune first made thee mine?"

Lucinda then opening her eyes and finding herself in the arms of her Cardenio, without regard to ceremony threw her arms about his neck.

"Yes," said she, "thou art he, thou art my lord indeed! Now, fortune, act thy worst; nor fears nor threats shall ever part me from the sole support and comfort of my life."

This sight was very surprising to Don Fernando and the other spectators. Dorothea perceiving, by Don Fernando's change of coun-

tenance, and laying his hand to his sword, that he prepared to assault Cardenio, fell suddenly on her knees, and with an endearing embrace held him so fast that he could not stir.

"What means," cried she, all in tears, "the only refuge of my hope? See here thy own and dearest wife at thy feet, and her you would have in her true husband's arms. Think then, my lord, how unjust is your attempt to dissolve that knot which Heaven has tied so fast. Can you ever think or hope success in your design when you see her contemning all dangers, and confirmed in strictest constancy and honour, leaning in tears of joy on her true lover's bosom? For Heaven's sake I entreat you, by your own words I conjure you, to mitigate your anger, and permit that faithful pair to spend their remaining days in peace. Thus may you make it appear that you are generous and truly noble, giving the world so strong a proof that you have your reason at command, and your passion in subjection."

All this while Cardenio, though he still held Lucinda in his arms, had a watchful eye on Don Fernando; resolving, if he had made the least offer to his prejudice, to make him repent it and all his party, if possible, though at the expense of his life. But Don Fernando's friends, the curate, the barber, and all the company (not forgetting honest Sancho Panza), got together about Don Fernando, and entreated him to pity the beautiful Dorothea's tears; that, considering what she had said, the truth of which was apparent, it would be the highest injustice to frustrate her lawful hopes; that their strange and wonderful meeting could not be attributed to chance, but the peculiar and directing providence of Heaven; that nothing but death (as the curate very well urged) could part Cardenio from Lucinda; and that though the edge of his sword might separate them, he would make them happier by death than he could hope to be by surviving; that, in irrecoverable accidents, a submission to Providence, and a resignation of our wills, showed not only the greatest prudence, but also the highest courage and generosity; that he should not envy those happy lovers what the bounty of Heaven had conferred on them, but that he should turn his eyes on Dorothea's grief, view her incomparable beauty, which with her true and unfeigned love, made large amends for the meanness of her parentage; but principally it lay upon him, if he gloried in the titles of nobility and Christianity, to keep his promise unviolated; that the more reasonable part of mankind could not otherwise be satisfied, or have any esteem for him. Also, that it was the special prerogative of beauty, if heightened by virtue and adorned with modesty, to lay claim to any dignity without disparagement or scandal to the person that raises it. In short, to these reasons they added so many enforcing arguments, that Don Fernando, who was truly a gentleman, could no longer resist reason, but stooped down, and embracing Dorothea, "Rise, madam," said he; "it is not proper that she should lie prostrate at my feet who triumphs over my soul. If I have not hitherto paid you all the respect I ought, it was perhaps so ordered by Heaven, that having by this a stronger conviction of your constancy and goodness, I may henceforth set the greater value on your merit. Let the future respects and services I

shall pay you plead a pardon for my past transgressions; and let the violent passions of my love that first made me yours plead my excuse for that which caused me to forsake you. View the now happy Lucinda's eyes, and there read a thousand farther excuses; but I promise henceforth never to disturb her quiet; and may she live long and contented with her dear Cardenio, as I hope to do with my dearest Dorothea."

Cardenio, Lucinda, and the greater part of the company, could not command their passions, but all wept for joy: even Sancho Panza himself shed tears, though, as he afterwards confessed, it was not for downright grief, but because he found not Dorothea to be the Queen of Micomicona, as he supposed, and of whom he expected so many favours and preferments. Cardenio and Lucinda fell at Don Fernando's feet, giving him thanks with the strongest expressions which gratitude could suggest; he raised them up, and received their acknowledgments with much modesty, then begged to be informed by Dorothea how she came to that place. She related to him all she had told Cardenio, but with such a grace that what were misfortunes to her proved an inexpressible pleasure to those that heard her relation. When she had done, Don Fernando told all that had befallen him in the city after he had found the paper in Lucinda's bosom which declared Cardenio to be her husband; how he would have killed her, had not her parents prevented him; how afterwards, mad with shame and anger, he left the city to wait a more convenient opportunity of revenge. How, in a short time, he learned that Lucinda was fled to a nunnery, resolving to end her days there, if she could not spend them with Cardenio; that, having desired those three gentlemen to go with him, they went to the nunnery, and, waiting till they found the gate open, he left two of the gentlemen to secure the door, while he with the other entered the house, where they found Lucinda talking with a nun in the cloister. They carried her thence to a village, where they disguised themselves for their more convenient flight, which they more easily brought about, the nunnery being situate in the fields, distant a good way from any town. He likewise added how Lucinda, finding herself in his power, fell into a swoon; and that after she came to herself, she continually wept and sighed, but would not speak a syllable; and that, accompanied with silence only and tears, they had travelled till they came to that inn, which proved to him as his arrival at heaven, having put a happy conclusion to all his earthly misfortunes.



CHAPTER XXXI.

The history of the famous Princess Micomicona continued; with other pleasant adventures.

THE joy of the whole company was unspeakable by the happy conclusion of this perplexed business. Dorothea, Cardenio, and Lucinda thought the sudden change of their affairs too surprising to be real; and could hardly be induced to believe their happiness. Fernando thanked Heaven a thousand times for having led him out of a labyrinth, in which his honour and virtue were like to have been lost. The curate, as he was very instrumental in the general reconciliation, had likewise no small share in the general joy; and that no discontent might sour their universal satisfaction, Cardenio and the curate engaged to see the hostess satisfied for all the damages committed by Don Quixote; only poor Sancho drooped sadly. He found his lordship and his hopes vanished into smoke; the Princess Micomicona was changed to Dorothea, and the giant to Don Fernando. Thus, very webegone and melancholy, he slipped into his master's chamber, who had slept on, and was just wakened, little thinking of what had happened.

"I hope your early rising will do you no hurt," said he, "Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, but you may now sleep on till doom's-day if you will; nor need you trouble your head any longer about killing any giant, or restoring the princess; for all that is done to your hand."

"I verily believe it," answered the knight: "for I have had the most extraordinary, the most prodigious and bloody battle with the giant that I ever had, or shall have, during the whole course of my life. Yet with one cross stroke I laid his head on the ground, whence the great effusion of blood seemed like a violent stream of water."

"Of wine, you mean," said Sancho; "for you must know (if you know it not already), that your worship's dead giant is a pierced wine-skin; and the blood some thirty gallons of tent which it held in its body."

"What sayest thou, madman?" said the Don; "thou art frantic, sure."

"Rise, rise, sir," said Sancho, "and see what fine work you have cut out for yourself; here is your great queen changed into a private gentlewoman, called Dorothea, with some other such odd matters, that you will wonder with a vengeance."

"I can wonder at nothing here," said Don Quixote, "where you may remember I told you all things were ruled by enchantment."

"I believe it," quoth Sancho, "had my adventure with the blanket been of that kind; but sure it was likest the real tossing in a blanket of anything I ever knew in my life. And this same innkeeper, I remember very well, was one of those that tossed me into the air, and as cleverly and heartily he did it as a man could wish, I will say that for him; so that, after all, I begin to smell a rat, and do greatly suspect that all our enchantment will end in nothing but bruises and broken bones."

"Heaven will retrieve all," said the knight; "I will therefore dress, and march to the discovery of these wonderful transformations."

Meanwhile the curate gave Don Fernando and the rest an account of Don Quixote's madness, and of the device he had used to draw him from the desert, to which the supposed disdain of his mistress had banished him in imagination. Sancho's adventures made also a part in the story, which proved very diverting to the strangers. He added, that since Dorothea's change of fortune had baulked their design that way, some other scheme should be devised to decoy him home. Cardenio offered his service in the affair, and that Lucinda should personate Dorothea.

"No, no," answered Don Fernando; "Dorothea shall humour the jest still, if this honest gentleman's habitation be not very far off."

"Only two days' journey," said the curate.

"I would ride twice as far," said Don Fernando, "for the pleasure of so good and charitable an action."

By this time Don Quixote had sallied out armed cap-à-pie, Mambrino's helmet (with a great hole in it) on his head; his shield on his

left arm, and with his right he leaned on his lance. His meagre, yellow, weather-beaten face, of half a league in length; the unaccountable medley of his armour, together with his grave and solemn port, struck Don Fernando and his companions dumb with astonishment; while the champion, casting his eyes on Dorothea, with great gravity broke silence with these words:

"I am informed by this, my squire, beautiful lady, that your greatness is annihilated, and your majesty reduced to nothing; for of a queen and mighty princess, as you used to be, you are become a private damsel. If any express order from the necromantic king your father, doubting the ability and success of my arm in the reinstating you, has occasioned this change, I must tell him that he is no conjuror in these matters, and does not know one-half of his trade; nor is he skilled in the revolutions of chivalry; for had he been conversant in the study of knight-errantry as I have been, he might have found that in every age champions of less fame than Don Quixote de la Mancha have finished more desperate adventures; since the killing of a pitiful giant, how arrogant soever he may be, is no such great achievement; for not many hours past I encountered one myself; the success I will not mention, lest the incredulity of some people might distrust the reality; but time, the discoverer of all things, will disclose it when least expected. To conclude, most high and disinherited lady, if your father, for the reasons already mentioned, has caused this metamorphosis in your person, believe him not; for there is no peril on earth through which my sword shall not open a way; and assure yourself that in a few days, by the overthrow of your enemy's head, it shall fix on yours that crown which is your lawful inheritance."

Here Don Quixote stopped, waiting the princess's answer; she, assured of Don Fernando's consent to carry on the jest till Don Quixote was got home, and assuming a face of gravity, answered, "Whosoever has informed you, valorous Knight of the Rueful Countenance, that I have altered or changed my condition, has imposed upon you; for I am just the same to-day as yesterday. It is true some unexpected but fortunate accidents have varied some circumstances of my fortune, much to my advantage, and far beyond my hopes; but I am neither changed in my person, nor altered in my resolution of employing the force of your redoubtable and invincible arm in my favour. I therefore apply myself to your usual generosity, to have these words spoken to my father's dishonour recalled, and believe these easy and infallible means to redress my wrongs the pure effects of his wisdom and policy, as the good fortune I now enjoy has been the consequence of your surprising deeds, as this noble presence can testify. What should hinder us, then, from setting forward to-morrow morning, depending for a happy and successful conclusion on the will of Heaven, and the power of your unparalleled courage?"

The ingenious Dorothea having concluded, Don Quixote turning to Sancho with all the signs of fury imaginable, "Tell me, rogue, scoundrel, did not you just now inform me that this princess was

changed into a little private damsel, called Dorothea, with a thousand other absurdities? I vow I have a mind so to use thee, as to make thee appear a miserable example to all succeeding squires that shall dare to tell a knight-errant a lie."

"Good, your worship," cried Sancho, "have patience, I beseech you; mayhap I am mistaken or so, about my lady Princess Micomicona's concern there; but that the giant's head came off the wine-skin's shoulders, and that the blood was as good tent as ever was tipt over tongue, I will take my oath on it; for are not the skins all hacked and slashed within there at your bed's-head, and the wine all in a puddle in your chamber? But you will guess at the meat presently by the sauce; the proof of the pudding is in the eating, master; and if my landlord here do not let you know it to your cost he is a very honest and civil fellow, that is all."

"Sancho," said the Don, "I pronounce thee *non compos;* I therefore pardon thee and have done."

"It is enough," said Don Fernando: "we, therefore, in pursuance of the princess's orders, will this night refresh ourselves, and to-morrow we will all of us set out to attend the lord Don Quixote in prosecution of this important enterprise he has undertaken, being all impatient to be eye-witnesses of his celebrated and matchless courage."

"I shall be proud of the honour of serving and waiting upon you, my good lord," replied Don Quixote, "and reckon myself infinitely obliged by the favour and good opinion of so honourable a company; which I shall endeavour to improve and confirm, though at the expense of the last drop of my blood."

Many compliments and proffers of service were passing between Don Quixote and Don Fernando, when a stop was put to them by a traveller just then entering the gates of the inn, who by his garb seemed to be a Christian, newly escaped from the Moors; for he was clad in a blue cloth coat, with short skirts, half sleeves, and no collar; his breeches and cap were of the same cloth, but his buskins were date-colour, and in a shoulder belt, that came across his breast, hung a Moorish scimitar. He was accompanied by a female, in a Moorish dress, mounted on an ass, her face veiled, a brocade turban on her head, and covered with a mantle from her shoulders to her feet. The man was of a robust but agreeable figure, apparently a little turned of forty, of a dark complexion, with large whiskers, and a well-set beard: in short, his mien was so much the reverse of vulgar, that, had he been well dressed, he might have been taken for a person of birth and quality. He inquired for a room, and being told there was not one in the inn unoccupied, he seemed troubled: he however went to his companion, and lifted her off in his arms: upon which Lucinda, Dorothea, the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, gathered round her, attracted by the novelty of her appearance; and Dorothea being always complaisant and obliging, perceiving that both she and her conductor were uneasy at not finding a vacant apartment, introduced herself, and said: "Be not concerned, madam, at the want of accommodations, which is an inconvenience in travelling that will

frequently occur; but if you will be pleased to partake with us," pointing to Lucinda, "perhaps in the course of your journey, you may have been obliged to submit to harder fare."

The veiled lady returned no answer, except that she rose from her seat, and, crossing her hands upon her breast, bowed both her head and body, in token of thanks.

Her companion, who had been employed about something else, coming in and seeing the company thus surrounding his fair friend, who could make no reply to their interrogations, said to them, "Ladies, this young woman does not understand Spanish, nor can she speak any other language than that of her own country, which is the reason she has not answered any questions you may have been pleased to ask her."

"No questions have been asked her," Lucinda replied, "but simply, whether she would accept of our company for the night, and partake of our lodging and the few accommodations we enjoy; and we make the offer with the good-will that is due to all strangers, and especially to such of our own sex as may stand in need of it."

"Dear madam," answered the stranger, "I gratefully kiss your hands, both for her and for myself, and highly prize the proffered favour, which, at such a time, and from such persons as your appearance denotes, I feel to be extremely kind and condescending."

"Allow me, sir, to ask," said Dorothea, "whether the lady be a Christian or a Moor? for we are apprehensive from her dress and her silence that she is not that which we could wish her to be."

"In her person, as in her dress, she is a Moor," answered the stranger, "but a Christian in her soul, having a most ardent desire to be admitted as a convert to our faith."

"Then she is not yet baptized?" inquired Lucinda.

"There has been no opportunity for that," answered the stranger, "since we left Algiers, which is the place of her birth, and, till lately, has been the place of her abode; nor hitherto has she been in such imminent danger of death as to render it necessary, before she has been instructed in the ceremonies which our holy church enjoins; but, if it pleased God, she shall shortly be baptized, with the decency becoming her rank, which is greatly above what either her appearance or mine would imply."

This little dialogue excited in all who heard it a strong desire to know who the Moor and stranger were; but they were too considerate to make the inquiry yet; deeming it more proper they should rest themselves, than be troubled with relating the history of their lives. Dorothea took the lady by the hand and led her to a seat, and, sitting down by her side, requested her to take off her veil. She gave an inquiring look at the stranger, as if asking him what was said, and what she was to do. He told her in Arabic, and she accordingly unveiled, and discovered a face so beautiful, that Dorothea thought her handsomer than Lucinda, and Lucinda gave her the preference to Dorothea; and even their lovers seemed to express by their looks, that, if any beauty could be compared with theirs, it must be that of the Moor; nay, there were among the bystanders some

who thought she surpassed them both. As beauty has the prerogative and power to reconcile minds, and attract inclinations, they were all eager to show courtesy to the beautiful Moor. Don Fernando asked the stranger the name of the lady, who answered, Lela Zoraida; but as soon as she heard this, understanding what they had inquired of the Christian, she said, with a sprightly but concerned air, "No, not Zoraida; Maria, Maria;" signifying that her name was Maria, and not Zoraida.

These words, and the earnest manner with which they were delivered, extorted more than one tear from those who heard her, and especially from the ladies, women being naturally tender-hearted and compassionate. Lucinda embraced her affectionately, and replied: "Yes, yes, Maria, Maria:" and the Moor joined in, "Yes, Maria, Zoraida macange;" meaning, not Zoraida.

By this time it was four in the afternoon, and, by order of Don Fernando and his party, the innkeeper had taken care to provide the best collation in his power; which being now ready, they all sat down at a long table, like those used in halls, there being neither a round, nor a square one, in the house. They gave the upper end and principal seat, though he would have declined it, to Don Quixote, who would have the lady Micomicona sit next him, considering himself as her champion. Next sat Lucinda and Zoraida, and opposite to them Don Fernando and Cardenio, and then the stranger and the rest of the gentlemen; while the priest and the barber took their station close to the ladies: and thus they banqueted much to their satisfaction; and it gave an additional pleasure to the feast to hear Don Quixote, who, stirred by such another spirit as that which had moved him to talk so much, when he supped with the goatherds, instead of eating, harangued as follows:—

"Verily, gentlemen, if it be well considered, great and unheard-of things do they see who profess the order of knight-errantry. If any one present thinks otherwise, let me ask him, what man living, that should now enter at the gate of this castle, and see us regaling in this manner, could judge or believe us to be the persons we really are? who could imagine, that this lady, sitting by my side, is the great queen, that we all know her to be, and that I am that Knight of the Rueful Countenance so blazoned abroad by the mouth of fame? There can be no doubt, that this art and profession exceeds all that have ever been invented by men; and is so much the more honourable, as it is exposed to more and greater dangers. Away with those who say that letters have the advantage over arms: I will tell them, be they who they will, that they know not what they say. For the reason usually assigned, and upon which the greatest stress is laid, is, that the labours of the body are exceeded by those of the brain, and that arms are exercised by the body alone: as if the use of them were the business of porters, for which nothing is necessary but downright strength; or as if in the particular branch which we, who profess it, call chivalry, acts of fortitude were not included, to execute which, a very consummate understanding is requisite; or as if again the mind of the warrior, who has an army, or the defence

of a besieged city, committed to his charge, did not labour with his mental as well as his bodily capacity. Were it not so, how, by mere animal strength, would he be able to penetrate into the designs of the enemy, form stratagems, overcome difficulties, and prevent impending dangers? things which are pure acts of the understanding, the body having no share in them.

"As arms then employ the mind as well as letters, let us next see whose mind labours most, the scholar's, or the warrior's. And this may be determined by the scope and tendency of each: for that is most entitled to esteem, which has for its object the noblest end. Now the end and design of letters (I do not now speak of divinity, which has for its aim to lift and conduct souls to heaven, for to an end so endless as this no other can be compared) is to regulate distributive justice, and give to every man his due; to institute good laws, and cause them to be strictly observed; an end most certainly generous and exalted, and worthy of high commendation; but not equal to that which is annexed to the profession of arms, the object and end of which is peace, the greatest blessing mortals can wish for in this wearisome life. Accordingly, the first good news the world and men received, was what the angels brought, on that Night which was our Day, when they sang in the air, 'Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace and goodwill towards men.' And the salutation, which the best Master either upon earth or in heaven taught His followers and disciples, was, that, when they entered any house, they should say, 'Peace be to this house!' On other occasions, He said, 'My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you, peace be among you.' A jewel and legacy worthy the hand that bequeathed it! a jewel, without which there can be no happiness below, nor felicity above! This peace is the true end of war; and arms and war are the same thing. Granting, then, that the end of war is peace, and that in this it has the advantage of the end proposed by letters, let us weigh the bodily labours of the scholar against those of the warrior, and see on which side the balance turns."

Don Quixote went on with his discourse in so rational a manner, using such appropriate expressions, that no one who heard him could have supposed him insane. On the contrary, most of his auditors being gentlemen, to whom the use of arms properly belongs, they listened to him with delight while he thus proceeded.

"I say then that the hardships of the scholar are these: in the first place, poverty; not that they are all poor, but I would put the case in the strongest manner possible, and when I have mentioned that the scholar endures poverty, no more need be said to evince his misery;* for he who is poor is destitute of every good thing, he has to contend with misery in all forms, sometimes in hunger, sometimes in cold, sometimes in nakedness, and sometimes in all three together. Yet his necessity is not so great but that still he eats, though somewhat later than usual, either by partaking of the rich man's scraps

* It is worthy of note, how feelingly Cervantes here speaks of poverty.

and leavings, or, which is his greatest misery, by going a sopping.* Neither does he always want the fireside or chimney-corner of some charitable person, where, if he is not quite warmed, at least the extreme cold is abated; and lastly, at night he sleeps under cover. I will not mention other trifles, such as want of linen, deficiency of shoes, his thin and threadbare clothes, nor the surfeits to which he is liable from intemperance when good fortune sets a plentiful table in his way. By this path, rough and difficult as I have described it, now stumbling, now falling, now rising, then falling and rising again, do scholars arrive at last to the end of their wishes; which being attained, we have seen many who, having passed these Syrtes, these Scyllas, these Charybdises, buoyed up as it were by a favourable tide, have exercised authority from a chair of state, and governed the world; their hunger converted into satiety, their pinching cold into refreshing coolness, their nakedness into embroidered raiment, and the bare mat to beds of down, with furniture of fine holland and damask, a reward justly merited by their virtue. But their hardships, when fairly brought together and compared, fall far short of those of the warrior, as I shall presently demonstrate. Since, in speaking of the scholar, we began with his poverty and its several branches, let us see how it is with the soldier in that respect, and we shall find such is his lot that poverty itself is not poorer, for he depends on his wretched pay, which comes late, or perhaps never, or else on what he can plunder, with great peril both of life and conscience. Sometimes his want of clothing is such that his slashed buff doublet serves him both for finery and for shirt; and in the midst of winter, being in the open field, he has nothing but the breath of his mouth to warm him, which issuing from an empty place, must needs be cold, against all the rules of nature. But come, Night, and let us see whether his bed will make amends for these inconveniences. If it be not his own fault, it will never offend in point of narrowness, for he may measure out as many feet of earth as he pleases, and roll himself thereon at pleasure, without fear of rumpling the sheets. Suppose again the day and hour arrived of taking the degree of his profession—I mean, suppose the day of battle come, wherein he is to put in practice the exercise of his profession, and strive to gain some new honour, then, as a mark of distinction, shall his head be dignified with a cap made of lint, to stop a hole made by a bullet, or be perhaps carried off maimed, at the expense of a leg or arm. And if this do not happen, but that merciful Heaven preserve his life and limbs, it may fall out that he shall remain as poor as before, and must run through many encounters and battles, nay, always come off victorious, to obtain some small preferment—and these miracles, too, are rare—but I pray tell me, gentlemen, if ever you made it your observation, how few are those who obtain due rewards in war, in comparison of those numbers that perish? Doubtless you will answer that there is no parity between them, that the dead cannot be

* Begging at the doors of monasteries where sops were given in porridge.

reckoned up; whereas those who live and are rewarded may be numbered with three figures.* It is quite otherwise with scholars, not only those who follow the law, but others also, who all either by hook or by crook get a livelihood; so that though the soldier's sufferings be much greater, yet his reward is much less. To this it may be answered, that it is easier to reward two thousand scholars than thirty thousand soldiers, because the former are recompensed at the expense of the public, by giving them employments, but the latter cannot be gratified but at the cost of the master that employs them; yet this very difficulty makes good my argument. Now for a man to attain to an eminent degree of learning costs him time, watching, hunger, nakedness, dizziness in the head, weakness in the stomach, and other inconveniences, which are the consequences of these, of which I have already in part made mention. But the rising gradually to be a good soldier is purchased at the whole expense of all that is required for learning, and that in so surpassing a degree that there is no comparison betwixt them, because he is every moment in danger of his life. To what danger or distress can a scholar be reduced equal to that of a soldier, who, being besieged in some strong place, and at his post in some ravelin or bastion, perceives the enemy carrying on a mine under him, and yet must upon no account remove from thence, or shun the danger which threatens him? All he can do is to give notice to his commander, that he may countermine, but must himself stand still, fearing and expecting when on a sudden he shall soar to the clouds without wings, and be again cast down headlong against his will. If this danger seem inconsiderable, let us see whether that be not greater when two galleys shock one another with their prows in the midst of the spacious sea. When they have thus grappled, and are clinging together, the soldier is confined to the narrow beak, being a board not above two feet wide; and yet though he sees before him so many ministers of death threatening, as there are pieces of cannon on the other side pointing against him, and not half a pike's length from his body; and being sensible that the first slip of his feet sends him to the bottom of Neptune's dominions—still, for all this, inspired by honour, with an undaunted heart, he stands a mark to so much fire, and endeavours to make his way by that narrow passage into the enemy's vessel. But what is most to be admired is, that no sooner one falls, where he shall never rise till the end of the world, than another steps into the same place; and if he also drops into the sea, which lies in wait for him like an enemy, another, and after him another, still fills up the place, without suffering any interval of time to separate their deaths, a resolution and boldness scarce to be paralleled in any other trials of war. Blessed be those happy ages that were strangers to the dreadful fury of these devilish instruments of artillery which is the cause that very often a cowardly base hand takes away the life of the bravest gentleman, and that in the midst of that vigour and resolution which animates and inflames the bold, a chance bullet (shot

* *i.e.*, do not exceed hundreds.

perhaps by one that fled, and was frighted at the very flash the mischievous piece gave when it went off) coming nobody knows how or from whence, in a moment puts a period to the brave designs and the life of one that deserved to have survived many years. This considered, I could almost say I am sorry at my heart for having taken upon me this profession of a knight-errant in so detestable an age; for though no danger daunts me, yet it affects me to think that powder and lead may deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous, and making myself known throughout the world by the strength of my arm and dint of my sword. But let Heaven order matters as it pleases; for if I compass my designs, I shall be so much the more honoured by how much the dangers I have exposed myself to are greater than those the knights-errant of former ages underwent."

This long harangue was made by the knight while the rest were eating, himself forgetting to convey a morsel to his mouth, though Sancho Panza frequently desired him to mind the main chance; telling him he would have time enough afterwards to talk as much as he pleased. The whole company were moved with fresh compassion to see a man, who had so good an understanding, and could talk so well upon every other subject, so egregiously want it whenever the discourse happened to turn upon his unlucky and cursed chivalry; and the priest paid him the compliment of saying, there was great reason in all that he had said in favour of arms; and that he himself, though a scholar and a graduate, could not help being of his opinion.

The collation being over, and the cloth taken away, while the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes were preparing the chamber in which Don Quixote de la Mancha had been sleeping, and which was now to be appropriated to the ladies for the night, Don Fernando desired the stranger to relate to them the particulars of his life; which, from the manner of his arrival, accompanied with the fair Zoraida, could not but be extraordinary and entertaining. The stranger answered, that he would very willingly do so, but that he feared the story would not afford them the pleasure they might expect; however, rather than appear ill-disposed to their wishes, he would undertake the task. They all joined in thanks for his complaisance, and in entreaties that he would begin: and thus solicited, he replied, "Where you may command, gentlemen, there is no need of solicitation; and if you will favour me with your attention, you shall hear a story, not to be equalled by any fiction, however curiously wrought, or artfully studied."

They accordingly seated themselves, and were silent; when with a pleasing and composed voice, he begun in this manner his recital.

CHAPTER XXXII.

In which the captive relates his life and adventures.

"I WAS born in a certain village among the mountains of Leon, where my family had its origin, more blessed by nature than by the gifts of fortune; though, amidst the penury of the country, my father passed for a rich man, and would have been really such, had he possessed the art of saving, as he had of squandering, his estate. This disposition to expense proceeded from his having been a soldier in his youth; for the army is a school in which the niggardly become generous, and the generous prodigal; and if there are instances of soldiers being misers, they are a species of monsters but rarely seen. My father exceeded the bounds of liberality, and bordered upon profusion: a disposition ill-suited to married men who have children to inherit their name and quality. He had three sons, arrived at an age to choose their profession; and seeing, as he himself said, that he could not bridle his natural propensity, he resolved to deprive himself of the means of indulging it, by resigning his property; for without property Alexander himself could not be generous. Accordingly one day, calling us all three into his chamber, he spoke to us in these words:—

"'My sons, to tell you that I love you is only to say that you are my children; and yet you may well think me deficient in affection, since I am not sufficiently master of myself to forbear dissipating your inheritance. But that you may henceforth see that I love you like a true father, and have no desire to ruin you like a stepfather, I am resolved to execute a plan in your favour, which I have long had in my thoughts, and have weighed with mature deliberation. You are now of an age to choose for yourselves a settlement in the world, or at least to fix upon some way of life which may redound to your honour and profit when you are more advanced in years. Now, my plan is, to divide what I possess into four parts, three of which I will give to you, share and share alike, without making any difference; and the fourth I will reserve for my own subsistence, during the days, be they few or many, that Heaven may please to allot me. When you have each received your portions, my wish is that you would choose one or other of the modes of life I shall point out to you. We have a proverb in Spain (in my opinion a very just one, as most proverbs are, being short sentences, drawn from long and wise experience): "The church, the sea, or the court;" the obvious meaning of which is, that whoever would thrive and be rich, must devote his time to the Church, or go to sea and exercise the art of merchandize, or serve the king in his court; and there is another saying, that "The king's bit is better than the lord's bounty." I mention this because I would have you thus dispose of yourselves: one following letters, another commerce, and the third the service of the king in his wars; for it is difficult to get admission into his household. And though wars do not procure a man much wealth,

he may acquire in them that which is better than wealth—esteem and reputation. Within a week I will give each of you his share in ready money, without wronging you of a farthing, as you will in effect see. And now tell me whether you are willing to follow my advice in what I have proposed?'

"And he bade me, being the eldest, to answer first. After requesting him not to diminish in this manner his property, but to spend it freely as he pleased, we being young, and able to shift for ourselves, I concluded with assuring him that I would do as he desired, and I chose to serve God and the king, by the profession of arms. My second brother preferred turning his portion into merchandize, and resolved on a voyage to the Indies; while the youngest, and I believe the wisest, said he would devote himself to the Church, and finish his studies at Salamanca.

"As soon as we had thus agreed, and chosen our several professions, my father tenderly embraced us; and within the time he had promised he put his design in execution, giving to each his share, which, as I remember, was three thousand ducats; his brother having purchased so much of the estate as would yield that sum, that it might not be alienated from the family. In one and the self-same day we all took leave of our beloved father; and as it appeared to me inhuman to leave him in his old age with so scanty a subsistence, I prevailed on him to take back two thousand ducats out of my three, the remainder being sufficient to equip me with what was necessary for a soldier. Incited by my example, my two brothers returned him of their portion each a thousand; so that he now had four thousand ducats in ready money, and three thousand more, the value of the land that fell to his share, and which he would not sell. In short, we took leave both of him and our good uncle with much concern and many tears on all sides; they charged us to acquaint them with our success, whether prosperous or adverse, as often as we had opportunity, which we promised to do. Having received a last embrace, and their blessing, one took the road to Salamanca, another to Seville, and I to Alicant, where I had understood I should find a Genoese ship, loading with wool for Genoa. It is now two-and-twenty years since I left my father's house, and during that time, though I have written many letters, I have received no intelligence either of him or of my brothers. What, in the course of so long a period, has happened to myself I will briefly relate.

"I embarked at Alicant, and had a favourable passage to Genoa; from whence I went to Milan, where I furnished myself with arms, and some gay military accoutrements, intending to enter the service in Piedmont; but learning upon the road to Alexandria de la Paglia that the great Duke of Alva was passing into Flanders with an army, I changed my mind, and accompanied and served under him in all his engagements. I was present at the death of the Counts d'Egmont and Horn. I obtained an ensign's commission in the corps of a famous captain of Guadalajara, whose name was Diego de Urbina. Soon after my arrival in Flanders, news came of the league concluded between Spain and Pope Pius V. of happy memory,

against the common enemy the Turk; who about that time had, with his fleet, taken the celebrated island of Cyprus, before subject to the Venetians—a sad and unfortunate loss! Of this league it was known for certain that the most serene Don John of Austria, natural brother of our good King Philip, was appointed generalissimo, and great preparations for war were everywhere loudly rumoured. This excited in me a vehement desire to be present in the battle that was expected; and though I had reason to believe (many promises and even assurances having been given me) that on the first occasion that offered I should be promoted to the rank of captain, I resolved to relinquish that prospect, and go into Italy. Luckily for me, Don John of Austria had just then arrived at Genoa, on his way to Naples, to join the Venetian fleet, which he afterwards found at Messina. I was present at that glorious action in the capacity of captain of infantry, to which honourable post I was advanced more by my good fortune than my merits. But on that day, so happy to Christendom, on which the nations of Europe were convinced of their error in believing that the Turks were invincible by sea; on that day, on which the Ottoman pride and haughtiness were broken, among so many happy persons who were present—for surely the Christians who died on that occasion were happier than the survivors and conquerors—I alone remained unfortunate; since, instead of what I might have expected, had it been in the times of the Romans, some naval crown, I found myself the night following that glorious day with chains on my feet, and manacles on my hands.

"Uchali, King of Algiers, a bold and successful corsair, having boarded and taken the captain-galley of Malta, in which three knights only were left alive, and those desperately wounded, the captain-galley of John Andrea D'Oria, on board of which I was stationed with my company, came to her relief; and doing my duty upon this occasion, I leaped into the enemy's galley, which separating suddenly from ours, my soldiers could not follow me, and I was left alone among my enemies, whom, being so many, I could not resist. I was taken prisoner, after being sorely wounded. And as you must have heard, gentlemen, that Uchali escaped with his whole squadron, I remained a captive in his hands, being the only sad person, when so many were joyful, and a slave, when so many were freed; for no less than fifteen thousand Christians, who were at the oar in the Turkish galleys, that day recovered their long-wished-for liberty. I was conveyed to Constantinople, where Selim, the grand signor, made my master, Uchali, general of the sea, for having done his duty in the fight, and having brought off, as a proof of his valour, the flag of the order of Malta.

"The year following, which was seventy-two, I was at Navarino, rowing in the captain-galley of the Three Lanterns, and observed the opportunity that was lost by the Christians, of taking the whole Turkish navy in the harbour; for all the Levantines and Janizaries on board took it for granted they should be attacked, and had their baggage and passamaques, or shoes, in readiness for running away.

intending to escape on shore, without waiting for an engagement, or making resistance, such terror had our navy struck into their hearts. But Heaven ordered it otherwise; not through any fault or neglect of the general who commanded, but for the sins of Christendom, and because God permits and ordains that there should always be some scourge by which to chastise us. In short, Uchali got into Modon, an island near Navarino, and, landing his men, fortified the entrance of the port, and quietly kept his station, till Don John was forced by the season of the year to return home. During this expedition the galley called the Prize, the captain of which was the son of the famous corsair Barbarossa, was taken by the captain-galley of Naples, called the She-wolf, commanded by that thunderbolt of war, that father of the soldiers, that fortunate and invincible captain, Don Alvaro de Basan, Marquis of Santa Cruz: and I cannot forbear relating what happened on the occasion.

"The son of Barbarossa was so cruel, and treated his slaves so unmercifully, that, as soon as the rowers saw that the She-wolf was ready to board and take them, they all at once dropped their oars, and seizing their captain, who stood near the poop, and calling out to the enemy at the same time to row hard, they passed him from bank to bank, and from the poop to the prow, giving him such blows by the way, that he had passed but little beyond the mast, before his soul was passed, such was the hatred they bore him for the cruelty with which he treated them.

"We returned to Constantinople, and the year following, which was seventy-three, it was known there that Don John had taken Tunis, and the whole kingdom, from the Turks, and put Muley Hamet in possession of it, thereby cutting off the hopes of Muley Hamida, who, while he was one of the cruellest, was at the same time one of the bravest Moors that ever existed. This loss was most sensibly felt by the Sultan; but putting in practice that sagacity which is inherent in the Ottoman family, he made a hasty peace with the Venetians, who desired it more than himself; and the next year, that of seventy-four, he attacked the goleta fort, which Don John had left half finished, near Tunis. During these transactions, I was still at the oar, without any hope of redemption; at least by ransom, for I was determined not to write an account of my misfortune to my father. The goleta was lost, and the fort also; for in the siege the Turks had seventy-five thousand of their own troops, besides upwards of four hundred thousand Moors and Arabs from various parts of Africa: and this vast multitude was furnished with such abundance of ammunition and other warlike stores, and so many pioneers, that, by each man bringing only a handful of earth, they might have covered both places. The goleta, till then deemed impregnable, was first taken, not through any fault of the besieged, who performed all that men could possibly attempt; but experience had shown how easily trenches might be raised in that desert; for though the water used to be within two spans of the surface, the Turks now dug without finding any, even at a depth of two yards; and thus by the help of innumerable sacks of sand, they raised their works so high as to

command the fortifications; and levelling from a cavalier, they discharged such volleys upon them, that it was out of the power of the besieged to make any defence. It was the general opinion, that instead of shutting themselves up in the goleta, our troops ought to have met the enemy in the open field, at the place of debarkation: but those, who talk thus, speak at random, and like men little experienced in military affairs. There were scarcely seven thousand soldiers in the goleta and fort together; and how could so small a number, however resolute, both take the field and leave a sufficient garrison, against a host like that of the enemy? And how can a place be maintained, which is incapable of being relieved, especially when besieged by an army, that is both numerous and obstinate, and in their own country besides? But others thought (and I was of the number), that Heaven manifested a particular grace and favour to Spain, in the destruction of that forge and refuge of all iniquity, that devourer, sponge, and moth of countless sums of money, so idly spent, as to answer no other purpose than to preserve the memory of its having been a conquest of the invincible Charles the Fifth; as if it were necessary to his memory, which is sure to be eternal, that a pile of stones should keep it up. The fort was also taken at last: but the Turks were forced to purchase it inch by inch; for the soldiers, who defended it, fought with such bravery and resolution, that they killed above twenty-five thousand of the enemy in two-and-twenty general assaults. And of three hundred heroes that were left alive, not one was taken prisoner unwounded; an evident proof of the obstinacy and valour with which the place was defended. A small fort, or tower, in the middle of the lake, commanded by Don John Zanoguera, a cavalier of Valencia, a famous soldier, surrendered upon terms. The Turks took Don Pedro Portocarrero, general of the garrison, prisoner; but so deeply was he affected by its loss, that he died of grief on the way to Constantinople, whither they were carrying him captive. They took also the commander of the fort, called Gabrio Cerbellon, a Milanese gentleman, a great engineer, and a most valiant soldier. Several persons of distinction lost their lives in these two garrisons; among whom was Pagan D'Oria, knight of Malta, a gentleman of uncommon generosity, as appeared by his liberality to his brother, the famous John Andrea D'Oria; and what made his death the more lamented, was, that it was inflicted by the hands of some treacherous African Arabs, who, upon seeing that the fort was lost, had offered to convey him, disguised as a Moor, to Tabarca, a small haven or settlement which the Genoese have on that coast, for the coral fishing. But these traitors cut off his head, and carried it as a present to the general of the Turkish fleet, who, however, made good upon them our Castilian proverb, that, 'though we love the treason, we hate the traitor:' for he ordered them to be instantly hanged, for not having brought him alive. Among the Christians who were taken was one Don Pedro d'Aguilar, a native of some town in Andalusia, who had been an ensign in the garrison, and was both a good soldier and a man of excellent capacity; in particular he had the happy gift of poetry. I

mention this, because it was his fate to be slave to the same patron with myself: we served in the same galley, and at the same oar; and before we parted from that harbour, he composed two sonnets, by way of epitaph, one upon the goleta, and the other upon the fort. I have them by heart, and as I believe it will be entertaining, rather than disagreeable to you, I will repeat them."

When the captive mentioned Don Pedro d'Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his companions, and they all three smiled; and when he spoke of the sonnets, one of them said, "Pray, sir, before you proceed, allow me to ask, what became of that gentleman?"

"All I know," answered the captive, "is, that after he had been two years at Constantinople, he escaped in the habit of an Arnaut,* with a Greek spy; but whether he recovered his liberty, I am ignorant, though I believe he did; for about a year after I saw the Greek in Constantinople, but had not an opportunity of asking him the success of their flight."

"He returned to Spain," said the gentleman; "he is my brother, and is now at home, in health, and wealth, and blessed with a wife and three hopeful children."

"I thank God," said the captive, "for, in my opinion, there is not a satisfaction on earth equal to that of recovered liberty."

"The goleta and the fort," he continued, "being delivered up, the Turks gave orders to dismantle the goleta; which was unnecessary as to the fort, for it was in so wretched a condition, that there was nothing left to be demolished; and to accomplish the work with less labour and more speed, they undermined it in three places. The part which seemed to be least strong, the old walls, they could not blow up, but whatever remained of the new fortification, erected by the engineer Fratin, came easily down. In short, the fleet returned to Constantinople victorious and triumphant; and within a few months my master, the famous Uchali, died. He was called Uchali Fartax, which means in the Turkish language the leperous renegado, for he was so; and it is customary with the Turks to give nicknames to persons from some quality, good or bad, belonging to them. Only four families, distinguished by family names, contend for nobility amongst the Ottoman; while the rest, as I have said, are named either from the blemishes of the body or the virtues of the mind. This leper had tugged at the oar for fourteen years, being a slave of the grand signor; but when he was about thirty-four years of age, being enraged at a blow given him by a Turk while he was at the oar, he renounced his religion, to have it in his power to be revenged on him. So great was his valour that, without resorting to those base methods practised by the minions of the grand signor, he was raised to the throne of Algiers, and afterwards made general of the sea, which is the third command in the empire. He was born in Calabria, was a man of good morals, and treated his slaves with great humanity. At his death he had three thousand, who were divided—as he had ordered by his last will—half to the grand signor,

* A trooper of Epirus.

who is every man's heir in part, sharing equally with the children of the deceased, and the rest among his renegadoes. I fell to the lot of a Venetian, who having been cabin-boy in a ship taken by Uchali, gained so much on his affections, that he became one of his greatest favourites; but he was, perhaps, the most cruel renegado that ever existed. His name was Azanaga. He grew rich, and became, like his master, King of Algiers. With him I came from Constantinople, a little comforted by being so near my native country; not that I intended to write to any one respecting my situation, but the hope revived that fortune would be more favourable to me in Algiers than it had been in Constantinople, where I had tried, ineffectually, a thousand ways of making my escape; and now I resolved on other means of compassing what I desired, for the hope of recovering my liberty never entirely abandoned me, and whenever one plan failed, without desponding, I immediately devised another, and thereby gained fresh hopes to sustain me; slight and inconsiderable as they might be.

"Thus I managed to support life shut up in a prison, or house, which the Turks call a bath, in which their Christian captives are incarcerated, whether belonging to the king or to private individuals, as are those also of the almazen, or captives of the council, who serve the city in its public works, and other offices. This last species of slaves find it very difficult to recover their liberty; for as they have no particular master, there is no person with whom to treat for their ransom, though the price should be ready. In these baths the slaves of private persons (especially when their ransom is agreed upon) do not work, but are merely kept in safety till their ransom arrives. Neither do the king's slaves who are to be ransomed go out to work with the rest of the crew, unless when their money is long in coming; in which case, to force them to write for it with greater importunity, they are made to fetch wood with the rest, which is a work of no small toil and difficulty. As they knew I had been a captain, I was considered as upon ransom; and though I assured them I wanted both interest and money, it did not hinder me from being thus placed, with a chain upon me, but rather as a sign that I was to be redeemed, than to secure me; so that I passed my life in the bath, with many other gentlemen and persons of condition, who were similarly situated; and though we had often, and indeed generally, both hunger and nakedness to contend with, nothing troubled us so much as to see, on every occasion, the unparalleled and excessive cruelties with which our master treated the Christians. Not a day passed without his hanging one, impaling another, and cutting off the ears of a third, and that upon the least provocation, and sometimes no provocation at all; insomuch that the very Turks were sensible he did it for the mere pleasure of the thing, to gratify his murderous and inhuman disposition. One Spanish soldier only, called something de Saavedra,* happened to be so much in his good graces that, whatever he did towards obtaining his liberty—and he did things

* It is believed that Cervantes here meant himself. See his Life.

that will long be remembered by those people, the tyrant never gave him a blow, nor ordered one to be given, nor even uttered a harsh word against him; and yet for the least of many things which he did we all feared he would be impaled alive, and more than once he had the same fear himself. Would the time permit, I could relate pranks done by this soldier that would entertain and surprise you more than the narrative of my own story.

"But to return. The courtyard of our prison was overlooked by the windows of a house belonging to a rich Moor of distinction, which, as is common there, were rather peepholes than windows; and even these had their thick and close lattices. It happened one day, as I was upon the terrace of our prison, with three of my companions, trying, by way of pastime, who could leap farthest with his chains (the rest of the Christians being gone out to work) I casually lifted up my eyes, and saw from one of the little apertures I have mentioned a cane projecting, with a handkerchief tied at the end of it, and moved up and down, as if making signs for us to come and take it. We looked earnestly at it for some time, and at last one of my companions ran and placed himself under it, to see whether the hand that held it would let it drop, or what would ensue. But as he drew near the cane was drawn farther in, and moved from side to side, as if it had said No, as we imply a negative by a shake of the head. The Christian came back, and the cane was again thrust out as before. Another of my companions went, and the same happened to him as to the former; then the third, who had no better success. Seeing this, I resolved to try my fortune likewise; and I had no sooner placed myself under the cane than it was dropped, and fell just at my feet. I immediately untied the handkerchief, and in a knot at a corner I found ten zianiys, a sort of base gold coin used by the Moors, each of the value of about ten reals* of Spanish. I need not tell you that I rejoiced at the prize. Indeed I was no less pleased than surprised, ignorant as I was whence this good fortune could come: yet plainly perceiving, from the cane being refused to every one else, that the favour was intended for me alone. I pocketed the welcome present; I broke the cane to pieces; I returned to the terrace; I looked again to the window, and presently perceived a very fair hand open and shut it hastily. By this we understood, or fancied, that it must be some woman residing in the house of the Moor who had been thus charitable to us; and, to express our thanks, we made our obeisance after the Moorish fashion, by inclining the head, bending the body, and placing the hands on the breast.

"Soon after a small cross, made of cane, was held out at the same window, and then drawn in again. On this signal, we concluded that some Christian woman was a captive in the house, and that it was she who had done us the kindness; but the whiteness of the hand, and the bracelets we had a glimpse of, soon destroyed that idea. Then again we imagined it to be some Christian renegade, whom their masters often marry, esteeming themselves fortunate in the

* About an English crown.

opportunity, for they value them more than the women of their own nation; but all our reasonings and conjectures were wide of the truth. And now all our entertainment was to gaze at and observe the window, as the propitious quarter of the heavens from which that star, the cane, had appeared; but a complete fortnight passed, during which we saw neither hand, nor any other signal whatever; and though in this interval we endeavoured to inform ourselves by whom the house was inhabited, and whether any Christian renegade lived in it, we could learn nothing more, than that it belonged to a considerable and wealthy Moor, named Agimorato, who had been alcaide of Pata, an office in that country of great authority. But when we least dreamed of its raining a farther shower of zianiys, we perceived, unexpectedly, another cane, with a handkerchief tied to it, the knot of which appeared larger than the former one; and this also luckily happened at a time when the bath, as before, was nearly empty of prisoners. We repeated the experiment, each of my three companions preceding me, as at first; but the cane was not let down till I approached, when it instantly dropped. I untied the knot, and found in it forty Spanish crowns in gold, and a paper written in Arabic, with a large cross at the top. I kissed the cross, took the crowns, and returned to the terrace, where we all made our reverences. The hand appearing again, I made signs that I would read the paper, and the window was then shut. Though overjoyed at this event, we were considerably perplexed; and great as was our desire to read the paper, the difficulty of coming at its contents was still greater, for not one of us understood the language in which it was written.

"At last I resolved to confide in a renegado, a native of Murcia, who professed himself my friend, and with whom I had exchanged such pledges of confidence, that he could not well betray whatever secret I might impart to him; for it is usual with a person of this description, who intends to return to Christendom, to carry with him certificates from the most considerable captives, attesting in the most ample manner, and best possible form, that he is an honest man, and has always been kind and obliging to the Christians, and desirous to make his escape the first opportunity that offered. Some procure these certificates with a good view; others for the purposes of craft. For if, when going to rob and plunder on the Christian coasts, they happen to be shipwrecked or taken, they can produce these written testimonials, as proofs of the true design of their cruising with the Turks, which was no other than to get into some Christian country. By this means they escape the first fury, reconcile themselves to the Church, and live unmolested; waiting all the time an opportunity to return to Barbary, and pursue their former predatory course of life. Whereas those who procure them with a good design, remain in the Christian countries during the rest of their lives. Now of this description was my friend, and he had certificates from us all, in which we recommended him so warmly, that if the Moors had found these papers upon him, they would certainly have burnt him alive. I knew he understood Arabic so well that he could not only speak, but write it. But before I

would let him into the whole affair I desired him to read the paper, pretending I had found it by chance in a hole of my cell. He opened it, and stood thoughtfully conning and translating it to himself. I asked him if he understood it. He said he did perfectly, and that if I desired to know its contents word for word, I must furnish him with pen and ink, that he might translate it with the more exactness. We supplied him with all he required, and when he had finished the task he said, 'But what I have here written in Spanish is precisely what is contained in this Moorish paper; but take notice, that where the words Lela Marien occur, they mean Our Lady the Virgin Mary.' We read the translated paper, which ran thus:—

"'When I was a child, my father had a female slave, who instructed me in the Christian worship, and told me many things of Lela Marien. This Christian died, and I know her soul did not go to the fire, but to Allah, for I saw her twice afterwards, and she bid me go to the country of the Christians, to see Lela Marien, who loved me very much. I know not how it is. I have seen many Christians from this window, and none has looked like a gentleman but yourself. I am young, and beautiful, and have a great deal of money to carry away with me. Try, if you can find out how we may escape, and you shall be my husband in the Christian country, if you please; and if not, I shall not care, for Lela Marien will provide me a husband. I write this with my own hand: be careful to whom you give it to read: trust not to any Moor; for they are all treacherous: therefore am I full of fears; for I would not have you discover it to anybody: because, should my father come to know it, he would immediately throw me into a well, and cover me with stones. I will fasten a thread to the cane; with which you may tie your answer: and if you have nobody that can write Arabic, tell me by signs; for Lela Marien will make me understand you. She and Allah keep you, and this cross, which I very often kiss, for so the captive directed me to do.'

"Conceive, gentlemen, our joy and surprise at the contents of this paper: so manifest were our emotions, that the renegado discovered that the paper had not been found by accident, but was addressed to one of us: and therefore he entreated us, if what he suspected was true, to confide in him, and tell him all; for he would venture his life for our liberty: and he pulled a brass crucifix out of his bosom, and with many tears, swore by the God whom that image represented, in whom he, though a great sinner, truly and firmly believed, that he would faithfully keep secret whatever we should think proper to communicate: for he imagined, and was almost persuaded, that, by means of her, who had written that letter, himself and all of us should regain our liberty, and he, in particular, attain what he so earnestly desired, which was, to be restored to the bosom of holy Church his mother, from which, like a rotten member, he had been separated, and cut off through his sin and ignorance. This was accompanied with so many tears and other signs of sincerity, that we unanimously agreed to trust him; and accordingly we gave him an account of the whole affair, without concealing a single circum-

stance. We showed him the little window, out of which the cane had appeared, and he marked the house, resolving to inform himself who lived in it. We also agreed, as to the propriety of answering the billet; and, as we now had a person who could do it in the language she wished, the renegado that instant wrote that which I dictated to him, which was precisely what I shall repeat to you; for of all the material circumstances, which befel me in this adventure, not one has yet escaped my memory, nor, whilst I have breath, shall I ever forget them. The answer was this:—

"'The true Allah preserve you, dear lady, and that blessed Marien, the true mother of God, who has put the desire into your heart of going into the country of the Christians, because she loves you. Pray to her, that she will be pleased to instruct you how to bring about what she commands you to do, for she is so good, she will assuredly not deny you. On my part, and that of all the Christians with me, I offer to do for you all that we are able, at the hazard of our lives. Do not fail to write to me, and acquaint me with whatever resolutions you take, and I will constantly answer you. For the great Allah has given us a Christian captive, who speaks and writes your language well, as you may perceive by this paper. So that you may, without fear, give us notice of your intentions. As to your condescending offer of becoming my wife, when you get into a Christian country, I promise you, on the word of a good Christian, it shall be so; and know, dear lady, that the Christians keep their promises more faithfully than the Moors. Allah and Marien his mother have you in their holy keeping!'

"This letter being written and folded up, I waited two days till the bath was empty, as before, and then took my accustomed post upon the terrace, and it was not long before the cane made its appearance. As soon as I perceived the signal, though I could not discern by whom it was made, I held up the paper, intimating that I wished the string to be fastened to the cane, but I found it was already done; and shortly after I had tied on the letter with it, our star reappeared, with the white flag of peace, the handkerchief. This was dropped, and on taking it up, I found in it, in several kinds of coin, both of siver and gold, about fifty crowns: which multiplied our joy fifty times, confirming the hopes we had conceived of regaining our liberty. That same evening, our renegado returned, and told us he had learned that the house was inhabited by the Moor I have mentioned under the name of Agimorato; that he was extremely rich, had an only daughter, heiress to all his possessions, who, in the general estimation, was the most beautiful woman in all Barbary: that several viceroys who had been sent thither had sought her in marriage, but that she had refused them all, and, lastly, that she used to be attended by a Christian female, who died some time ago. All which perfectly agreed with the contents of the letter. We then consulted him as to the best means of carrying off the lady and making our escape into Christendom; but the decision was deferred till we had a further intimation from Zoraida, which was the name of her who now desires to be called Maria: for it was

evident that by her, and her only, the difficulties which lay in our way could be surmounted. After we had come to this resolution, the renegado bid us be of good cheer, for he would set us at liberty or lose his life. The bath after this was for four days full of people, and in all that time, no signal was exhibited; but on the fifth, being once more empty, we perceived the handkerchief. It fell as in the preceding instances, and I found in it another paper, and a hundred crowns in gold only, without any other coin. The renegado being present, we gave him the paper to read in our cell, and he translated it in these words:—

"'I do not know, dear sir, how to contrive a method for our escaping to Spain, nor has Lela Marien informed me, though I have implored her assistance. This, however, may be done: I will convey to you through this window a large sum of money in gold: redeem yourself and your friends therewith, and let one of your party go to the country of the Christians, to purchase a bark, and return for the rest. You will find me in my father's garden at the Babazon-gate close to the seaside, where I am to remain all the summer with him and my servants. Thence you may carry me off by night without fear, and put me on board the bark; but remember you are to be my husband; otherwise I will pray to Marien to punish you. If you can trust nobody to go for the bark, effect your own ransom, and go yourself; for I shall be more secure of your return than of another's, as you are a gentleman and a Christian. Take care not to mistake the garden. When I see you walking again where you now are, I shall conclude the bath to be empty, and will furnish you with more money. Allah preserve you, dear sir!'

"These were the contents of the second letter: which being heard by us all, every one offered himself as the person to be ransomed, promising to go and return with expedition and punctuality. I also offered: but the renegado opposed us all, and would in no wise consent, that one should get his liberty before the rest, experience having taught him how wretchedly, when free, men keep the promises they make while in slavery; for several considerable captives, he said, had tried this expedient, ransoming one of their companions, to go to Valencia or Majorca, with money to purchase an armed vessel, and return for those who had ransomed him, but the person so sent has never come back: for liberty once regained effaced all obligations from the memory. In confirmation of this truth, he told us briefly a case which had happened lately to certain Christian gentlemen, attended with the strangest circumstances that had ever taken place even here, where the most surprising and wonderful events occur every day. He concluded with saying, that the best way would be, to give the money designed for the ransom of a Christian to him, and he would buy a vessel here in Algiers, upon pretence of turning merchant, and trading on the coast, and to Tetuan; and being master of the vessel, he could easily contrive means to get them out of the bath, and put them on board. But if the fair Moor, as she promised, should furnish money enough to redeem them all, this would be easy of itself, since, being free, they might go on board even at noon-

day: the greatest difficulty, he said, consisted in this, that the Moors do not allow any renegado to purchase or keep a vessel, unless it be a large one for pirating; for they suspect the owner of a small one, especially if he be a Spaniard, believing that his only design is to escape into Christendom; and this inconvenience, he said, he would further obviate, by taking a Tagarin* Moor as partner both of the vessel and its profits; and under this colour becoming master of the vessel, he reckoned the rest as good as done.

"Now, though to me and my companions it seemed better to send to Majorca for the vessel, as the Moorish lady had suggested, yet we did not dare to contradict him; fearing, that by not conforming to his wishes, he might be induced to betray our project, and thus endanger not only our own lives, but that of our fair correspondent, for whose life we would willingly have laid down our own. We therefore resolved to commit ourselves into the hands of God, and those of the renegado, and instantly answered Zoraida's letter, telling her we would do in all respects as she had advised: for she had directed as prudently, as if Lela Marien herself had inspired her; and that it depended upon her alone, whether the business should be delayed, or carried into immediate execution; and I renewed my promise of being her husband. The next day, in consequence of this intimation, the bath happening to be clear, she, at several times, by means of the cane and the handkerchief, conveyed to us two thousand crowns in gold, and a paper, in which she said, that the first Juma, which is Friday, she was to go to her father's garden, but that, before she went, she would supply us with more money; and if that was not sufficient, she begged we would inform her, and she would give us as much as we pleased; for so vast was her father's store, that he would never miss it; and she had the keys in her possession.

"We immediately gave five hundred crowns to the renegado, to purchase the vessel; and with eight hundred more I ransomed myself, depositing the money with a merchant of Valencia, then at Algiers, who redeemed me from the king, by passing his word, that on the arrival of the first ship from Valencia, my ransom should be paid; for if he had paid it immediately, suspicion would have been excited that the money had been a great while in his hands, and that he had employed it to his own use; and with a man of my master's disposition, every precaution was necessary.

"The Thursday preceding the Friday on which the fair Zoraida was to set out for the garden, she gave us a thousand crowns more, and in a short note apprised us of her departure, and entreated me, if I ransomed myself, to hasten to her father's garden, and contrive an opportunity of seeing her. I answered in few words, that I would not fail to do as she desired, and begged she would recommend us to Lela Marien, using all those prayers which the captive had taught her.

"Having succeeded thus far, means were concerted for redeeming my three companions, lest, seeing me ransomed, and themselves not,

* A Moor of Arragon.

knowing there was money sufficient, they should be uneasy, and tempted to do something to the prejudice of our fair benefactor; for though their being men of honour might have freed me from such apprehension, I was unwilling to run the smallest hazard; and I therefore effected their liberty in the same way by which I had procured my own, depositing the whole money with the merchant, that he might safely and securely pass his word for us; though we confided no part of our secret to him, from the danger to which it might have exposed us.

"In less than a fortnight our renegado had purchased a very good bark, capable of holding above thirty persons; and to make sure work, by giving a good face to business, he took a short voyage to a place called Sargel, thirty leagues from Algiers towards the coast of Oran, where there is a brisk trade for dried figs. He made this trip two or three times, in company with the Tagarin mentioned before. In Barbary, the Moors of Aragon are called Tagarins, and those of Granada, Mudajares; while in the kingdom of Fez the Mudajares have the name of Elches, and are the people of whom the king makes most use in his wars. Each time that he passed with his bark, the renegado cast anchor in a little creek, within two bowshots of the garden where Zoraida expected us; and there he stationed himself with the Moors that rowed, either to perform a religious ceremony of the Moors, called the cala, or to practise in jest what he intended shortly to execute in earnest; and with this view he would go into the garden, begging fruit, which her father gave him, without knowing who he was. But his chief design, as he afterwards told me, was to speak to Zoraida, and tell her that he was the person who, by my direction, was to carry her to Christendom, and that she might be satisfied and secure of my fidelity. But he had no opportunity of doing so, the women of that country never suffering themselves to be seen either by Moor or Turk, unless when authorized by their husbands or fathers; though Christian slaves are allowed both to see and converse with them. I should have been sorry if he had spoken to her, as she might have been alarmed at finding that the business was entrusted to a renegado; but Heaven ordered it as I could have wished.

"Finding how securely he passed to and from Sargel, anchoring when, how, and where he pleased; that the Tagarin his partner had no will of his own, but approved whatever he directed; that I was ransomed, and that there wanted nothing but a few more Christians to assist in the business of rowing; he bid me consider whom I would employ, besides my friends, and to bespeak them for the first Friday; for that was the time he fixed for our departure. Accordingly I engaged twelve Spaniards, all able men at the oar, and such as could most easily quit the city unsuspected. A number not to be procured without difficulty at that juncture; for no fewer than twenty corsairs being out on a pirating cruise, they had taken almost all the rowers with them; and these had not been found, but that their master, having a galliot to finish that was then upon the stocks, did not go out that summer. I said nothing more to them,

but that they would contrive to steal out of the city one by one, the ensuing Friday, in the dusk of the evening, and wait for me in or about Agimorato's garden; and I gave the direction to each separately, with this caution, that if they should see any other Christians there, they should only say that I ordered them to stay for me in that place.

"The point being settled, one thing was yet wanting, and that the most essential of all; which was to advertise Zoraida of our proceedings, that she might not be alarmed at our appearance, so long before the time she could expect the vessel from Christendom to arrive. I therefore went myself to the garden, the day previous to that fixed on for our departure, under the pretence of gathering herbs, but in the hope of seeing her. When arrived thither, the first person I met was her father, who spoke to me in a language used throughout Barbary, and even at Constantinople, by the captives and Moors; it is neither Morisco nor Castilian, nor peculiar to any nation, but a medley of several languages, and generally understood.* In this jargon, he asked me what I wanted in the garden, and to whom I belonged. I answered that I was a slave of Arnaute Mami, whom I knew to be an intimate friend of his, and that I was merely in search of a few herbs, for a salad for my master. He then asked me if I was upon ransom, and how much my master demanded for me. While I was answering him, the fair Zoraida, who had perceived me from the house, came into the garden; and as the Moorish women make no scruple of appearing before Christians, with whom, as I observed before, they are not at all shy, she directed her steps towards the place where I was standing with her father, who seeing her approach slowly, called to her to quicken her pace. It would be difficult for me to describe at present the blaze of beauty or splendour of dress with which my beloved Zoraida then appeared before my astonished eyes. More pearls hung about her lovely neck, and more jewels were suspended to her ears, or scattered over her tresses, I might almost say, than she had hairs on her head. Round her ankles, which were bare, according to the custom of the country, she had two carcaxes, for so they call the enamelled feet-bracelets in Morisco, of the purest gold, and set with so many diamonds, that, as she has told me since, her father valued them at ten thousand pistoles; and the bracelets on her wrists were not less costly. The pearls that were strewed in abundance over every part of her dress were of the purest quality; the pride and magnificence of the Moorish women consisting in these ornaments: for which reason, there are more pearls in Barbary, than in all the other countries of the globe taken together; and the father of Zoraida had the reputation of possessing the greatest number and the best in Algiers, and of being worth, besides, two hundred thousand Spanish crowns; of all which, she, who is now mine, was once mistress. Whether thus adorned, and in the height of prosperity, she appeared beautiful or not, may be judged from what she is now, after having undergone great and numberless fatigues: for the

* Lingua Franca.

beauty of women has its times and seasons, and is under the control of accidents, the passions of the mind increasing or diminishing, and sometimes totally destroying it. To me, however, she appeared as perfect in beauty, as she was rich in attire, the loveliest being I had ever beheld, and, considering my obligations to her, I could regard her in no other light than as an angel descended from heaven for my deliverance and felicity.

"When she came up, her father told her, in his own language, that I was a captive of his friend Arnaute Mami, and the reason I had assigned for being in the garden; and joining in the discourse, using the medley of tongues before mentioned, she asked if I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself. I replied that I was already ransomed, and she might judge in what esteem I was held by my master, from the price that was demanded, which was no less than fifteen hundred pieces of eight. To which she answered, 'Truly, had you belonged to my father, he should not have parted with you for twice that sum; for you Christians are never sincere in the account you give of yourselves, pretending to be poor, for the purpose of cheating the Moors.'

"'That may be the case sometimes, madam,' I replied, 'but it was not so with me: I dealt honestly by my master, as I had been accustomed to do in my intercourse with mankind, and I hope I shall always follow the same upright course.'

"'And when do you purpose to go away?' asked Zoraida.

"'To-morrow, I believe,' said I: 'for a French vessel will then sail, and I mean to avail myself of the opportunity.'

"'Had you not better,' replied Zoraida, 'wait the arrival of a ship from Spain, and return in that, than trust yourself to the French, who are not friendly to your nation?'

"'No, madam,' I answered, 'unless a Spanish ship should arrive quickly, of which there is some hope; but the probability is, that I shall depart to-morrow; for the desire I have to be in my own country, and with those I love, is so strong that any delay would be painful to me; nor shall I incur it by waiting for another, though a better, conveyance.'

"'Without doubt, you are married in your own country,' said Zoraida, 'and are so anxious to be gone, that you may be at home with your wife.'

"'No,' I replied, 'I am not married; but I have given my promise to marry, as soon as I get thither.'

"'And is the lady whom you have promised beautiful?' asked Zoraida.

"'So beautiful,' answered I, 'that to compliment her, and tell you the truth, she is the very image of yourself.'

"The father laughed heartily at this, and said, 'Really, Christian, she must be beautiful indeed, if she resembles my daughter, who is esteemed the handsomest woman in the kingdom: look at her, and see if she be justly estimated.'

"Zoraida's father served as an interpreter during the greater part of this conversation, as understanding Spanish; for though she knew

a little of the Lingua Franca spoken by the Moors, she expressed her meaning to me more by signs than by words.

"While we were thus engaged, a Moor came running to us, crying aloud that four Turks had leaped over the pails or wall of the garden, and were gathering the fruit, though it was not yet ripe. At this information, the old man, as well as Zoraida, was alarmed; for the Moors have a natural dread of the Turks, and particularly of the soldiers, who are so insolent and imperious, that they treat them worse than if they were their slaves. The father therefore said to the daughter, 'Retire, child, into the house, while I go and talk to these dogs: and you, Christian, gather your herbs, and be gone in peace, and Allah conduct you safe to your own country.'

"I made my obeisance, and he went in search of the Turks, leaving me alone with Zoraida, who feigned compliance with his injunction, but returned the moment he was out of sight among the trees, and said to me, with tears in her eyes, 'Ameni, Christiano, ameni?' Meaning, 'Are you going away, Christian? are you going away?' I answered, 'Yes, madam, but not without you. Expect us to-morrow, which is Juma, and be not terrified, or apprehensive, for we shall certainly escape to Christendom.'

"In saying this, I gave as much expression as I could to my manner, so that she understood me; and throwing her arm about my neck, she moved soft and tremblingly towards the house; when, unfortunately, as it might have proved, but Heaven ordained otherwise, her father returned from sending away the Turks, and saw us in that attitude. We were sensible that he discovered us, but Zoraida had the discretion and presence of mind not to take her arm from around my neck, but rather held me closer; and leaning her head against my breast, and bending her knees a little, pretended to be fainting; while I, on my part, endeavoured to appear as if supporting her from necessity, to prevent her falling. Her father, seeing her in this situation, hastened towards us, and anxiously inquired what was the matter; and, receiving no answer, said, 'The insolence of these Turkish dogs has frightened her into a swoon:' and he took her from me, and gently inclined her head to his own bosom.

"Presently, fetching a deep sigh, her eyes still filled with tears, she said again, but in a different tone, 'Ameni, Christiano, ameni!' 'Begone, Christian, begone!' To which her father answered, 'There is no occasion, child, for the Christian's going away; he has done you no harm, and the Turks are fled: be not terrified, there is no danger; they are really gone: at my entreaty, they left the garden the same way by which they came in.'

"'They have indeed frightened her extremely,' said I, 'and as she wishes it, I will take my leave; but, with your permission, will come again occasionally, for my master says there is no place so good for salads in the whole vicinity of Algiers. God be with you.'

"'You may come whenever you please,' said Agimorato: 'for my daughter does not wish you gone, from anger to you, or any other Christian; she thought, perhaps, she was bidding the Turks begone, or that it was time you should go and gather your herbs.'

"I left them, and she, as if her soul had been rent from her body, walked towards the house with her father. Under pretence of gathering herbs, I roamed over the whole garden at my pleasure, carefully observing both the inlets and outlets, the strength of the house, and every convenience that might tend to facilitate our project.

"Having finished my observations, I returned to give an account of my excursion to the renegado and my companions; longing eagerly for the hour, when, without fear of surprise, I might enjoy the happiness which fortune presented, in the beautiful and charming Zoraida. The period fixed upon for the execution of our purpose, a period so much wished for, at length arrived; and observing the order and method which, after mature deliberation and long debate, we had agreed upon, we were blessed with the desired success. On the day after my interview with Zoraida, Morenago, for that was the renegado's name, cast anchor, at the close of the evening, almost opposite to the house in which my fair one resided. The Christians, who were to be employed in rowing, were ready in their hiding-places, their hearts beating, in anxious expectation of my coming, being eager to surprise the bark, which lay at anchor before their eyes: for they were ignorant of our plan, and supposed they were to gain their liberty by mere force, putting to death every Moor belonging to the vessel: as soon, therefore, as I and my friends appeared, they came forth, one after another, and quickly joined us. The hour was fortunate, for the city gates being by this time shut, there were no persons in the fields to observe our proceedings. Being all met, we deliberated, whether it would be better to go first for Zoraida, or secure the Moors who were in the boat; and while we were in this uncertainty, our renegado arrived, and asked what we were waiting for; for now was the time for action, all his crew being thoughtless of danger, and most of them asleep. We told him the cause of our suspense, and he instantly said, that the most important step was to secure the vessel, which might be done with all imaginable ease, and without incurring the least danger; and that then we might go for Zoraida with the greater confidence. We approved of his counsel, and, with him for a guide, repaired to the vessel, into which he leaped first; and drawing a cutlass, said in Moresco, 'Let no man stir, unless he is willing to lose his life.' The Christians were with him in a moment, and the Moors, cowards by nature, hearing their master speak thus, were terrified, and without resistance, for indeed they had few or no arms, tamely suffered themselves to be bound; which the Christians performed expeditiously, threatening, if they raised any outcry, or made the least noise, they should instantly be put to the sword.

"This done, leaving half of our men on board as a guard, we proceeded with the rest, the renegado being still our leader, to the garden of Agimorato; the gate of which, fortunately, yielded to our pressure, as if it had not been locked, and we reached the house in silence, without being perceived by any one. The lovely Zoraida was expecting us at the window, and hearing our approach, she asked in a low voice, if we were Nazareni; that is, Christians. I replied that we

were, and requested her to come down. As she knew my voice, she complied, without a moment's delay; and opening the door, she appeared to us all so beautiful, and so richly attired, that it would be vain to attempt a description. As soon as I saw her, I took her hand and kissed it, as did the renegado and my two comrades; and the rest of the party, without knowing its meaning, followed the example, thinking it the mere expression of our thanks and acknowledgments to her as the instrument of our deliverance. The renegado asked her, in the Morisco tongue, if her father were in the house: she said he was, but that he was asleep.

"'Then we must wake him,' replied the renegado, 'and carry him with us, and all that is of value in this delightful villa.'

"'No,' said she, 'my father must not be touched; and there is nothing valuable here, but what I have secured, which is sufficient to satisfy and enrich you all: stay a little, and you shall see.'

"And she went back into the house, requesting us to be quiet, and make no noise, for she would return in an instant. In her absence, I asked the renegado what had passed between them; and being informed, I insisted upon his complying in everything with the wishes of Zoraida, who now appeared with a trunk, so full of gold crowns, that she could hardly carry it.

"As ill fortune would have it, her father in the meantime happened to wake; and hearing a noise in the garden, looked out at the window; and, finding we were Christians, cried out as loud as he could, in Arabic, 'Christians! Christians! thieves! thieves!' which threw us all into the utmost terror and confusion.

"The renegado, however, seeing the danger we were in, and how much it imported him to achieve the enterprise before it was discovered, flew to the chamber of Agimorato, accompanied by several others, while I remained in the garden, not daring to quit Zoraida, who, at the voice of her father, had fainted in my arms. They acquitted themselves so well, that they were down in a moment, bringing Agimorato with them, his hands tied, and his mouth stopped with a handkerchief, and threatening, if he made the least noise, that it should cost him his life. When his daughter saw him, she covered her eyes, to avoid the continuance of so painful a sight; while he was astonished at seeing her, not knowing how willingly she had put herself into our hands. As it was now of the utmost importance to fly, we hastened as speedily as we could to the bark, where our comrades expected us with impatience, fearing we had met with some accident; and scarcely had two hours of the night passed away, when we were all safe on board. We now untied the hands of Zoraida's father, and took the handkerchief from his mouth; but the renegado warned him again as to silence, threatening as before. When the poor old man perceived that his daughter was also in our power, both sighs and tears escaped him, especially when he saw that I held her closely embraced, and that she sat quiet and contented, without showing either opposition, complaint, or coyness; but he held his peace, lest the menaces of the renegado should be put into execution.

"Zoraida finding herself on board, and seeing us, by our manning

the oars, about to leave the coast, while her father remained a prisoner, and the rest of the Moors fettered, she requested, by the renegado, that I would order the Moors to be released, and they, as well as her father, to be put ashore; for she would sooner throw herself into the sea, than see a parent by whom she was so tenderly loved, carried away captive before her eyes, and upon her account. When I understood from Morenago the nature of her request, I begged she might be gratified; but he said that it would be the most imprudent thing in the world; for if they were landed, the whole city and country round would be in a state of alarm; light frigates would be sent out against us: and thus, beset both by sea and land, it would be impossible for us to escape: but he agreed to give them their liberty at the first Christian port we should touch at. We were all of the same opinion, and Zoraida, when we told her why we could not grant her wishes, and what we had determined on, was satisfied. Then with joyful silence, and cheerful alacrity, each of our brave rowers plying his oar, and we recommending ourselves to God with all our hearts, set forward, intending to make the island of Majorca, which is the nearest Christian coast.

"But the north wind beginning to blow, and the sea becoming rough, we found it impracticable to steer that course, and were obliged to keep inshore, towards Oran, not without great apprehension of being discovered from the town of Sargel, lying on that coast, about sixty miles from Algiers; we were also afraid of meeting in our passage with some of those galliots, which usually came with merchandize from Tetuan: though, stout of heart as we were, each relying, not only on his own courage, but that of his comrades in general, a single galliot, if not a cruiser, would not have dismayed us; on the contrary, we should probably have encountered and taken it, and thus have obtained a vessel by which we might more securely pursue our voyage. Hitherto, Zoraida had kept her head between my hands, that she might not look on her father, and I perceived she was continually calling on Lela Marien to assist us.

"When we had rowed about thirty miles, the day broke upon us, and we found ourselves at no greater distance than three musket-shots from the shore, which appeared to be a desert, without a human creature to betray us. However, by dint of labour, we gained more sea, which was now become calmer; and when we had made about two leagues, we wished the rowers to rest in turns, for the purpose of refreshments, with which the bark was well supplied; but they refused to quit their oars, observing that it was not a time for rest, and they could row and eat too, if those who were unemployed would supply them with provision. This was accordingly done, but a brisk gale springing up, they were obliged to lay down their oars, and with sails set, steer directly for Oran, no other course being practicable. All this was done with great expedition; we sailed at the rate of more than eight miles an hour, without any other fear than that of meeting some corsair. We ordered some food to be given to the Moorish prisoners; and the renegado comforted them with the assurance that they were not slaves, and should have their liberty

the first opportunity; and he made the same declaration to Zoraida's father, who answered, 'I might reasonably, O Christians, expect from your liberal and generous practice any other favour; but think me not so simple as to believe that you mean to give me my liberty; for you would never have exposed yourselves to the danger of depriving me of it, to restore it again so freely; especially as you know who I am, and the advantage that may accrue to you from my ransom; which, do but name, and from this moment, I promise whatever you demand for myself, and this my unhappy child, or for her alone, who is the better part of my soul.'

"And he wept so bitterly, that we were moved to compassion, and Zoraida could no longer keep her eyes from him; and when she saw him in this piteous state, she also burst into tears, and quitting my arms, ran to embrace him; and a scene so tender then took place between them, that several of the company could not help joining in their lamentations. But when her father observed the nature of her dress, and the profusion of jewels, he said to her, in their language, 'How is this, my child? Yesterday evening, before this terrible misfortune befel us, I saw you in your common and ordinary dress; and now, without having had time for change, or any pleasing news that requires to be thus solemnized, I see you in your gayest apparel and richest ornaments? Account for this, for it surprises me more than the misfortune itself.'

"The renegado interpreted to us all that the Moor said to his daughter, who gave no answer to his question; but when he saw the box in which she kept her jewels, and which he knew he had left at Algiers, when he removed to his country-house, he was still more confounded, and asked her, how it came into our hands, and what was in it. To which the renegado replied, without giving time for Zoraida to speak, 'Trouble not yourself, signor, by asking your daughter so many questions; for I can satisfy you with a single word. Know, therefore, that she is a Christian; that she has filed off our chains, and given us liberty; that she is here with her own consent, and pleased, I have reason to think, with her condition, like one delivered from darkness to light, from death to life, and from suffering to glory.'

"'Is this true, child?' said the Moor.

"'It is,' answered Zoraida.

"'And thou art really a Christian? And it is to thee I owe that I am in the power of my enemies?' said the old man.

"'I am indeed a Christian,' she replied; 'but it was not I who reduced you to your present condition: I meant no harm to you; I only intended good to myself.'

"'And what good hast thou done thyself?'

"'Ask that,' she replied, 'of Lela Marien, who can tell you better than I can.'

"The Moor no sooner heard this, than, with incredible precipitation, he threw himself headlong into the sea, and would certainly have perished, had not his wide and cumbrous garments kept him for awhile afloat on the water. Zoraida, in a shriek, begged we would

save him, and we all hastened, and, laying hold of his robe, dragged him on board, half drowned and senseless: a sight which so much affected her, that she uttered a most tender and sorrowful lamentation over him, as if he had really been dead. We placed him so that the water he had swallowed might run out of his mouth, and in two hours he came to himself. In the meantime, the wind shifting, we were obliged to ply our oars, to prevent being driven ashore; and, by good fortune, we came to a creek, by a small promontory or headland, called by the Moors the Cape of Cava Rumia, meaning the wicked Christian woman; for the Moors have a tradition, that Cava, who occasioned them the loss of Spain, lies buried there; Cava signifying a wicked woman, and Rumia, Christian; and therefore it is considered by them as an ill omen to be obliged to land, and they never do it but from necessity, though it proved to us, considering how high the sea ran, a safe harbour and retreat. We placed scouts on shore, and never dropped our oars; and having made a second meal on what the renegado had provided, we devoutly prayed to God and Our Lady, for assistance and protection, that the termination of our enterprise might prove as happy as the beginning. We now promised, at the entreaty of Zoraida, to set her father on shore, before our departure, as well as the Moors, whom we had hitherto kept fast bound: for her tender heart could not bear to see her parent and countrymen thus held in captivity before her face; and we had the less hesitation in gratifying her as, by leaving them in a place so desolate, we could incur no danger.

"Our prayers were not in vain: Heaven heard them: for the wind presently changed in our favour, and presenting a calm sea, invited us to return into the course from which we had been driven, and proceed on our intended voyage. We accordingly unbound the Moors, and, one by one, put them all ashore, to their utter astonishment. But when we came to disembark Zoraida's father, who was now perfectly in his senses, he said, 'Know you, Christians, why this wicked woman is desirous of my being set at liberty? Think you, it is from filial piety? No, certainly; but because, when she would indulge her evil inclinations, my presence would disturb her. Neither imagine that she is induced to change her religion from thinking yours preferable to ours: no, it is because she knows that in your country there is greater libertinism than in her own.'

"Then turning to her, myself and another holding him, lest he should commit some outrage, he said, 'Infamous girl, ill-advised maiden! whither goest thou, blindfold and precipitate, in the power of these dogs, our natural enemies? Cursed be the hour in which thou wert born, and cursed the indulgence and luxury in which I brought thee up!'

"Seeing him not likely to terminate his upbraidings, I hurried him ashore, where he continued his exclamations and wailings, praying to Mahomet that he would beseech God to confound, overwhelm, and destroy us; and when we were out of hearing, we could see the frenzy he acted, plucking off his hair, tearing his beard, and rolling himself on the ground: and once he raised his voice so high, that we

could distinguish words like these: 'Come back, my beloved child, come back! I forgive thee all! Let those wretched men keep the money they have in their possession, and come thou back, and comfort thy disconsolate father, who, if thou forsakest him, must lose his life in this desert!'

"Zoraida both heard and felt this pathetic appeal, but could only say in reply, 'Allah grant, my dear father, that Lela Marien, who has been the cause of my turning Christian, may comfort you in your affliction. Allah well knows that I could not have acted otherwise than I have done: and these Christians owe me no thanks for any particular goodwill I bore them, since, had I been ever so unwilling to have accompanied them, and ever so desirous of staying with you, my dear father, it would have been impossible! for my mind would not let me rest till I performed this work, which to me seems to be as righteous and good as in your eyes it appears wicked and abominable.'

"These words never reached her father, for whom they were uttered; for we were at so great a distance from him, that we could not even perceive him. I endeavoured to console her as well as I could, while the rest were intent upon the voyage, which was now made so easy to us by a favourable wind, that we had no doubt of being the next morning on the coast of Spain.

"But, as good seldom, if ever, comes pure and unmixed, being sure to be attended or followed by some evil, to alarm and disturb our enjoyment, it unfortunately happened, perhaps in consequence of the curses bestowed by the Moor upon his daughter (for a father's curse is to be dreaded, whoever he may be), I say it happened that, when we were far out at sea, the third hour of the night already passed, the oars lashed, a fair wind easing us of the labour of making use of them, we discovered, by the light of the moon, which broke from the clouds with remarkable brightness, a round vessel, with all her sails out, steering a little upon the wind, right ahead of us, but so very near that we were obliged to shorten sail, that we might not run foul of her, while she clapped her helm a-weather, to give us time to pass. The men upon deck hailed us, asking who we were, whence we came, and whither we were bound; but as they spoke French, our renegado said, 'Let no one answer, for this is one of the French corsairs, to whom all is fish that comes to the net.' Upon this caution we were all silent, and continued our course, leaving their ship a little to windward, when they suddenly fired upon us two guns, both, as it appeared, loaded with chain-shot; for one of them cut our mast through the middle, which, with the sail, fell into the sea, while the other, following instantly upon it, took us amidships, laying open the side of our bark, but without wounding any of us. Finding ourselves on the point of going to the bottom, we cried aloud for help, beseeching those in the vessel to save us from destruction. They then struck their sails, and hoisted out the boat or pinnace, manned by twelve Frenchmen, armed with muskets, and their matches lighted, who, coming close to us, and seeing how few we were and that the bark was sinking, took us in, telling us, that

what we suffered was through our own incivility, in not returning an answer to their questions: but the renegado found an opportunity, unperceived by any one, of throwing the trunk, containing Zoraida's treasure, into the sea. In short, we all passed into the French ship, the crew of which, after informing themselves of all they wished to know, proceeded to strip us of everything we possessed, as if they had been our enemies, plundering Zoraida even of the bracelets which she wore on her ankles. They would have taken away the very clothes we wore as slaves, if they had thought they could have made anything of them. Some of them proposed wrapping us all together in a sail, and throwing us into the sea: for their design being to trade in some of the Spanish ports, pretending to be from Brittany, should they carry us thither, they would be seized and punished for the robbery. But the captain, who had rifled my dear Zoraida, said he was satisfied with the prize he had got, and would touch at no port in Spain, but pass the Straits of Gibraltar in the night, or as privately as he could, and make the best of his way for Rochelle, the place from which he commenced his cruise; and in consequence of this determination they agreed to give us their ship's boat, and such provisions as were necessary for so short a voyage as we had now to make. This they did the next day, as soon as we were in view of the Spanish coast; at sight of which all our miseries were as completely forgotten, as if nothing untoward had happened to us; so exquisite is the delight afforded by the hope of regained liberty. It was about noon when we were put into the boat, with a supply of two casks of water and some biscuit: and strange to say, the captain, by some unaccountable impulse of compassion, gave the beautiful Zoraida forty crowns, and would not suffer any of the clothes which she now wears to be taken from her: so that at parting, instead of feeling resentment for what we had suffered, we expressed our thanks, as if, with goodwill, they had conferred upon us extraordinary favours.

"They stood out to sea, shaping their course for the Straits; while we, regardless of any other north-star than the land before us, plied so lustily our oars, that at sunset we were at so short a distance from the shore, that we thought we might reach it, without stealing more than an hour or two from the night; but having no moon to guide us, and the sky being cloudy, it was deemed in general unsafe to land upon a coast of which we were wholly ignorant, while some of our party were disposed to venture though among rocks, and far from any town; as by so doing we should avoid the danger we had reason to fear from the corsairs of Tetuan, who at night are in Barbary, and in the morning on the Spanish coast, whence, having taken some prize, they return to sleep at their own homes. At last it was agreed that we should row slowly, and, if the sea proved calm, land at the first convenient place that offered. Accordingly, a little before midnight, we arrived at the foot of a very large and lofty mountain, not so close upon the sea but that there was room enough for effecting our purpose. Having disembarked, and dragged the boat on shore, we kissed the ground, with tears of satisfaction and joy, thanking God for the mercy He had vouchsafed us, in the happy

termination of our perilous voyage. We then took the provisions from the boat, and ascended the mountain, still in trembling apprehension, scarcely believing, though it was really so, that our feet trod upon Christian ground. The day, which we thought long in coming, arrived at last, and we reached the summit of the mountain, hoping to discover some village, house, or shepherd's hut; but through the country round, as far as the eye could reach, no village, house, highway, path, or trace of human resort was visible; we therefore proceeded farther into the country, trusting that fortune would throw some kind soul in our way, to inform us where we were. But what troubled me most was to see Zoraida travel on foot over the flinty rocks: for though I once or twice carried her in my arms, she was more distressed than relieved by my doing so, from the fatigue she saw it occasioned me, and would accept no farther service than my arm, resting on which, she trudged on with exemplary patience and good spirits.

"We had not gone in this manner more than a quarter of a league, when the tinkling of a little bell reached our ears, a sure signal that some flock was near us; and, looking round with searching eyes, we descried a shepherd lad, sitting tranquilly at the foot of a cork-tree, shaping a stick with his knife. When we called to him, he raised his head, and started nimbly on his feet, and, believing, as we afterwards understood, the renegado and Zoraida, who were in Moorish dress, being the first objects that presented themselves to his sight, that all the Moors in Barbary were upon him, ran with incredible speed towards a wood that was at a little distance, crying out as loud as he could, 'Moors! the Moors are landed! Moors, Moors! arm, arm!'

"We were so confounded at this outcry, that for a moment we were at a loss what to do; but reflecting that the shepherd's noise would alarm the country, and that the guards of the coast would soon be on the alert, to see what was the matter, it was agreed that the renegado should throw off his Turkish jacket, and put on a slave's cassock or jerkin, which one of us immediately supplied, remaining himself in his shirt. Then recommending ourselves to Heaven, we followed the same road which the shepherd had taken, expecting every moment to be surrounded with soldiers; nor were we deceived, for in less than two hours, as we descended into the plain, we saw about fifty horsemen making towards us, on a hand-gallop; upon which we stood still, waiting their approach. When they came near, perceiving, instead of the Moors they had expected, a company of poor Christian captives, they were surprised; and one of them asked if we had been the occasion of the shepherd's alarming the neighbourhood. I answered in the affirmative, and was about to acquaint him whence we came and who we were, when one of our party, recollecting the features of the person who had addressed us, prevented me, by exclaiming exultingly, 'Thank God, my friends, for having brought us to so good a part of the country; for, if I am not mistaken, the ground we stand upon is the domain of Velez Malaga,

and you, sir, who now question us, if the length of my captivity has not impaired my memory, are my very good uncle, Pedro de Bostamente.'

"Scarcely had the captive said this, than the person thus recognised dismounted, and flew to embrace him, saying, 'Dear nephew of my soul, I have not forgotten you; though I have often bewailed your supposed death, with my sister your mother, and the rest of your kindred, who are all well, God in his mercy having preserved their lives, that they may have the pleasure of seeing you again. We knew you were in Algiers; and your dress, and that of your companions, plainly show, that you have recovered your liberty in some miraculous manner.'

"'It is even so,' answered the nephew; 'but we shall find time and opportunity hereafter to relate the particulars of our story.'

"As soon as the party understood that we were Christians escaped from captivity, every man dismounted, and civilly offered his horse to aid us in reaching the city of Velez Malaga, which was only about a league and a half from the place where we were. Some of them went to take the boat round to the town, when informed where we had left it; others took us up behind them, while Zoraida had the seat of honour, behind the captive's uncle. News of our coming having outstripped our pace, crowds came out of the city to meet us. It was not to see captives freed, or Moors in captivity, that they came; for to both of these sights they were accustomed, residing so near the coast. It was to gaze on the beauty of Zoraida, then in its meridian perfection, for the fatigue of walking, combined with the joy she felt at finding herself in a Christian country, and in safety, gave a glow and animation to her countenance, that, if my affection did not deceive me, a more beautiful being never existed, nor in my eyes one equally handsome.

"Our hearts directed us first to the church, to give God thanks for the mercy of our deliverance; and as Zoraida entered, she said, that she saw faces very like that of Lela Marien. We told her they were pictures of her, and the renegado explained to her as well as he could their meaning, that she might adore them, as if every one of them was the very Lela Marien who had spoken to her. Possessing good sense, and a clear and ready apprehension, she had little difficulty in understanding him. From the church they conducted us to lodgings in different parts of the town: but the nephew took Pedro de Bostamente, the renegado, Zoraida, and me to the house of his parents, who were in comfortable circumstances, and treated us with as much kindness as if we had been part of their family. We stayed in Velez six days, during which the renegado, having informed himself of what it was necessary for him to do on the subject of his conversion, repaired to the city of Granada, there to be readmitted into the bosom of our holy mother the Church. The rest of the freed captives went every one his way, as he pleased, while Zoraida and I remained by ourselves, furnished with no other means for our subsistence than the crown-pieces which the courtesy of the French corsair had given

to my beloved. With part of them I purchased the animal on which she came hither, and have attended her in the capacity of her squire, and cherished her with the pure affection of a parent.

"We are going to my native village, to ascertain if my father be living, and if either of my two brothers have had better fortune than myself, though, since Heaven has given me Zoraida, no fortune could have befallen me which I should have valued at so high a rate. The patience with which she bears the inconveniences poverty brings in its train, and the fervour of her zeal to become a Christian, are so great, that my admiration can rise no higher, and I consider myself as bound to love and serve her all the days of my life. Yet is the delight I take in reflecting that she is mine, and I am hers, frequently interrupted and almost destroyed by my ignorance whether I shall find a corner in my own country in which to shelter her, and whether time or death may not have made such alterations, both as to fortune and life, in my family, as scarcely to have left a single creature to acknowledge me.

"This, gentlemen, is my story: whether it be an entertaining and uncommon one, it is for you to judge. I can only say, I would gladly have related it with more brevity; though many circumstances have been omitted, lest, by being minute, I should weary you."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Which treats of what farther happened at the inn, and of many other things worthy to be known.

The captive having finished his narration, Don Fernando complimented him by saying, "Really, sir, the agreeable manner in which you have related your story can only be equalled by the novelty and surprising nature of the events of it; events so extraordinary and interesting, that, had it lasted till to-morrow, we could have listened with pleasure, and then have wished you to begin it again."

Cardenio and the rest of the auditors joined in this compliment, and offered him whatever services were in their power, with such expressions of kindness and seeming sincerity, that he could not but be satisfied with their goodwill. Don Fernando, in particular, generously said, that if he would return with him, he would prevail on the marquis his brother to stand godfather at Zoraida's baptism; and, on his own part, would accommodate him with whatever was requisite to enable him to appear in his own country with the dignity and distinction due to his rank in society. Though these offers were declined, the captive expressed his thanks in the most grateful and gentlemanly manner.

The evening had now closed, when a carriage, attended by several servants on horseback, drove up to the inn. They wanted accommodations for the night. The hostess answered, that there was not an inch of room in the house, but what was already occupied. "That

may be," said one of the attendants, "but room must be found for my lord judge, for all that."

At this title the hostess was a little disturbed, and said, "Sir, the truth is, I have no bed; but mayhap his worship has brought one with him, and if he has, he may come in and welcome; and I and my husband will give up our own chamber to accommodate his honour."

"Be it so, then," quoth the attendant.

By this time a gentleman had alighted from the coach whose garb immediately showed the nature and dignity of his station; for his long gown and tucked-up sleeves denoted him to be a judge, as his servant had said. He led by the hand a young lady apparently about sixteen years of age, in a riding-dress, so lovely and elegant in her person that all were struck with so much admiration that, had they not seen Dorothea and Lucinda, they would never have believed that there was such another beautiful damsel in existence. Don Quixote was present at their entrance, and he thus addressed them: "Your worship may securely enter and range this castle; for, however confined and inconvenient it may be, place will always be found for arms and letters; especially when, like your worship, they appear under the patronage of beauty; for to this fair maiden not only castles should throw open wide their gates, but rocks divide and separate, and mountains bow their lofty heads in salutation. Enter, sir, into this paradise; for here you will find suns and stars worthy of that lovely heaven you bring with you. Here you will find arms in their zenith, and beauty in perfection!"

The judge marvelled greatly at this speech, and he earnestly surveyed the knight, no less astonished by his appearance than his discourse; and was considering what to say in reply, when the other ladies made their appearance, attracted by the account the hostess had given of the beauty of the young lady. Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest, paid their compliments in a more intelligible manner than Don Quixote, and all the ladies of the castle welcomed the fair stranger. In short, the judge easily perceived that he was in the company of persons of distinction; but the mien, visage, and behaviour of Don Quixote confounded him. After mutual courtesies and inquiries as to what accommodation the inn afforded, the arrangements previously made were adopted—namely, that all the women should lodge in the large chamber, and the men remain without, as their guard. The judge was content that the young lady, who was his daughter, should accompany the other ladies; and she herself was delighted with her intended associates. Thus with part of the innkeeper's scanty bed, and what the judge had brought with him, they passed the night in a less incommodious manner than they had reason to expect.

The captive who, from the moment he beheld the judge, felt his heart beat, from a presentiment that this gentleman was his brother, inquired of one of the servants what his name was, and what part of Spain was considered as the place of his birth. The servant answered, that he was the licentiate Juan Perez de Viedma, and was born, as

he understood, in some town in the mountains of Leon. This account, with what he had observed himself, confirmed him in the belief, that he was his youngest brother, who, following the advice of his father, had chosen the path of learning. Overjoyed at the discovery, he called aside Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest, and communicated to them the singular intelligence; adding, as he had learned from the same authority, that his brother had arrived thus far on his way to South America, having been appointed supreme judge of the courts of Mexico; that the young lady was his daughter, whose mother had unfortunately died in giving her birth, and that he was become extremely rich by her dowry, which would one day wholly devolve on this his only child. He asked their advice, as to the method he should take to make himself known; or rather, how he should be able to ascertain, whether, having done so, seeing him so poor, he would be ashamed to own him, or would receive him with affection.

"Leave the experiment to me," said the priest; "though I have no doubt, in whatever way it be done, that you will meet with a kind reception; for in your brother's demeanour there are no signs of pride and arrogance; on the contrary, he appears to be endowed with the virtue and good sense which are sure to make due allowance for the accidents of fortune."

"Nevertheless," said the captive, "I should not like to come upon him suddenly and unawares, but had rather prepare him by some indirect hint or roundabout intimation."

"Leave it wholly to me," said the priest again, "and I will manage the matter to the entire satisfaction of both parties."

Supper was now ready, and they all sat down to table, except the captive, who absented himself from prudence, and the ladies, who supped by themselves in their chamber. They had not sat long, when the priest said, "My lord, I had once a comrade of your name in Constantinople, where I was several years in slavery, one of the bravest soldiers and best officers in the Spanish infantry, but as unfortunate as he was resolute and brave."

"Pray, sir, what was the name of this soldier?" said the judge, in a tone of interested inquiry.

"Ruy," answered the priest; "Ruy Perez de Viedma; and he was born, as he told me, in a village in the mountains of Leon. He related to me a circumstance which happened between his father, his two brothers, and himself, which, if I had not sufficiently known his adherence to truth, I should have considered as one of those tales which garrulous old women tell by a fireside in winter. His father, he said, divided his estate equally among his three sons, giving them at the same time advice in the form of precepts, of so salutary a nature that he even outshone the sage Cato. This son (my comrade) followed the profession of arms, and succeeded in it so well that, with no other aid than that of his extraordinary virtue and valour, he rose to be a captain of foot, and was in the high road to the promotion of colonel, when fortune proved adverse where he had most reason to expect her smiles, and he was deprived of her favours and his

freedom together, in that glorious action in which such multitudes recovered theirs; I mean the battle of Lepanto. My own freedom I lost in the goleta; and afterwards, by different adventures, we became fellow-slaves in Constantinople; whence we were conveyed to Algiers, where he met with one of the strangest incidents that, in the diversified life of man, was ever experienced."

The priest then recounted with brevity what had passed between his comrade and Zoraida, and was listened to by the judge, as no judge ever listened before; carrying the story, however, no farther than the period when the Christians were plundered by the French, and his comrade and the beautiful Moor left in consequence in the most destitute situation; pretending to be ignorant of their subsequent fate, whether they arrived in Spain, or were taken by their plunderers into France.

The captive stood at a distance, listening to what the priest said, and watching the emotions of his brother, who, when the priest had done speaking, uttered a deep sigh, and said, "O sir, you know not how nearly I am concerned in what you have related; so nearly, that the tears will flow from my eyes in spite of my endeavours to restrain them. That gallant soldier you mention is my elder brother, who, stouter in constitution, and entertaining more elevated thoughts, than I, or my younger brother, chose the honourable profession of arms, which was one of the three callings recommended to us by my father in his parting advice. I applied myself to learning, which, by God's blessing on my industry, has been the means of raising me to my present exalted station. My younger brother is in Peru; so rich, that, with the large sums he has remitted, my father has been enabled to indulge his natural disposition to liberality, and I to prosecute my studies to greater advantage, and better fit myself for the promotion that, by the decrees of Providence, awaited me. My father is still alive, but pining with desire to hear of his long lost son; and begging incessantly of Heaven, that death may not close his eyes till he has once more seen and embraced him. It is surprising, that this dear brother, discreet as he was known to be, should never, either in his prosperous state, or in his many troubles and afflictions, have written any account of himself to his family: for, had his situation been known to us, the miracle of the cane would not have been necessary to have obtained his ransom. Now the most afflicting thought is, how he has been treated by the French; whether they have set him at liberty, or murdered him, to conceal their robbery. This uncertainty respecting his fate will render my voyage, which I undertook with so much satisfaction, sad and melancholy. O my dear brother, did I but know where to find thee, I would fly to deliver thee from thy troubles, though at the expense of my own repose. Who shall carry the news to our aged father, of thy being alive? Wert thou incarcerated in the deepest dungeon of Barbary, all our wealth should be employed to deliver thee. O generous and lovely Zoraida, who shall repay thy kindness to him? Who shall be so happy as to witness thy regeneration by baptism? Who be present at the ceremony of thy nuptials, which would afford such gladness to us all?"

These pathetic expressions, with others of a similar nature, were uttered by the judge in so genuine a strain of fraternal affection, that all who heard him joined in demonstrations of tender concern for his sorrow.

The priest, finding he had gained his point according to the captive's wish, and unwilling to prolong either the anguish of the judge or the painful suspense of the company, instantly quitted the table and the room and presently returning, leading in Zoraida, who was followed by the rest of the ladies, and taking in his other hand the captive, who had waited in anxiety to see what he intended, he introduced them to the judge, saying, "Cease, my lord, your tears and lamentations, and enjoy the happiness that is presented to you by the sight of your good brother, and your fair sister-in-law: for in this gentleman you behold Captain Viedma, and in this lady, the beautiful Zoraida, to whom he owes so many obligations; both reduced to poverty by the French, that you may have an opportunity of showing the generous and affectionate feelings of your noble breast."

The captive ran to embrace his brother, who prevented him for a moment, by putting his hands against his breast, the better to recognise his features; which he had no sooner done, than he pressed him closely to his bosom, shedding such tears of joy, that every eye melted at the scene: the tenderness and rapture of which it would be difficult for the imagination to conceive, and impossible for the pen to write. Now the two brothers attempted a brief account of their adventures, then broke off to renew their demonstrations of affection. Now the judge embraced Zoraida, offering her all his wealth; then he told his daughter to embrace her, and the mutual caresses of these lovely maidens renewed the tears of the company. Now Don Quixote engaged the attention, who stood silently wrapt in the passing events, associating them with chimeras of chivalry. Then the future was thought of, and it was agreed, that the captive and Zoraida should accompany their brother to Seville, and thence inform their father of his lost son being found and at liberty, that the good old man might be present at the baptism and nuptials; for it would be impossible for the judge to go out of his way, as the fleet would sail in the course of a month, and he might lose his passage. In short, all were satisfied, and all in ecstasy; and the night being far advanced, they now proposed to retire and pass the remainder of it in sleep; Don Quixote offering his service to guard the castle, lest some giant or wicked adventurer, tempted by the vast treasure of beauty which it contained, should break in to despoil it.

Those of the party who were acquainted with the knight thanked him, and when he had left the room, gave an account of his strange frenzy to the judge, who was much amused by the detail of his extravagance. Sancho Panza alone was out of all patience at sitting up so late. However, he was better accommodated than any of them, upon the accoutrements of his ass, for which he dearly paid, as shall be hereafter related. The ladies having retired to their chamber, and the rest accommodated as well as they could be, Don Quixote, according to his promise, sallied out of the inn to take his post at the castle-gate.

A short time before daybreak, a voice reached the ears of the ladies, so sweet and melodious, that it forcibly arrested their attention, especially that of Dorothea, by whose side slept Donna Clara de Viedma, the daughter of the judge. The voice was unaccompanied by any instrument, and they were surprised at the skill of the singer. Sometimes they fancied that the sound proceeded from the yard, and at other times from the stable. While they were in this uncertainty, Cardenio came to the chamber-door, and said, "If you are not asleep, pray listen, and you will hear one of the muleteers singing enchantingly."

Dorothea told him that they had heard him, upon which Cardenio retired. Then listening with much attention, Dorothea plainly distinguished the following words.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The agreeable history of the Young Muleteer; with other strange accidents.

I.

Toss'd in doubts and fears I rove
On the stormy seas of love;
Far from comfort, far from port,
Beauty's prize, and fortune's sport;
Yet my heart disdains despair
While I trace my leading-star.

II.

But reservedness, like a cloud,
Does too oft her glories shroud.
Pierce to the gloom, reviving light!
Be auspicious as you're bright.
As you hide or dart your beams,
Your adorer sinks or swims!

Dorothea thought it was a great loss to Donna Clara not to hear such excellent singing; she therefore gave her a gentle shake and awoke her. "Excuse me, my dear, for disturbing you," she said, "since it is only that you may have the pleasure of hearing the sweetest voice which perhaps you ever heard in your life."

Clara, half awake, was obliged to ask Dorothea to repeat what she had said to her; after which she endeavoured to command her attention, but had no sooner heard a few words of the song than she was seized with a fit of trembling as violent as the attack of a quartan ague; and clinging round Dorothea, she cried, "Ah, dear lady of my soul! why did you wake me? The greatest service that could be done me would be for ever to close both my eyes and ears, that I might neither see nor hear that unhappy musician."

"What do you say, my dear?" answered Dorothea; "is it not a muleteer who is singing?"

"Oh, no," replied Clara; "he is a young gentleman of large possessions, and so much master of my heart that, if he reject it not, it shall be his eternally."

Dorothea was surprised at the passionate expressions of the girl, which she would not have expected from one of her tender years.

She therefore said to her, "Your words surprise me, Signora Clara; explain yourself farther; what is this you say of heart and possessions—and who is this musician whose voice affects you so much? But stay, do not speak just yet; he seems to be preparing to sing again, and I must not lose the pleasure of hearing him."

Clara, however, stopped her own ears with both hands, to Dorothea's great surprise, who listened very attentively to the music.

When the singing had ceased, Donna Clara again began to sigh; and all this so excited Dorothea's curiosity, that she pressed her to explain what she had just before said. Clara embraced her, and putting her face close to her ear, she whispered, lest she should be overheard by Lucinda, "That singer, my dear madam," said she, "is the son of an Arragonian gentleman who is lord of two towns, and when at court lives opposite to my father. Although my father kept his windows covered with canvas in the winter, and lattices in summer, it happened by some chance that this young gentleman saw me—whether at church or where it was I know not—but in truth he fell in love with me, and expressed his passion from the window of his house by so many signs and so many tears that I was forced to believe him, and even to love him too. Among other signs he often joined one hand with the other, signifying his desire to marry me; and though I should have been very glad if it might have been so, yet being alone, and having no mother, I knew not to whom to speak to on the subject, and therefore let it rest, without granting him any other favour than, when his father and mine were both abroad, to lift up the lattice-window just to show myself, at which he seemed so delighted that you would have thought him mad. When the time of my father's departure drew near, he heard of it, though not from me, for I never had an opportunity to speak to him; and soon after he fell sick, as I was told, for grief; so that on the day we came away I could not see him to say farewell, though it were only with my eyes. But after we had travelled two days, on entering a village about a day's journey hence, I saw him at the door of an inn, in the habit of a muleteer, so disguised that had not his image been deeply imprinted in my heart, I could not have known him. I was surprised and overjoyed at the sight of him, and he stole looks at me unobserved by my father, whom he carefully avoids when he passes, either on the road or at the inns. When I think who he is, and how he travels on foot, bearing so much fatigue for love of me, I am ready to die with pity, and cannot help following him with my eyes. I cannot imagine what his intentions are, nor how he could leave his father, who loves him passionately, having no other heir, and also because he is so very deserving, as you will perceive when you see him. I can assure you besides that all he sings is of his own composing, for I have heard that he is a great scholar and a poet. Every

time I see him, or hear him sing, I tremble all over with fright, lest my father should recollect him and discover our inclinations. Although I never spoke a word to him in my life, yet I love him so well that I never can live without him. This, dear madam, is all I can tell you about him whose voice has pleased you so much; by that alone you may easily perceive he is no muleteer, but master of hearts and towns, as I have already told you."

"Enough, my dear Clara," said Dorothea, kissing her a thousand times; "you need not say more; compose yourself till morning, for I hope to be able to manage your affair so that the conclusion may be as happy as the beginning is innocent."

"Ah, signora!" said Donna Clara, "what conclusion can be expected, since his father is of such high rank and fortune that I am not worthy to be even his servant, much less his wife? As to marrying without my father's knowledge, I would not do it for all the world. I only wish this young man would go back and leave me; absence perhaps may lessen the pain I now feel, though I fear it will not have much effect. What a strange sorcery this love is! I know not how it came to possess me, so young as I am—in truth, I believe we are both of the same age, and I am not yet sixteen, nor shall I be, as my father says, until next Michaelmas."

Dorothea could not forbear smiling at Donna Clara's childish simplicity; however, she entreated her again to sleep the remainder of the night, and to hope for everything in the morning.

Profound silence now reigned over the whole house, all being asleep except the innkeeper's daughter and her maid Maritornes, who, knowing Don Quixote's weak points, determined to amuse themselves by observing him while he was keeping guard without doors. There was no window on that side of the house which overlooked the field, except a small opening to the straw-loft, where the straw was thrown out. At this hole the pair of damsels planted themselves, whence they commanded a view of the knight on horseback, leaning on his lance, and could hear him ever and anon heaving such deep and mournful sighs that they seemed torn from the very bottom of his soul. They could also distinguish words, uttered in a soft, soothing, amorous tone, such as, "O my lady Dulcinea del Toboso! perfection of all beauty, quintessence of discretion, treasury of wit, and pledge of modesty! what may now be thy sweet employment? Art thou, peradventure, thinking of thy captive knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many perils and toils for thy sake? O thou luminary, bring me swift tidings of her! Perhaps thou art now gazing at her, envious of her beauty, as she walks through some gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leans over some balcony, considering how she may, without offence to her virtue and dignity, assuage the torment which this poor afflicted heart of mine endures for her! or meditating on what glory she shall bestow on my sufferings, what solace to my cares, or recompense to my long services. And thou, bright sun, who must now be harnessing thy steeds to come early abroad and visit my sovereign mistress, I entreat thee, as soon as thou seest her, to salute her in my name; but beware, in

doing so, thou dost not kiss her face; for I shall be more jealous of thee than ever thou wert of that swift ingrate who made thee sweat and run so fast over the plains of Thessaly, or along the banks of Peneus, for I do not well remember over which it was thou spedst thy rapid course, so jealous and so enamoured."

When Don Quixote had proceeded thus far in his piteous soliloquy, the innkeeper's daughter called to him, in a whisper, "Sir, sir, pray come a little this way, if you please." And in obedience to the summons, he turned his head, and perceived by the light of the moon, which then shone forth as if to assist his vision, a head peeping from the loft-hole, which to him seemed a window with gilded bars, suited to the grandeur of so rich a castle, as he fancied the inn to be. Instantly it came again into his mad imagination, that the fair damsel, daughter of the lord of the castle, being irresistibly in love with him, was come to solicit a return of affection: and impressed with this thought, that he might not appear discourteous and ungrateful, he approached the loft, and, seeing the two girls, said, "I pity you from my soul, fair lady, for having placed your affections where it is impossible they should meet the return, to which from your great worth and beauty they are entitled. Yet blame not this unfortunately enamoured knight, whom love has rendered incapable of devoting himself to any other than to her whom he made sovereign mistress of his affections, the moment his eyes beheld her. Pardon me, therefore, dear lady, and retire to your chamber, lest by a farther disclosure of your wishes, I may appear still more ungrateful. But if, through the passion with which you honour me, you can find any other way in which I can satisfy you, you may freely command my services, and I swear, by that absent sweet enemy of my soul, to bestow upon you immediately whatever you may ask, though it should be a lock of Medusa's hair, which was all snakes, or one of the sunbeams enclosed in a vial."

"Sir," quoth Maritornes, "my lady wants nothing of all this."

"What then is your fair lady's pleasure, discreet Duenna?" answered Don Quixote.

"Only one of your beautiful hands," quoth Maritornes, "by which she may in part satisfy that longing desire, which has brought her to this window, so much to the peril of her honour, that, if her lord and father should come to know it, the least thing he would do would be to cut off one of her ears."

"He had best beware what he does," answered Don Quixote, "unless he would incur the most disastrous fate that father ever experienced, for having laid violent hands on the delicate members of his daughter."

Maritornes having no doubt that Don Quixote would comply with her request, resolved instantly what she would do. She went down into the stable, and taking the halter of Sancho's ass, returned to her station in the loft, just as the knight had contrived to place himself erect on his feet upon Rozinante's saddle, to reach the gilded window, where he imagined the love-smitten damsel stood; when presenting his hand, he said, "Take, madam, this hand, or rather this chastiser

of the evildoers of the world; this hand, which no woman's hand ever touched before, not even hers who has the entire right to it. I do not present it to be kissed, but that you may behold the contexture of its nerves, the firm knitting of its muscles, its large and spacious veins, whence you may infer what strength must be in the arm itself, to which such a hand belongs."

"We shall soon see that," quoth Maritornes; and making a running-knot in the halter, she put it on his wrist, and fastened the other end of it to the staple of the hay-loft door. Don Quixote, feeling the rope a little harsh about his wrist, said, "You seem, fair lady, rather to rasp than grasp my hand: pray, treat it less roughly, since it is not to blame for the injury done you by my unyielding inclination; nor is it right to vent the whole of your displeasure on so small a part; nor are lovers wont to take revenge at this cruel rate."

But nobody heard a word of all this; for, as soon as Maritornes had fastened the rope, both she and her companion fled, ready to die with laughing, and left him so secure, that, had it been a giant's arm, he could not have got loose.

In this untoward situation, standing upright on his steed, his arm thrust within the aperture of the loft, and his wrist fast tied to the bolt of the door, our knight was in the utmost consternation, lest, by Rozinante stirring ever so little on one side or the other, he should lose his balance, and thus remain completely suspended. He dared not therefore make the least movement, though he had faith in the patience and sobriety of his beast, that he would have stood stock still for an entire century. In short, finding himself thus bound, and the ladies vanished, he began to imagine, that it was all the effect of some wicked spell. Then, he cursed within himself, his want of conduct and discretion, in having been deceived so easily. He pulled his arm, to try if he could disengage himself, using gentle means, for fear of disturbing Rozinante; but he was so securely bound, that all his manœuvres were unavailing. Glad too would he have been to have regained his seat on the saddle; but that was alike impracticable; and he had no alternative, but to continue in his present upright posture, or, by a daring effort, tear his hand piecemeal from its hempen manacle. How did he now wish for the sword of Amadis, against which no enchantment had power! Then he would curse his fortune, exaggerating the loss the world would sustain, while he remained under this malign influence. Then he bethought himself anew of his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso: then called upon his good squire Sancho Panza, who, stretched upon his ass's pannel, buried in sleep, did not, at that instant, so much as dream of the mother that bore him: then he invoked the aid of the sages Lirgandeo and Alquife: then called upon his special friend Urganda, to assist him: lastly, there the morning overtook him, in a state of such confusion and despair, that he bellowed like a bull; for he did not expect that the day would bring any relief to his distress; which, believing himself enchanted, he concluded would be eternal; and he was confirmed in this by the steadfast immobility of his steed, who never budged a hair's breadth. He verily thought, that himself and Rozinante must

remain as they were, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, until the evil star should pass over, or some more sage enchanter dissolve the spell.

But he was mistaken in his thought; for scarcely did the day begin to dawn, when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, well mounted and accoutred, with carbines hanging at their saddle-bows. As the inn-door was not yet opened, they called and knocked so loud, that Don Quixote, from the place where he still stood sentinel, cried out, in an arrogant tone, "Knights, or squires, or whatever you are, you have no business thus to disturb the peaceful slumbers of the inhabitants of this castle, who are not accustomed to open the gates of their fortress till the sun has spread his beams over the whole horizon; retire therefore from the glacis until broad daylight shall show whether you are persons proper to be admitted."

"What the devil of a fortress or castle is this," quoth one of them, "that we must observe all this ceremony? if you are the innkeeper, order somebody to open the door; for we are travellers, and only want to bait our horses, and proceed on our journey, for we are in haste."

"Do I look, gentlemen, like an innkeeper?" answered Don Quixote.

"I know not what you look like," answered the other; "but this I know, that you talk preposterously, to call this inn a castle."

"A castle it is," replied Don Quixote, "and one of the best in the whole province; and it has persons within, who have had sceptres in their hands, and crowns on their heads."

"You had better have reversed the matter," quoth the traveller, "and said the sceptre on the head, and the crown in the hand: but, perhaps, it is some company of strolling players, who frequently wear the insignia you talk of: for in no other case can I conceive that, in so small and paltry an inn, and where all is so silent, there can be lodged persons worthy either to wear crowns or wield sceptres."

"You know little of the world," replied Don Quixote, "if you are ignorant, that such incidents frequently occur in knight-errantry."

The other horseman, tired with this dialogue, knocked again with such increased violence, as to wake every one in the house, and the innkeeper among the rest, who left his bed to inquire into the cause.

Now it happened that the horse of one of the strangers approached Rozinante, who, melancholy and sad, his ears hanging down, had borne up his distended master without stirring; but sensible of the compliment, and turning round to repay it by a friendly caress, Don Quixote instantly lost his footing on the saddle, and must have fallen to the ground, had he not hung by the arm: which put him to so much torture, that he fancied his wrist was sundering from his arm, or his arm tearing from his body; and he hung so near the ground, that he could just reach it with the tips of his toes, which increased the evil: for, feeling how little he wanted to be able to rest his feet, he strove as much as he could to effect it; like those poor wretches tortured by the strappado, who, suspended at a similar height, extend their bodies, in the hope of finding a resting-place and relief, and thereby render their misery the greater

CHAPTER XXXV.

A continuation of the extraordinary adventures that happened in the inn.

Don Quixote roared out so lustily, that the host in a fright opened the inn-door hastily, to see from what pair of lungs the outcry proceeded. Maritornes, who was waked by the same noise, guessing what was the matter, went to the loft, and, without being perceived, untied the halter; upon which Don Quixote immediately fell like a sack to the ground, in sight of the innkeeper and the travellers; who, running to him, asked what misfortune had befallen him, that he made such a clamour? But he, without answering a word, slipped the rope from his wrist, and rising up, mounted Rozinante, braced his target, couched his lance, and, taking a good compass about the field, came up at a half-gallop, saying, "Whoever shall dare to affirm that I have merited this vile enchantment, I tell him to his beard he lies, and, with permission of my sovereign lady the Princess Micomicona, I here challenge him to single combat."

The new-comers were amazed at these strange words; but the innkeeper removed their wonder by telling them who Don Quixote was; and that they need not mind his ravings, as he was disordered in his intellects. They then inquired of the host, whether there was not in the inn a youth about fifteen years of age, dressed like a muleteer, with such and such marks, describing exactly Donna Clara's lover. The host answered, there were so many people in the inn that really he could not tell, but he had not noticed any such person.

"He certainly must be here," said one of them, espying the coach the judge came in, "for there stands the very carriage he follows. Let one of us guard the door, while the rest search the house; nor would it be amiss for one to ride round the inn, that he may not escape over the pales of the yard."

This plan was no sooner formed than executed, a little to the annoyance of the landlord, who could not judge with certainty why all this bustle was made, though he was disposed to believe the motive they assigned to be the true one.

By this time it was clear day, and every soul in the house, disturbed by the various noises that had been made, were stirring, and especially Donna Clara and Dorothea, who had slept but indifferently; the one from concern at being so near her lover, and the other from the desire of seeing him. Don Quixote, perceiving that none of the four travellers paid him the least attention, or answered his challenge, was ready to burst with the inward workings of rage and despite; and, could he have found a precedent in the statutes and ordinances of chivalry, that a knight-errant might lawfully undertake any other adventure, till he had finished that to which he had pledged his faith and troth, he would have attacked them all, and made them answer whether they would or no. But thinking himself bound first to

reinstate the Princess Micomicona in her kingdom, he thought it best to chew the cud in quiet, until he saw what would be the issue of the inquiry and search those travellers were so diligently making; one of whom found the youth they were in quest of sleeping by the side of a muleteer, his dreams employed upon a very different subject from that of being pursued and discovered. The man shook him by the arm, and said, "Upon my word, Signor Don Louis, this dress is very becoming a gentleman; and the bed you lie on most suitable to the tenderness with which your mother brought you up."

The youth rubbed his drowsy eyes, and, looking earnestly at the person who held him by the arm, soon recollected him to be one of his father's servants; which surprised him so much, that he could not speak a word; while the servant went on saying, "Come, Signor Don Louis, get up, and prepare, with a patient mind, to return home, unless you would have my master, your father, take a journey to the other world; for nothing less can be expected from the grief he is in at your absence."

"How did my father know," said Don Louis, "that I had taken this road, and assumed this dress?"

"A student," answered the servant, "to whom you confided your charming secret, discovered it, moved to pity by the lamentations your father made the instant he missed you: and he has despatched four of us in pursuit of you; and we are all here at your service, overjoyed at having found you, and that we shall return so soon, and restore you to those eyes that love you so dearly."

"That will be as I please, or rather as Heaven shall ordain," answered Don Louis.

"What should you please, or Heaven ordain, but that you return home?" quoth the servant; "for there is no possibility of avoiding it."

The muleteer, who had been Don Louis's comrade for the night, hearing this contest, rose, and went to acquaint Don Fernando, and the rest of the company, who were now risen and dressed, with what had passed; telling them, that the man had styled the lad Don, and urged him to return to his father's house, from which he had eloped, and how the youth stubbornly refused. They all recollected his fine voice, and being eager to know who he was, and to assist him if any violence were offered him, they repaired to the place where he was contending with his servant. Dorothea now came out of her chamber with Donna Clara; and, calling Cardenio aside, she related to him in a few words the history of the musician and Donna Clara. He then told her of the search that had been made after the young man by the servants; and although he whispered, he was overheard by Donna Clara, who was thrown into such an agony by the intelligence, that she would have fallen to the ground if Dorothea had not supported her. Cardenio advised her to retire with Donna Clara, while he endeavoured to make some arrangements in their behalf. Don Louis was now surrounded by all the four servants, entreating that he would immediately return to comfort his father. He answered that he could not possibly do so until he had accomplished that on which

his life, his honour, and his soul depended. The servants still urged him, saying they would certainly not go back without him, and that they must compel him to return if he refused.

"That you shall not do," replied Don Louis; "at least you shall not take me living."

This contest had now drawn together most of the people in the house; Don Fernando, Cardenio, the judge, the priest, the barber, and even Don Quixote had quitted his post of castleguard. Cardenio, already knowing the young man's story, asked the men why they would take away the youth against his will.

"To save his father's life," replied one of them; "which is in danger from distress of mind."

"There is no occasion to give an account of my affairs here," said Don Louis; "I am free, and will go back if I please; otherwise none of you shall force me."

"But reason will prevail with you," answered the servant; "and if not, we must do our duty."

"Hold," said the judge; "let us know the whole of this affair."

The man (who recollected him) answered, "Does not your worship know this gentleman? He is your neighbour's son, and has absented himself from his father's house, in a garb very unbecoming his quality, as your worship may see."

The judge, after looking at him with attention, recognised him, and accosted him in a friendly manner.

"What childish frolic is this, Signor Don Louis," said he; "or what powerful motive has induced you to disguise yourself in a manner so unbecoming your rank?"

The eyes of the youth were filled with tears, and he could not say a word. The judge desired the servants to be quiet, promising that all should be well; and taking Don Louis by the hand, he led him aside to question him.

While the judge was thus employed, a great outcry was heard at the door of the inn, the occasion of which was that two guests, who had lodged there that night, seeing everybody busy in the affair of the youth and the servants, had attempted to decamp without paying their reckoning. But the host, who was more mindful of his own business than that of other people, laid hold of them just as they were quitting the door, and demanding his money in words of no very civil import, they were provoked to return an answer with their fists, and in so impressive a manner that the poor innkeeper was forced to call out for help. The hostess and her daughter, seeing nobody so disengaged, and therefore so proper to succour him, as Don Quixote, the daughter said to him, "Sir Knight, I beseech you, by the valour which God has given you, to come to the assistance of my poor father, whom two wicked fellows are beating to a mummy."

To which Don Quixote, very leisurely and with much phlegm, replied, "Fair maiden, your petition, I am grieved to say, cannot be granted at present, because I am incapacitated from meddling with any other adventure until I have accomplished one in which my honour is already engaged; but what I can do for your service I am

ready and willing to do. Run, therefore, and bid your father maintain the fight in the best manner he can, and not suffer himself to be vanquished, while I go and ask permission of the Princess Micomicona to relieve him in his distress, which, if she grant me, rest assured this arm will not fail to deliver him."

"As I am a sinner," quoth Maritornes, who stood by, "before your worship can obtain the licence you talk of, my master may be gone into the other world."

"Permit me, madam, to obtain the permission I speak of," answered Don Quixote, "and though he should be in the other world, I would fetch him back, in spite of the other world itself, should it dare to contradict or oppose me; or at least will take such ample revenge on those who shall have sent him thither, that you shall be more than moderately satisfied."

And without saying a word more, he went and kneeled before Dorothea, beseeching, in most knightly and chivalrous expressions, that her grandeur would vouchsafe to give him leave to go and succour the governor of the castle, who was in grievous distress. The princess having graciously consented, he instantly braced on his target, drew his sword, and ran to the inn-door, where the two guests were still lugging and pummelling the poor host; but when he saw them, he stopped short and stood irresolute, and being asked by Maritornes and the hostess why he delayed giving the succour he had promised, "I delay," said he, "from reflecting, that it is not lawful for a knight to draw his sword against such unknightly combatants: but call hither my squire Sancho; for to him this defence and revenge most properly belongs."

This passed at the door of the inn, where the boxing and cuffing continued briskly, to the cost of the innkeeper, and the rage of Maritornes, the hostess, and her daughter, who were half distracted at beholding the cowardice, as they deemed it, of Don Quixote, and the injury sustained by their respective master, husband, and father.

And there let us leave him awhile; for he will not want somebody or other to relieve him; or should it be otherwise, let him suffer and be silent, for being so foolhardy as to engage in what is above his strength; and let us turn fifty paces back, to see what answer Don Louis made to the judge, whom we left apart asking the cause of his coming so far on foot, and so meanly apparelled. To which the youth, pressing both his hands, as if some great affliction was wringing his heart, and pouring down tears in abundance, replied, "All I can say, dear sir, is, that, from the moment Heaven was pleased, by means of our near residence to each other, to bless me with a sight of Donna Clara, your daughter, she became sovereign mistress of my affections; and if you, my true lord and father, do not oppose it, this very day she shall be my wife. For her I left my father's house, and put myself into this dress, resolved to follow whithersoever she went, undeviatingly, as the arrow to the mark, or the needle to the pole. As yet she knows no more of my passion, than she may have inferred from occasionally seeing at a distance my eyes full of tenderness and tears. You know, my lord, the wealth and rank of my

family, and that I am sole heir: if you think these motives sufficient for venturing to make me perfectly happy, receive me immediately for your son; and, though my father, biassed by views of his own, should not approve of this my self-chosen felicity, time may work some favourable change, and lead him to bless it with his approbation."

Here the enamoured youth was silent, and the judge remained in the utmost suspense, surprised at the ingenuous manner in which Don Louis had made known his passion, and no less at a loss what measures to take in an affair of so sudden and unexpected disclosure; and therefore he returned no other answer, than desiring him to calm his emotions, and endeavour to detain his servants till the next day, that there might be time to consider what was most expedient to be done. Don Louis kissed his hands by force, and even bathed them with tears, in such grateful transport, that it was enough to soften a heart of marble, and much more that of our judge, who, being a man of sense, soon saw how advantageous and honourable this match would be for his daughter; though he wished it could be effected with the consent of Don Louis's father, who, he knew, had higher pretensions for his son.

Now it so happened that, at this time, the very barber entered the inn who had been deprived of Mambrino's helmet by Don Quixote, and of the trappings of his ass by Sancho Panza; and as he was leading his beast to the stable he espied Sancho Panza, who at that moment was repairing something about the selfsame pannel. He instantly fell upon him with fury: "Ah, thief!" said he, "have I got you at last!—give me my basin and my pannel, with all the furniture you stole from me!"

Sancho, finding himself thus suddenly attacked and abused, secured the pannel with one hand, and with the other made the barber such a return, that his mouth was bathed in blood. Nevertheless, the barber would not let go his hold; but raised his voice so high that he drew everybody round him, while he called out, "Justice, in the king's name! This rogue and highway robber here would murder me for endeavouring to recover my own goods."

"You lie," answered Sancho; "I am no highway robber; my master, Don Quixote, won these spoils in fair war."

Don Quixote was now present, and not a little pleased to see how well his squire acted both on the offensive and defensive; and, regarding him thenceforward as a man of mettle, he resolved in his mind to dub him a knight the first opportunity that offered, thinking the order of chivalry would be well bestowed upon him.

During this contest the barber made many protestations. "Gentlemen," said he, "this pannel is certainly mine; and moreover, the very day they took this from me, they robbed me likewise of a new brass basin, never hanselled, that cost me a crown."

Here Don Quixote could not forbear interposing. "The error of this honest squire," said he, "is manifest, in calling that a basin which is Mambrino's helmet:—that helmet which I won in fair war, and am therefore its right and lawful possessor. In confirmation of

what I say, go, Sancho, and bring hither the helmet which this honest man terms a basin."

"In faith, sir," quoth Sancho, "if we have no better proof than that of what your worship says, Mambrino's helmet will prove as arrant a basin as the honest man's trappings are a pack-saddle."

"Do what I command," replied Don Quixote; "for surely all things in this castle cannot be governed by enchantment."

Sancho went for the basin, and, returning with it, he gave it to Don Quixote.

"Only behold, gentlemen," said he; "how can this squire have the face to declare that this a basin, and not the helmet which I have described to you! By the order of knighthood which I profess, I swear that this very helmet is the same which I took from him, without addition or diminution."

"There is no doubt of that," quoth Sancho, "for from the time my master won it until now, he has fought but one battle in it, which was when he freed those unlucky galley-slaves; and had it not been for that same basin-helmet, he would not have got off so well from the showers of stones which rained upon him in that skirmish."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

In which the dispute concerning Mambrino's helmet is decided; with other adventures that really and truly happened.

"Good sirs," quoth the barber, "hear what these gentlefolks say! They will have it that this is no basin, but a helmet!"

"Ay," said Don Quixote; "and whoever shall affirm the contrary, I will convince him, if he be a knight, that he lies, and if a squire, that he lies and lies again, a thousand times."

Our barber, master Nicholas, who was present, wishing to carry on the jest for the amusement of the company, addressed himself to the other barber, and said, "Signor barber, know that I am of your profession, and am well acquainted with all the instruments of barber-surgery, without exception. I have likewise been a soldier in my youth, and therefore know what a helmet is, and I say, with submission, that the piece before us not only is not a barber's basin, but is as far from being so, as white is from black and truth from falsehood."

"Whether it be or not," said the priest, "must be left to the decision of Signor Don Quixote: for in matters of chivalry all these gentlemen and myself submit to his judgment."

"Gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "such extraordinary things have befallen me in this castle, that I dare not vouch for the certainty of anything that it may contain; for I verily believe that all is conducted by the powers of enchantment."

To those acquainted with Don Quixote, all this was choice entertainment; while to others it seemed the height of folly, among which

were Don Louis, his servants, and three other guests, troopers of the holy brotherhood, who just then arrived at the inn. One of the officers of the holy brotherhood, who had overheard the dispute, cried out, full of indignation—

"It is as surely a basin as my father is my father; and whosoever says, or shall say, to the contrary, must be mad or drunk."

"You lie like a pitiful scoundrel," answered Don Quixote; and, lifting up his lance, which was still in his hand, he aimed such a blow at the head of the trooper, that, had he not slipped aside, he would have been levelled to the ground. The lance came down with such fury that it was shivered to pieces.

"Help, help the holy brotherhood!" cried out the other officers.

The innkeeper, being himself one of that body, ran instantly for his wand and his sword, to support his comrades. Don Louis's servants surrounded their master, lest he should escape during the confusion. The barber, perceiving the house turned topsy-turvy, laid hold again of his basin, and Sancho did the same. Don Quixote drew his sword, and fell upon the troopers; and Don Louis called out to his servants to leave him, that they might assist Don Quixote, Cardenio, and Don Fernando, who all took part with the knight. The priest cried out, the hostess shrieked, her daughter wept, Maritornes roared, Dorothea was alarmed, Lucinda stood amazed, and Donna Clara fainted away. The barber cuffed Sancho, and Sancho pummelled the barber. Don Fernando got one of the troopers down, and laid on his blows most unmercifully; while the innkeeper bawled aloud for help to the holy brotherhood. Thus was the whole inn filled with cries, wailings, and shrieks, dismay, confusion, and terror, kicks, cudgellings, and effusion of blood. In the midst of this chaos and hurly-burly, Don Quixote suddenly conceived that he was involved over head and ears in the discord of King Agramante's camp; and he called out in a voice which made the whole inn shake, "Hold, all of you! Put up your swords; be pacified, and listen all to me, if ye would live."

His vehemence made them desist, and he went on, saying: "Did I not tell you, sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of devils must inhabit it? Behold the confirmation of what I said! Mark, with your own eyes, how the discord of Agramante's camp is transferred hither amongst us! there they fight for the sword, here for the horse, yonder for the eagle, here again for the helmet: we all fight, and no one understands another. Let then, my lord judge and his reverence the priest come forward, the one as King Agramante, the other as King Sobrino, and restore us to peace; for, truly, it were most disgraceful and iniquitous that so many gentlemen of our rank should slay each other for such trivial matters."

The troopers, who did not understand Don Quixote's language, and found themselves roughly handled by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their companions, would not be pacified; but the barber submitted, for both his beard and his pannel were demolished in the scuffle. Sancho, as became a dutiful servant, obeyed the least voice of his master. Don Louis's four servants were also quiet, seeing how little they got by being otherwise. The innkeeper alone was refractory,

and insisted that the insolence of that madman ought to be chastised, who was continually turning his house upside down. At last the tumult ceased; the pannel was to remain a caparison, the basin a helmet, and the inn a castle; and, in Don Quixote's imagination, till the day of judgment.

Amity and peace having been restored by the interposition of the judge and the priest, the servants of Don Louis renewed their solicitations for his return. The judge having, in the meantime, informed Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest, of what had passed between himself and the young man, he consulted with them on the affair; and it was finally agreed that Don Fernando should make himself known to Don Louis's servants, and inform them that it was his desire that the young gentleman should accompany him to Andalusia, where he would be treated by the marquis his brother in a manner suitable to his quality; for his determination was, at all events, not to return, just at that time, into his father's presence. The servants being apprised of Don Fernando's rank, and finding Don Louis resolute, agreed among themselves, that three of them should return to give his father account of what had passed, and that the others should stay to attend Don Louis, and not leave him until he knew his lord's pleasure. Thus was this complicated tumult appeased by the authority of Agramante, and the prudence of Sobrino.

But the enemy of peace and concord, finding himself foiled and disappointed in the scanty produce of so promising a field, resolved to try his fortune once more, by contriving new frays and disturbances. The officers of the holy brotherhood, on hearing the quality of their opponents, retreated from the fray, thinking that whatever might be the issue, they were likely to be losers. But one of this body, who had been severely handled by Don Fernando, happening to recollect that, among other warrants in his possession, he had one against Don Quixote, whom his superiors had ordered to be taken into custody for releasing galley-slaves, determined to examine whether the person of Don Quixote answered the description; thus confirming Sancho's just apprehensions. He drew forth a parchment scroll from his doublet, and began to read it slowly (for he was not much of a scholar), ever and anon, as he proceeded, fixing his eyes on Don Quixote, comparing the marks in his warrant with the lines of his physiognomy. Finding them exactly to correspond, and being convinced that he was the very person therein described, he held out the warrant in his left hand, while with his right he seized Don Quixote by the collar with so powerful a grasp as almost to strangle him, at the same time crying aloud—"Help the holy brotherhood! and, that you may see I require it in earnest, read this warrant, wherein it is expressly ordered that this highway robber should be apprehended."

The priest took the warrant, and found what the trooper said was true; the description exactly corresponding with the person of Don Quixote. The knight, finding himself so rudely handled by this scoundrel, was exasperated to the highest pitch, and, trembling with rage, caught the trooper by the throat with both hands; and, had he

not been immediately rescued by his comrades, he would certainly have been strangled.

"What my master says is true," exclaimed Sancho, "about the enchantments of this castle; for it is impossible to live an hour quietly in it."

Don Fernando at length parted the officer and Don Quixote, and, to the satisfaction of both, unlocked their hands from the doublet collar of the one, and from the windpipe of the other. Nevertheless the troopers persisted in claiming their prisoner; declaring that the king's service, and that of the holy brotherhood, required it; in whose name they again demanded help and assistance in apprehending that common robber and highway thief. Don Quixote smiled at these expressions, and, with great calmness, said, "Come hither, base and ill-born crew: call ye it robbing on the highway to loosen the chains of the captive, to set the prisoner free, to succour the oppressed, to raise the fallen, to relieve the needy and wretched? Tell me, ye rogues in a troop!—not troopers, but highway marauders, under licence of the holy brotherhood—who was the blockhead that signed the warrant for apprehending such a knight as I am? What knight-errant ever paid custom, poll-tax, subsidy, quit-rent, porterage, or ferry-boat? What tailor ever brought in a bill for making his clothes? What governor that lodged him in his castle ever made him pay for his entertainment? What king did not seat him at his table? Finally, what knight-errant ever did, or shall exist, who has not courage, with his single arm, to bestow a hundred bastinadoes on any four hundred troopers of the holy brotherhood who shall dare to oppose him?"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The notable adventure of the Holy Brotherhood; with an account of the ferocity of our good Knight, Don Quixote.

WHILE Don Quixote was thus haranguing the officers, the priest was endeavouring to persuade them that, since Don Quixote, as they might easily perceive, was deranged in his mind, it was useless for them to proceed farther in the affair: for if they were to apprehend him, he would soon be released as insane. But the trooper only said, in answer, that it was not his business to judge of the state of Don Quixote's intellects, but to obey the order of his superior; and that, when he had once secured him, they might set him free as often as they pleased.

"Indeed," said the priest, "you must forbear this once; nor do I think that he will suffer himself to be taken."

In fact the priest said so much, and Don Quixote acted so extravagantly, that the officers would have been more crazy than himself had they not desisted after such evidence of his infirmity. They judged it best, therefore, to be quiet, and endeavour to make peace between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still continued their

scuffle with great rancour. As officers of justice, therefore, they compounded the matter, and pronounced such a decision that, if both parties were not perfectly contented, at least they were in some degree pacified. As for Mambrino's helmet, the priest, unknown to Don Quixote, paid the barber eight reals, for which he received a discharge in full, acquitting him of all fraud thenceforth and for evermore.

Thus were these important contests decided; and fortune seemed to smile on all the heroes and heroines of the inn—even the face of Donna Clara betrayed the joy of her heart, as the servants of Don Louis had acquiesced in his wishes. The innkeeper, observing the recompense which the priest had made the barber, claimed also the payment of his demands upon Don Quixote, with ample satisfaction for the damage done to his skins, and the loss of his wine. The priest, however, endeavoured to soothe him, and what was more, Don Fernando settled the knight's account, although the judge would fain have taken the debt upon himself. Peace was therefore entirely restored, and the inn no longer displayed the confusion of Agramante's camp, as Don Quixote had called it, but rather the tranquillity of the days of Octavius Cæsar, thanks to the mediation and eloquence of the priest, and the liberality of Don Fernando.

Don Quixote, now finding himself disengaged, thought it was time to pursue his journey, and accomplish the grand enterprise to which he had been elected. Accordingly, he approached the princess, and threw himself upon his knees before her; but she would not listen to him in that posture; and therefore, in obedience to her, he arose, and thus addressed her: "It is a common adage, fair lady, that 'diligence is the mother of success;' and experience constantly verifies its truth: the active solicitor brings the doubtful suit to a happy issue. But this truth is never more obvious than in military operations, where expedition and despatch anticipate the designs of the enemy, and victory is secured before he is prepared for defence. I am induced to make these remarks, most exalted lady, because our abode in this castle seems no longer necessary, and may indeed be prejudicial; for who knows but your enemy the giant may, by secret spies, get intelligence of my approach, and thus gain time to fortify himself in some impregnable fortress, against which my vigilance, and the force of my indefatigable arm, may be ineffectual. Therefore, sovereign lady, that his designs may be prevented by our diligence, let us depart quickly in the name of that good fortune which will be yours the moment I come face to face with your enemy."

Here Don Quixote was silent, and with dignified composure awaited the answer of the beautiful infanta, who, with an air of majesty, and in a style corresponding with that of her knight, thus replied:

"I am obliged to you, Sir Knight, for the zeal you testify in my cause, so worthy of a true knight, whose office and employment it is to succour the orphan and distressed; and Heaven grant that our desires may be soon accomplished; that you may see that all women are not ungrateful. As to my departure, let it be instantly, for I have no other will but yours; dispose of me entirely at your pleasure · for

she who has committed the defence of her person, and the restoration of her dominions into your hands, must not oppose what your wisdom shall direct."

"I will not," exclaimed Don Quixote, "lose the opportunity of exalting a lady who thus humbleth herself. I will replace her on the throne of her ancestors. Let us depart immediately: for the ardour of my zeal makes me impatient; nor is there aught of danger that can daunt or affright me. Sancho, let Rozinante be saddled, get ready thine own beast, and also her majesty's palfrey; let us take our leave of the governor of the castle, and of these nobles, that we may set forth instantly."

Sancho, who had been present all the time, shook his head, saying, "Ah, master of mine! there are more tricks in the town than are dreamt of; with all respect be it spoken."

"What tricks can there be to my prejudice in any town or city in the world, thou bumpkin?" said Don Quixote.

"If your worship puts yourself into a passion," answered Sancho, "I will hold my tongue, and not say what I am bound to say, as a faithful squire and a dutiful servant."

"Say what thou wilt," replied Don Quixote, "but think not to intimidate me; for it is thy nature to be faint-hearted—mine, to be proof against all fear."

"I mean nothing of all this," answered Sancho; "I mean only that I am sure, and positively certain, that this lady who calls herself queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon is no more a queen than my mother; for if she were so, she would not be nuzzling, at every turn and in every corner, with a certain person in the company."

Dorothea's colour rose at Sancho's remark; for it was indeed true that her spouse, Don Fernando, now and then, by stealth, had snatched with his lips an earnest of that reward his affections deserved; and Sancho, having observed it, thought this freedom unbecoming the queen of so vast a kingdom. How great was the indignation of Don Quixote, on hearing his squire speak in terms so disrespectful! It was so great that, with a faltering voice and stammering tongue, while living fire darted from his eyes, he cried, "Scoundrel! unmannerly, ignorant, ill-spoken, foul-mouthed, impudent, murmuring, and backbiting villain! How darest thou utter such words in my presence, and in the presence of these illustrious ladies! Avoid my presence, monster of nature, treasury of lies, magazine of deceits, storehouse of rogueries, inventor of mischiefs, publisher of absurdities, and foe to all the honour due to royalty! Begone! appear not before me, on pain of my severest indignation!"

Poor Sancho was so terrified by this storm of passion, that he would have been glad if the earth had opened that instant and swallowed him up; he knew not what to say or do, so he turned his back, and hastened as fast as he could out of the presence of his enraged master.

But the discreet Dorothea, perfectly understanding Don Quixote, in order to pacify his wrath, said, "Be not offended, Sir Knight of

the Rueful Countenance, at the impertinence of your good squire; for, perhaps, he has not spoken without some foundation: nor can it be suspected, considering his good sense and Christian conscience, that he would bear false witness against anybody; it is possible that since, as you affirm yourself, Sir Knight, the powers of enchantment prevail in this castle, Sancho may, by the same diabolical illusion, have seen what he has affirmed, so much to the prejudice of my honour."

"Ah!" quoth Don Quixote, "your highness has hit the mark!—some evil apparition must have appeared to this sinner, and represented to him what it was impossible for him to see any other way; for I am perfectly assured of the simplicity and innocence of the unhappy wretch, and that he is incapable of slandering any person living."

"So it is, and so it shall be," said Don Fernando; "therefore, Signor Don Quixote, you ought to pardon him, and restore him to your favour, as at first, before these illusions turned his brain."

Don Quixote having promised his forgiveness, the priest went for Sancho, who came in with much humility, and, on his knees, begged his master's hand, which was given to him; and after he had allowed him to kiss it, he gave him his blessing, adding, "Thou wilt now, son Sancho, be thoroughly convinced of what I have often told thee, that all things in this castle are conducted by enchantment."

"I believe so too," quoth Sancho, "except the business of the blanket, which I am persuaded really fell out in the ordinary way."

"Thou must learn to think otherwise," answered Don Quixote; "for, were it so, I would have revenged thee at that time, as I would do now. But neither could I then, nor can I now, discover on whom the revenge of the injury ought to fall." They all desired to know what the business of the blanket was; and the innkeeper, pleased to gratify their curiosity at the expense of the squire, gave them a very circumstantial account of Sancho's aërial caperings; which, though it diverted them, would have put him to fresh shame, had not his master again assured him, that it was all a business of enchantment. Yet Sancho's folly never rose so high, but that he believed it to be downright truth, without any mixture of illusion or deceit, that he had been tossed in the blanket by persons of flesh and blood, and not by imaginary beings or visionary phantoms, as his master supposed.

This illustrious company had now passed two days in the inn; and thinking it time to depart, they considered how the priest and barber might convey the knight to his home, without troubling Dorothea and Don Fernando to accompany them; and for that purpose, having first engaged a waggoner who happened to pass by with his team of oxen, they proceeded in the following manner: They formed a kind of cage, with poles grate-wise, large enough to contain Don Quixote at his ease; then, by the direction of the priest, Don Fernando and his companions, with Don Louis's servants, the officers of the holy brotherhood, and the innkeeper, covered their faces and disguised themselves so as not to be recognised by Don Quixote. This done,

they silently entered the room where the knight lay fast asleep, reposing after his late exertions, and secured him with cords; so that when he awoke, he stared about in amazement at the strange visages that surrounded him, but found himself totally unable to move. His disordered imagination operating as usual, immediately suggested to him that these were goblins of the enchanted castle, and that he was entangled in its charms, since he felt himself unable to stir in his own defence; a surmise which the curate, who projected the stratagem, had anticipated. Sancho alone was in his own proper figure; and though he wanted but little of being infected with his master's infirmity, yet he was not ignorant who all these counterfeit goblins were. Having brought the cage into the chamber, they placed him within it, and secured it so that it was impossible he should make his escape; in this situation he was conveyed out of the house; and on leaving the chamber, a voice was heard as dreadful as the barber could form, saying, "O Knight of the Rueful Countenance! let not thy present confinement afflict thee, since it is essential to the speedy accomplishment of the adventure in which thy great valour hath engaged thee; which shall be finished when the furious Manchegan lion shall be coupled with the white Tobosian dove, after having submitted their stately necks to the soft matrimonial yoke; from which wonderful union shall spring into the light of the world brave whelps, who shall emulate the ravaging claws of their valorous sire.—And thou, O the most noble and obedient squire that ever had sword in belt! be not dismayed to see the flower of knight-errantry carried thus away before thine eyes; for, ere long, thou shalt see thyself so exalted and sublimated as not to know thyself; and thus will the promises of thy valorous lord be fulfilled. Be assured, moreover, that thy wages shall be punctually paid thee: follow, therefore, the valorous and enchanted knight; for it is expedient for thee to go where ye both may find repose. More I am not permitted to say. Heaven protect thee. I now go—I well know whither!" And, as he drew towards the close of his prophecy, he raised his voice so high, and then sunk it by degrees into so soft an accent, that even they, who were in the secret of the jest, were almost ready to believe what they heard to be true.

Don Quixote remained much comforted by what he had heard thus thundered forth; for he quickly apprehended the whole signification of the prophecy, and was sure that it promised he should be joined in holy and lawful wedlock with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso. And, with this firm persuasion, he exclaimed, fetching a deep sigh, "O thou, whoever thou art, who hast prognosticated in my favour so much good, I beseech thee to entreat, on my behalf, the sage enchanter who has the charge of my affairs, that he suffer me not to perish in this prison, in which I am now borne away, until I see accomplished the joyful and incomparable promises thou hast now made me: for, so they come to pass, I shall account the pains of my imprisonment glory, the chains with which I am bound refreshment, and this couch, whereon I am laid, not a hard field of battle, but a soft bed of down. And, as touching the consolation of Sancho Panza, my squire

I confide in his love and integrity, that he will not forsake me, either in good or evil fortune: for though it should fall out, through his or my hard hap, that I should not be able to bestow upon him the island, or something equivalent, that I have promised, at least he cannot lose his wages; for, in my will, which is already made, I have declared what shall be given him, not indeed proportionable to his many and good services, but according to my own poor ability."

Sancho Panza bowed with great respect, and kissed both his master's hands; for one alone he could not kiss, they being both tied together.

The goblins then took the cage on their shoulders, and placed it securely on the waggon.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Of the strange and wonderful manner in which Don Quixote de la Mancha was enchanted; with other remarkable occurrences.

Our knight, finding himself thus caged and carted, said, "Many and most grave histories have I read of knights-errant; but I never read, saw, or heard of enchanted knights being transported in this manner, or so slowly as these lazy, heavy animals seem to promise. For the custom invariably was to be carried through the air with wonderful speed, wrapped in some thick and dark cloud, or seated in a chariot of fire, or mounted upon a hippogriff, or other extraordinary animal. But to be conveyed in a waggon drawn by a team of oxen, overwhelms me with confusion. But, perhaps, the chivalry and enchantments of these our times may have taken a different turn from those of the ancients; and perhaps also, as I am a new knight in the world, and the first who have revived the long-forgotten exercise of chivalry, new enchantments may have been invented, and new methods of conveying those who are under their influence. What is thy opinion of this, son Sancho?"

"I do not know what to think of the matter," answered Sancho, "not being so well read as your worship in scripture-errantry: yet I dare affirm and swear, that these hobgoblins are not altogether catholic."

"Catholic! my father;" answered Don Quixote; "how can they be catholic, being devils, who have assumed fantastic shapes, on purpose to come hither and put me into this state? and to be convinced of this, touch them and feel them, and thou wilt find they have no bodies, but are all air, mere semblances, bodies in appearance only."

"Truly, sir," replied Sancho, "I have already touched them, and this same devil, who is so very busy about us, is as plump as a partridge, and has another property very different from what your devils are wont to have, who all smell of brimstone; but this one is scented with amber, as may be perceived at the distance of half a league."

Sancho meant this of Don Fernando, who being a cavalier of quality, was probably perfumed, as the squire hinted.

"Wonder not at that, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "for your devils are a knowing sort of people, and may carry perfumes about them, though they have no scents in themselves, being spirits; or, if any odour proceed from them, it cannot be of a pleasing, but must be of a loathsome nature; because they carry their hell with them wherever they go, and can receive no respite from their torments. Now, a perfume being pleasing and delightful, it is not possible they should smell of so good a thing: and if this devil to thy sense smells of amber, either thou deceivest thyself, or he would deceive thee, thereby to hide his Satanic essence more effectually."

This dialogue between the master and the squire, being overheard by Don Fernando and Cardenio, they were afraid Sancho would light upon their plot, for he was already so hot in the pursuit, as to be nearly upon the game: they resolved therefore to hasten their departure, and, calling the innkeeper aside, they ordered him to saddle Rozinante, and put the pannel on the ass, which he did with all practicable expedition. Meanwhile the priest had agreed to give the troopers of the holy brotherhood so much a day, to accompany Don Quixote to his village. Cardenio hung the buckler on one side, and the basin on the other, of the pommel of Rozinante's saddle, and having made signs for Sancho to mount his ass, and take Rozinante by the bridle, he placed two troopers, with their carbines, on each side of the waggon. But, before the equipage moved forward, the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes, came out to take their leave of Don Quixote, pretending to shed tears at his misfortune; which the knight observing, said, "Weep not, my good ladies; for mishaps of this nature are incident to those who profess what I profess; and if they did not befall me, I should not deem myself a knight-errant of any considerable renown: for to knights of little reputation, such accidents never happen, since nobody in the world thinks of them: but to the valorous it is otherwise; as princes and other knights, envious of their extraordinary virtue and courage, are constantly endeavouring, by indirect ways, to destroy them. Notwithstanding all which, so powerful is virtue, that of herself, in spite of all the necromancy that its first inventor Zoroaster ever knew, she will come off victorious from every encounter, and spread her lustre round the world, as the sun spreads his over the heavens. Pardon me, fair ladies, if, through inadvertency, I have incurred in any way your displeasure; for willingly and knowingly I never offended a living soul: and pray to God that he would deliver me from these bonds, into which some evil-minded enchanter has thrown me: for, if ever I find myself at liberty, I shall not forget the favours you have conferred upon me in this castle, but shall acknowledge and requite them with the gratitude they deserve."

While this passed between the ladies of the castle and Don Quixote, the priest and the barber were taking leave of Don Fernando and his companions, the captain and his brother the judge, and all the now happy ladies, especially Dorothea and Lucinda. They all embraced, promising to give each other an account of their future fortunes.

Don Fernando gave the priest directions where to write to him, and acquaint him with what became of Don Quixote, assuring him that nothing would afford him greater pleasure; and that, on his part, he would inform him of whatever might amuse or please him, either in relation to his own marriage, or the baptism and marriage of Zoraida, and the success or otherwise of Don Louis's adventure, and the return of Lucinda to her parents. The priest having promised to perform everything that was desired of him with the utmost punctuality, they again embraced, and, renewing their mutual offers of service, parted. The innkeeper then came to the priest, and put into his hands a bundle of papers, telling him they were what he found in the lining of the wallet, in which was the novel of the Curious Impertinent, and, as the owner had never come back to claim them, he was welcome to take them all with him; for, as he could not read, he had no desire to keep them. The priest thanked him, and, opening the papers, found written as a title, The Novel of Rinconete and Cortadilla.* He packed it up carefully, intending to read it the first opportunity that offered. He and his friend the barber then mounted on horseback, with their masks on, that Don Quixote might not know them, and joined the cavalcade, the order of which was this: first went the car, guided by the driver, and guarded on each side by the troopers with their firelocks; then followed Sancho upon his ass, leading Rozinante by the bridle; in the rear were the priest and the barber, on their puissant mules, and their faces masked, marching with a grave and solemn air, no faster than the slow pace of the oxen would allow; while Don Quixote sat in the cage, with his hands tied, and his legs stretched out, leaning against the bars, with as much patience and silence as if, instead of a man of flesh and blood, he had been a statue of stone. In this slowness and silence, they travelled about two leagues, when they came to a valley, which the waggoner thought a convenient place for resting and baiting his cattle: and acquainting the priest with his purpose, the barber recommended that they should travel a little farther, as behind the next rising ground was a vale, that afforded more and better grass than that in which the waggoner proposed to stop. This advice was followed, and they went on accordingly.

The priest, happening about this time to look back, perceived behind them six or seven horsemen, well mounted and accoutred, who soon came up with them. One of the travellers, who was a canon of Toledo, and master to those who accompanied him, observing the orderly procession of the waggon, the troopers, Sancho, Rozinante, the priest, and the barber, and especially Don Quixote, caged up and imprisoned, could not forbear making some inquiries; though, on observing the badges of the holy brotherhood, he concluded that they were conveying some notorious robber or other criminal, whose punishment belonged to that fraternity.

"Why the gentleman is carried in this manner," replied one of the

* Written by Cervantes, and extant in the collection of his novels.

troopers who was questioned, "he must tell you himself, for we know nothing about the matter."

Upon which Don Quixote (having overheard what passed) said, "If perchance, gentlemen, you are conversant in the affairs of chivalry, I will acquaint you with my misfortunes; but if not, I will spare myself that trouble."

The priest and the barber, perceiving that the travellers were speaking with Don Quixote, rode up to them, lest anything should pass that might frustrate their plot. The canon, in answer to Don Quixote, said, "In truth, brother, I am more conversant in books of chivalry than in Villalpando's Summaries; you may, therefore, freely communicate to me whatever you please."

"With Heaven's permission, then," replied Don Quixote, "be it known to you, signor cavalier, that I am enchanted in this cage through the envy and fraud of wicked necromancers; for virtue is more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the good. A knight-errant I am; not one of those whose names fame has forgotten, but one who, in despite of envy itself, and of all the magicians of Persia, the Brahmins of India, and the gymnosophists of Ethiopia, shall enrol his name in the temple of immortality, to serve as a model and mirror to future ages, whereby knights-errant may see the track they are to follow, if they are ambitious of reaching the honourable summit and pinnacle of true glory."

"Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha says the truth," said the priest; "for he is conveyed in that enchanted state, not through his own fault or demerit, but the malice of those to whom virtue is odious and courage obnoxious. This, sir, is the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, whose valorous exploits and heroic deeds shall be recorded on solid brass and everlasting marble, in despite of all the efforts of envy and malice to conceal and obscure them."

The canon, upon hearing not only the imprisoned but the free man talk in such a style, crossed himself in amazement, nor were his followers less surprised; and Sancho now coming up, to mend the matter said, "Look ye, gentlemen, let it be well or ill taken, I will out with it: the truth of the case is, my master, Don Quixote, is just as much enchanted as my mother; he is in his perfect senses, he eats and drinks like other men, and as he did yesterday before they cooped him up. This being so, will you persuade me he is enchanted? The enchanted, I have heard say, neither eat, nor sleep, nor speak; but my master here, if nobody stops him, will talk ye more than thirty barristers."

Then turning to the priest, he went on saying, "Ah, master priest, master priest, do I not know you? And think you I cannot guess what these new enchantments drive at? Let me tell you I know you, though you do hide your face, and understand you too, sly as you be. But the good cannot abide where envy rules, nor is generosity found in a beggarly breast. Evil befal the devil! Had it not been for your reverence, before this time his worship had been married to the Princess Micomicona, and I had been an earl at least; for I

could expect no less from my master's bounty and the greatness of my services. But I find the proverb true, that 'the wheel of fortune turns swifter than a mill-wheel,' and they who were yesterday at the top are to-day at the bottom. I am grieved for my poor wife and children; for, when they might reasonably expect to see their father come home a governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, they will now see him return a pitiful groom. All this I say, master priest, only to make your paternity feel some conscience in regard to what you are doing with my master; take heed that God does not call you to an account in the next life for this imprisonment of my lord, and require at your hands all the good he might have done during this time of his confinement."

"Snuff me these candles," quoth the barber, interrupting the squire; "what! art thou, Sancho, of thy master's fraternity? I begin, indeed, to think thou art likely to keep him company in the cage for thy share of his humour and his chivalry. In an evil hour wert thou lured by his promises, and thy head filled with islands."

"I am not lured by anybody," answered Sancho; "and though I am a poor man, I am an old Christian, and owe nobody anything; and if I covet islands, there are others who covet worse things; and every one is the son of his own works; and being a man, I may come to be pope, and much more easily governor of an island, especially since my master may win so many that he may be at a loss where to bestow them. Pray, master barber, take heed what you say; for shaving of beards is not all, and there is some difference between Pedro and Pedro. I say this, because we know one another, and there is no putting false dice upon me: as for my master's enchantment, God knows the truth, and let that rest."

The barber would not answer Sancho, lest, by his simplicity, he should discover what he and the priest took so much pains to conceal; and for the same reason the priest desired the canon to ride on a little before, and he would let him into the secret of the encaged gentleman, with other particulars that would divert him.

The canon and his servants then rode on before with the priest, who entertained him with a circumstantial account of Don Quixote, from the first symptoms of his derangement to his present situation in the cage. The canon was surprised at what he heard. "Truly," said he to the curate, "those tales of chivalry are very prejudicial to the common weal; and, though led away by an idle and false taste, I have read in part almost all that are printed, I could never get through the whole of any one of them, they are all so much alike. In my opinion, this kind of writing and composition falls under the head of what are called Milesian fables, which are extravagant stories, calculated merely to amuse, and very unlike those moral tales which are no less instructive than entertaining; and though the principal object of such books is to please, I know not how they can attain that end by such monstrous absurdities; for the mind receives pleasure from the beauty and consistency of what is presented to the imagination, not from that which is incongruous and unnatural. Where is the sense

or consistency of a tale in which a youth of sixteen hews down a giant as tall as a steeple, and splits him in two as if he were made of paste? Or how are we to be interested in the detail of a battle, when we are told that a hero contends alone against a million of adversaries, and obtains the victory by his single arm? I have never yet found a regular well-connected fable in any of our books of chivalry; they are all inconsistent and monstrous; the style is generally bad; and they abound with incredible exploits, absurd sentiments, and miraculous adventures; in short, they should be banished every Christian country."

The priest listened attentively to these observations of the canon, which he thought were perfectly just; and he told him that he also had such an enmity to those tales of chivalry, that he had destroyed all that Don Quixote had possessed, which were not a few in number; and he amused the canon very much by his account of the formal trial and condemnation through which they had passed.

The waggoner presently unyoked the oxen, and turned them loose in a green and delicious spot, the freshness of which was inviting to persons not only as much enchanted as Don Quixote, but as intelligent and discreet as his squire, who besought the priest to permit his master to come out of the cage for awhile. The priest feared lest his master, finding himself at liberty, should play one of his old pranks, and be gone where nobody should set eyes on him more.

"I will be security for his not running away," replied Sancho.

"And I also," said the canon, "especially if he will pass his word as a knight that he will not leave us without our consent."

"I do pass it," answered Don Quixote, who was listening to all they said; "and the rather, because whoever is enchanted, as I am, is not at liberty to dispose of himself as he pleases; for the enchanter can so completely deprive him of his locomotive power, that he shall not be able to stir for three centuries, and, if he should attempt an escape, will instantly fetch him back on the wing."

The canon contemplated the Don with great surprise; for he displayed in conversation a very good understanding, and seemed, as it hath been before observed, only to lose his stirrups on the theme of chivalry; and he was induced, out of compassion to his infirmity, to address him on the subject:

"Is it possible, worthy sir," said the canon, "that the idle study of books of chivalry should so powerfully have affected your brain as to make you believe you are now enchanted, with other fancies of the same kind as far from truth as falsehood itself? For my own part, I confess, when I read them without reflecting on their falsehood and folly, they give me some amusement; but when I consider what they are, I dash them against the wall, and even commit them to the flames when I am near a fire, as well deserving such a fate, for their want of common sense, and their injurious tendency in misleading the uninformed. Nay, they may even disturb the intellects of sensible and well-born gentlemen, as is manifest by the effect they have had on your worship, who is reduced by them to such a state that you are forced to be shut up in a cage, and carried on a team from

place to place, like some lion or tiger exhibited for money. Ah, Signor Don Quixote! have pity on yourself, shake off this folly, and employ the talents with which Heaven has blessed you in the cultivation of literature more subservient to your honour, as well as profitable to your mind. If a strong natural impulse still leads you to books containing the exploits of heroes, read in the Holy Scriptures the Book of Judges, where you will meet with wonderful truths and achievements no less heroic than true."

Don Quixote listened with great attention to the canon till he had ceased speaking, and then, looking steadfastly in his face, he replied, "I conceive, sir, that you mean to insinuate that there never were knights-errant in the world; that all books of chivalry are false, mischievous, and unprofitable to the commonwealth; and that I have done ill in reading, worse in believing, and still worse in imitating them; and also that you deny that there ever existed the Amadises either of Gaul or of Greece, or any of those celebrated knights?"

"I mean precisely what you say," replied the canon.

"You also were pleased to add, I believe," continued Don Quixote, "that those books had done me much prejudice, having injured my brain, and occasioned my imprisonment in a cage; and that it would be better for me to change my course of study, and read other books, more true, more pleasant, and more instructive."

"Just so," quoth the canon.

"Why then," said Don Quixote, "in my opinion, sir, it is yourself who are deranged and enchanted, since you have deigned to blaspheme an order so universally acknowledged in the world, and its existence so authenticated, that he who denies it merits that punishment you are pleased to say you inflict on certain books. To assert that there never was an Amadis in the world, nor any other of the knights-adventurers of whom so many records remain, is to say that the sun does not enlighten, the frost produce cold, nor the earth yield sustenance. What human ingenuity can make us doubt the truth of that affair between the Infanta Floripes and Guy of Burgundy? Then who can deny the truth of the history of Peter of Provence and the fair Magalona? since even to this day you may see in the king's armoury the very peg wherewith the valiant Peter steered the wooden horse that bore him through the air; which peg is somewhat larger than the pole of a coach; and near it lies the saddle of Babieca. In Roncesvalles, too, there may be seen Orlando's horn, the size of a great beam; not to mention many other matters, all so authentic and true, that I say again, whoever denies them must be wholly destitute of sense and reason."

The canon was astonished at Don Quixote's medley of truth and fiction, as well as at the extent of his knowledge on affairs of chivalry; and he replied, "I cannot deny, Signor Don Quixote, but that there is some truth in what you say. That there was a Cid no one will deny, and likewise a Bernardo del Carpio; but that they performed all the exploits ascribed to them I believe there is great reason to doubt. As to Peter of Provence's peg, and its standing near Babieca's saddle in the king's armoury, I confess my sin in being so ignorant

or short-sighted that, though I have seen the saddle, I never could discover the peg—large as it is, according to your description."

"Yet unquestionably there it is," replied Don Quixote, "and they say, moreover, that it is kept in a leathern case to prevent rust."

"It may be so," answered the canon; "but, in truth, I do not remember to have seen it. Yet even granting it, I am not therefore bound to believe all the stories of so many Amadises, and the whole tribe of knights-errant; and it is extraordinary that a gentleman possessed of your understanding and talents should give credit to such extravagance and absurdity."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Of the ingenious contest between Don Quixote and the Canon; with other incidents.

"A GOOD jest, truly," said Don Quixote, "that books printed with the licence of kings and the approbation of the examiners, read with general pleasure, and applauded by great and small, poor and rich, learned and ignorant, nobles and plebeians—in short, by people of every state and condition, should be all lies, and, at the same time, appear so much like truth! Study well these books, signor; for, believe me, you will find that they will exhilarate and improve your mind. Of myself I can only say, that since I have been a knight-errant I am become valiant, polite, liberal, well-bred, generous, courteous, daring, affable, patient, a sufferer of toils, imprisonments, and enchantments; and although so lately enclosed within a cage like a manaic, yet do I hope, by the valour of my arm, and the favour of Heaven, to see myself in a short time king of some kingdom, when I may display the gratitude and liberality enclosed in this breast o mine; for, upon my faith, sir, the poor man is unable to exercise the virtue of liberality; and the gratitude which consists only in inclination is a dead thing. I shall, therefore, rejoice when fortune presents me with an opportunity of exalting myself, that I may show my heart in conferring benefits on my friends, especially on poor Sancho Panza here, my squire, who is one of the best men in the world; and I would fain bestow on him an earldom, as I have long since promised: although I am somewhat in doubt of his ability in the government of his estate."

Sancho overhearing his master's last words, said, "Take you the trouble, Signor Don Quixote, to procure me that same earldom which your worship has so often promised, and I have been so long waiting for, and you shall see that I shall not want for ability to govern it. But even if I had not, there are people, I have heard say, who farm these lordships, and, paying the owners so much a year, take upon themselves the government of the whole: whilst his lordship lolls at his ease, enjoying his estate, without concerning himself any further about it. Just so will I do, and give myself no more trouble than

needs must, but enjoy myself like any duke, and let the world rub."

"This, brother Sancho," said the canon, "may be done, as far as regards the management of your revenue; but the administration of justice must be attended to by the lord himself; and requires capacity, judgment, and, above all, an upright intention, without which nothing prospers; for Heaven assists the good intent of the simple, and disappoints the evil designs of the cunning."

"I do not understand these philosophies," answered Sancho; "all I know is, that I wish I may as surely have an earldom as I should know how to govern it; for I have as large a soul as another, and as large a body as the best of them; and I should be as much king of my own dominion as any other king; and being so, I would do what I pleased; and, doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and, having my will, I should be contented; and, being content, there is no more to be desired: and when there is no more to desire, there's an end of it, and let the estate come; so peace be with ye, and let us see it, as one blind man said to another."

"These are no bad philosophies, as you say, Sancho," quoth the canon; "nevertheless, there is a great deal more to be said upon the subject of earldoms."

"That may be," observed Don Quixote; "but I am guided by the numerous examples offered on this subject by knights of my own profession, who, in compensation for the loyal and signal services they had received from their squires, conferred upon them extraordinary favours, making them absolute lords of cities and islands; indeed, there was one whose services were so great that he had the presumption to accept of a kingdom."

With all this methodical raving the canon was no less amused than astonished.

By this time the canon's servant had returned from the inn with the sumpter-mule; and, spreading a carpet on the green grass, the company sat down under the shade of some trees, and dined there, that the waggoner might not lose the conveniency of the fresh pasture, as we have mentioned. As they were thus employed, they suddenly heard a noise, and the sound of a little bell from a thicket near to them; at the same instant, a beautiful she-goat, speckled with black, white, and grey, ran out of the thicket, followed by a goat-herd, calling to her aloud, in the usual language, to stop and come back to the fold. The fugitive animal, trembling and affrighted, ran to the company, claiming, as it were, their protection, but the goat-herd pursued her, and seizing her by the horns, addressed her as a rational creature, "Ah, wanton spotted thing, how hast thou strayed of late! What wolves have frighted thee, child? Wilt thou tell me, pretty one, what this means? But what else can it mean, but that thou art a female, and therefore canst not be quiet! A plague on thy humours, and on all theirs whom thou resemblest! Turn back, my dear, turn back; for though not content, at least thou wilt be more safe in thine own fold, and among thy companions; for if thou,

who shouldst protect and guide them, go astray, what must become of them?"

The party were very much amused by the goatherd's remonstrances; and the canon said, "I entreat you, brother, not to be in such haste to force back this goat to her fold; for, since she is a female, she will follow her natural inclination in spite of all your opposition. Come, do not be angry, but eat and drink with us, and let the wayward creature rest herself."

At the same time he offered him the hinder quarter of a cold rabbit on the point of a fork. The goatherd thanked him, and accepted his offer; and being then in a better temper, he said, "Do not think me a fool, gentlemen, for talking so seriously to this animal; for, in truth, my words were not without a meaning; and though I am a rustic, I know the difference between conversing with men and beasts."

"I doubt it not," said the priest; "indeed, it is well known that the mountains breed learned men, and the huts of shepherds contain philosophers."

"At least, sir," replied the goatherd, "they contain men who have some knowledge gained from experience; and if I shall not be intruding, gentlemen, I will tell you a circumstance which confirms it."

"Since this affair," said Don Quixote, "bears somewhat the semblance of an adventure, for my own part, friend, I shall listen to you most willingly: I can answer also for these gentlemen, who are persons of sense, and will relish the curious, the entertaining, and the marvellous, which I doubt not but your story contains; I entreat you, friend, to begin it immediately."

"I shall take myself away to the side of yonder brook," said Sancho, "with this pasty, of which I mean to lay in enough to last three days at least: for I have heard my master Don Quixote say that the squire of a knight-errant should eat when he can, and as long as he can, because he may lose his way for six days together in a wood; and then, if a man has not his stomach well filled, or his wallet well provided, there he may stay till he is turned into a mummy."

"Thou art in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "go where thou wilt, and eat what thou canst; my appetite is already satisfied, and my mind only needs refreshment, which the tale of this good man will doubtless afford."

The goatherd being now requested by the others of the company to begin his tale, he patted his goat, which he still held by the horns, saying, "Lie thee down by me, speckled fool; for we shall have time enough to return to our fold."

The goat seemed to understand him; for as soon as her master was seated, she laid herself quietly down by him, and, looking up into his face, seemed to listen to his story, which he began as follows.

CHAPTER XL.

The Goatherd's narrative.

"THREE leagues from this valley there is a town, which, though small, is one of the richest in these parts; and among its inhabitants was a farmer of such an excellent character, that, though riches generally gain esteem, he was more respected for his good qualities than for his wealth; and his happiness was completed in possessing a daughter of extraordinary beauty, discretion, and virtue. When a child she was lovely, but at the age of sixteen she was perfectly beautiful, and her fame extended over all the neighbouring villages—nay, even spread itself to the remotest cities, and into the palaces of kings! People came from every part to see her, as some relic, or wonder-working image. Her father guarded her, and she guarded herself; for no padlocks, bolts, or bars secure a maiden so well as her own reserve. The wealth of the father, and the beauty of the daughter, induced many to seek her hand, insomuch that he whose right it was to dispose of so precious a jewel was perplexed, and knew not whom to select among her importunate suitors. I was one of the number, and had indulged fond hopes of success, being known to her father, born in the same village, irreproachable in descent, in the bloom of youth, rich, and of no mean understanding. Another of our village, of equal pretensions with myself, solicited her also; and her father, being equally satisfied with both of us, was perplexed which to prefer, and therefore determined to leave the choice to Leandra herself—for so the maiden is called: an example worthy the imitation of all parents. I do not say they should give them their choice of what is improper; but they should propose to them what is good, and leave them to select thence, according to their taste. I know not which of us Leandra preferred; this only I know, that her father put us both off by pleading the tender age of his daughter, and with such general expressions as neither bound himself nor disobliged us. My rival's name is Anselmo, mine Eugenio; for you ought to know the names of the persons concerned in this tragedy, the catastrophe of which, though still suspended, will surely be disastrous.

"About that time there came to our village one Vincent de la Rosa, son of a poor farmer in the same place. This Vincent had returned from Italy and other countries, where he had served in the wars, having been carried away from our town at twelve years of age by a captain who happened to march that way with his company; and now, at the end of twelve years more, he came back in a soldier's garb, bedizened with a variety of colours, and covered with a thousand trinkets and glittering chains. To-day he put on one piece of finery, to-morrow another: but all slight and counterfeit, of little or no value. The country-folks (who are naturally envious, and, if they chance to have leisure, malicious too) observed, and reckoned up, all his trappings and gewgaws, and found that he had three suits of apparel, of different colours, with hose and garters to them; but those he dis-

guised in so many different ways, and with so much contrivance, that had they not been counted, one would have sworn that he had above ten suits, and twenty plumes of feathers. Do not look upon this description of his dress as impertinent or superfluous, for it is an important part of the story. He used to seat himself on a stone-bench, under a great poplar-tree in our market-place, and there he would hold us all gaping and listening to the history of his exploits. There was no country on the whole globe that he had not seen, nor battle in which he had not been engaged. He had slain more Moors than are in Morocco and Tunis together; and fought more single combats, according to his own account, than Gante, Luna, Diego Garcia de Paredes, and a thousand others, from which he always came off victorious, and without losing a drop of blood; at the same time he would show us marks of wounds, which, though they were not to be discerned, he assured us were so many musket-shots, received in different actions. With the utmost arrogance, he would 'thee' and 'thou' his equals and acquaintance, and boast that his arm was his father, his deeds his pedigree, and that under the title of soldier he owed the king himself nothing. In addition to this boasting, he pretended to be somewhat of a musician, and thrum a little upon the guitar, which some people admired. But his accomplishments did not end here; for he was likewise something of a poet, and would compose a ballad a league and a half in length on every trifling incident that happened in the village.

"Now this soldier whom I have described, this Vincent de la Rosa, this hero, this gallant, this musician, this poet, was often seen and admired by Leandra from a window of her house, which faced the market-place. She was struck with the tinsel of his gaudy apparel; his ballads enchanted her; the exploits he related of himself reached her ears—in short, as ill-luck would have it, she fell downright in love with him before he had entertained the presumption of courting her; and, as in affairs of love none are so easily accomplished as those which are favoured by the inclination of the lady, Leandra and Vincent soon came to a mutual understanding; and before any of her numerous suitors had the least suspicion of her design, she had already accomplished it, and left the house of her affectionate father, and quitted the town with the soldier, who came off in this enterprise more triumphantly than in any of those of which he had so arrogantly boasted. This event excited general astonishment. Anselmo and I were utterly confounded, her father grieved, her kindred ashamed, justice alarmed, and the troopers of the holy brotherhood in full activity. They beset the highways, and searched the woods, leaving no place unexplored; and at the end of three days they found the poor giddy Leandra in the cave of a mountain, stripped of all her clothes and the money and jewels which she had carried away from home. They brought her back to her disconsolate father; and being questioned, she freely confessed that Vincent de la Rosa had deceived her, and upon promise of marriage had persuaded her to leave her father's house, telling her he would carry her to Naples, the richest and most delicious city in the whole world. The imprudent and credulous girl

said that, having believed him, she had robbed her father, and given the whole to him on the night of her elopement; and that he had carried her among the mountains, and left her shut up in that cave.

"The same day that Leandra returned, she disappeared again from our eyes, as her father placed her in the monastery of a neighbouring town, in hopes that time might efface the remembrance of this untoward event. Her tender years were some excuse for her fault, especially with those who were indifferent as to whether she was good or bad; but those who know how much sense and understanding she possessed, could only ascribe her fault to levity, and the foibles natural to womankind. When Leandra was gone, Anselmo and myself were blind to everything—at least no object could give us pleasure. We cursed the soldier's finery, and reprobated her father's want of vigilance; nor had time any effect in diminishing our regret. At length we agreed to quit the town and retire to this valley, where we pass our lives tending our flocks, and indulging our passion by praises, lamentations, or reproaches, and sometimes in solitary sighs and groans. Our example has been followed by many other admirers of Leandra, who have joined us in the same employment; indeed we are so numerous, that this place seems converted into the pastoral Arcadia; nor is there a part of it where the name of our beautiful mistress is not heard. One utters execrations against her, calling her fond, fickle, and immodest; another condemns her forwardness and levity; some excuse and pardon her; others arraign and condemn her; one praises her beauty, another rails at her disposition: in truth, all blame and all adore her—nay, such is the general frenzy, that some complain of her disdain who never had spoken to her, and some there are who bemoan themselves and affect to feel the raging disease of jealousy, though, as I have said before, her fault was known before her inclinations were suspected. There is no hollow of a rock, nor margin of a rivulet, nor shade of a tree, that is not occupied by some shepherd, lamenting to the winds. He who shows the least, though he has the most, sense among us madmen, is my rival Anselmo, for he complains only of absence; and to the sound of a rebec, which he touches to admiration, pours forth his complaint in verses of wonderful ingenuity. I follow another course; which is, to inveigh against the levity of women, their inconstancy, and double-dealing, their vain promises and broken faith, their absurd and misplaced affections.

"This, gentlemen, gave rise to the expressions I used to the goat; for, being a female, I despise her, though she is the best of all my flock. I have now finished my story, which I fear you have thought tedious: but I shall be glad to make you amends by regaling you at my cottage, which is near, and where you will find new milk, good cheese, and abundance of fruit."

CHAPTER XLI.

Of the quarrel between Don Quixote and the Goatherd, with the rare adventure of the Disciplinants.

THE goatherd's tale amused all his auditors, especially the canon, who was struck by his manner of telling it, which was more like that of a scholar and a gentleman than an unpolished goatherd; and he was convinced that the priest was perfectly right when he affirmed that men of letters were often produced among mountains. They all offered their service to Eugenio; but the most liberal in his offers was Don Quixote, who said to him, "In truth, brother goatherd, were I in a situation to undertake any new adventure, I would immediately engage myself in your service, and release your lady from the nunnery in spite of the abbess and all opposers, then deliver her into your hands, to be disposed of at your pleasure, so far as is consistent with the laws of chivalry, which enjoin that no kind of outrage be offered to damsels. I trust, however, that the power of one malicious enchanter shall not be so prevalent over another but that a better disposed one may triumph; and then I promise you my aid and protection according to the duty of my profession, which is no other than to favour the weak and necessitous."

The goatherd stared at Don Quixote, and observing his odd appearance, he whispered to the barber who sat next to him, "Pray, sir, who is that man that looks and talks so strangely?"

"Who should it be," answered the barber, "but the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the protector of maidens, the dread of giants, and the conqueror of armies?"

"Why this is like what we hear in the stories of knights-errant," said the goatherd; "but I take it either your worship is in jest, or the apartments in this gentleman's skull are unfurnished."

"You are a very great blockhead," exclaimed the knight; "it is yourself who are empty-skulled and shallow-brained;" and as he spoke, he snatched up a loaf that was near him, and threw it at the goatherd's face with so much fury that he laid his nose flat. The goatherd did not much relish the jest, so, without any respect to the tablecloth or to the company present, he leaped upon Don Quixote, and seizing him by the throat with both hands, would doubtless have strangled him, had not Sancho Panza, who came up at that moment, taken him by the shoulders and thrown him back on the tablecloth, demolishing dishes and platters, and spilling and overturning all that was upon it. Don Quixote, finding himself free, turned again upon the goatherd, who, being kicked and trampled upon by Sancho, was feeling about upon all fours for some knife or weapon to take revenge withal; but the canon and the priest prevented him. The barber, however, maliciously contrived that the goatherd should get Don Quixote under him, whom he buffeted so unmercifully that he had ample retaliation for his own sufferings. This ludicrous encounter

overcame the gravity of both the churchmen; while the troopers of the holy brotherhood, enjoying the conflict, stood urging on the combatants, as if it had been a dog-fight. Sancho struggled in vain to release himself from one of the canon's servants, who prevented him from going to assist his master. In the midst of this sport a trumpet was suddenly heard sounding so dismally that every face was instantly turned in the direction whence the sound proceeded. Don Quixote's attention was particularly excited, though he still lay under the goatherd in a bruised and battered condition.

"Thou demon," he said to him, "for such thou must be to have this power over me, I beg that thou wilt grant a truce for one hour, as the solemn sound of that trumpet seems to call me to some new adventure."

The goatherd, whose revenge was by this time sated, immediately let him go; and Don Quixote, having got upon his legs again, presently saw several people descending from a rising ground, arrayed in white, after the manner of disciplinants.

That year the heavens having failed to refresh the earth with seasonable showers, throughout all the villages of that district, processions, disciplines, and public prayers were ordered, beseeching God to show His mercy by sending them rain. For this purpose the people of a neighbouring village were coming in procession to a holy hermitage built upon the side of a hill not far from that spot. The strange attire of the disciplinants struck Don Quixote, who, not recollecting what he must often have seen before, imagined it to be some adventure which, as a knight-errant, was reserved for him alone; and he was confirmed in his opinion on seeing an image clothed in black that they carried with them, and which he doubted not was some illustrious lady, forcibly borne away by ruffians and miscreants. With all the expedition in his power, he therefore went up to Rozinante, and taking the bridle and buckler from the pommel of the saddle, he bridled him in a trice; and calling to Sancho for his sword, he mounted, braced his target, and, in a loud voice said to all that were present, "Now, my worthy companions, ye shall see how important to the world is the profession of chivalry; now shall ye see, in the restoration of that captive lady to liberty, whether knights-errant are to be valued or not?"

So saying, he clapped heels to Rozinante (for spurs he had none); and on a hand-gallop (for we nowhere read, in all this faithful history, that Rozinante ever went full speed), he advanced to encounter the disciplinants. The priest, the canon, and the barber, in vain endeavoured to stop him; and in vain did Sancho cry out, "Whither go you, Signor Don Quixote? what possesses you to assault the catholic faith? Evil befal me! do but look—it is a procession of disciplinants, and the lady carried upon the bier is the blessed image of our Holy Virgin; take heed, for this once I am sure you know not what you are about."

Sancho wearied himself to no purpose; for his master was so bent upon an encounter, that he heard not a word; nor would he have turned back though the king himself had commanded him.

Having reached the procession, he checked Rozinante, who already wanted to rest a little, and in a hoarse and agitated voice cried out, "Stop there, ye who cover your faces—for an evil purpose, I doubt not—stop and listen to me!"

The bearers of the image stood still; and one of the four ecclesiastics, who sung the litanies, observing the strange figure of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rozinante, and other ludicrous circumstances attending the knight, replied, "Friend, if you have anything to say to us, say it quickly; for these our brethren are scourging their flesh, and we cannot stay to hear anything that may not be said in two words."

"I will say it in one," replied Don Quixote; "you must immediately release that fair lady, whose tears and sorrowful countenance clearly prove that she is carried away against her will, and that you have done her some atrocious injury. I, who was born to redress such wrongs, command you, therefore, not to proceed one step further until you have given her the liberty she desires and deserves."

By these expressions they concluded that Don Quixote must be some whimsical madman, and only laughed at him; which enraged him to such a degree, that, without saying another word, he drew his sword and attacked the bearers, one of whom, leaving the burden to his comrades, stepped forward brandishing the pole on which the bier had been supported; but it was quickly broken in two by a powerful stroke aimed by the knight, who, however, received instantly such a blow on the shoulder of his sword-arm, that, his buckler being of no avail against rustic strength, he was felled to the ground. Sancho, who had followed him, now called out to the man not to strike again, for he was a poor enchanted knight, who had never done anybody harm in all his life. The peasant forbore, it is true, though not on account of Sancho's appeal, but because he saw his opponent without motion, and thinking he had killed him, he hastily tucked up his vest under his girdle, and fled like a deer over the field.

By this time all Don Quixote's party had come up; and those in the procession, seeing among them troopers of the holy brotherhood armed with their crossbows, began to be alarmed, and drew up in a circle round the image; then lifting up their hoods, and grasping their whips, and the ecclesiastics their tapers, they waited the assault, determined to defend themselves, or, if possible, offend their aggressors; while Sancho threw himself on the body of his master, and believing him to be really dead, poured forth the most dolorous lamentation. Sancho's cries roused Don Quixote, who faintly said, "He who lives absent from thee, sweetest Dulcinea, endures far greater miseries than this!—Help, friend Sancho, to place me upon the enchanted car; I am no longer in a condition to press the saddle of Rozinante, for this shoulder is broken to pieces."

"That I will do with all my heart, dear sir," answered Sancho; "and let us return to our homes with these gentlemen, who wish you well; and there we can prepare for another sally that may turn out more profitable."

"Thou sayest well, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and it will

be highly prudent in us to wait until the evil influence of the star which now reigns is passed over."

The canon, the priest, and the barber, told him they approved his resolution; and the knight being now placed in the waggon as before, they prepared to depart. The goatherd took his leave; and the troopers, not being disposed to attend them farther, were discharged. The canon also separated from them, having first obtained a promise from the priest that he would acquaint him with the future fate of Don Quixote. Thus the party now consisted only of the priest, the barber, Don Quixote, and Sancho, with good Rozinante, who bore all accidents as patiently as his master. The waggoner yoked his oxen, and having accommodated Don Quixote with a truss of hay, they jogged on in the way the priest directed, and at the end of six days reached Don Quixote's village. It was about noon when they made their entrance, and it being a holiday, all the people were standing about the market-place through which the waggon passed. Everybody ran to see who was in it, and were not a little surprised when they recognised their townsman; and a boy ran off at full speed with tidings to the housekeeper that he was coming home, lean and pale, stretched out at length in a waggon drawn by oxen. On hearing this, the two good women made the most pathetic lamentations, and renewed their curses against books of chivalry, especially when they saw the poor knight entering at the gate.

Upon the news of Don Quixote's arrival, Sancho Panza's wife repaired thither; and, on meeting him, her first inquiry was, whether the ass had come home well. Sancho told her that he was in a better condition than his master.

"Heaven be praised," replied she, "for so great a mercy to me! But tell me, husband, what good have you got by your squireship? Have you brought a petticoat home for me, and shoes for your children?"

"I have brought you nothing of that sort, dear wife," quoth Sancho; "but I have got other things of greater consequence."

"I am very glad of that," answered the wife; "pray show me your things of greater consequence, friend; for I would fain see them to gladden my heart, which has been so sad all the long time you have been away."

"You shall see them at home, wife," quoth Sancho, "so be satisfied at present; for if it please God that we make another sally in quest of adventures, you will soon see me an earl or governor of an island, and no common one neither, but one of the best that is to be had."

"Grant Heaven it may be so, husband," quoth the wife; "for we have need enough of it. But pray tell me what you mean by islands, for I do not understand you."

"Honey is not for the mouth of an ass," answered Sancho; "in good time, wife, you shall see, yea and admire to hear yourself styled ladyship by all your vassals."

"What do you mean, Sancho, by ladyship, islands, and vassals?" answered Teresa Panza; for that was the name of Sancho's wife,

though they were not of kin, but because it was the custom of La Mancha for the wife to take the husband's name.

"Do not be in so much haste, Teresa," said Sancho; "it is enough that I tell you what is true, so lock up your mouth; only take this by the way, that there is nothing in the world so pleasant as to be an honourable esquire to a knight-errant and seeker of adventures. To be sure, most of them are not so much to a man's mind as he could wish; for, as I know by experience, ninety-nine out of a hundred fall out cross and unlucky, especially when one happens to be tossed in a blanket, or well cudgelled: yet, for all that, it is a fine thing to go about in expectation of accidents, traversing mountains, searching woods, marching over rocks, visiting castles, lodging in inns, all at pleasure, and never a farthing to pay."

While this discourse was passing between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa, the housekeeper and the niece received Don Quixote, and they laid him in his old bed, whence he looked at them with eyes askance, not knowing perfectly where he was. Often did the women raise their voices in abuse of all books of chivalry, overwhelming their authors with the bitterest maledictions. His niece was charged by the priest to take great care of him, and to keep a watchful eye that he did not again make his escape, after taking so much pains to get him home. Yet they were full of apprehensions lest they should lose him again as soon as he found himself a little better; and, indeed, the event proved that their fears were not groundless."

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XLII.

What passed between the Curate, the Barber, and Don Quixote, concerning his indisposition..

CID HAMET BENGALI relates in the second part of this history, containing the third sally of Don Quixote, that the curate and the barber let a whole month elapse without paying Don Quixote a visit, lest, calling to mind his former extravagances, he might take occasion to renew them. However, they failed not every day to see his niece and his housekeeper, whom they charged to treat and cherish him with great care, and to give him such diet as might be most proper to cheer his heart and comfort his brain, whence in all likelihood his disorder wholly proceeded. The good women informed them that they did so, and would continue it to their utmost power; the rather because they observed that sometimes he seemed to be in his right senses. This news was very welcome to the curate and the barber, who looked on this amendment as an effect of their contrivance in bringing him home in the enchanted waggon, as already recorded. Thereupon they resolved to pay him a visit, and make trial themselves of the progress of a cure, which they thought almost impossible. They also agreed not to speak a word of knight-errantry, lest they should endanger a wound so lately closed.

In short, they entered his chamber, where they found him sitting on his bed, in a waistcoat of green baize, with a red Toledo bonnet on his head, and in so lean and shrivelled a state, as to be reduced to a seeming mummy. They were received by him with much kindness, and when they inquired respecting his health, he gave an account of his indisposition and of himself with the utmost propriety both of manner and expression. In the course of conversation they entered upon matters of state and forms of government, during which they corrected this abuse and condemned that, reformed one custom and banished another, each setting himself up for a legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or a Solon, till they had remodelled the commonwealth as completely as if they had committed it to a forge and then hammered it into a shape quite different from what it had before. Don Quixote expressed himself with so much good sense on every subject that was discussed, that the two inquisitors were disposed to believe that he was in the entire possession of his reason; while the niece and

the housekeeper, who were present during the conversation, observing in their master such proofs of a sound mind, thought they ould never be sufficiently thankful to Heaven. From these favourable auspices, the priest, changing his former purpose of not touching upon matters of chivalry, now resolved to make a thorough experiment whether the knight was perfectly recovered or not, and from one transition to another, he at length introduced a piece of news, lately brought from court, that the Turk was coming down with a powerful fleet, and as it was not known what was his design, nor where the storm would burst, all christendom was alarmed, as usual, and the king had already provided for the security of the coasts of Naples and Sicily, as well as of the island of Malta.

To this information Don Quixote replied, "In providing in time for the defence of his dominions, that the enemy may not surprise him, the king has acted like a most prudent warrior; but if my counsel might be taken, I would recommend a precaution which is perhaps the farthest of any from his majesty's thoughts." The priest no sooner heard these words than he said within himself, "God help thee, poor knight! for methinks thou art falling from the summit of thy madness into the profoundest abyss of thy folly!" But the barber, though he had made the same reflection, ventured to ask what precaution it was that he thought so proper to be taken, for perhaps it was of a nature to be ranked with the many impertinent admonitions usually given to princes.

"No, Mr. Shaver," replied Don Quixote, "mine shall not be impertinent, but to the purpose."

"I meant no harm," said the barber, "but only to suggest, what experience has proved to be true, that all or most of the projects offered by individuals to his majesty have been impracticable or absurd, or else prejudicial to the king or the state."

"Granted," said Don Quixote, "but mine is neither impracticable nor absurd, but the most easy, just, feasible, and expeditious that ever entered the imagination of a projector."

"Signor Don Quixote," quoth the priest, "methinks you keep us too long in suspense."

"I have no mind," answered Don Quixote, "that my plan should be told here now, and to-morrow by daybreak be carried to the ears of the lords of the privy council, and another run away with the thanks and reward of my labour."

"I give you my word," said the barber, "that I will not reveal what your worship may communicate, either to king, rook,* or any personage upon earth, an oath which I learned from the romance of the 'Curate,' who in the preface gives the king notice of the thief who robbed him of the hundred pistoles and his ambling mule."

"I am not acquainted with the story," said Don Quixote, "but I will presume the oath to be a good oath, because I believe Mr. Barber to be an honest man."

"And though he were not," said the priest, "I will make the oath

* An allusion to the game of chess.

good, and be surety for him, that, in this business, he will be as silent as if he were dumb."

"And who will be surety for your reverence, Mr. Priest?" said Don Quixote.

"My profession," answered the priest, "by which I am in duty bound to keep secrets."

"Body of me! then," said Don Quixote, "what has his majesty to do, but to cause proclamation to be made, commanding all the knights-errant, who are wandering about Spain, to repair on a certain day to court? for should but half a dozen appear, there may be found one, even in that small number, who may be able of himself to destroy the whole power of the Turk. Pray, gentlemen, be attentive, and go along with me. Is it a new thing for a knight-errant to defeat, singly, an army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had but one throat, or were all made of paste? How many histories are replete with such wonders? Unfortunate is it for me—I will not say for anybody else—that the famous Don Belianis, or one of the numerous race of Amadis de Gaul, is not now in being! for were it so, were one of those heroes alive, and were he to confront the Turk, in good faith, I should be loth to farm the infidel's winnings. But God will provide for his people, and send some champion or other, if not as strong as the knights-errant of old, at least not inferior in courage. Heaven knows my meaning—I will say no more."

"Alas!" exclaimed the niece at this intimation, "may I perish if my uncle has not a mind to turn knight-errant again!"

"A knight-errant!" replied Don Quixote, "yes, a knight-errant I will live, and a knight-errant I will die, and let the Turk come down, or up, when he pleases, or where he pleases, and with all the power he can muster—I say again, God knows my meaning."

Here the barber interposed. "I beg leave, gentlemen," said he, "to tell a short story of what happened once in Seville; for it is so much to the purpose, that I cannot well withhold it."

The knight and the priest consenting, and the women giving their attention, he begun thus—

"A certain person being distracted, was put into the madhouse at Seville. He had studied the civil law, and taken his degrees at Ossuna; though, had he taken them at Salamanca, many are of opinion that he would have been mad too. After some years spent in this confinement, he was pleased to fancy himself in his right senses; and, upon this, wrote to the archbishop, beseeching him, with all the colour of reason imaginable, to release him by his authority, since, by the mercy of Heaven, he was wholly freed from his disorder; only his relations, he said, kept him in, in order to enjoy his estate, designing, in spite of truth, to have him mad to his dying day. The archbishop, persuaded by many letters which he wrote to him, all penned with sense and judgment, ordered one of his chaplains to inquire into the truth of the matter, and also to discourse with the writer, that he might set him at large, in case he found him of sound mind. Thereupon the chaplain went, and having asked the governor what condition the graduate was in, was answered that he

was still mad; that sometimes, indeed, he would talk like a man of excellent sense, but presently after he would relapse into his former extravagances, which, at least, balanced all his rational talk, as he himself might find if he pleased to discourse with him. The chaplain, resolved to make the experiment, went to the madman, and conversed with him above an hour, and in all that time could not perceive the least disorder in his brain; far from that, he delivered himself with so much sedateness, and gave such pertinent answers to every question, that the chaplain was obliged to believe him sound in his understanding; nay, he went so far as to make a complaint against his keeper, alleging that, for the lucre of those presents which his relations sent him, he represented him as one who was still distracted, and had only now and then lucid intervals. In short, he pleaded in such a manner, that the keeper was suspected, his relations censured as covetous and unnatural, and he himself thought master of so much sense, that the chaplain resolved to take him along with him, that the archbishop might be able to satisfy himself in person. The credulous chaplain therefore desired the governor to give the graduate the habit which he had brought with him at his first coming. The governor used every argument to dissuade the chaplain from his design, assuring him that the man was still disordered in his brain. But he could not prevail with him to leave the madman any longer, and therefore was forced to comply with the archbishop's order, and returned the man his habit, which was neat and decent.

"Having put off his madman's clothes, and finding himself in the garb of rational creatures, he begged of the chaplain, for charity's sake, to permit him to take leave of his late companions in affliction. The chaplain told him he would bear him company, having a mind to see the mad folks in the house. So they went upstairs, and with them some other people that stood by. Presently the graduate came to a kind of cage, where lay a man that was outrageously mad, though at that instant still and quiet; and addressing himself to him, 'Brother,' said he, 'have you any service to command me? I am just going to my own house, thanks be to Heaven, which, of its infinite goodness and mercy, has restored me to my senses. Be of good comfort, and put your trust in God, who will, I hope, be equally merciful to you. I will be sure to send you some choice victuals, which I would have you eat by all means; for I must needs tell you, that I have reason to imagine from my own experience, that all our madness proceeds from keeping our stomachs empty of food, and our brains full of wind.'

"Just over against that room lay another madman, who, having listened with an envious attention to all this discourse, starts up from an old mat on which he lay: 'Who is that,' cried he, aloud, 'that is going away so well recovered and so wise?'

"'It is I, brother, that am going,' replied the graduate; 'I have now no need to stay here any longer; for which blessing I can never cease to return my humble and hearty thanks to the infinite goodness of Heaven."

"'Doctor,' quoth the madman, 'have a care what you say, and let not the devil delude you. Stir not a foot, but keep snug in your old lodging, and save yourself the vexation of being brought back to your kennel.'

"'Nay, answered the other, 'I will warrant you there will be no occasion for my coming hither again. I know I am perfectly well.'

"'You well!' cried the madman; 'we shall soon see that. Farewell; but by the sovereign Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, for this very crime alone that Seville has committed in setting thee at large, affirming that thou art sound in thy intellects, I will take such a severe revenge on the whole city, that it shall be remembered with terror from age to age. Dost thou not know, my poor brainless thing in a gown, that this is in my power? I, that am the thundering Jove, that grasp in my hands the red-hot bolts of heaven, with which I keep the threatened world in awe, and might reduce it all to ashes? But stay, I will commute the fiery punishment which this ignorant town deserves into another: I will only shut up the flood-gates of the skies, so that there shall not fall a drop of rain upon this city, nor on all the neighbouring country round about it, for three years together, to begin from the very moment that gives date to this my inviolable execration. Thou free! thou well, and in thy senses! and I here mad, distempered, and confined!'

"As every one there was attentive to these loud and frantic threats, the graduate turned to the chaplain, and taking him by the hand: 'Sir,' said he, 'let not that madman's threats trouble you. Never mind him; for if he be Jupiter, and will not let it rain, I am Neptune, the parent and god of the waters, and it shall rain as often as I please, wherever necessity shall require it.'

"'However,' answered the chaplain, 'good Mr. Neptune, it is not convenient to provoke Mr. Jupiter; therefore be pleased to stay here a little longer: and some other time, at convenient leisure, I may chance to find a better opportunity to wait on you, and bring you away.'

"The keeper and the rest of the company could not forbear laughing, which put the chaplain almost out of countenance. In short, Mr. Neptune was disrobed again, and stayed where he was; and there is an end of my story."

"Well, Master Barber," said Don Quixote, "and this is your tale which you said came so pat to the present purpose, that you could not forbear telling it? Ah, Mr. Cutbeard, how blind must he be that cannot see through a sieve! Is it possible your pragmatical worship should not know that the comparisons made between wit and wit, courage and courage, beauty and beauty, birth and birth, are always odious and ill taken? I am not Neptune, the god of the waters, good Master Barber; neither do I pretend to set up for a wise man when I am not so. All I aim at is only to make the world sensible how much they are to blame in not labouring to revive those most happy times, in which the order of knight-errantry was in its full glory. But, indeed, this degenerate age of ours is unworthy the enjoyment of so great a happiness, which former ages could boast, when knights-errant took upon themselves the defence of kingdoms, the protection

of damsels, the relief of orphans, the punishment of pride and oppression, and the reward of humility. Most of your knights, now-a-days, keep a greater rustling with their sumptuous garments of damask, gold brocade, and other costly stuffs, than with the coats of mail, which they should glory to wear. No knight now will lie on the hard ground in the open field exposed to the injurious air, from head to foot enclosed in ponderous armour. Where are those now, who, without taking their feet out of the stirrups, and only leaning on their lances like the knights-errant of old, strive to disappoint invading sleep, rather than indulge it? Where is that knight who, having first traversed a spacious forest, climbed up a steep mountain, and journeyed over a dismal barren shore, washed by a turbulent tempestuous sea, and finding on the brink a little skiff, destitute of sails, oars, mast, or any kind of tackling, is yet so bold as to throw himself into the boat with an undaunted resolution, and resign himself to the implacable billows of the main that now mount him to the skies, and then hurry him down to the most profound recesses of the waters; till, with his insuperable courage surmounting at last the hurricane, even in its greatest fury, he finds himself above three thousand leagues from the place where he first embarked, and leaping ashore in a remote and unknown region, meets with adventures that deserve to be recorded, not only on parchment, but on Corinthian brass? But now, alas, sloth and effeminacy triumph over vigilance and labour; idleness over industry; vice over virtue; arrogance over valour; and the theory of arms over the practice, that true practice which only lived and flourished in those golden days, and among those professors of chivalry. For, where shall we hear of a knight more valiant and more honourable than the renowned Amadis de Gaul? Who more discreet than Palmerin of England? Who more affable and complaisant than Tirante the White? Who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? Who more cut and hacked, or a greater cutter and hacker, than Don Belianis? Who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? Who more daring than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? Who more sincere than Esplandian? Who more courteous than Ciriongilio of Thrace? Who more brave than Rodomont? Who more prudent than King Sobrino? Who more desperate than Rinaldo? Who more invincible than Orlando? And who more agreeable or more affable than Rogero, from whom (according to Turpin in his cosmography) the Dukes of Ferrara are descended? All these champions, Master Curate, and a great many more that I could mention, were knights-errant, and the very light and glory of chivalry. Now, such as these are the men I would advise the king to employ; by which means his majesty would be effectually served, and freed from a vast expense, and the Turk would tear his very beard for madness. For my part, I do not design to stay where I am because the chaplain will not fetch me out; though if Jupiter, as Master Barber said, will send no rain, here stands one that will, and can rain when he pleases. This I say, that Goodman Basin here may know I understand his meaning."

"Truly, good sir," said the barber, "I meant no ill; Heaven is my witness, my intent was good; and therefore I hope your worship will take nothing amiss."

"Whether I ought to take it amiss or no," replied Don Quixote, "is best known to myself."

"Well," said the curate, "I have hardly spoken a word yet; and before I go, I would gladly be eased of a scruple, which Don Quixote's words have started within me, and which grates and gnaws my conscience."

"Master Curate may be free with me in greater matters," said Don Quixote, "and so may well tell his scruple; for it is no pleasure to have a burden upon one's conscience."

"With your leave then, sir," said the curate, "I must tell you, that I can by no means prevail with myself to believe, that all this multitude of knights-errant, which your worship has mentioned, were ever real men of this world, and true substantial flesh and blood; but rather, that most of what is said of them is fable and fiction, lies and dreams, related by men rather half asleep than awake."

"This is indeed another mistake," said Don Quixote, "into which many have been led, who do not believe there ever were any of those knights in the world. And in several companies I have many times had occasion to vindicate that manifest truth from the almost universal error that is entertained to its prejudice. Sometimes my success has not been answerable to the goodness of my cause, though at others it has; being supported on the shoulders of truth, which is so apparent, that I dare almost say I have seen Amadis de Gaul with these very eyes. He was a tall comely personage, of a good and lively complexion, his beard well ordered, though black, his aspect at once awful and affable; a man of few words, slowly provoked, and quickly pacified. And as I have given you the picture of Amadis, I fancy I could readily delineate all the knights-errant that are to be met with in history."

"Pray, good sir," quoth the barber, "how tall then might the giant Morgante be?"

"Whether there ever were giants or no," answered Don Quixote, "is a point much controverted among the learned. However, Holy Writ, that cannot deviate an atom from truth, informs us there were some, of which we have an instance in the account it gives us of that huge Philistine, Goliath, who was seven cubits and a half high; which is a prodigious stature. Besides, in Sicily thigh-bones and shoulder-bones have been found of so immense a size, that from thence of necessity we must conclude, by the certain rules of geometry, that the men to whom they belonged were giants as big as huge steeples. But, for all this, I cannot positively tell you how big Morgante was, though I am apt to believe he was not very tall; and that which makes me inclinable to believe so is, that in the history which gives us a particular account of his exploits we read that he often used to lie under a roof. Now if there were any house that could hold him, it is evident he could not be of so immense a stature."

But here they were interrupted by a noise below in the yard, where the niece and the housekeeper, who had left them some time before, were very obstreperous; which made them all hasten to know what was the matter.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Of the memorable quarrel between Sancho Panza and Don Quixote's Niece and Housekeeper; with other pleasant passages.

THE occasion of the noise which the niece and housekeeper made, was Sancho Panza's endeavouring to force his way into the house, while they at the same time held the door against him to keep him out.

"What have you to do in this house?" cried one of them. "Go, keep to your own home, friend. It is all of you, and nobody else, that my poor master is distracted, and carried a-rambling all the country over."

"Distracted!" replied Sancho; "it is I that am distracted, and carried a-rambling, and not your master. It was he led me the jaunt; so you are wide of the matter. It was he that inveigled me from my house and home with his colloguing, and saying he would give me an island, which is not come yet, and I still wait for."

"Mayst thou be choked with thy plaguy islands," cried the niece; "what are your islands? anything to eat, goodman greedy, ha?"

"Hold you there," answered Sancho; "they are not to eat, but to govern; and better governments than any four cities, or as many heads of the king's best corporations."

"For all that," quoth the housekeeper, "thou comest not within these doors, thou bundle of wickedness and sackful of roguery! Go, govern your own house; work, you lazy rogue. To the plough, and never trouble your jolter-head about islands or eylets."

The curate and barber were highly diverted in hearing this dialogue. But Don Quixote, fearing lest Sancho should not keep within bounds, but blunder out some discoveries prejudicial to his reputation, while he ripped up a pack of little foolish slander, called him in, and enjoined the women to be silent. Sancho entered; and the curate and the barber took leave of Don Quixote, despairing of his cure.

"Well," said the curate to the barber, "now I expect nothing better of our gentleman than to hear shortly that he is gone upon another ramble."

"Nor I," answered the barber; "but I do not wonder so much at the knight's madness as at the silliness of the squire, who thinks himself so sure of the island, that I fancy all the art of man can never beat it out of his skull."

"However," said the curate, "let us observe them; we shall find what will be the event of the extravagance of the knight and the foolishness of the squire. One would think they had been cast in one mould; and indeed the master's madness without the man's impertinence were not worth a rush."

"Right," said the barber; "and now they are together methinks I long to know what passes between them. I do not doubt but the two women will be able to give an account of that, for they are not of a temper to withstand the temptation of listening."

Meanwhile Don Quixote having locked himself up with his squire,

they had the following colloquy: "I take it very ill," said he, "Sancho, that you should report as you do, that I enticed you out of your paltry hut, when you know that I myself left my own mansion-house. We set out together, continued together, and travelled together. We ran the same fortune and the same hazards together. If thou hast been tossed in a blanket once, I have been battered and bruised a hundred times, and that is all the advantage I have had above thee."

"And reason good," answered Sancho; "for you yourself used to say that ill-luck and cross-bitings are oftener to light on the knights than on the squires."

"Thou art mistaken, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "for the proverb will tell thee that *Quando caput dolet*, &c."

"Nay," quoth Sancho, "I understand no language but my own."

"I mean," said Don Quixote, "that when the head aches, all the members partake of the pain. So, then, as I am thy master, I am also thy head; and as thou art my servant, thou art one of my members; it follows, therefore, that I cannot be sensible of pain but thou too oughtest to be affected with it; and, likewise, that nothing of ill can befal thee but I must bear a share."

"Right," quoth Sancho; "but when I, as a limb of you, was tossed in a blanket, my head was pleased to stay at the other side of the wall, and saw me frisking in the air, without going shares in my bodily trouble."

"Thou art greatly mistaken, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "if thou thinkest I was not sensible of thy sufferings. For I was then more tortured in mind than thou wast tormented in body. But let us adjourn this discourse till some other time, which doubtless will afford us an opportunity to redress past grievances. I pray thee tell me now what does the town say of me? What do the neighbours, what do the people think of me? How do the knights discourse of my high feats of arms, and my courteous behaviour? What thoughts do they entertain of my design to raise from the grave of oblivion the order of knight-errantry? In short, tell me freely and sincerely what thou hast heard; neither enlarged with flattering commendations, nor lessened by any omission of my dispraise; for it is the duty of faithful servants to lay truth before their masters in its honest nakedness. And I would have thee know, Sancho, that if it were to appear before princes in its native simplicity, and disrobed of the odious disguise of flattery, we should see happier days; this age would be changed into an age of gold, and former times compared to this would be called the iron age. Remember this, and be advised, that I may hear thee impart a faithful account of these matters."

"Why then," quoth Sancho, "first you are to know that the common people take you for a madman, and me for one that is no less a fool. The gentry say, that not being content to keep within the bounds of gentility, you have taken upon you to be a Don, and set up for a knight and a right worshipful, with a small vineyard and two acres of land. The knights, forsooth, say they do not like to

have your small gentry think themselves as good as they, especially your old-fashioned country squires that mend and lampblack their own shoes, and mend their old black stockings themselves with a needleful of green silk."

"All this does not affect me," said Don Quixote, "for I always wear good clothes, and never have them patched. It is true they may be a little torn sometimes, but that is more with my armour than my long wearing."

"As for what relates to your prowess," said Sancho, "there are several opinions about it. Some say he is mad, but a pleasant sort of a madman; others say he is valiant, but his luck is nought; others say he is courteous, but very impertinent. And thus they pass so many verdicts upon you, and take us both so to pieces, that they leave neither you nor me a sound bone in our skins."

"Consider, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the more eminently virtue shines, the more it is exposed to persecution. Few or none of the famous heroes of antiquity could escape the venomous arrows of calumny. And therefore, Sancho, well may I be content to bear my share of that calamity, if it be no more than thou hast told me now."

"Ah!" quoth Sancho, "there is the business; you say well, if this were all; but they don't stop here."

"Why," said Don Quixote, "what can they say more?"

"More!" cried Sancho. "Why you have had nothing yet but apple-pies and sugar-plums. Sir Bartholomew Carrasco's son came home last night from his studies at Salamanca, you must know; and as I went to bid him welcome home, he told me that your worship's history is already in books, by the name of the most renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha. He says I am in too, by my own name of Sancho Panza, and also my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; nay, and many things that passed betwixt nobody but us two, which I was amazed to hear, and could not for my soul imagine how he that set them down could come by the knowledge of them."

"I dare assure thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the author of our history must be some sage enchanter, and one of those from whose universal knowledge none of the things which they have a mind to record can be concealed."

"How should he be a sage and an enchanter?" quoth Sancho. "The bachelor Samson Carrasco tells me he that wrote the history is called Cid Hamet Berengenas."

"That is a Moorish name," said Don Quixote.

"Like enough," quoth Sancho; "your Moors are great lovers of Berengenas."*

"Certainly, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou art mistaken in the surname of that Cid, that lord, I mean; for Cid in Arabic signifies lord."

"That may very well be," answered Sancho; "but if you will have me fetch you the young scholard, I will fly to bring him hither."

* A sort of fruit in Spain, brought over by the Moors. Sancho meant Benengeli.

"Truly, friend," said Don Quixote, "thou wilt do me a particular kindness; for what thou hast already told me has so filled me with doubts and expectations, that I shall not eat a bit that will do me good till I am informed of the whole matter."

"I will go and fetch him," said Sancho.

With that, leaving his master, he went to look for the bachelor; and, having brought him along with him awhile after, they all had a very pleasant dialogue.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The pleasant discourse between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the bachelor Samson Carrasco.

Don Quixote could not be persuaded that there was a history of himself extant, while yet the blood of those enemies he had cut off had scarce done reeking on the blade of his sword; so that they could not have already finished and printed the history of his mighty feats of arms. However, at last he concluded that some learned sage had, by the way of enchantment, been able to commit them to the press, either as a friend, to extol his heroic achievements above the noblest performances of the most famous knights-errant; or as an enemy, to sully the lustre of his exploits, and debase them below the most inferior actions of any of the meanest squires. Though, thought he to himself, the actions of squires were never yet recorded; and, after all, if there were such a book printed, since it was the history of a knight-errant, it could not choose but be pompous, lofty, magnificent, and authentic. This thought yielded him awhile some small consolation; but then he relapsed into melancholy doubts and anxieties when he considered that the author had given himself the title of Cid, and consequently must be a Moor—a nation from whom no truth could be expected, they all being given to impose on others with lies and fabulous stories, to falsify and counterfeit, and very fond of their own chimeras. Sancho and Carrasco found him thus agitated and perplexed with a thousand melancholy fancies, which yet did not hinder him from receiving the stranger with a great deal of civility.

This bachelor, though his name was Samson, was none of the biggest in body, but a very great man at all manner of drollery. He had a pale complexion, but good sense. He was about four-and-twenty years of age, round-visaged, flat-nosed, and wide-mouthed—all signs of a disposition that would delight in nothing more than in making sport for himself by ridiculing others, as he plainly discovered when he saw Don Quixote. For, falling on his knees before him, "Admit me to kiss your honour's hand," cried he, "most noble Don Quixote; for by the habit of St. Peter which I wear, though indeed I have as yet taken but the four first of the holy orders, you are certainly one of the most renowned knights-errant that ever was, or ever will be, through the whole extent of the habitable globe.

Blest may the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli be for enriching the world with the history of your mighty deeds! And more than blest that curious virtuoso who took care to have it translated out of the Arabic into our vulgar tongue, for the universal entertainment of mankind!"

"Sir," said Don Quixote, making him rise, "is it then possible that my history is extant, and that it was a Moor, and one of the sages, that penned it?"

"It is so notorious a truth," said the bachelor, "that I do not in the least doubt but at this day there have already been published above twelve thousand copies of it. Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they have been printed, can witness that if there were occasion. It is said that it is also now in the press at Antwerp. And I verily believe there is scarce a language into which it is not to be translated."

"Truly, sir," said Don Quixote, "one of the things that ought to yield the greatest satisfaction to a person of eminent virtue is to live to see himself in good reputation in the world, and his actions published in print. I say in good reputation, for otherwise there is no death but would be preferable to such a life."

"As for a good name and reputation," replied Carrasco, "your worship has gained the palm from all the knights-errant that ever lived; for both the Arabian in his history, and the Christian in his version, have been very industrious to do justice to your character—your peculiar gallantry, your intrepidity and greatness of spirit in confronting danger, your constancy in adversities, your patience in suffering wounds and afflictions, and your modesty in that love so very platonic between your worship and my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso."

"But pray," added Don Quixote, "good Mr. Bachelor, on which of all my adventures does the history seem to lay the greatest stress?"

"As to that," answered Carrasco, "the opinions of men are divided—some cry up the adventure of the windmill giants, some are for that of the fulling-mills, others stand up for the description of the two armies that afterwards proved two flocks of sheep; some prize most the adventure of the dead corpse that was carrying to Segovia, while others say that none of them can compare with that of the galley-slaves. However, some who have read your history wish that the author had spared himself the pains of registering some of that infinite number of drubbings which the noble Don Quixote received."

"There lies the truth of the history," quoth Sancho.

"Those things in human equity," said Don Quixote, "might very well have been omitted, for actions that neither impair nor alter the history ought rather to be buried in silence than related, if they redound to the discredit of the hero of the history. Certainly Æneas was never so pious as Virgil represents him, nor Ulysses so prudent as he is made by Homer."

"I am of your opinion," said Carrasco; "but it is one thing to write like a poet, and another thing to write like an historian. It is

sufficient for the first to deliver matters as they ought to have been; whereas the last must relate them as they were really transacted, without adding or omitting anything upon any pretence whatever."

"Well," quoth Sancho, "if this same Moorish lord be once got into the road of truth, a hundred to one but among my master's rib-roastings he has not forgot mine; for they never took measure of his worship's shoulders but they were pleased to do as much for my whole body; but it was no wonder, for it is his own rule that if once the head aches, every limb must suffer too."

"Hold your tongue," said Don Quixote, "and let the learned bachelor proceed, that I may know what the history says of me."

"And of me too," quoth Sancho, "for they tell me I am one of the top parsons in it."

"Persons, you should say, Sancho," said Carrasco, "and not parsons."

"Heyday!" quoth Sancho, "have we got another corrector of hard words? If this be the trade, we shall never have done."

"Most certainly," said Carrasco, "you are the second person in the history, honest Sancho; 'nay, and some there are who had rather hear you talk than the best there; though some there are again that will say you were horribly credulous to flatter yourself with having the government of that island which your master promised you."

"While there is life there is hope," said Don Quixote; "when Sancho is grown mature with time and experience, he may be better qualified for a government than he is yet."

"If I be not fit to govern an island at these years," quoth Sancho, "I shall never be a governor, though I live to the years of Methusalem; but there the mischief lies, we have brains enough, but we want the island."

"Come, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "hope for the best; trust in Providence; all will be well, and perhaps better than you imagine; but know, there is not a leaf stirs on any tree without the permission of Heaven."

"That is very true," said Carrasco; "and I daresay Sancho shall not want a thousand islands to govern, much less one; that is, if it be Heaven's will."

"Why not?" quoth Sancho; "I have seen governors in my time who, to my thinking, could not come up to me passing the sole of my shoes; and yet, forsooth, they were called 'your honour,' and they eat their victuals all in silver."

"Ay," said Carrasco, "but these were none of your governors of islands, but of other easy governments; why, man, these ought at least to know their grammar."

"Gramercy, for that," quoth Sancho: "give me but a grey mare* once, and I shall know her well enough, I warrant ye. But leaving the government in the hands of him that will best provide for me, I must tell you, Master Bachelor Samson Carrasco, I am huge glad

* This jingle of the words *grammar, gramercy,* and *grey mare,* is in imitation of the original, which would not admit of a literal translation.

that, as your author has not forgot me, so he has not given an ill character of me; for by the faith of a trusty squire, had he said anything that did not become a Christian as I am, I had rung him such a peal that the deaf should have heard me."

"That were a miracle," said Carrasco.

"Miracle me no miracles," cried Sancho; "let every man take care how he talks, or how he writes of other men, and not set down at random, higgledy-piggledy, whatever comes into his noddle."

"The author," continued Carrasco, "has made everything so plain, that there is nothing in that book but what any one may understand. Children handle it, youngsters read it, grown men understand it, and old people applaud it. In short, it is universally so thumbed, so gleaned, so studied, and so known, that if the people do but see a lean horse, they presently cry, 'There goes Rozinante.' But no description of persons is so devoted to it as your pages; there is not a nobleman's ante-chamber in which you will not find a Don Quixote. If one lays it down, another takes it up; while one is asking for it, another snatches it; in short, this history affords the most pleasing and least prejudicial entertainment that ever was published, for there is not so much as the appearance of an immodest word in it, nor a thought that is not entirely catholic."*

"To write otherwise," said Don Quixote, "had been not to write truths, but lies; and historians, who are fond of venting falsehoods, should be burnt, like coiners of false money. For my part, I cannot imagine what could have moved the author to introduce novels, or foreign narratives, my own story affording such abundant matter: but without doubt we may apply the proverb, 'With hay or with straw, &c.,' for verily, had he confined himself to the publishing my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my good wishes, and my achievements, with these alone he might have compiled a volume as large, or larger, than all the works of Tostatus,† bound up together. In my opinion, Signor Bachelor, to compile a book requires a clear head, a sound judgment, and a mature understanding: to talk wittily, and write pleasantly, are the talents of a great genius only: in comedy the most difficult character is that of the fool, and he that plays that part must be no simpleton. History is a kind of sacred writing, because truth is essential to it; and where truth is, there God himself is: yet are there men who compose books, and toss them out into the world like fritters."

"There are few books so bad, but you may find something good in them," said the bachelor.

"There can be no doubt of that," replied Don Quixote; "but it often happens, that persons who have acquired, and deservedly, a

* The extraordinary popularity of this work in Spain is exemplified in a story told in the life of Philip III. The king, standing one day on the balcony of his palace of Madrid, observed a student at a distance with a book in his hand, which he was reading—every now and then he struck his forehead, accompanied with convulsions of laughter. "That student," said the king, "is either out of his wits, or is *reading* the *History of Don Quixote*."

† A Spanish theologian, who wrote voluminous works on divinity.

good share of reputation by their writings, lessen, or lose it entirely by committing them to the press."

"The reason of that is," said Samson, "that printed works being examined at leisure, the faults are the more easily discovered; and the greater be the fame of the author, the more strict and severe is the scrutiny. Men celebrated for their talents, great poets, or great historians, are always envied by those whose pleasure and pastime it is to censure other men's writings without having dared to publish any of their own."

"That is not to be wondered at," said Don Quixote, "for there are even divines, who make no figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent at espying the defects or superfluities of your very best preachers."

"All you say is eminently true, Signor Don Quixote," said Carrasco; "and I wish such critics would be more merciful, and less nice, and not dwell so much upon the motes of that bright sun, the work they censure. For, though *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, they ought to consider how long he must have watched to give his work as much light, and leave as little shade, as possible: and perhaps those very parts, which some men do not relish, are like moles, which not unfrequently add to the beauty of the face on which they are seen. I therefore think, that whoever prints a book runs a very great risk, it being of all impossibilities the most impossible to write one that shall satisfy and please all readers."

"That which treats of me," said Don Quixote, "I fear has pleased but a few."

"Quite the contrary," replied the bachelor; "for as *stultorum infinitus est numerus*, so is the number of those infinite who have been delighted with that history. It is objected, however, that he has omitted to mention what Sancho did with the hundred crowns which he found in the portmanteau upon the Sierra Morena; for he never speaks of them; and many persons would be glad to learn what he did with them, or how he spent them; and this is deemed one of the most glaring defects in the work."

"Master Samson," replied Sancho, "I am not now in a condition to tell tales, or make up accounts; for I have a qualm come over me, and shall be upon the rack till I have removed it with a couple of draughts of old wine. I have the comforter at home, and my chuck stays for me. As soon as I have dined I will come back, and satisfy your worship, and the whole world, in whatever they are pleased to ask me, concerning what became of the hundred crowns:" and without waiting for an answer, or speaking another word, away he went to his own house. Don Quixote pressed and entreated the bachelor to stay, and do penance with him. The bachelor accepted the invitation: a couple of pigeons were added to the usual commons, and the conversation at table fell upon the subject of chivalry, which Carrasco carried on with appropriate humour: the banquet ended, they slept during the heat of the day: Sancho came back, and the former discourse was renewed.

In answer to what the bachelor Samson Carrasco desired to be informed of—*i.e.*, what became of the hundred crowns—

"I laid them out," quoth Sancho, "for the use and behoof of my own person, and those of my wife and children; and they have been the cause of her bearing patiently the tedious journeys and rambles I have taken in the service of my master Don Quixote: for had I returned, after so long a time, penniless, and without my ass, black would have been my luck. If you would know anything more of me, here am I, ready to answer the king himself in person; though nobody has any right to meddle or make, whether I brought or brought not, whether I spent or spent not; for if the blows that have been given me in these sallies were to be paid for in ready money, though rated only at four maravedis apiece, another hundred crowns would not pay for half of them: and let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and let him not be judging white for black, nor black for white; for every one is as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse."

"I will take care," said Carrasco, "to apprize the author of the history, that in the next edition he may not forget to insert what honest Sancho has told us, which will make the book as good again."

"Is there anything else to be corrected in that legend, Signor Bachelor?" quoth Don Quixote.

"There may be other errata," answered Samson, "but none of the importance of those already mentioned."

"And, peradventure," said Don Quixote, "the author promises a second part?"

"He does," answered Samson, "but says he has not met with it, nor can learn in whose possession it is; and therefore we are in doubt whether it will appear or not: and for another reason, that some people say, second parts are never good for anything, and that there is enough of Don Quixote already, it is believed, there will be no second part; though there are partisans more jovial than saturnine, who cry, Quixote for ever! let the knight encounter, and Sancho Panza talk; and be the rest what it will, we shall be contented."

"And pray, signor, how stands the editor affected?" Don Quixote asked.

"How!" answered Sampson, "why, as soon as ever he can lay hands on the history, which he is looking for with extraordinary diligence, he will immediately commit it to the press, prompted more by interest than any motive of praise."

To which Sancho replied, "O the rogue! what, does he aim at money and profit? if so, it will be a wonder if he succeeds, since he will only stitch away in haste, like a tailor on Easter-eve; for works that are done hastily are never finished with that neatness they require. I wish this same Signor Moor would consider a little what he is about: for I and my master will furnish him so abundantly with lime and mortar, in matter of adventures and variety of accidents, that he may not only compile a second part, but a hundred parts.

The good man thinks, without doubt, that we lie sleeping here in straw; but let him hold up the foot while the smith is shoeing, and he will see on which side we halt. What I can say is, that, if this master of mine had taken my counsel, we had ere now been in the field, redressing grievances, and righting wrongs, as is the practice and usage of your true knights-errant."

Sancho had scarcely finished this speech, when the neighings of Rozinante saluted their ears; which Don Quixote took for a most happy omen, and instantly resolved to make another sally within three or four days; and, declaring his intention to the bachelor, he asked his advice as to the route he should pursue. The bachelor replied, he was of opinion that he should go directly to the kingdom of Arragon and the city of Saragossa, where in a few days a most solemn tournament was to be held, in honour of the festival of St. George, in which he might acquire renown above all the Arragonian knights in the world. He commended his resolution, as most honourable and most valorous, and gave him a hint to be more wary in encountering dangers, seeing his life was not his own, but theirs who stood in need of his aid and succour in their distresses.

"That is just what I denounce, Signor Samson," quoth Sancho; "for my master makes no more of attacking an hundred armed men, than a greedy boy would do half a dozen melons. Body of the world! Signor Bachelor, surely there must be a time to attack, and a time to retreat; and it must not be always 'Saint Jago, and charge, Spain!" And farther I have heard say, and, if I rightly remember, from my master himself, that the mean of true valour lies between the extremes of cowardice and rashness: and if this be so, I would neither have him run away when there is no need of it, nor would I have him fall on when the too great superiority requires quite a different conduct: but above all things, I would let my master know that, if he will take me with him, it must be upon condition that he shall battle it all himself, and that I will not be obliged to any other service but to look after his clothes and his diet, to which purposes I will fetch and carry like any spaniel; but to imagine that I will lay hand to my sword, though it be against rascally woodcutters with hooks and hatchets, would be a very great mistake. I, Signor Samson, do not set up for the fame of being valiant, but for that of being the best and faithfullest squire that ever served a knight-errant: and if my lord Don Quixote, in consideration of my many and good services, has a mind to bestow on me some one island of the many his worship says he shall light upon, I shall be much beholden to him for the favour; and though he should not give me one, born I am, and we must not rely upon one another, but upon God: and perhaps the bread I shall eat without the government may go down more savourily than that I should eat with it: and how do I know but the devil, in one of these governments, may provide me some stumbling-block, that I may fall and dash out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho I intend to die; yet, for all that, if fairly and squarely, without much solicitude or much danger, Heaven should chance to throw an island, or some such benefit, in

my way, I am not such a fool neither as to refuse it; for it is a saying, When they give you a heifer, be ready with the rope; and When good fortune comes to the door, be sure to take her in."

"Brother Sancho," quoth Carrasco, "you have spoken like any professor; nevertheless, trust in God, and Signor Don Quixote, that he will give you not only an island, but even a kingdom."

"One is as likely as the other," answered Sancho; "though I could tell Signor Carrasco, that my master will not throw the kingdom he gives me into a sack without a bottom; for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health enough both to rule kingdoms and govern islands, and so much I have signified before now to my lord."

"Look you, Sancho," quoth Samson, "honours change manners; and it may come to pass, when you are a governor, that you may not know the very mother that bore you."

"That," answered Sancho, "may be the case with those that are born among the mallows, but not with souls, like mine, covered four inches thick with the flesh of the old Christian; then consider my disposition, and you will find it is not likely to be ungrateful to anybody."

"God grant it," said Don Quixote; "but we shall see when the government comes; and methinks I have it already in my eye."

This said, he desired the bachelor, if he were a poet, to favour him with a copy of verses, by way of a farewell to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and that he would place a letter of her name at the beginning of every line, so that the initials being joined together might make Dulcinea del Toboso. The bachelor answered, though he was not one of the famous poets of Spain, who were said to be but three and a half, he would not fail to comply with his request; observing, at the same time, that it would be no easy task, the name consisting of seventeen letters; for if he made four stanzas of four lines each, there would be a letter too much, and if he made them of five, which they call decimas or redondillas, there would be three letters wanting; nevertheless he would endeavour to sink a letter as well as he could, so that the name of Dulcinea del Toboso should be included in the four stanzas.

"Let it be so by all means," said Don Quixote; "for if the name be not plain and manifest, no woman will believe that the rhymes were made for her."

Having settled this, it was farther agreed, that the knight should set out in eight days. Don Quixote enjoined the bachelor to keep it secret, especially from the priest and Master Nicholas, and from his niece and housekeeper, that they might not obstruct his honourable and valorous purpose: all which Carrasco promised, and took his leave, charging Don Quixote to give him advice of his good or ill success, as opportunity offered: and so they again bid each other farewell, and Sancho went to provide and put in order what was necessary for the expedition.

CHAPTER XLV.

Of the wise and pleasant discourse which passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Panza.

SANCHO came home so gay and so merry, that his wife perceived his joy a bowshot off, insomuch that she could not help asking, "What is the matter, friend Sancho, you are so merry?" To which he answered, "Dear wife, I should be very glad not to be so well pleased as I appear to be."

"Husband," replied she, "you speak riddles, and I cannot guess what you mean by saying you should be glad, if it were God's will, you were not so much pleased as you are: for, silly as I am, I cannot think a man can take pleasure in not being pleased."

"Look ye, Teresa," quoth Sancho, "I am merry because I am once more going to serve my master Don Quixote, who is resolved to have another frolic, and go a-hunting after adventures, and I must go with him. What should I lie starving at home for? The hopes of finding another parcel of gold like that we spent rejoices my heart; but then it grieves me to leave thee and those sweet babes of ours; and would Heaven but be pleased to let me live at home dry-shod, in peace and quietness, without gadding over hill and dale, through brambles and briars, why then it is clear that my mirth would be more firm and sound, since my present gladness is mingled with a sorrow to part with thee. And so I have made out what I said, that I should be merrier if I did not seem so well pleased."

"Look you, Sancho," quoth the wife; "ever since you have been a member of a knight-errant you talk so round about the bush that nobody can understand you."

"Never mind," quoth Sancho; "only be sure you look carefully after Dapple for these three days, that he may be in good case and fit to bear arms. Double his pittance, look out his pannel and all his harness, and let everything be set to rights; for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to make our party good with giants, and dragons, and hobgoblins, and to hear nothing but hissing, and yelling, and roaring, and howling, and bellowing; all which would be but sugar-plums if we were not to meet with Yanguesian carriers and enchanted Moors."

"Nay, as for that, husband," quoth Teresa, "I am apt enough to think you squires-errant don't eat their masters' bread for nothing; and therefore it shall be my daily prayer that you may quickly be freed from that plaguy trouble."

"Troth, wife," quoth Sancho, "were not I in hopes to see myself ere long governor of an island, on my conscience I should not stir one inch from my own home."

"Look ye, my dear," continued Teresa; "if it should be thy good luck to get a government, prithee do not forget thy wife and children. Take notice that little Sancho is already full fifteen, and it is high time he went to school, if his uncle the abbot mean to leave him

something in the Church. Then there is Mary Sancho, your daughter; I daresay the burden of wedlock will never be the death of her, for I shrewdly guess she wishes as much for a husband as you for a government."

"If it be Heaven's will," quoth Sancho, "that I get anything by government, I will see and match Mary Sancho so well that she shall at least be called 'my lady.'"

"By no means, husband," cried the wife; "let her match with her match; if from clouted shoes you set her upon high heels, and from her coarse russet coat you put her into a fardingale, and from plain Moll and 'thee' and 'thou,' go to call her 'madam,' and 'your ladyship,' the poor girl wont know how to behave herself, but will make a thousand blunders, and show her homespun country breeding."

"Tush!" answered Sancho, "it will be but two or three years' 'prenticeship; and then you will see how strangely she will alter; 'your ladyship' and keeping of state will become her as if they had been made for her; and suppose they should not, what is it to anybody? Let her be but a lady, and let what will happen."

"Good Sancho," quoth the wife, "don't look above yourself; I say, keep to the proverb that says, 'birds of a feather flock together.' It would be a fine thing, I trow, for us to go and throw away our child on one of your lordlings, or right worshipfuls, who, when the toy should take him in the head, would find new names for her, and call her 'country Joan,' 'plough-jobber's brat,' and 'spinner's web.' No, no, husband, I have not bred the girl up as I have done to throw her away at that rate, I will assure ye. Do thee but bring home money, and leave me to get her a husband. Why, there is Lope Tocho, old Joan Tocho's son, a hale jolly young fellow, and one whom we all know; I have observed he casts a sheep's eye at the wench; he is one of our inches, and will be a good match for her; then we shall always have her under our wings, and be all as one, father and mother, children and grandchildren, and Heaven's peace and blessing will always be with us. But never talk to me of marrying her at your courts and great men's houses, where she will understand nobody, and nobody will understand her."

"Why, foolish woman," cried Sancho, "have you not heard that 'he who will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay?' when good luck is knocking at our door, is it fit to shut him out? No, no, let us make hay while the sun shines, and spread our sails before this prosperous gale. Canst thou not perceive, thou senseless animal," said Sancho, going on, "that I ought to venture over head and ears to light on some good gainful government, that may free our ankles from the clogs of necessity, and marry Mary Sancho to whom we please? Then thou wilt see how folks will call thee 'my lady Teresa Panza;' and thou wilt sit in the church with thy carpets and cushions, and lean and loll in state, though the best gentlewoman in the town burst with spite and envy. Go to, let us have no more of this; Mary Sancho shall be a countess in spite of thy teeth, I say."

"Well, then, to let this alone, all I have to say is this, if you hold still in the mind of being a governor, pray even take your son Sancho

along with you, and henceforth train him up to your trade of governing; for it is but fitting that the son should be brought up to the father's calling."

"When once I am governor," quoth Sancho, "I will send for him by the post, and I will send the money withal; for I daresay I shall want none; there never wants those that will lend governors money when they have none. But then be sure you clothe the boy so, that he may look not like what he is, but like what he is to be."

"Send you but money," quoth Teresa, "and I will make him as fine as a May-day garland."

"So then, wife," quoth Sancho, "I suppose we are agreed that our Moll shall be a countess."

"The day I see her a countess," quoth Teresa, "I reckon I lay her in her grave. However, I tell you again, even follow your own inventions; you men will be masters, and we poor women are born to bear the clog of obedience, though our husbands have no more sense than a cuckoo." Here she fell a-weeping as heartily as if she had seen her daughter already dead and buried. Sancho comforted her, and promised her, that though he was to make her a countess, yet he would see and put it off as long as he could. Thus ended their dialogue, and he went back to Don Quixote to dispose everything for a march.

CHAPTER XLVI.

What passed between Don Quixote, his Niece, and the Housekeeper; being one of the most important chapters in the whole history.

While Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Cascajo had the foregoing dialogue, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle, guessing by a thousand signs that the knight intended a third sally. Therefore they endeavoured by all possible means to divert him from his design; but all in vain, for it was but preaching to a rock and hammering stubborn steel. "In short, sir," quoth the housekeeper, "if you will not be ruled, but will needs run wandering over hill and dale, seeking for mischief—for so I may well call the hopeful adventures which you go about—I will never leave complaining to Heaven and the king till there is a stop put to it some way or other."

"What answer Heaven will vouchsafe to give thee, I know not," answered Don Quixote; "neither can I tell what return his majesty will make to thy petition. This I know, that were I king, I would excuse myself from answering the infinite number of impertinent memorials that disturb the repose of princes. I tell thee, woman, among the many other fatigues which royalty sustains, it is one of the greatest to be obliged to hear every one, and to give answer to all people. Therefore, pray trouble not his majesty with anything concerning me."

"But pray, sir, tell me," replied she, "are there not a many knights to the king's court?"

"I must confess," said Don Quixote, "that for the ornament, the grandeur, and the pomp of royalty, many knights are and ought to be maintained there."

"Why, then," said the woman, "would it not be better for your worship to be one of those brave knights who serve the king their master on foot in his court?"

"Hear me, sweetheart," answered Don Quixote; "all knights cannot be courtiers, nor can all courtiers be knights-errant. There must be of all sorts in the world; and though we were all to agree in the common appellation of knights, yet there would be a great difference between the one and the other. For your courtiers, without so much as stirring out of the shade and shelter of the court, can journey over all the universe in a map, without the expense and fatigue of travelling, without suffering the inconveniences of heat, cold, hunger, and thirst; while we who are the true knights-errant, exposed to all the inclemencies of heaven, by night and day, on foot as well as on horseback, measure the whole surface of the earth with our own feet. And further, the true knight-errant, though he meet ten giants, whose tall aspiring heads not only touch but overtop the clouds, each of them stalking with prodigious legs like huge towers, their sweeping arms like masts of mighty ships, each eye as large as a mill-wheel, and more fiery than a glass furnace; yet he is so far from being afraid to meet them, that he must encounter them with a gentle countenance and an undaunted courage—assail them, close with them, and if possible vanquish and destroy them all in an instant."

"Ah, dear uncle," said the niece, "have a care what you say; all the stories of knights-errant are nothing but a pack of lies and fables, and deserve to be burnt, that the world may know them to be wicked, and perverters of good manners."

"Wert thou not my own sister's daughter," cried the Don, "I would take such revenge for the blasphemy thou hast uttered, as would resound through the whole universe. Who ever heard of the like impudence? That a young baggage, who scarce knows her bobbins from a bodkin, should presume to put in her oar, and censure the histories of the knights-errant! What would Sir Amadis have said had he heard this? He undoubtedly would have forgiven thee, for he was the most courteous and complaisant knight of his time, especially to the fair sex, being a great protector of damsels; but thy words might have reached the ears of some that would have sacrificed thee to their indignation; for all knights are not equally possessed of civility or good-nature; neither are all those that assume the name of a disposition suitable to the function. Some indeed are of the right stamp, but others are either counterfeit, or of such an alloy as cannot bear the touchstone, though they deceive the sight. Inferior mortals there are who aim at knighthood, and strain to reach the height of honour; and high-born knights there are who seem fond of grovelling in the dust and being lost in the crowd of inferior mortals: the first raise themselves by ambition or by virtue; the last debase themselves by negligence or by vice, so that there is need of a distinguishing understanding to judge between these

two sorts of knights, so nearly allied in name, and so different in actions."

"Bless me, dear uncle," cried the niece, "that you should know so much as to be able, if there was occasion, to get up into a pulpit, or preach in the streets, and yet be so strangely mistaken as to fancy a man of your years can be strong and valiant—that you can set everything right, and force stubborn malice to bend, when you yourself stoop beneath the burden of age; and what is yet more odd, that you are a knight, when it is well known you are none! For though some gentlemen may be knights, a poor gentleman can hardly be so, because he cannot buy it."

"You say well, niece," answered Don Quixote; "and as to this last observation, I could tell you things that you would admire at, concerning families; but because I would not mix sacred things with profane, I waive the discourse. However, listen both of you, and for your farther instruction know, that all the lineages and descents of mankind are reducible to these four heads—first, of those who, from a very small and obscure beginning, have raised themselves to a spreading and prodigious magnitude; secondly, of those who, deriving their greatness from a noble spring, still preserve the dignity and character of their original splendour; a third are those who, though they had large foundations, have ended in a point, like a pyramid, which by little and little dwindles as it were into nothing, or next to nothing, in comparison of its basis. Others there are (and those are the bulk of mankind) who have neither a good beginning, nor rational continuance, and whose ending shall therefore be obscure, such are the common people—the plebeian race. The Ottoman family is an instance of the first sort, having derived their present greatness from the poor beginning of a base-born shepherd. Of the second sort——"

But here somebody knocked at the door, and being asked who it was, Sancho answered it was he. Whereupon the housekeeper slipped out of the way, not willing to see him, and the niece let him in. Don Quixote received him with open arms; and locking themselves both in the closet, they had another dialogue as pleasant as the former, the result of which was, that they resolved at once to proceed in their enterprise.

With the approbation of Signor Carrasco, who was now the knight's oracle, it was decreed that they should set out at the expiration of three days; in which time all necessaries should be provided, especially a whole helmet, which Don Quixote said he was resolved by all means to purchase. Samson offered him one which he knew he could easily get of a friend, and which looked more dull with the mould and rust, than bright with the lustre of the steel. The niece and the housekeeper made a woeful outcry, tore their hair, scratched their faces, and howled liked common mourners at funerals, lamenting the knight's departure as it had been his real death, and abusing Carrasco most unmercifully. In short, Don Quixote and his squire having got all things in readiness—the one having pacified his wife, and the other his niece and housekeeper—towards the evening, with-

out being seen by anybody but the bachelor, who would needs accompany them about half a league from the village, they set forward for Toboso, the knight mounted on his Rozinante, and Sancho on his trusty Dapple, his wallet well stuffed with provisions, and his purse with money, which Don Quixote gave him to defray expenses. At last Samson took his leave, desiring the champion to give him from time to time an account of his success, that according to the laws of friendship, he might sympathize in his good or evil fortune. Don Quixote made him a promise, and then they parted; Samson went home, and the knight and squire continued their journey for the great city of Toboso.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Don Quixote's success in his journey to visit the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

DON QUIXOTE and his squire were no sooner parted from the bachelor but Rozinante began to neigh and Dapple to bray, which both the knight and his squire interpreted as good omens, and most fortunate presages of their success; though the truth of the story is, that as Dapple's braying exceeded Rozinante's neighing, Sancho concluded that his fortune should outrival and eclipse his master's; which inference I will not say he drew from some principles in judicial astrology, in which he was undoubtedly well grounded, though the history is silent in that particular; however, it is recorded of him that oftentimes upon the falling or stumbling of his ass he wished he had not gone abroad that day, and from such accidents prognosticated nothing but dislocation of joints and breaking of ribs, and notwithstanding his foolish character, this was true enough.

"Friend Sancho," said Don Quixote to him, "I find the approaching night will overtake us ere we can reach Toboso, where, before I enter upon any expedition, I am resolved to pay my vows, receive my benediction, and take my leave of the peerless Dulcinea; being assured after that of a happy issue in the most dangerous adventures, for nothing in this world inspires a knight-errant with so much valour as the smiles and favourable aspect of his mistress."

"I am of your mind," quoth Sancho; "but I am afraid, sir, you will hardly come at her to speak with her, at least not to meet her in a place where she may give you her blessing, unless she throw it over the mud-wall of the yard, where I first saw her when I carried her the news of your pranks in the midst of Sierra Morena."

"Mud-wall, dost thou say?" cried Don Quixote. "Mistaken fool, that wall could have no existence but in thy muddy understanding, it is a mere creature of thy dirty fancy; for that never-duly-celebrated paragon of beauty and gentility was then undoubtedly in some court, in some stately gallery or walk, or, as it is properly called, in some sumptuous and royal palace."

"It may be so," said Sancho, "though, so far as I can remember, it seemed to me neither better nor worse than a mud-wall."

"It is no matter," replied the knight, "let us go thither; I will visit my dear Dulcinea; let me but see her, though it be over a mud-wall, through a chink of a cottage, or the pales of a garden, at a lattice, or anywhere; which way soever the least beam from her bright eyes reaches mine, it will so enlighten my mind, so fortify my heart, and invigorate every faculty of my being, that no mortal will be able to rival me in prudence and valour."

"Troth, sir," quoth Sancho, "when I beheld that same sun of a lady, methought it did not shine so bright as to cast forth any beams at all; but mayhap the reason was that the dust of the grain she was winnowing raised a cloud about her face, and made her look somewhat dull."

"I tell thee again, fool," said Don Quixote, "thy imagination is dusty and foul; will it never be beaten out of thy stupid brain that my lady Dulcinea was winnowing? Are such exercises used by persons of her quality, whose recreations are always noble, and such as display an air of greatness suitable to their birth and dignity? Canst thou not remember the verses of our poet, when he recounts the employments of the four nymphs at their crystal mansions, when they advanced their heads above the streams of the lovely Tagus, and sat upon the grass working those rich embroideries, where silk and gold, and pearl embossed, were so curiously interwoven, and which that ingenious bard so artfully describes? So was my princess employed when she blessed thee with her sight; but the envious malice of some base necromancer fascinated thy sight, as it represents whatever is most grateful to me in different and displeasing shapes. And this makes me fear that if the history of my achievements, which they tell me is in print, has been written by some magician who is no well-wisher to my glory, he has undoubtedly delivered many things with partiality, misrepresented my life, inserting a hundred falsehoods for one truth, and diverting himself with the relation of idle stories, foreign to the purpose, and unsuitable to the character of a true history. O envy! envy! thou gnawing worm of virtue, and spring of infinite mischiefs! there is no other vice, my Sancho, but pleads some pleasure in its excuse; but envy is always attended by disgust, rancour, and distracting rage."

"I am much of your mind," said Sancho; "and I think, in the same book which neighbour Carrasco told us he had read of our lives, the story makes bold with my credit, and has handled it at a strange rate, and has dragged it about the kennels, as a body may say. Well now, as I am an honest man, I never spoke an ill word of a magician in my born days; and I think they need not envy my condition so much. The truth is, I am somewhat malicious; I have my roguish tricks now and then; but I was ever counted more fool than knave for all that, and so indeed I was bred and born; and if there were nothing else in me but my religion—for I firmly believe whatever our holy Church believes, and I hate the infidels mortally—these same historians should take pity on me, and spare me a little in their

books. But let them say on to the end of the chapter; naked I came into the world, and naked must go out. It is all a case to Sancho, I can neither win nor lose by the bargain; and so my name be in print, and handed about, I care not a fig for the worst they can say of me."

"What thou sayest, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "puts me in mind of a story. A celebrated poet of our time wrote a very scurrilous and abusive lampoon upon all the intriguing ladies of the court, forbearing to name one, as not being sure whether she deserved to be put into the catalogue or not; but the lady not finding herself there, was not a little affronted at the omission, and made a great complaint to the poet, asking him what he had seen in her, that he should leave her out of his list; desiring him at the same time to enlarge his satire and put her in, or expect to hear farther from her. The author obeyed her commands, and gave her a character with a vengeance; and to her great satisfaction made her as famous for infamy as any woman about the town. Such another story is that of Diana's temple, one of the seven wonders of the world, burnt by an obscure fellow merely to eternize his name; which, in spite of an edict that enjoined all people never to mention it, either by word of mouth or in writing, yet is still known to have been Erostratus. The story of the great Emperor Charles the Fifth and a Roman knight, upon a certain occasion, is much the same. The emperor had a great desire to see the famous temple once called the Pantheon, but now more happily the church of All Saints. It is the only entire edifice remaining of heathen Rome, and that which best gives an idea of the glory and magnificence of its great founders. It is built in the shape of a half orange, of a vast extent, and very lightsome; though it admits no light but at one window, or, to speak more properly, at a round aperture on the top of the roof. The emperor being got up thither, and looking down from the brink upon the fabric, with a Roman knight by him, who showed all the beauties of that vast edifice: after they were gone from the place, says the knight, addressing the emperor, 'It came into my head a thousand times, sacred sir, to embrace your majesty, and cast myself with you from the top of the church to the bottom, that I might thus purchase an immortal name.' 'I thank you,' said the emperor, 'for not doing it; and for the future I will give you no opportunity to put your loyalty to such a test. Therefore I banish you from my presence for ever.' Which done, he bestowed some considerable favour on him. I tell thee, Sancho, this desire of honour is a strange bewitching thing. What dost thou think made Horatius, armed at all points, plunge headlong from the bridge into the rapid Tiber? What prompted Curtius to leap into the profound flaming gulf? What made Mutius burn his hand? What forced Cæsar over the Rubicon, spite of all the omens that dissuaded his passage? And to instance a more modern example, what made the undaunted Spaniards sink their ships when under the most courteous Cortez, but that scorning the stale honour of this so often conquered world, they sought a maiden glory in a new scene of victory? These, and a multiplicity of other great actions, are owing to the immediate thirst and desire of fame, which mortals expect as the proper price

and immortal recompense of their great actions. But we that are Christian catholic knights-errant must fix our hopes upon a higher reward, placed in the eternal and celestial regions, where we may expect a permanent honour and complete happiness; not like the vanity of fame, which at best is but the shadow of great actions, and must necessarily vanish, when destructive time has eat away the substance which it followed. So, my Sancho, since we expect a Christian reward, we must suit our actions to the rules of Christianity. In giants we must kill pride and arrogance; but our greatest foes, and whom we must chiefly combat, are within. Envy we must overcome by generosity and nobleness of soul; anger, by a reposed and easy mind; riot and drowsiness, by vigilance and temperance; and sloth, by our indefatigable peregrinations through the universe, to seek occasions of military as well as Christian honours. This, Sancho, is the road to lasting fame, and a good and honourable renown."

In such discourses as these the knight and squire passed the night and the whole succeeding day, without encountering any occasion to signalize themselves; at which Don Quixote was very much concerned. At last, towards evening the next day, they discovered the goodly city of Toboso, which revived the knight's spirits wonderfully, but had a quite contrary effect on his squire, because he did not know the house where Dulcinea lived any more than his master. So that the one was mad till he saw her, and the other very melancholy and disturbed in mind because he had never seen her; nor did he know what to do, should his master send him to Toboso. However, as Don Quixote would not make his entry in the daytime, they spent the evening among some oaks not far distant from the place, till the prefixed moment came; then they entered the city, where they met with adventures indeed.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

That gives an account of things which you will know when you have read it.

The sable night had spun out half her course, when Don Quixote and Sancho entered Toboso. A profound silence reigned over all the town, and the inhabitants were fast asleep, and stretched out at their ease. Nothing disturbed the general tranquillity but now and then the barking of dogs, that wounded Don Quixote's ears, but more poor Sancho's heart. Sometimes an ass brayed, hogs grunted, cats mewed; which jarring mixture of sounds was not a little augmented by the stillness and serenity of the night, and filled the enamoured champion's head with a thousand inauspicious chimeras. Nevertheless he said, "Sancho, lead on to Dulcinea's palace; it is possible we may find her awake."

"To what palace?" answered Sancho; "that in which I saw her highness was but a little mean house."

"It was, I suppose, some small apartment of her castle which she

had retired to," said the knight, "to amuse herself with her damsels, as is usual with great ladies and princesses."

"Since your worship," quoth Sancho, "will needs have my Lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gates open?"

"First, however, let us find this castle," replied Don Quixote, "and then I will tell thee how to act;—but look, my eyes deceive me, or that huge dark pile yonder must be Dulcinea's palace."

"Then lead on, sir," said Sancho; "it may be so; though if I were to see it with my eyes, I will believe it just as much as that it is now day."

The Don led the way, and having gone about two hundred paces, he came up to the edifice which cast the dark shade; and perceiving a large tower, he soon found that the building was no palace, but the principal church of the place; whereupon he said, "We are come to the church, Sancho."

"I see we are," answered Sancho; "and pray God we be not come to our graves; for it is no good sign to be rambling about churchyards at such hours, and especially since I have already told your worship that this same lady's house stands in a blind alley."

"Blockhead!" said the knight; "where hast thou ever found castles and royal palaces built in blind alleys?"

"Sir," said Sancho, "each country has its customs; so perhaps it is the fashion here to build your palaces in alleys; and so I beseech your worship to let me look among these lanes and alleys just before me; and perhaps I may pop upon this same palace, which I wish I may see devoured by dogs for bewildering us at this rate."

"Speak with more respect, Sancho, of what regards my lady," said Don Quixote; "let us keep our holidays in peace, and not throw the rope after the bucket."

"I will curb myself," answered Sancho; "but I cannot think that though I have seen the house but once, your worship will needs have me find it at midnight, when you cannot find it yourself, though you must have seen it thousands of times."

"Thou wilt make me desperate, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "come hither, heretic; have I not told thee a thousand times that I never saw the peerless Dulcinea in my life, nor ever stepped over the threshold of her palace, and that I am enamoured by report alone, and the great fame of her wit and beauty?"

"I hear it now," said Sancho; "and to tell the truth, I have seen her just as much as your worship."

"How can that be?" cried Don Quixote; "didst thou not tell me that thou sawest her winnowing wheat?"

"Take no heed of that, sir," replied the squire; "for the fact is, her message, and the sight of her too, were both by hearsay, and I can no more tell who the Lady Dulcinea is than I can buffet the moon."

"Sancho, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "there is a time to jest, and a time when jests are unseasonable. What! because I say that I never saw nor spoke to the mistress of my soul, must thou say so likewise, when thou knowest it to be untrue?"

They were here interrupted by the approach of a man with two mules; and by the sound of a ploughshare, our travellers rightly guessed that he was a husbandman. The country-fellow having now come up to them, Don Quixote said to him, "Good morrow, honest friend; canst thou direct me to the palace of the peerless princess, Donna Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"Sir," answered the fellow, "I am a stranger here; for I have been but a few days in the service of a farmer of this town. But the parish priest, or the sexton across the road, can give your worship an account of that same lady princess; for they keep a register of all the inhabitants of Toboso; not that I think there is any princess living here, though there are several great ladies that may every one be a princess in her own house."

"Among those, friend," said the Don, "may be her for whom I am inquiring."

"Not unlikely," said the ploughman, "and so God speed you; for it will soon be daybreak."

Then pricking on his mules, he waited for no more questions.

Sancho seeing his master perplexed, said to him, "Sir, the day comes on apace, and we shall soon have the sun upon us; so I think we had better get out of this place, and, while your worship takes shelter in some wood, I will leave not a corner unsearched for this house, castle, or palace of my lady; and it shall go hard with me but I find it; and as soon as I have done so, I will speak to her ladyship, and tell her where your worship is waiting her orders and directions how you may see her without damage to her honour and reputation."

"Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "thou hast uttered a thousand sentences in a few words. Thy counsel I relish much, and shall most willingly follow it. Come on, and let us seek for some shelter: then shalt thou return and seek out my lady, from whose discretion and courtesy I expect more than miraculous favours."

Sancho was impatient till he got his master out of the town, lest his tricks should be detected; he therefore hastened on, and when they had gone about two miles, the knight retired to a shady grove, while the squire returned in quest of the Lady Dulcinea; on which embassy things occurred well worthy of credit and renewed attention.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Wherein is related the stratagem practised by Sancho, of enchanting the Lady Dulcinea; with other events no less ludicrous than true.

THE knight's frenzy appears now to be carried to an excess beyond all conception. Having retired into a grove near the city of Toboso, he despatched Sancho with orders not to return into his presence till he had spoken to his lady, beseeching her that she would be pleased to grant her captive knight permission to wait upon her, and that she

would deign to bestow on him her benediction, whereby he might secure complete success in all his encounters and arduous enterprises. Sancho promised to return with an answer no less favourable than that which he had formerly brought him.

"Go then, son," replied Don Quixote, "and be not in confusion when thou standest in the blaze of that sun of beauty. Happy thou above all the squires in the world! Deeply impress on thy memory the particulars of thy reception—whether she changes colour while thou art delivering thy embassy, and betrays agitation on hearing my name; whether her cushion cannot hold her, if perchance thou shouldst find her seated on the rich Estrado; or, if standing, mark whether she is not obliged to sustain herself sometimes upon one foot and sometimes upon the other; whether she repeats her answer to thee three or four times: in short, observe all her actions and motions; for by an accurate detail of them I shall be enabled to penetrate into the secret recesses of her heart touching the affair of my love; for let me tell thee, Sancho, that with lovers the external actions and gestures are couriers, which bear authentic tidings of what is passing in the interior of the soul. Go friend, and be thou more successful than my anxious heart will bode during the painful period of thy absence."

"I will go, and return quickly," quoth Sancho. "In the meantime, good sir, cheer up, and remember the saying, that 'A good heart breaks bad luck;' and 'If there is no hook, there is no bacon;' and 'Where we least expect it, the hare starts:' this I say, because though we could not find the castle or palace of my Lady Dulcinea in the dark, now that it is daylight I reckon I shall soon find it, and then—let me alone to deal with her."

"Verily, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "thou dost apply thy proverbs most happily: yet Heaven grant me better luck in the attainment of my hopes!"

Sancho now switched his Dapple and set off, leaving Don Quixote on horseback, resting on his stirrups and leaning on his lance, full of melancholy and confused fancies, where we will leave him and attend Sancho Panza, who departed no less perplexed and thoughtful; insomuch that, after he had got out of the grove, and looked behind him to ascertain that his master was out of sight, he alighted, and, sitting down at the foot of a tree, he began to hold a parley with himself.

"Tell me now, brother Sancho," quoth he, "whither is your worship going? Are you going to seek some ass that is lost?" "No, verily." "Then what are you going to seek?" "Why, I go to look for a thing of nothing—a princess, the sun of beauty, and all heaven together!" "Well, Sancho, and where think you to find all this?" "Where? In the great city of Toboso." "Very well; and pray who sent you on this errand?" "Why, the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who redresses wrongs, and gives drink to the hungry and meat to the thirsty." "All this is mighty well; and do you know her house, Sancho?" "My master says it must be some royal palace or stately castle." "And have you ever seen her?"

"Neither I nor my master have ever seen her!—Well," continued he, "there is a remedy for everything but death, who, in spite of our teeth, will have us in his clutches. This master of mine, I can plainly see, is mad enough for a strait waistcoat; and, in truth, I am not much better; nay, I am worse, in following and serving him, if there is any truth in the proverb, 'Show me who thou art with, and I will tell thee what thou art;' or in the other, 'Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou art fed.' He then being in truth a madman, and so mad as frequently to mistake one thing for another, and not know black from white; as plainly appeared when he called the windmills giants, mules dromedaries, and the flock of sheep armies of fighting men, with many more things to the same tune; this being the case, I say, it will not be very difficult to make him believe that a country girl (the first I light upon) is the Lady Dulcinea; and, should he not believe it, I will swear to it; and if he swears, I will outswear him; and if he persists, I will persist the more: so that mine shall still be uppermost, come what will of it. By this plan I may perhaps tire him of sending me on such errands; or he may take it into his head that some wicked enchanter has changed his lady's form, out of pure spite."

This project set Sancho's spirit at rest, and he reckoned his business as good as half done: so he stayed where he was till towards evening, that Don Quixote might suppose him travelling on his mission. Fortunately for him, just as he was going to mount his Dapple, he espied three country girls coming from Toboso, each mounted on a young ass. Sancho no sooner got sight of them than he rode back at a good pace to seek his master Don Quixote, whom he found breathing a thousand sighs and amorous lamentations. When Don Quixote saw him, he said, "Well, friend Sancho, am I to mark this day with a white or a black stone?"

"Your worship," answered Sancho, "had better mark it with red ochre, as they do the inscriptions on professors' chairs, to be the more easily read by the lookers-on."

"Thou bringest me good news, then?" cried Don Quixote.

"So good," answered Sancho, "that your worship has only to clap spurs to Rozinante, and get out upon the plain to see the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, with a couple of her damsels, is coming to pay your worship a visit."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Don Quixote, "what dost thou say? Take care that thou beguilest not my real sorrow by a counterfeit joy."

"What should I get," answered Sancho, "by deceiving your worship, only to be found out the next moment? Come, sir, put on, and you will see the princess, our mistress, all arrayed and adorned—in short, like herself. She and her damsels are one blaze of flaming gold; all strings of pearls, all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of tissue above ten hands deep; their hair loose about their shoulders, like so many sunbeams blowing about in the wind; and, what is more, they come mounted upon three pied belfreys, the finest you ever laid eyes on."

"Palfreys, thou wouldst say, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote.

"Well, well," answered Sancho, "belfreys and palfreys are much the same thing; but let them be mounted how they will, they are sure the finest creatures one would wish to see, especially my mistress the princess Dulcinea, who dazzles one's senses."

"Let us go, son Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and, as a reward for this welcome news, I bequeath to thee the choicest spoils I shall gain in my next adventure."

They were now got out of the wood, and saw the three girls very near. Don Quixote looked eagerly along the road towards Toboso, and seeing nobody but the three girls, he asked Sancho, in much agitation, whether they were out of the city when he left them.

"Out of the city!" answered Sancho; "are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck that you do not see them now before you, shining like the sun at noonday?"

"I see only three country girls," answered Don Quixote, "on three asses."

"Now keep me from mischief!" answered Sancho; "is it possible that three belfreys, or how do you call them, white as the driven snow, should look to you like asses? As I am alive, you shall pluck off this beard of mine if it be so."

"I tell thee, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that it is as certain they are asses as that I am Don Quixote and thou Sancho Panza; at least so they seem to me."

"Sir," quoth Sancho, "say not such a thing; but snuff those eyes of yours, and come and pay reverence to the mistress of your soul."

So saying he advanced forward to meet the peasant girls; and, alighting from Dapple, he laid hold of one of their asses by the halter, and, bending both knees to the ground, said to the girl, "Queen, princess, and duchess of beauty, let your haughtiness and greatness be pleased to receive into your grace and good-liking your captive knight, who stands there turned into stone, all disorder and without any pulse, to find himself before your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he is that wayworn knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Rueful Countenance."

Don Quixote had now placed himself on his knees by Sancho, and with wild and staring eyes surveyed her whom Sancho called his queen, and seeing nothing but a peasant girl, with a broad face, flat nose, coarse and homely, he was so confounded that he could not open his lips. The girls were also surprised to find themselves stopped by two men so different in aspect, and both on their knees; but the lady who was stopped, breaking silence, said in an angry tone, "Get out of the road, plague on ye! and let us pass by, for we are in haste."

"O princess and universal lady of Toboso!" cried Sancho, "is not your magnificent heart melting to see, on his knees before your sublimated presence, the pillar and prop of knight-errantry?"

"Heyday! what's here to do?" cried another of the girls; "look how your small gentry come to jeer us poor country girls, as if we

could not give them as good as they bring. Go, get off about your business, and let us mind ours, and so speed you well."

"Rise, Sancho," said Don Quixote, on hearing this; "for I now perceive that fortune, not yet satisfied with persecuting me, has barred every avenue whereby relief might come to this wretched soul I bear about me. And thou, O extreme of all that is valuable, summit of human perfection, thou sole balm to this disconsolate heart that adores thee, though now some wicked enchanter spreads clouds and cataracts over my eyes, changing, and to them only, thy peerless beauty into that of a poor rustic; if he has not converted mine also into that of some goblin, to render it horrible to thy view, bestow on me one kind look, and let this submissive posture, these bended knees, before thy disguised beauty, declare the humility with which my soul adores thee."

"Marry come up," quoth the girl, "with your idle gibberish! get on with you, and let us go, and we shall take it kindly."

Sancho now let go the halter, delighted that he had come off so well with his contrivance. The imaginary Dulcinea was no sooner at liberty than, pricking her beast with a sharp-pointed stick which she held in her hand, she scoured along the field; but the ass, smarting more than usual under the goad, began to kick and wince in such a manner that down came the Lady Dulcinea to the ground. Don Quixote was proceeding to raise his enchanted mistress, but the lady saved him that trouble; for immediately upon getting up from the ground she retired three or four steps back, took a little run, then, clapping both hands upon the ass's crupper, jumped into the saddle lighter than a falcon, and seated herself astride like a man.

"By Saint Roque!" cried Sancho, "our lady mistress is lighter than a bird, and could teach the nimblest Cordovan or Mexican how to mount. She springs into the saddle at a jump, and without the help of spurs makes her palfrey run like a wild ass; and her damsels are not a whit short of her, for they all fly like the wind!"

And this was the truth; for, Dulcinea being remounted, the other two made after her at full speed, without looking behind them, for above half a league.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes as far as he was able; and when they were out of sight, turning to Sancho, he said, "What dost thou think now, Sancho? See how I am persecuted by enchanters! Mark how far their malice extends, even to depriving me of the pleasure of seeing my mistress in her own proper form! Surely I was born to be an example of wretchedness, and the butt and mark at which all the arrows of ill-fortune are aimed! And thou must have observed, too, Sancho, that these traitors were not contented with changing and transforming the countenance of my Dulcinea, but they must give her the base and uncouth figure of a country wench. But tell me, Sancho, that which to me appeared to be a pannel, was it a side-saddle or a pillion?"

"It was a side-saddle," answered Sancho, "with a field covering, worth half a kingdom for the richness of it."

"And that I should not see all this!" exclaimed Don Quixote,

"Again I say, and a thousand times will I repeat it, I am the most unfortunate of men!"

The sly rogue Sancho had much difficulty to forbear laughing to think how finely his master was gulled. After more dialogue of the same kind, they mounted their beasts again, and followed the road to Saragossa, still intending to be present at a solemn festival annually held in that city. But before they reached it, events befel them which for their importance, variety, and novelty, well deserve to be recorded and read.

CHAPTER L.

Of the strange adventure which befel the valorous Don Quixote with the cart, or Death's caravan.

DON QUIXOTE proceeded on his way at a slow pace, exceedingly pensive, musing on the base trick the enchanters had played him in transforming his Lady Dulcinea into the homely figure of a peasant wench, nor could he devise any means of restoring her to her former state. In these meditations his mind was so absorbed, that, without perceiving it, the bridle dropped on Rozinante's neck, who, taking advantage of the liberty thus given him, at every step turned aside to take a mouthful of the fresh grass with which those parts abounded. Sancho endeavoured to rouse him.

"Sorrow," said he, "was made for man, not for beasts, sir; but if men give too much way to it, they become beasts. Take heart, sir; recollect yourself, and gather up Rozinante's reins; cheer up, awake, and show that you have courage befitting a knight-errant! Why are you so cast down? Are we here or in France? The welfare of a single knight-errant is of more consequence than all the enchantments and transformations on earth."

"Peace, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, in no very faint face; "peace, I say, and utter no blasphemies against that enchanted lady, of whose disgrace and misfortune I am the sole cause, since they proceed entirely from the envy that the wicked bear to me."

"So say I," quoth Sancho; "for who saw her then and sees her now, his heart must melt with grief, I vow."

Don Quixote would have answered Sancho, but was prevented by the passing of a cart across the road, full of the strangest-looking people imaginable; it was without any awning above, or covering to the sides, and the carter who drove the mules had the appearance of a frightful demon. The first figure that caught Don Quixote's attention was that of Death with a human visage; close to him sat an angel with large painted wings; on the other side stood an emperor with a crown, seemingly of gold, on his head. At Death's feet sat the god Cupid, not blindfold, but with his bow, quiver, and arrows; a knight also appeared among them in complete armour; only instead of a morion, or casque, he wore a hat with a large plume of feathers of divers colours; and there were several other persons of equal

diversity in appearance. Such a sight, coming thus abruptly upon them, somewhat startled Don Quixote, and the heart of Sancho was struck with dismay. But with the knight surprise soon gave place to joy, for he anticipated some new and perilous adventure; and under this impression, with a resolution prepared for any danger, he planted himself just before the cart, and cried out in a loud menacing voice, "Carter, coachman, or devil, or whatever be thy denomination, tell me instantly what thou art, whither going, and who are the persons thou conveyest in that vehicle, which by its freight looks like Charon's ferry-boat!"

To which the man calmly replied, "Sir, we are travelling players, belonging to Angulo el Malo's company. To-day being the Octave of Corpus Christi, we have been performing a piece representing the 'Cortes of Death;' this evening we are to play it again in the village just before us: and, not having far to go, we travel in the dresses of our parts to save trouble. This young man represents Death; he an angel; that woman, who is our author's wife, plays a queen; the other a soldier; this one an emperor; and I am the devil, one of the principal personages of the drama; for in this company I have all the chief parts. If your worship desires any further information, I am ready to answer you."

"On the faith of a knight," answered Don Quixote, "when I first espied this cart I imagined some great adventure offered itself; but appearances are not always to be trusted. God be with you, good people; go and perform your play; and if there be anything in which I may be of service to you, command me, for I will do it most readily, having been from my youth a great admirer of masques and theatrical representations."

While they were speaking one of the motley crew came up capering towards them, in an antic dress, frisking about with his morris-bells, and three full-blown ox-bladders tied to the end of a stick. Approaching the knight, he flourished his bladders in the air, and bounced them against the ground close under the nose of Rozinante, who was so startled by the noise, that Don Quixote lost all command over him, and having got the curb between his teeth, away he scampered over the plain, with more speed than might have been expected from such an assemblage of dry bones. Sancho, seeing his master's danger, leaped from Dapple and ran to his assistance; but before his squire could reach him, he was upon the ground, and close by him Rozinante, who fell with his master—the usual termination of Rozinante's frolics. Sancho had no sooner dismounted to assist Don Quixote than the bladder-dancing fellow jumped upon Dapple, and thumping him with the bladders, fear at the noise, more than the smart, set him also flying over the field towards the village where they were going to act. Thus Sancho, beholding at one and the same moment Dapple's flight and his master's fall, was at a loss to which of the two duties he should first attend; but, like a good squire and faithful servant, the love he bore to his master prevailed over his affection for his ass; though as often as he saw the bladders hoisted in the air and fall on the body of his Dapple, he felt the pangs and

tortures of death, and he would rather those blows had fallen on the apple of his own eyes, than on the least hair of his ass's tail.

In this distress he came up to Don Quixote, who was in a much worse plight than he could have wished; and as he helped him to get upon Rozinante, he said, "Sir, the devil has run away with Dapple."

"What devil?" demanded Don Quixote.

"He with the bladders," answered Sancho.

"I will recover him," replied Don Quixote, "though he should hide himself in the deepest and darkest dungeon of his dominions. Follow me, Sancho: for the cart moves but slowly, and the mules shall make compensation for the loss of Dapple."

"Stay, sir," cried Sancho, "you may cool your anger, for I see the scoundrel has left Dapple, and gone his way."

And so it was; for Dapple and the devil having tumbled, as well as Rozinante and his master, the merry imp left him and made off on foot to the village, while Dapple turned back to his rightful owner.

"Nevertheless," said Don Quixote, "it will not be amiss to chastise the insolence of this devil on some of his company, even upon the emperor himself."

"Good, your worship," quoth Sancho, "do not think of such a thing, but take my advice and never meddle with players; for they are a people mightily beloved. I have seen a player taken up for two murders, and get off scot-free. As they are merry folks and give pleasure, everybody favours them, and is ready to stand their friend; particularly if they are of the king's or some nobleman's company, who look and dress like any princes."

"That capering buffoon shall not escape with impunity, though he were favoured by the whole human race," cried Don Quixote, as he rode off in pursuit of the cart, which was now very near the town, and he called aloud, "Halt a little, merry sirs; stay and let me teach you how to treat cattle belonging to the squires of knights-errant."

Don Quixote's words were loud enough to be heard by the players, who, perceiving his adverse designs upon them, instantly jumped out of the cart, Death first, and after him the emperor, the carter-devil, and the angel; nor did the queen or the god Cupid stay behind; and, all armed with stones, waited in battle-array, ready to receive Don Quixote at the points of their pebbles. Don Quixote, seeing the gallant squadron, with arms uplifted, ready to discharge such a fearful volley, checked Rozinante with the bridle, and began to consider how he might most prudently attack them. While he paused, Sancho came up, and seeing him on the point of attacking that well-formed brigade, remonstrated with him.

"It is mere madness, sir," said he, "to attempt such an enterprise. Pray consider there is no armour proof against stones and brick, unless you could thrust yourself into a bell of brass. Besides, it is not courage, but rashness, for one man singly to encounter an army, where Death is present, and where emperors fight in person, assisted by good and bad angels. But if that is not reason enough, remember that, though these people all look like princes and emperors, there is not a real knight among them."

"Now, indeed," said Don Quixote, "thou hast hit the point, Sancho, which can alone shake my resolution; I neither can nor ought to draw my sword, as I have often told thee, against those who are not dubbed knights. To thee it belongs, Sancho, to revenge the affront offered to thy Dapple; and from this spot I will encourage and assist thee by my voice and salutary instructions."

"Good Christians should never revenge injuries," answered Sancho; "and I daresay that Dapple is as forgiving as myself, and ready to submit his case to my will and pleasure, which is to live peaceably with all the world, as long as Heaven is pleased to grant me life."

"Since this is thy resolution, good Sancho, discreet Sancho, Christian Sancho, and honest Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "let us leave these phantoms, and seek better and more substantial adventures; for this country, I see, is likely to afford us many and very extraordinary ones."

He then wheeled Rozinante about; Sancho took his Dapple; and Death, with his flying squadron, having returned to their cart, each pursued their way. Thus happily terminated the awful adventure of Death's caravan—thanks to the wholesome advice that Sancho Panza gave his master, who the next day encountering an enamoured knight-errant, met with an adventure not a whit less important than the one just related.

CHAPTER LI.

Of the strange adventure which befel the valorous Don Quixote with the brave Knight of the Wood.

Don Quixote and his squire passed the night following their encounter with Death under some tall, umbrageous trees; and as they were refreshing themselves, by Sancho's advice, from the store of provisions carried by Dapple, he said to his master, "What a fool, sir, should I have been had I chosen for my reward the spoils of your worship's first adventure, instead of the three ass-colts! It is a true saying, 'A sparrow in the hand is better than a vulture upon the wing.'"

"However, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "hadst thou suffered me to make the attack which I had premeditated, thy share of the booty would have been at least the emperor's crown of gold and Cupid's painted wings; for I would have plucked them off per force, and delivered them into thy hands."

"The crowns and sceptres of your theatrical emperors," answered Sancho, "are never pure gold, but tinsel or copper."

"That is true," replied Don Quixote; "nor would it be proper that the decorations of a play should be otherwise than counterfeit, like the drama itself, which I would have thee hold in due estimation, as well as the actors and authors; for they are all instruments of much benefit to the commonwealth, continually presenting a mirror before our eyes, in which we see lively representations of the actions of

human life; nothing, indeed, more truly portrays to us what we are, and what we should be, than the drama. Tell me, hast thou never seen a play in which kings, emperors, popes, lords, and ladies are introduced, with divers other personages: one acting the ruffian, another the knave; one the merchant, another the soldier; one a designing fool, another a foolish lover; and observed that, when the play is done, and the actors undressed, they are all again upon a level?"

"Yes, marry, have I," quoth Sancho.

"The very same thing, then," said Don Quixote, "happens on the stage of this world, on which some play the part of emperors, others of popes—in short, every part that can be introduced in a comedy; but at the conclusion of this drama of life, death strips us of the robes which made the difference between man and man, and leaves us all on one level in the grave."

"A brave comparison!" quoth Sancho; "though not so new but that I have heard it many times, as well as that of the game of chess; which is that, while the game is going, every piece has its office, and when it is ended, they are all huddled together, and put into a bag; just as we are put together into the ground when we are dead."

"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou art daily improving in sense."

"And so I ought," answered Sancho; "for some of your worship's wisdom must needs stick to me; as dry and barren soil, by well manuring and digging, comes at last to bear good fruit. My meaning is, that your worship's conversation has been the manure laid upon the barren soil of my poor wit, and the tillage has been the time I have been in your service and company; by which I hope to produce fruit like any blessing, and such as will not disparage my teacher, nor let me stray from the paths of good-breeding, which your worship has made in my shallow understanding."

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's affected style; but he really did think him improved, and was frequently surprised by his observations, when he did not display his ignorance by soaring too high. His chief strength lay in proverbs, of which he had always abundance ready, though perhaps not always fitting the occasion, as may often have been remarked in the course of this history.

In this kind of conversation they spent great part of the night, till Sancho felt disposed to let down the portcullises of his eyes, as he used to say when he was inclined to sleep. So, having unrigged his Dapple, he turned him loose into pasture; but he did not take off the saddle from Rozinante's back, it being the express command of his master that he should continue saddled whilst they kept the field and were not sleeping under a roof, in conformity to an ancient established custom religiously observed among knights-errant, which was to take off the bridle and hang it on the pommel of the saddle, but by no means to remove the saddle.

At length Sancho fell asleep at the foot of a cork-tree, while Don Quixote slumbered beneath a branching oak. But it was not long before he was disturbed by a noise near him; he started up, and looking in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, could discern

two men on horseback, one of whom dismounting, said to the other, "Alight, friend, and unbridle the horses; for this place will afford them pasture, and offers to me that silence and solitude which my pensive thoughts require."

As he spoke, he threw himself on the ground, and in this motion a rattling of armour was heard, which convinced Don Quixote that this was a knight-errant; and going to Sancho, who was fast asleep, he pulled him by the arm, and having with some difficulty roused him, he said in a low voice, "Friend Sancho, we have got an adventure here."

"God send it be a good one!" answered Sancho; "and pray, sir, where may this same adventure be?"

"Where, sayest thou, Sancho?" replied Don Quixote; "turn thine eyes that way, and thou wilt see a knight-errant lying extended, who seems to me not over-happy in his mind; for I just now saw him dismount and throw himself upon the ground, as if much oppressed with grief, and his armour rattled as he fell."

"But how do you know," quoth Sancho, "that this is an adventure?"

"Though I cannot yet positively call it an adventure, it has the usual signs of one: but listen, he is tuning an instrument, and seems to be preparing to sing."

"By my troth, so he is," cried Sancho, "and he must be some knight or other in love."

"As all knights-errant must be," quoth Don Quixote; "but hearken, and we shall discover his thoughts by his song."

Sancho would have replied; but the Knight of the Wood, whose voice was only moderately good, began to sing, and they both attentively listened to the following—

SONNET.

Bright queen, how shall your loving slave
Be sure not to displease?
Some rule of duty let him crave;
He begs no other ease.

Say, must I die, or hopeless live?
I'll act as you ordain;
Despair a silent death shall give,
Or Love himself complain.

My heart, though soft as wax, will prove
Like diamonds firm and true:
For what th' impression can remove,
That's stamp'd by love and you?

With a deep sigh, that seemed to be drawn from the very bottom of his heart, the Knight of the Wood ended his song; and after some pause, in a plaintive and dolorous voice, he exclaimed, "O thou most beautiful and most ungrateful of womankind! O divine Casildea de Vandalia! wilt thou, then, suffer this thy captive knight to consume and pine away in continual peregrinations and in severest toils? Is

it not enough that I have caused thee to be acknowledged the most consummate beauty in the world by all the knights of Navarre, of Leon, of Tartesia, of Castile, and, in fine, by all the knights of La Mancha?"

"Not so," said Don Quixote, "for I am of La Mancha, and never have made such an acknowledgment, nor ever will admit an assertion so prejudicial to the beauty of my mistress. Thou seest, Sancho, how this knight raves; but let us listen; perhaps he will make some farther declaration?"

"Ay, marry will he," replied Sancho, "for he seems to be in a humour to complain for a month to come."

But they were mistaken; for the knight, hearing voices near them, proceeded no farther in his lamentation, but rising up, said aloud in a courteous voice, "Who goes there? What are ye? Of the number of the happy, or of the afflicted?"

"Of the afflicted," answered Don Quixote.

"Come to me, then," answered the Knight of the Wood, "and you will find sorrow and misery itself!"

These expressions were uttered in so moving a tone, that Don Quixote, followed by Sancho, went up to the mournful knight, who, taking his hand, said to him, "Sit down here, Sir Knight; for to be assured that you profess the order of chivalry, it is sufficient that I find you here, encompassed by solitude and the cold dews of night, the proper station for knights-errant."

"A knight I am," replied Don Quixote, "and of the order you name; and although my heart is the mansion of misery and woe, yet can I sympathize in the sorrows of others; from the strain I just now heard from you, I conclude that you are of the amorous kind—arising, I mean, from a passion for some ungrateful fair."

Whilst thus discoursing, they were seated together on the ground peaceably and sociably, not as if at daybreak they were to fall upon each other with mortal fury.

"Perchance you too are in love, Sir Knight," said he of the Wood to Don Quixote.

"Such is my cruel destiny," answered Don Quixote; "though the sorrows that may arise from well-placed affections ought rather to be accounted blessings than calamities."

"That is true," replied the Knight of the Wood, "provided our reason and understanding be not affected by disdain, which, when carried to excess, is more like vengeance."

"I never was disdained by my mistress," answered Don Quixote.

"No, verily," quoth Sancho, who stood close by; "for my lady is as gentle as a lamb and as soft as butter."

"Is this your squire?" demanded the Knight of the Wood.

"He is," replied Don Quixote.

"I never in my life saw a squire," said the Knight of the Wood, "who durst presume to speak where his lord was conversing; at least, there stands mine, as tall as his father, and it cannot be proved that he ever opened his lips where I was speaking."

"Truly," quoth Sancho, "I have talked, and can talk before one as

good as ——, and perhaps, ——, but let that rest; perhaps the less said the better."

The Knight of the Wood's squire now took Sancho by the arm, and said, "Let us two go where we may chat squire-like together, and leave these masters of ours to talk over their loves to each other; for I warrant they will not have done before to-morrow morning."

"With all my heart," quoth Sancho, "and I will tell you who I am, that you may judge whether I am not fit to make one among the talking squires."

The squires then withdrew, and a dialogue passed between them as lively as that of their masters was grave.

CHAPTER LII.

Wherein is continued the adventure of the Knight of the Wood, with the wise and witty dialogue between the two Squires.

HAVING retired a little apart, the Squire of the Wood said to Sancho, "This is a toilsome life we squires to knights-errant lead; in good truth, we eat our bread by the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses God laid upon our first parents."

"You may say too, that we eat it by the frost of our bodies," added Sancho; "for who has to bear more cold, as well as heat, than your miserable squires to knight-errantry? It would not be quite so bad if we could always get something to eat, for good fare lessens care; but how often we must pass whole days without breaking our fast—unless it be upon air!"

"All this may be endured," quoth he of the Wood, "with the hopes of reward; for that knight-errant must be unlucky indeed who does not speedily recompense his squire with at least a handsome government, or some pretty earldom."

"I," replied Sancho, "have already told my master that I should be satisfied with the government of an island; and he is so noble, and so generous, that he has promised it me a thousand times."

"And I," said he of the Wood, "should think myself amply rewarded for all my services with a canonry; and I have my master's word for it too."

"Why then," quoth Sancho, "belike your master is some knight of the Church, and so can bestow rewards of that kind on his squires: mine is only a layman. Some of his wise friends advised him once to be an archbishop, but he would be nothing but an emperor, and I trembled all the while lest he should take a liking to the Church; because, you must know, I am not gifted that way; to say the truth, sir, though I look like a man, I am a very beast in such matters."

"Let me tell you, friend," quoth he of the Wood, "you are quite in the wrong; for these island-governments are often more plague than profit. Some are crabbed, some beggarly, some—in short, the best of them are sure to bring more care than they are worth, and are

mostly too heavy for the shoulders that have to bear them. I suspect it would be wiser in us to quit this thankless drudgery and stay at home, where we may find easier work and better pastime; for he must be a sorry squire who has not his nag, his brace of greyhounds, and an angling-rod to enjoy himself with at home."

"I am not without these things," answered Sancho; "it is true I have no horse, but then I have an ass which is worth twice as much as my master's steed. I would not swap with him, though he should offer me four bushels of barley to boot; no, that would not I, though you may take for a joke the price I set upon my Dapple—for dapple, sir, is the colour of my ass. Greyhounds I cannot be in want of, as our town is overstocked with them; besides, the rarest sporting is that we find at other people's cost."

"Really and truly, brother squire," answered he of the Wood, "I have resolved with myself to quit the frolics of these knights-errant, and get home again and look after my children, for I have three like Indian pearls."

"And I have two," quoth Sancho, "fit to be presented to the Pope himself in person, especially my girl that I am breeding up for a countess, if it please God, in spite of her mother. But I beseech God to deliver me from this dangerous profession of squireship, into which I have run a second time, drawn and tempted by a purse of a hundred ducats, which I found one day among the mountains. In truth, my fancy is continually setting before my eyes, here, there, and everywhere, a bagful of gold pistoles, so that methinks at every step I am laying my hand upon it, hugging it and carrying it home, buying lands, settling rents, and living like a prince; and while this runs in my head I can bear all the toil which must be suffered with this foolish master of mine, who, to my knowledge, is more of the madman than the knight."

"Indeed, friend," said the Squire of the Wood, "you verify the proverb which says that 'covetousness bursts the bag.' Truly, friend, now you talk of madmen, there is not a greater one in the world than my master. The old saying may be applied to him, 'Other folks' burdens break the ass's back;' for he gives up his own wits to recover those of another, and is searching after that which, when found, may chance to hit him in the teeth."

"By the way, he is in love, it seems," said Sancho.

"Yes," quoth he of the Wood, "with one Casildea de Vandalia, one of the most whimsical dames in the world; but that is not the foot he halts on at present; he has some other crotchets in his pate which we shall hear more of anon."

"There is no road so even but it has its stumbling places," replied Sancho; "in other folks' houses they boil beans, but in mine whole kettles full. Madness will have more followers than discretion; but if the common saying is true, that there is some comfort in having partners in grief, I may comfort myself with you, who serve as crack-brained a master as my own."

"Crack-brained, but valiant," answered he of the Wood, "and more knavish than either."

"Mine," answered Sancho, "has nothing of the knave in him; so far from it, he has a soul as pure as a pitcher, and would not harm a fly; he bears no malice, and a child may persuade him it is night at noonday, for which I love him as my life, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, in spite of all his pranks."

"For all that, brother," quoth he of the Wood, "if the blind lead the blind, both may fall into the ditch. We had better turn us fairly about, and go back to our homes; for they who seek adventures find them sometimes to their cost. But methinks," said he, "we have talked till our throats are dry; but I have got, hanging at my saddle-bow, that which will refresh them;" when, rising up, he quickly produced a large bottle of wine and a pasty half a yard long without any exaggeration, for it was made of so large a rabbit that Sancho thought verily it must contain a whole goat, or at least a kid; and, after due examination,

"How," said he, "do you carry such things about with you?"

"Why, what do you think?" answered the other; "did you take me for some starveling squire? No, no, I have a better cupboard behind me on my horse than a general carries with him upon a march."

Sancho fell to, without waiting for entreaties, and swallowed down huge mouthfuls in the dark. "Your worship," said he, "is indeed a squire, trusty and loyal, round and sound, magnificent and great withal, as this banquet proves (if it did not come by enchantment); and not a poor wretch like myself, with nothing in my wallet but a piece of cheese, and that so hard that you may knock out a giant's brains with it; and four dozen of carobes to bear it company, with as many filberts—thanks to my master's stinginess, and to the fancy he has taken that knights-errant ought to feed, like cattle, upon roots and wild herbs."

"Troth, brother," replied he of the Wood, "I have no stomach for your wild pears, nor sweet thistles, nor your mountain roots; let our masters have them, with their fancies and their laws of chivalry, and let them eat what they commend. I carry cold meats and this bottle at the pommel of my saddle, happen what will; and such is my love and reverence for it, that I kiss and hug it every moment." And as he spoke he put it into Sancho's hand, who grasped it, and, applying it straightway to his mouth, continued gazing at the stars for a quarter of an hour; then, having finished his draught, he let his head fall on one side, and, fetching a deep sigh, said, "O, the rogue! how excellent it is! But tell me, by all you love best, is not this wine of Ciudad Real?"

"Thou art a rare taster," answered he of the Wood; "it is indeed of no other growth, and has, besides, some years over its head."

"Trust me for that," quoth Sancho; "depend upon it I always hit right, and can guess to a hair. And this is all natural in me; let me but smell them, and I will tell you the country, the kind, the flavour, the age, strength, and all about it; for you must know I have had in my family, by the father's side, two of the rarest tasters that were ever known in La Mancha; and I will give you a proof of their skill.

A certain hogshead was given to each of them to taste, and their opinion asked as to the condition, quality, goodness, or badness, of the wine. One tried it with the tip of his tongue; the other only put it to his nose. The first said the wine savoured of iron; the second said it had rather a twang of goat's leather. The owner protested that the vessel was clean and the wine neat, so that it could not taste either of iron or leather. Notwithstanding this, the two famous tasters stood positively to what they had said. Time went on; the wine was sold off, and, on cleaning the cask, a small key, hanging to a leathern thong, was found at the bottom. Judge, then, sir, whether one of that race may not be well entitled to give his opinion in these matters."

"That being the case," quoth he of the Wood, "we should leave off seeking adventures; and, since we have a good loaf, let us not look for cheesecakes, but make haste and get home to our own cots."

"I will serve my master till he reaches Saragossa," quoth Sancho; "then, mayhap, we shall turn over a new leaf."

Thus the good squires went on talking and eating and drinking until it was full time that sleep should give their tongues a respite and allay their thirst, for to quench it seemed to be impossible; and both of them still keeping hold of the almost empty bottle, fell fast asleep; in which situation we will leave them at present, to relate what passed between the two knights.





CHAPTER LIII.

Continuation again of the adventure of the Knight of the Wood.

Much conversation passed between the two knights. Among other things, he of the Wood said to Don Quixote, "In fact, Sir Knight, I must confess that, by destiny, or rather by choice, I became enamoured of the peerless Casildea de Vandalia: peerless I call her, because she is without her peer, either in rank, beauty, or form. Casildea repaid my honourable and virtuous passion by employing me as Hercules was employed by his stepmother, in many and various perils; promising me, at the end of each of them, that the next should crown my hopes; but alas! she still goes on, adding link after link to the chain of my labours, insomuch that they are now countless; nor can I tell when they are to cease, and my tender wishes be

gratified. One time she commanded me to go and challenge Giralda, the famous giantess of Seville, who is as stout and strong as if she were made of brass, and, though never stirring from one spot, is the most changeable and unsteady woman in the world. I came, I saw, I conquered; I made her stand still, and fixed her to a point; for, during a whole week, no wind blew but from the north. Another time she commanded me to weigh those ancient statues, the fierce bulls of Guisando, an enterprise better suited to a porter than a knight. Another time she commanded me to plunge headlong into Cabra's cave (direful mandate!), and bring her a particular detail of all that lies enclosed within its dark abyss. I stopped the motion of the Giralda, I weighed the bulls of Guisando, I plunged headlong into the cavern of Cabra and brought to light its hidden secrets; yet still my hopes are dead! In short, she has now commanded me to travel over all the provinces of Spain, and compel every knight whom I meet to confess that in beauty she excels all others now in existence; and that I am the most valiant and the most enamoured knight in the universe. In obedience to this command I have already traversed the greatest part of Spain, and have vanquished divers knights who have had the presumption to contradict me. But what I value myself most upon is having vanquished, in single combat, that renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea; and I reckon that, in this conquest alone, I have vanquished all the knights in the world; for this Don Quixote has conquered them all, and I, having overcome him, his glory, his fame, and his honour, are consequently transferred to me. All the innumerable exploits of the said Don Quixote I therefore consider as already mine, and placed to my account."

Don Quixote was amazed at the assertions of the Knight of the Wood, and had been every moment at the point of giving him the lie; but he restrained himself, that he might convict him of falsehood from his own mouth; and therefore he said, very calmly, "That you may have vanquished, Sir Knight, most of the knights-errant of Spain, or even of the whole world, I will not dispute; but that you have conquered Don Quixote de la Mancha I have much reason to doubt. Some one resembling him, I allow, it might have been; though, in truth, I believe there are not many like him."

"How say you?" cried he of the Wood; "as sure as I am here alone, I fought with Don Quixote, vanquished him, and made him surrender to me! He is a man of an erect figure, withered face, long and meagre limbs, grizzle-haired, hawk-nose, with large black moustachios, and styles himself the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. The name of his squire is Sancho Panza; he oppresses the back and governs the reins of a famous steed called Rozinante—in a word, the mistress of his thoughts is one Dulcinea del Toboso, formerly called Aldonza Lorenzo, as my Casildea, being of Andalusia, is now distinguished by the name of Casildea de Vandalia. And now, if I have not sufficiently proved what I have said, here is my sword, which shall make incredulity itself believe."

"Softly, Sir Knight," said Don Quixote, "and hear what I have to

say. You must know that this Don Quixote you speak of is the dearest friend I have in the world, insomuch that he is, as it were, another self; and, notwithstanding the very accurate description you have given of him, I am convinced, by the evidence of my senses, that you have never subdued him. It is, indeed, possible that, as he is continually persecuted by enchanters, some one of these may have assumed his shape, and suffered himself to be vanquished, in order to defraud him of the fame which his exalted feats of chivalry have acquired him over the whole face of the earth. A proof of their malice occurred but a few day since, when they transformed the figure and face of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into the form of a mean rustic wench. And now if, after all, you doubt the truth of what I say, behold the true Don Quixote himself before you, ready to convince you of your error by force of arms, on foot or on horseback, or in whatever manner you please."

He then rose up, and grasping his sword, awaited the determination of the Knight of the Wood, who very calmly said in reply, "A good paymaster wants no pledge: he who could vanquish Signor Don Quixote under transformation may well hope to make him yield in his proper person. But as knights-errant should by no means perform their feats in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for daylight, that the sun may witness our exploits; and let the condition of our combat be, that the conquered shall remain entirely at the mercy and disposal of the conqueror; provided that he require nothing of him but what a knight may with honour submit to."

Don Quixote having expressed himself entirely satisfied with these conditions, they went to seek their squires, whom they found snoring in the very same posture as that in which sleep had first surprised them. They were soon awakened by their masters, and ordered to prepare the steeds, so that they might be ready at sunrise for a single combat. At this intelligence Sancho was thunderstruck, and ready to swoon away with fear for his master, from what he had been told by the Squire of the Wood of his knight's prowess. Both the squires, however, without saying a word, went to seek their cattle; and the three horses and Dapple were found all very sociably together.

"You must understand, brother," said the Squire of the Wood to Sancho, "that it is not the custom in Andalusia for the seconds to stand idle with their arms folded while their principals are engaged in combat. So this is to give you notice that, while our masters are at it, we must fight too, and make splinters of one another."

"This custom, Signor Squire," answered Sancho, "may pass among ruffians; but among the squires of knights-errant no such practice is thought of—at least I have not heard my master talk of any such custom; and he knows by heart all the laws of knight-errantry. But supposing there is any such law, I shall not obey it. I would rather pay the penalty laid upon such peaceable squires, which, I daresay cannot be above a couple of pounds of wax; and that will cost me less money than plasters to cure a broken head. Besides, how can I fight when I have got no sword, and never had one in my life?"

"I know a remedy for that," said he of the Wood: "here are a couple of linen bags of the same size; you shall take one, and I the other, and so, with equal weapons, we will have a bout at bag-blows."

"With all my heart," answered Sancho; "for such a battle will only dust our jackets."

"It must not be quite so, either," replied the other; "for, lest the wind should blow them aside, we must put in them half-a-dozen clean and smooth pebbles of equal weight; and thus we may brush one another without much harm or damage."

"But I tell you what, master," said Sancho, "though they should be filled with balls of raw silk, I shall not fight. Let our masters fight, but let us drink and live; for time takes care to rid us of our lives without our seeking ways to go before our appointed term and season."

"Nay," replied he of the Wood, "do let us fight, if it be but for half an hour."

"No, no," answered Sancho, "I shall not be so rude nor ungrateful as to have any quarrel with a gentleman after eating and drinking with him. Besides, who can set about dry fighting without being provoked to it?"

"If that be all," quoth he of the Wood, "I can easily manage it; for, before we begin our fight, I will come up and just give you three or four handsome cuffs, which will lay you flat at my feet and awaken your choler, though it slept sounder than a dormouse."

"Against that trick," answered Sancho, "I have another not a whit behind it; which is to take a good cudgel, and, before you come near enough to awaken my choler, I will bastinado yours into so sound a sleep that it shall never awake but in another world. Let me tell you, I am not a man to suffer my face to be handled; so let every one look to the arrow; though the safest way would be to let that same choler sleep on—for one man knows not what another can do, and some people go out for wool, and come home shorn. In all times God blessed the peacemakers and cursed the peacebreakers. If a baited cat turns into a lion, there is no knowing what I, that am a man, may turn into; and therefore I warn you, master squire, that all the damage and mischief that may follow from our quarrel must be placed to your account."

"Agreed," replied he of the Wood; "when daylight arrives we shall see what is to be done."

And now a thousand sorts of birds, glittering in their gay attire, began to chirp and warble in the trees, and in a variety of joyous notes seemed to hail the blushing Aurora, who now displayed her rising beauties from the bright arcades and balconies of the east, and gently shook from her locks a shower of liquid pearls, sprinkling that reviving treasure over all vegetation. The willows distilled their delicious manna, the fountains smiled, the brooks murmured, the woods and meads rejoiced at her approach. But scarcely had hill and dale received the welcome light of day, and objects become visible, when the first thing that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho Panza was the Squire of the Wood's nose, which was so large that it

almost overshadowed his whole body. Its magnitude was indeed extraordinary; it was moreover a hawk-nose, full of warts and carbuncles, of the colour of a mulberry, and hanging two fingers' breadth below his mouth. The size, the colour, the carbuncles, and the crookedness, produced such a countenance of horror, that Sancho, at sight thereof, began to tremble from head to foot, and he resolved within himself to take two hundred cuffs before he would be provoked to attack such a hobgoblin.

Don Quixote also surveyed his antagonist, but, the beaver of his helmet being down, his face was concealed; it was evident, however, that he was a strong-made man, not very tall, and that over his armour he wore a kind of surtout or loose coat, apparently of the finest gold cloth, besprinkled with little moons of polished glass, which made a very gay and shining appearance; a large plume of feathers, green, yellow, and white, waved above his helmet. His lance, which was leaning against a tree, was very large and thick, and headed with pointed steel above a span long. All these circumstances Don Quixote attentively marked, and inferred from appearances that he was a very potent knight; but he was not therefore daunted, like Sancho Panza; on the contrary, with a gallant spirit, he said to the Knight of the Mirrors, "Sir Knight, if your eagerness for combat has not exhausted your courtesy, I entreat you to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see whether your countenance corresponds with your gallant demeanour."

"Whether vanquished or victorious in this enterprise, Sir Knight," answered he of the Mirrors, "you will have time and leisure enough for seeing me; and if I comply not now with your request, it is because I think it would be an indignity to the beauteous Casildea de Vandalia to lose any time in forcing you to make the confession required."

"However, while we are mounting our horses," said Don Quixote, "you can tell me whether I resemble that Don Quixote whom you said you had vanquished."

"As like as one egg is to another," replied he of the Mirrors, "though, as you say you are persecuted by enchanters, I dare not affirm that you are actually the same person."

"I am satisfied that you acknowledge you may be deceived," said Don Quixote; "however, to remove all doubt, let us to horse, and in less time than you would have spent in raising your beaver, if God, my mistress, and my arm avail me, I will see your face, and you shall be convinced I am not the vanquished Don Quixote."

They now mounted without more words; and Don Quixote wheeled Rozinante about, to take sufficient ground for the encounter, while the other knight did the same; but before Don Quixote had gone twenty paces, he heard himself called by his opponent, who, meeting him half way, said, "Remember, Sir Knight, our agreement; which is, that the conquered shall remain at the discretion of the conqueror."

"I know it," answered Don Quixote, "provided that which is imposed shall not transgress the laws of chivalry."

"Certainly," answered he of the Mirrors.

At this juncture the squire's strange nose presented itself to Don

Quixote's sight, who was no less struck than Sancho, insomuch that he looked upon him as a monster, or some creature of a new species. Sancho, seeing his master set forth to take his career, would not stay alone with Long-nose, lest perchance he should get a fillip from that dreadful snout, which would level him to the ground, either by force or fright. So he ran after his master, holding by the stirrup-leather, and when he thought it was nearly time for him to face about, "I beseech your worship," he cried, "before you turn, to help me into yon cork-tree, where I can see better and more to my liking the brave battle you are going to have with that knight."

"I rather believe, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "that thou art for mounting a scaffold to see the bull-sports without danger."

"To tell you the truth, sir," answered Sancho, "that squire's monstrous nose fills me with dread, and I dare not stand near him."

"It is indeed a fearful sight," said Don Quixote, "to any other but myself; come, therefore, and I will help thee up."

While Don Quixote was engaged in helping Sancho up into the cork-tree, the Knight of the Mirrors took as large a compass as he thought necessary, and believing that Don Quixote had done the same, without waiting for sound of trumpet, or any other signal, he turned about his horse, who was not a whit more active nor more sightly than Rozinante, and at his best speed, though not exceeding a middling trot, he advanced to encounter the enemy; but seeing him employed with Sancho, he reined-in his steed and stopped in the midst of his career; for which his horse was most thankful, being unable to stir any farther. Don Quixote, thinking his enemy was coming full speed against him, clapped spurs to Rozinante's flanks, and made him so bestir himself, that this was the only time in his life that he approached to something like a gallop; and with this unprecedented fury he soon came up to where his adversary stood, striking his spurs rowel-deep into the sides of his charger, without being able to make him stir a finger's length from the place where he had been checked in his career. At this fortunate juncture Don Quixote met his adversary embarrassed not only with his horse but his lance, which he knew either not how, or had not time, to fix in its rest; and therefore our knight, who saw not these perplexities, assailed him with perfect security, and with such force that he soon brought him to the ground, over his horse's crupper, leaving him motionless and without any signs of life. Sancho, on seeing this, immediately slid down from the cork-tree, and in all haste ran to his master, who alighted from Rozinante, and went up to the vanquished knight, when, unlacing his helmet to see whether he was dead, or if yet alive, to give him air, he beheld——but who can relate what he beheld, without causing amazement, wonder, and terror, in all that shall hear it? He saw, says the history, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigies and semblance of the bachelor Samson Carrasco!

"Come hither, Sancho," cried he aloud, "and see, but believe not; make haste, son, and mark what wizards and enchanters can do!"

Sancho approached, and seeing the face of the bachelor Samson

Carrasco, he began to cross and bless himself a thousand times over. All this time the overthrown cavalier showed no signs of life.

"My advice is," said Sancho, "that, at all events, your worship should thrust your sword down the throat of this man who is so like the bachelor Samson Carrasco; for in despatching him you may destroy one of those enchanters your enemies."

"Thou sayest not amiss," quoth Don Quixote, "for the fewer enemies the better." He then drew his sword to put Sancho's advice into execution, when the Squire of the Mirrors came running up, but, without the frightful nose, and cried aloud, "Have a care, Signor Quixote, what you do; for it is the bachelor Samson Carrasco, your friend, and I am his squire."

Sancho seeing his face now shorn of its deformity, exclaimed, "The nose! where is the nose?"

"Here it is," said the other, taking from his right-hand pocket a pasteboard nose, formed and painted in the manner already described; and Sancho, now looking earnestly at him, made another exclamation.

"Blessed Virgin, defend me!" cried he, "is not this Tom Cecial my neighbour?"

"Indeed am I," answered the unnosed squire; "Tom Cecial I am, friend Sancho Panza, and I will tell you presently what tricks brought me hither; but now, good Sancho, entreat, in the meantime, your master not to hurt the Knight of the Mirrors at his feet: for he is truly no other than the rash and ill-advised bachelor Samson Carrasco, our townsman."

By this time the Knight of the Mirrors began to recover his senses, which Don Quixote perceiving, he clapped the point of his naked sword to his throat, and said, "You are a dead man, Sir Knight, if you confess not that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels in beauty your Casildea de Vandalia; you must promise also, on my sparing your life, to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her from me, that she may dispose of you as she shall think fit; and, if she leaves you at liberty, then shall you return to me without delay—the fame of my exploits being your guide—to relate to me the circumstances of your interview: these conditions being strictly conformable to the terms agreed on before our encounter, and also to the rules of knight-errantry."

"I confess," said the fallen knight, "that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso's torn and dirty shoe is preferable to the ill-combed, though clean, locks of Casildea; and I promise to go and return from her presence to yours, and give you the exact and particular account which you require of me."

"You must likewise confess and believe," added Don Quixote, "that the knight you vanquished was not Don Quixote de la Mancha, but some one resembling him; as I do confess and believe that, though resembling the bachelor Samson Carrasco, you are not he, but some other whom my enemies have purposely transformed into his likeness, to restrain the impetuosity of my rage, and make me use with moderation the glory of my conquest."

"I confess, judge, and believe everything, precisely as you do your

self," answered the dismounted knight; "and now suffer me to rise, I beseech you, if my bruises do not prevent me."

Don Quixote raised him with the assistance of his squire, on whom Sancho still kept his eyes fixed; and though from some conversation that passed between them, he had much reason to believe it was really his old friend Tom Cecial, he was so prepossessed by all that his master had said about enchanters, that he would not trust his own eyes. In short, both master and man persisted in their error; and the Knight of the Mirrors, with his squire, much out of humour and in ill plight, went in search of some convenient place where he might searcloth himself and splinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho continued their journey to Saragossa, where the history leaves them; to give some account of the Knight of the Mirrors and his well-snouted squire.

CHAPTER LIV.

Giving an account of the Knight of the Mirrors and his Squire.

EXCEEDINGLY happy, elated, and self-satisfied was Don Quixote at his triumph over so valiant a knight as he imagined him of the Mirrors to be, and from whose promise he hoped to learn whether his adored mistress still remained in a state of enchantment. But Don Quixote expected one thing, and he of the Mirrors intended another: his only care at present being to get, as soon as possible, plasters for his bruises. The history then proceeds to tell us, that when the bachelor Samson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to resume his functions of knight-errantry, he had previously consulted with the priest and the barber upon the best means of inducing Don Quixote to stay peaceably and quietly at home; and it was agreed by general vote, as well as by the particular advice of Carrasco, that they should let Don Quixote make another sally (since it seemed impossible to detain him), and that the bachelor should then also sally forth like a knight-errant, and take an opportunity of engaging him to fight, and after vanquishing him, which they held to be an easy matter, he should remain, according to a previous agreement, at the disposal of the conqueror, who should command him to return home and not quit it for the space of two years, or till he had received further orders from him. They doubted not but that he would readily comply, rather than infringe the laws of chivalry; and they hoped that, during this interval, he might forget his follies, or that some means might be discovered of curing his malady. Carrasco engaged in the enterprise; and Tom Cecial, Sancho Panza's neighbour, a merry shallow-brained fellow, proffered his service as squire. Samson armed himself in the manner already described, and Tom Cecial fitted the counterfeit nose to his face for the purpose of disguising himself; and, following the same road that Don Quixote had taken, they were not far off when the adventure of Death's cart took place; but it was in the wood they overtook him, which was the scene of the late

action, and where, had it not been for Don Quixote's extraordinary conceit that the bachelor was not the bachelor, that gentleman, not meeting even so much as nests where he thought to find birds, would have been incapacitated for ever from taking the degree of licentiate.

Tom Cecial, after the unlucky issue of their expedition, said to the bachelor, "Most certainly, Signor Carrasco, we have been rightly served. It is easy to plan a thing, but very often difficult to get through with it. Don Quixote is mad, and we are in our senses; he gets off sound and laughing, and your worship remains sore and sorrowful: now, pray, which is the greater madman, he who is so because he cannot help it, or he who is so on purpose?"

"The difference between these two sorts of madmen is," replied Samson, "that he who cannot help it will remain so, and he who deliberately plays the fool may leave off when he thinks fit."

"That being the case," said Tom Cecial, "I was mad when I desired to be your worship's squire; and now I desire to be so no longer, but shall hasten home again."

"That you may do," answered Samson; "but, for myself, I cannot think of returning to mine till I have soundly banged this same Don Quixote. It is not now with the hope of curing him of his madness that I shall seek him, but a desire to punish him; the pain of my ribs will not allow me to entertain a more charitable purpose."

In this humour they went talking on till they came to a village, where they luckily met with a bone-setter, who undertook to cure the unfortunate Samson. Tom Cecial now returned home, leaving his master meditating schemes of revenge; and though the history will have occasion to mention him again hereafter, it must now attend the motions of our triumphant knight.

Don Quixote pursued his journey with the pleasure, satisfaction, and self-complacency already described, imagining, because of his late victory, that he was the most valiant knight the world could then boast of. He cared neither for enchantments nor enchanters, and looked upon all the adventures which should henceforth befal him as already achieved and brought to a happy conclusion. He no longer remembered his innumerable sufferings during the progress of his chivalries—the stoning that demolished half his teeth, the ingratitude of the galley-slaves, nor the audacity of the Yanguesian carriers and their shower of pack-staves—in short, he inwardly exclaimed that, could he but devise any means of disenchanting his Lady Dulcinea, he should not envy the highest fortune that ever was or could be attained by the most prosperous knight-errant of past ages!

He was wholly absorbed in these reflections when Sancho said to him, "Is it not strange, sir, that I still have before my eyes the monstrous nose of my neighbour Tom Cecial?"

"And dost thou really believe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the Knight of the Mirrors was the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and his squire thy friend Tom Cecial?"

"I know not what to say about it," answered Sancho; "I only know that the marks he gave me of my house, wife, and children,

could be given by nobody else; and his face, when the nose was off, was Tom Cecial's—for he lives in the next house to my own; the tone of his voice, too, was the very same."

"Come, come, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "let us reason upon this matter. How can it be imagined that the bachelor Samson Carrasco should come as a knight-errant, armed at all points, to fight with me? Was I ever his enemy? Have I ever given him occasion to bear me ill-will? Am I his rival? Or has he embraced the profession of arms, envying the fame I have acquired by them?"

"But, then, what are we to say, sir," answered Sancho, "to the likeness of that knight, whoever he may be, to the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and his squire to my neighbour Tom Cecial? If it be enchantment, as your worship says, why were they to be made like those two above all other in the world?"

"Trust me, Sancho, the whole is an artifice," answered Don Quixote, "and a trick of the wicked magicians who persecute me. Knowing that I might be victorious, they cunningly contrived that my vanquished enemy should assume the appearance of the worthy bachelor, in order that the friendship which I bear him might interpose between the edge of my sword and the rigour of my arm, and, by checking my just indignation, the wretch might escape with life who, by fraud and violence, sought mine. Indeed, already thou knowest by experience, Sancho, how easy a thing it is for enchanters to change one face into another, making the fair foul, and the foul fair; since, not two days ago, thou sawest with thine own eyes the grace and beauty of the peerless Dulcinea in their highest perfection, while to me she appeared under the mean and disgusting exterior of a rude country wench. If, then, the wicked enchanter durst make so foul a transformation, no wonder at this deception of his, in order to snatch the glory of victory out of my hands! However, I am gratified in knowing that, whatever was the form he pleased to assume, my triumph over him was complete."

Sancho, well knowing the transformation of Dulcinea to have been a device of his own, would make no reply, lest he should betray himself.

CHAPTER LV.

Of what befel Don Quixote with a worthy gentleman of La Mancha.

While thus discoursing, they were overtaken by a gentleman, mounted on a fine mare, and dressed in a green cloth riding-coat faced with murry-coloured velvet, and a hunter's cap of the same. The mare's furniture corresponded in colour with his dress, and was adapted to field sports; a Moorish scimitar hung at his shoulder-belt, which was green and gold; his buskins were wrought like the belt; and his spurs were green—not gilt, but green—and polished so neatly that, as they suited his clothes, they looked better than if they had been of pure gold. He saluted them courteously, and, spurring

his mare, was passed on, when Don Quixote said to him, "If you are travelling our road, signor, and are not in haste, will you favour us with your company?"

"Indeed, signor," replied he, "I should not have passed on, but I was afraid your horse might prove unruly in the company of mine."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "if that be all, you may set your mind at rest on that score, for ours is the soberest and best-behaved horse in the world, and was never guilty of a roguish trick in his life but once, and then my master and I paid for it sevenfold."

The traveller upon this checked his mare, his curiosity being excited by the appearance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which Sancho carried at the pommel of his ass's pannel; but if he stared at Don Quixote, he was himself surveyed with no less attention by the knight, who conceived him to be some person of consequence. His age seemed to be about fifty, though he had but few grey hairs; his face was of the aquiline form, of a countenance neither too gay nor too grave, and by his whole exterior it was evident that he was no ordinary person. It was not less manifest that the traveller, as he contemplated Don Quixote, thought he had never seen anything like him before. With wonder he gazed upon his tall person, his meagre sallow visage, his lank horse, his armour, and stately deportment—altogether presenting a figure like which nothing, for many centuries past, had been seen in that country.

Don Quixote perceived that he had attracted the attention of the traveller, and being the pink of courtesy, and always desirous of pleasing, he anticipated his questions by saying, "You are probably surprised, signor, at my appearance, which is certainly uncommon in the present age; but this will be explained when I tell you that I am a knight in search of adventures. I left my country, mortgaged my estate, quitted ease and pleasures, and threw myself into the arms of fortune. I wished to revive chivalry, so long deceased, and, for some time past, exposed to many vicissitudes, stumbling in one place and rising again in another, I have prosecuted my design; succouring widows, protecting damsels, aiding wives and orphans—all the natural and proper duties of knights-errant. And thus, by many valorous and Christian exploits, I have acquired the deserved honour of being in print throughout all or most of the nations in the world. Thirty thousand copies are already published of my history, and, Heaven permitting, thirty thousand thousands more are likely to be printed. Finally, to sum up all in a single word, know that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. Though self-praise depreciates, I am compelled sometimes to pronounce my own commendations; but it is only when no friend is present to perform that office for me. And now, my worthy sir, that you know my profession, and who I am, you will cease to wonder at my appearance."

After an interval of silence, the traveller in green said in reply, "You are indeed right, signor, in conceiving me to be struck by your appearance; but you have rather increased than lessened my wonder by the accounts you give of yourself. How! Is it possible that there

are knights-errant now in the world, and that there are histories printed of real chivalries? I had no idea that there was anybody now upon earth who relieved widows, succoured damsels, aided wives, or protected orphans; nor should yet have believed it had I not been convinced with my own eyes. Thank Heaven, the history you mention must surely cast into oblivion all the fables of imaginary knights-errant which abound, much to the detriment of good morals and the prejudice and neglect of genuine history."

"There is much to be said," answered Don Quixote, "upon the question of the truth or fiction of the histories of knights-errant."

"Why, is there any one," answered he in green, "who doubts the falsehood of those histories?"

"I doubt it," replied Don Quixote; "but no more of that at present; for if we travel together much farther I hope to convince you, sir, that you have been wrong in suffering yourself to be carried in the stream with those who cavil at their truth."

The traveller now first began to suspect the state of his companion's intellects, and watched for a further confirmation of his suspicion; but before they entered into any other discourse, Don Quixote said that, since he had so freely described himself, he hoped he might be permitted to ask who he was. To which the traveller answered, "I, Sir Knight, am a gentleman, and native of a village where, if it please God, we shall dine to-day. My fortune is affluent, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda. I spend my time with my wife, my children, and my friends. My diversions are hunting and fishing; but I keep neither hawks nor greyhounds, only some decoy partridges and a stout ferret. I have about six dozen of books, Spanish and Latin, some of history and some of devotion; those of chivalry have not come over my threshold. Sometimes I eat with my neighbours and friends, and frequently I invite them; my table is neat and clean, and not parsimoniously furnished. I slander no one, nor do I listen to slander from others. I pry not into other men's lives, nor scrutinize their actions. I hear mass every day; I share my substance with the poor, making no parade of my good works, lest hypocrisy and vainglory, those insidious enemies of the human breast, should find access to mine. It is always my endeavour to make peace between those who are at variance. I am devoted to our Blessed Lady, and ever trust in the infinite mercy of God our Lord."

Sancho was very attentive to the account of the gentleman's life, which appeared to him to be good and holy; and thinking that one of such a character must needs work miracles, he flung himself off his Dapple, and running up to him, he laid hold of his right stirrup; then, devoutly and almost with tears, he kissed his feet more than once.

"What mean you by this, brother?" said the gentleman; "why these embraces?"

"Your worship," said Sancho, "is the first saint on horseback I ever saw in all my life."

"I am no saint," answered the gentleman, "but a great sinner; "you, my friend, must indeed be good, as your simplicity proves."

Sancho retired, and mounted his ass again; having forced a smile from the profound gravity of his master, and caused fresh astonishment in Don Diego.

Don Quixote then asked him how many children he had; at the same time observing that the ancient philosophers, being without the knowledge of the true God, held supreme happiness to subsist in the gifts of nature and fortune, in having many friends and many good children.

"I have one son," answered the gentleman; "and if I had him not, perhaps I should think myself happier; not that he is bad, but because he is not all that I would have him. He is eighteen years old; six of which he has spent at Salamanca, learning the Latin and Greek languages; and when I wished him to proceed to other studies, I found him infatuated with poetry, and could not prevail upon him to look into the law, which it was my desire he should study; nor into theology, the queen of all sciences. I was desirous that he should be an honour to his family, since we live in an age in which useful and virtuous literature is rewarded by the sovereign—I say virtuous, for letters without virtue are pearls on a dunghill. He passes whole days in examining whether Homer expressed himself well in such a verse of the Iliad; whether such a line in Virgil should be understood this or that way;—in a word, all his conversation is with those and other ancient poets: for the modern Spanish authors he holds in no esteem. At the same time, in spite of the contempt he seems to have for Spanish poetry, his thoughts are at this very time entirely engrossed by a paraphrase on four verses sent him from Salamanca, and which, I believe, is intended for a scholastic prize."

"Children, my good sir," replied Don Quixote, "are the flesh and blood of their parents; and whether good or bad, must be loved and cherished as part of themselves. It is the duty of parents to train them up, from their infancy, in the paths of virtue and good manners, and in Christian discipline; so that they may become the staff of their age, and an honour to their posterity. As to forcing them to this or that pursuit, I do not hold it to be right, though I think there is a propriety in advising them; and when the student is so fortunate as to have an inheritance, and therefore not compelled to study for his subsistence, I should be for indulging him in the pursuit of that science to which his genius is most inclined; and although that of poetry be less useful than delightful, it does not usually reflect disgrace on its votaries. With regard to your son's contempt for Spanish poetry, I think he is therein to blame. The great Homer, being a Greek, did not write in Latin; nor did Virgil, who was a Roman, write in Greek. In fact, all the ancient poets wrote in the language of their native country, and did not hunt after foreign tongues to express their own sublime conceptions. If your son write personal satires, chide him, and tear his performances; but if he writes like Horace, reprehending vice in general, commend him; for it is laudable in a poet to employ his pen in a virtuous cause. Let him direct the shafts of satire against vice, in all its various forms, but not level them at individuals; like some who, rather than not indulge their

mischievous wit, will hazard a disgraceful banishment to the isles of Pontus. If the poet be correct in his morals, his verse will partake of the same purity: the pen is the tongue of the mind, and what his conceptions are, such will be his productions."

The gentleman hearing Don Quixote express himself in this manner, was struck with so much admiration, that he began to lose the bad opinion he had conceived of his understanding. As for Sancho, who did not much relish this fine talk, he took an opportunity to slink aside in the middle of it, and went to get a little milk of some shepherds that were hard by keeping their sheep. Now when the gentleman was going to renew his discourse, mightily pleased with these judicious observations, Don Quixote, lifting up his eyes, perceived a waggon on the road, set round with little flags that appeared to be the king's colours; and believing it to be some new adventure, he called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet. Sancho, hearing him call aloud, left the shepherds, and clapping his heels vigorously to Dapple's sides, soon came trotting up to his master.

CHAPTER LVI.

Wherein is set forth the last and highest point at which the unheard-of courage of Don Quixote ever did, or could, arrive; with the happy conclusion of the adventure of the lions.

THE history relates that, when Don Quixote called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet, he was buying some curds of the shepherds; and, being hurried by the violent haste of his master, he knew not what to do with them, nor how to bestow them; and that he might not lose them, now they were paid for, he bethought himself of clapping them into his master's helmet; and with this excellent shift, back he came to learn the commands of his lord; who said to him, "Friend, give me the helmet; for either I know little of adventures, or that, which I descry yonder, is one that does and will oblige me to have recourse to arms."

He in the green riding-coat, hearing this, cast his eyes as far as he could in every direction, but could discover nothing, except a car coming towards them, with two or three small flags flying; by which he conjectured that it was loaded with money for the royal treasury, and he said so to Don Quixote; but the knight believed him not, always imagining that everything that befel him must be an adventure, adventure upon adventure, in an endless series; and therefore he thus replied: "Preparation is half the battle, and nothing is lost by being upon one's guard; I know by experience that I have enemies both visible and invisible, but am ignorant when, from what quarter, at what time, or in what shape, they will encounter me;" and turning, he again demanded his helmet of Sancho, who, not having time to take out the curds, was forced to give it him as it was. Don Quixote took it, and, without minding whether anything was in it, instantly

put it upon his head; and as the curds were squeezed and pressed, the whey began to run down the face and beard of our hero; at which he was so startled that he said to Sancho, "What can this mean, Sancho? surely my skull is softening, or my brain melting. If thou hast anything with which to wipe off this copious excretion, give it me quickly, for my eyes are quite blinded."

Sancho said nothing, but gave him a cloth, and at the same time thanked God that his master had not found out the truth. Don Quixote having wiped himself, took off his helmet, to see what it was that so over-cooled his head; and, observing some white lumps, he put them to his nose, and smelling to them said, "By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, thou hast put curds into my helmet, vile traitor and inconsiderate squire!"

To which Sancho answered, with great phlegm and dissimulation, "If they are curds, give me them to eat. What! I offer to make your worship's helmet dirty? In faith, sir, I perceive that I too have my enchanters, who persecute me, as a creature and member of your worship, and, I warrant, they have put the curds there to stir your patience to wrath against me, and provoke you to anoint my sides as you used to do. But truly this bout they have missed their aim; for I trust to the candid judgment of my master, who will consider that I have neither curds, nor cream, nor anything like it; and that, if I had, I should sooner have put them into my mouth, than into your honour's helmet."

"It may be so," quoth Don Quixte, perfectly satisfied.

All this the gentleman saw, and saw with admiration, which was raised still higher when Don Quixote, after having wiped his head, face, beard, and helmet, again put it on, and fixing himself firm in his stirrups, trying the easy drawing of his sword, and grasping his lance, said, "Now come what will; for here I am prepared to encounter Satan himself in person."

By this time the car with the flags was come up, attended only by a driver, who rode upon one of the mules that drew it, and a man who sat upon the fore-part. Don Quixote planted himself in the middle of the way, and said, "Whither go ye, brethren? what car is this? and what have you in it? and what banners are those?"

"The waggon is mine," answered the waggoner: "I have there two brave lions, which the general of Oran is sending to the king, and these colours are to let the people understand that what goes here belongs to him."

"Are the lions large?"

"Very large," answered the man in the fore-part of the waggon; "bigger never came from Africa. I am their keeper, and have had charge of several others, but I never saw the like of these before. In the foremost cage is a lion, and in the other a lioness. By this time they are cruelly hungry, for they have not eaten to-day; therefore, pray, good sir, ride out of the way, for we must make haste to get to the place where we are to feed them."

"What!" said Don Quixote, with a scornful smile; "lion-whelps against me! And at this time of day? Well, I will make those

gentlemen that sent their lions this way, know whether I am a man to be scared with lions. Get off, honest fellow; and since you are the keeper, open their cages and let them both out; for, in despite of those enchanters that have sent them to try me, I will make the creatures know, in the midst of this very field, who Don Quixote de la Mancha is."

While he was making this speech Sancho came up to Don Diego, and begged him to dissuade his master from his rash attempt.

"Oh, good dear sir!" cried he, "for pity's sake hinder my master from falling upon these lions by all means, or we shall be torn in pieces."

"Why," said the gentleman, "is your master so arrant a madman, then, that you should fear he would set upon such furious beasts?"

"Ah, sir!" said Sancho, "he is not mad, but terribly venturesome."

"Well," replied the gentleman, "I will take care there shall be no harm done;" and with that, coming up to the Don, who was urging the lion-keeper to open the cage, "Sir," said he, "knights-errant ought to engage in adventures from which there may be some hope of coming off with safety, but not in such as are altogether desperate; for courage which borders on temerity is more like madness than true fortitude. Besides, these lions are not come against you, but sent as a present to the king; and therefore it is not your duty to detain them, or stop the waggon."

"Pray, sweet sir," replied Don Quixote, "go and amuse yourself with your tame partridges and your ferrets, and leave every one to his own business. This is mine, and I know best whether these worthy lions are sent against me or no."

Then turning about to the keeper, "Sirrah!" said he, "open your cages immediately, or I will certainly pin thee to the waggon with this lance."

"Good sir," cried the waggoner, seeing this strange apparition in armour so resolute, "for mercy's sake, do but let me take out our mules first, and get out of harm's way with them as fast as I can, before the lions get out; for if they should once set upon the poor beasts, I should be undone for ever; for, alas! that cart and they are all I have in the world to get a living with."

"Thou man of small faith," said Don Quixote, "take them out quickly then, and go with them where thou wilt; though thou shalt presently see that thy precaution was needless, and thou mightest have spared thy pains."

The waggoner on this made all the haste he could to take out his mules, while the keeper cried out, "Bear witness, all ye that are here present, that it is against my will that I open the cages and let loose the lions; and that I protest to this gentleman here, that he shall be answerable for all the mischief they may do; together with the loss of my salary and fees. And now, sirs, shift for yourselves as fast as you can, before I open the cages; for, as for myself, I know the lions will do me no harm."

Once more the gentleman tried to dissuade Don Quixote from doing so mad a thing; telling him, that he tempted Heaven in

exposing himself without reason to so great a danger. To this Don Quixote made no other answer but that he knew what he had to do.

"Consider, however, what you do," replied the gentleman; "for it is most certain that you are mistaken."

"Well, sir," said Don Quixote, "if you care not to be spectator of an action which you think is likely to be a tragedy, put spurs to your mare and provide for your safety."

Sancho, hearing this, came up to his master with tears in his eyes, and begged him not to go about this fearful undertaking, to which the adventure of the windmills and the fulling-mills, and all the brunts he had ever borne in his life, were but children's play.

"Good, your worship," cried he, "do but mind; here is no enchantment in the case, nor anything like it. Alack-a-day, sir, I peeped even now through the grates of the cage, and I am sure I saw the claw of a true lion, and such a claw as makes me think the lion that owns it must be as big as a mountain."

"Alas, poor fellow!" said Don Quixote, "thy fear will make him as big as half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me, and if I chance to fall here, thou knowest our old agreement; repair to Dulcinea—I say no more."

To this he added some expressions which cut off all hopes of his giving over his mad design.

The gentleman in green would have opposed him; but considering the other much better armed, and that it was not prudence to encounter a madman, he even took the opportunity, while Don Quixote was storming at the keeper, to march off with his mare, as Sancho did with Dapple, and the carter with his mules, every one making the best of his way to get as far as he could from the waggon before the lions were let loose. Poor Sancho at the same time made sad lamentations for his master's death; for he gave him up for lost, not doubting but that the lions had already got him into their clutches. He cursed his ill-fortune, and the hour he came again to his service; but for all his wailing and lamenting, he urged on poor Dapple, to get as far as he could from the lions. The keeper, perceiving the persons who fled to be at a good distance, fell to arguing and entreating Don Quixote as he had done before. But the knight told him again that all his reasons and entreaties were but in vain, and bid him say no more, but immediately despatch.

Now while the keeper took time to open the foremost cage, Don Quixote stood debating with himself whether he had best make his attack on foot or on horseback; and upon mature deliberation he resolved to do it on foot, lest Rozinante, not used to lions, should be put into disorder. Accordingly, he quitted his horse, threw aside his lance, grasped his shield, and drew his sword; then advancing with a deliberate motion, and an undaunted heart, he posted himself just before the door of the cage, commending himself to Heaven, and afterwards to his lady.

The keeper observing that it was not possible for him to prevent letting out the lions without incurring the resentment of the desperate knight, set the door of the foremost cage wide open, where, as I

have said, the lion lay, who appeared of a monstrous size and of a frightful aspect. The first thing he did was to turn himself round in his cage; in the next place he stretched out one of his paws, put forth his claws, and roused himself. After that he gaped and yawned for a good while, and showed his dreadful fangs, and then thrust out half a yard of tongue, and with it licked the dust from his face. Having done this, he thrust his head quite out of the cage, and stared about with his eyes that looked like two live coals of fire: a sight and motion enough to have struck terror into temerity itself. But Don Quixote only regarded it with attention, wishing his grim adversary would leap out of his hold, and come within his reach, that he might exercise his valour, and cut the monster piecemeal. To this height of extravagance had his folly transported him; but the generous lion, more gentle than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravados, after he had looked about him awhile, turned his back upon the knight, and very contentedly lay down again in his apartment.

Don Quixote, seeing this, commanded the keeper to rouse him with his pole, and force him out whether he would or no.

"Not I, indeed, sir," answered the keeper; "I dare not do it for my life; for if I provoke him, I am sure to be the first he will tear to pieces. Let me advise you, sir, to be satisfied with your day's work. 'Tis as much as the bravest that wears a head can pretend to do. Then pray go no farther, I beseech you; the door stands open, the lion is at his choice whether he will come out or no. You have waited for him; you see he does not care to look you in the face; and since he did not come out at the first, I dare engage he will not stir out this day. You have shown enough the greatness of your courage; the scandal is his, the honour the challenger's."

"'Tis true," replied Don Quixote. "Come, shut the cage-door, honest friend, and give me a certificate under thy hand, in the amplest form thou canst devise, of what thou hast seen me perform; while I make signs to those that ran away from us, and get them to come back, that they may have an account of this exploit from thy own mouth."

The keeper obeyed: and Don Quixote, clapping a handkerchief on the point of his lance, waved it in the air, and called as loud as he was able to the fugitives, who fled nevertheless, looking behind them all the way, and trooped on in a body with the gentleman in green at the head of them.

At last Sancho observed the signal, and called out, "Hold! my master calls; I will be hanged, if he has not got the better of the lions!"

At this they all faced about, and perceived Don Quixote flourishing his ensign; whereupon recovering a little from their fright, they leisurely rode back till they could plainly distinguish his voice. As soon as they were got near the waggon, "Come on, friend," said he to the carter; "put-to thy mules again, and pursue thy journey, and, Sancho, do thou give him two ducats for the lion-keeper and himself, to make them amends for the time I have detained them."

"Ay, that I will with all my heart," quoth Sancho; "but what is become of the lions? Are they dead or alive?"

Then the keeper very formally related the whole action, not failing to exaggerate, to the best of his skill, Don Quixote's courage; how, at his sight alone, the lion was so terrified, that he neither would nor durst quit his stronghold, though for that end his cage-door was kept open for a considerable time; and how at length, upon his remonstrating with the knight, who would have had the lion forced out, that it was presuming too much upon Heaven, he had permitted, though with great reluctance, that the lion should be shut up again.

"Well, Sancho," said Don Quixote to his squire, "what dost thou think of this? Can enchantment prevail over true fortitude? No; these magicians may rob me of success, but never of my invincible greatness of mind."

Sancho gave the waggoner and the keeper the two pieces. The first harnessed his mules, and the last thanked Don Quixote for his bounty, and promised to acquaint the king himself with his heroic action when he went to court.

"Well," said Don Quixote, "if his majesty should chance to inquire who the person was that did this thing, tell him it was the Knight of the Lions; a name I intend henceforth to take up, in place of that which I have hitherto borne; in which proceeding I do but conform to the ancient custom of knights-errant, who changed their names as often as they pleased, or as it suited with their advantage."

Don Quixote now addressed Don Diego. "Without doubt, sir," said he, "you take me for a downright madman, and, indeed, my actions may seem to speak me no less. But for all that, give me leave to tell you, I am not so mad, nor is my understanding so defective, as you may fancy. Let me remind you that every knight has his particular employment. Let the courtier wait on the ladies; let him with splendid equipage adorn his prince's court, and with a magnificent table support poor gentlemen. Let him give birth to feasts and tournaments, and show his grandeur, and liberality, and munificence, and especially his piety: in all these things he fulfils the duties of his station. But as for the knight-errant, let him search into all the corners of the world, enter into the most intricate labyrinths, and every hour be ready to attempt impossibility itself; let him in desolate wilds baffle the rigour of the weather, the scorching heat of the sun's fiercest beams, and the inclemency of winds and snow; let lions never fright him, dragons daunt him, nor evil spirits deter him: to go in quest of these—to meet, to dare, to conflict, and to overcome them all—is his principal and proper office. Well I know, that valour is a virtue situate between the two vicious extremes of cowardice and temerity. But certainly it is not so ill for a valiant man to rise to a degree of rashness as it is to fall short, and border upon cowardice. For as it is easier for a prodigal to become liberal than a miser, so it is easier for the hardy and rash person to be reduced to true bravery, than the coward ever to rise to that

virtue. And therefore, in thus attempting adventures, believe me, Signor Don Diego, it is better to exceed the bounds a little, and overdo, rather than underdo the thing; because it sounds better in people's ears to hear it said, how that such a knight is rash and hardy, than such a knight is dastardly and timorous."

"All you have said and done," answered Don Diego, "is agreeable to the exactest rules of reason; and I believe if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry were lost, they might be all recovered from you, your breast seeming to be the safe repository and archive where they are lodged. But it grows late; let us make a little more haste to get to our village and to my habitation, where you may rest yourself after the fatigues which doubtless you have sustained, if not in body, at least in mind, whose pains often afflict the body too."

"Sir," answered Don Quixote, "I esteem your offer as a singular favour."

And so, proceeding a little faster than they had done before, about two in the afternoon they reached the village, and got to the house of Don Diego, whom now Don Quixote called the Knight of the Green Coat.

CHAPTER LVII.

How Don Quixote was entertained at the castle or house of the Knight of the Green Coat, with other extraordinary matters.

Don Quixote found that Don Diego de Miranda's house was spacious, after the country manner; the arms of the family were over the gate in rough stone—the buttery in the foreyard, the cellar under the porch, and all around several great jars of the sort commonly made at Toboso; the sight of which bringing to his remembrance his enchanted and transformed Dulcinea, he heaved a deep sigh; and neither minding what he said nor who was by, broke out into the following exclamation—

"O ye Tobosian urns, that awaken in my mind the thoughts of the sweet pledge of my most bitter sorrows!"

Don Diego's son, who, as it has been said, was a student, and poetically inclined, heard these words as he came with his mother to welcome him home, and, as well as she, was not a little surprised to see what a strange being his father had brought with him. Don Quixote alighted from Rozinante, and very courteously desiring to kiss her ladyship's hands.

"Madam," said Don Diego, "this gentleman is the noble Don Quixote de la Mancha, the wisest and most valiant knight-errant in the world; pray let him find a welcome suitable to his merit and your usual civility."

Thereupon Donna Christina (for that was the lady's name) received him very kindly, and with great marks of respect; to which Don Quixote made a proper and handsome return; and then almost

the same compliments passed between him and the young gentleman, whom Don Quixote judged by his words to be a man of wit and sense.

While the knight was unarming, Don Lorenzo had leisure to talk with his father about him.

"Pray, sir," said he, "who is this gentleman you have brought with you? Considering his name, his aspect, and the title of knight-errant which you give him, neither my mother nor I know what to think of him."

"Truly," answered Don Diego, "I do not know what to say to you; all that I can inform you of is, that I have seen him play the maddest pranks in the world, and yet say a thousand sensible things that contradict his actions. But discourse with him yourself, and feel the pulse of his understanding; make use of your sense to judge of his; though, to tell you the truth, I believe his folly exceeds his discretion."

Don Lorenzo then went to entertain Don Quixote; and after some discourse had passed between them, "Sir," said the knight, "I am not wholly a stranger to your merit; Don Diego de Miranda, your father, has given me to understand, you are a person of excellent parts, and especially a great poet."

"Sir," answered the young gentleman, "I may, perhaps, pretend to poetry, but never to be a great poet. It is true, I am somewhat given to rhyming, and love to read good authors; but I am very far from deserving to be thought one of their number."

"I do not dislike your modesty," replied Don Quixote; "it is a virtue not often found among poets; for almost every one of them thinks himself the greatest in the world."

"There is no rule without an exception," said Don Lorenzo; "and it is not impossible but there may be one who may deserve the name, though he does not think so himself."

"That is very unlikely," replied Don Quixote. "But pray, sir, tell me what verses are those that your father says you are so puzzled about? If it should be what we call a gloss or a paraphrase, I understand something of that way of writing, and should be glad to see it. If the composition be designed for a poetical prize, I would advise you only to put in for the second; for the first always goes by favour, and is rather granted to the great quality of the author than to his merit; but as to the next, it is adjudged to the most deserving; so that the third may in a manner be esteemed the second, and the first no more than the third, according to the methods used in our universities of giving degrees. And yet, after all, it is no small matter to gain the honour of being called the first."

"Hitherto all is well," thought Don Lorenzo to himself, "I cannot think thee mad yet; let us go on."

With that, addressing himself to Don Quixote—

"Sir," said he, "you seem to me to have frequented the schools; pray what science has been your particular study?"

"That of knight-errantry," answered Don Quixote; "which is as good as that of poetry, and somewhat better too."

"I do not know what sort of a science that is," said Don Lorenzo; "nor indeed did I ever hear of it before."

"It is a science," answered Don Quixote, "that includes in itself all the other sciences in the world, or at least the greatest part of them. Whoever professes it ought to be learned in the laws, and understand distributive and commutative justice, in order to right all mankind. He ought to be a divine, to give a reason of his faith, and vindicate his religion by dint of argument. He ought to be skilled in physic, especially in the botanic part of it, that he may know the nature of simples, and have recourse to those herbs that can cure wounds; for a knight-errant must not expect to find surgeons in the woods and deserts. He must be an astronomer, to understand the motions of the celestial orbs, and find out by the stars the hour of the night, and the longitude and latitude of the climate on which fortune throws him; and he ought to be well instructed in all the other parts of the mathematics—that science being of constant use to a professor of arms, on many accounts too numerous to be related. I need not tell you that all the divine and moral virtues must centre in his mind. To descend to less material qualifications, he must be able to swim like a fish, know how to shoe a horse, mend a saddle or bridle; and, returning to higher matters, he ought to be inviolably devoted to Heaven and his lady, chaste in his thoughts, modest in words, and liberal and valiant in deeds; patient in afflictions, charitable to the poor; and finally, a maintainer of truth, though it cost him his life to defend it. These are the endowments to constitute a good knight-errant; and now, sir, be you a judge whether the professors of chivalry have an easy task to perform, and whether such a science may not stand in competition with the most celebrated and best of those that are taught in colleges?"

"If it be so," answered Don Lorenzo, "I say it deserves the pre-eminence over all other sciences."

"What do you mean, sir, by that, If it be so?" cried Don Quixote.

"I mean, sir," cried Don Lorenzo, "that I doubt whether there are now, or ever were, any knights-errant, especially with so many rare accomplishments."

"This makes good what I have often said," answered Don Quixote; "most people will not be persuaded there ever were any knights-errant in the world. Now, sir, because I verily believe that unless Heaven will work some miracle to convince them that there have been and still are knights-errant, those incredulous persons are too much wedded to their opinion to admit such a belief, I will not now lose time to endeavour to let you see how much you and they are mistaken; all I design to do is, only to beseech Heaven to convince you of your being in an error, that you may see how useful knights-errant were in former ages, and the vast advantages that would result in ours from the assistance of men of that profession. But now effeminacy, sloth, luxury, and ignoble pleasure triumph, for the punishment of our sins."

"Now," said Lorenzo to himself, "our gentleman has already betrayed his blind side; but yet he gives a colour of reason to his extravagance, and I were a fool to think otherwise."

Here they were called to dinner, which ended the discourse; and at that time Don Diego, taking his son aside, asked him what he thought of the stranger.

"I think, sir," said Don Lorenzo, "that it is not in the power of all the physicians in the world to cure his distemper. He is mad past recovery; but yet he has lucid intervals."

In short, they dined; and their entertainment proved such as the old gentleman had told the knight he used to give his guests—neat, plentiful, and well ordered. But that which Don Quixote most admired was, the extraordinary silence he observed through the whole house, as if it had been a monastery of Carthusians.

The cloth being taken away, grace said, and their hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly entreated Don Lorenzo to repeat the verses designed for the prize. To which the youth answered, "That I may not be like those poets who, when asked, refuse to repeat their verses, and, when not asked, throw them in your face, I will read my gloss, for which I expect no prize, having composed it merely to exercise my fancy."

"A friend of mine, a very ingenious person," answered Don Quixote, "was of opinion, that no one ought to give himself the trouble of glossing on verses: and the reason he assigned was, that the gloss could never come up to the text, and very often mistook the intention and design of the author. Besides, the rules of glossing are too strict, suffering no interrogations, no 'shall I say,' or 'said he,' no making nouns of verbs, no changing the sense or the metaphor, with other ties and restrictions, which cramp the glossers, as your worship must needs know."

"Truly, Signor Don Quixote," quoth Don Lorenzo, "I have a great desire to catch your worship tripping in some false Latin, but cannot; for you slip through my fingers like an eel."

"I do not understand," answered Don Quixote, "what you mean by slipping through your fingers."

"I will explain it another time," replied Don Lorenzo; "at present here are the text and the gloss at your service.

THE TEXT.

Could I the joyous moments past
Recall, and say, what *was* now *is*,
Or to succeeding moments haste,
And *now* enjoy the *future* bliss.

THE GLOSS.

As all things fleet and die away,
And day at length is lost in night,
My blessings would no longer stay,
But took their everlasting flight.
O Fortune, at thy feet I lie,
To supplicate thy deity:
Inconstant goddess, frown no more;
Make me but happy now at last:
No more I'd curse thy fickle power,
Could I recall the moments past.

No other conquest I implore,
  No other palm my brow to grace:
Content, 'tis all I ask, restore,
  And give me back my mind's lost peace.
Past joys enhance the present pain,
And sad remembrance is our bane.
O would at length relenting fate
  Restore the ravish'd hours of bliss,
How should I hug the charming state,
  And joyful say, *what* was *now* is!

Thy empty wish, fond wretch, give o'er,
  Nor ask so vain, so wild a thing;
Revolving Time no mortal pow'r
  Can stop, or stay his fleeting wing.
Nimble as thought, he runs, he flies:
The present hour for ever dies.
In vain we ask futurity;
  In vain we would recall the past,
We cannot from the present fly,
  Nor to succeeding moments haste.

Vex'd with alternate hopes and fears,
  I feel variety of pain:
But death can ease a wretch's cares,
  And surely death to me is gain.
Again my erring judgment strays
From sober reason's juster ways:
Convinced by her unerring voice,
  Another life must follow this,
I make the present woes my choice,
  Rather than forfeit *future bliss*.

Don Lorenzo had no sooner finished his gloss, than Don Quixote started up, and eagerly seizing the youth by the right hand, cried out, in a loud shrill voice, "By the heaven of heavens, noble youth, you are the best poet in the universe, and deserve to wear the laurel, not of Cyprus, not of Gaeta, as a certain bard said, but of the universities of Athens, were they now in being, and of those that are in being, of Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca. Heaven grant that the judges, should they deprive you of the first prize, may be transfixed by the arrows of Apollo, and that the Muses may never cross the threshold of their doors. Be pleased, sir, to favour me with a specimen of your performance in the higher kinds of poetry: for I would thoroughly feel the pulse of your admirable genius."

Is it not diverting to observe, that Don Lorenzo should be delighted to hear himself praised by him whom he deemed a madman? O force of flattery, how far dost thou extend, and how wide are the bounds of thy jurisdiction! This truth was verified in the youth, who readily complied with the request and desire of Don Quixote, and repeated this sonnet on the fable or story of Pyramus and Thisbe—

SONNET.

The nymph, who Pyramus with love inspired,
Pierces the wall, with equal passion fired:
Cupid from distant Cyprus thither flies,
And views the secret breach with laughing eyes.

Here silence vocal mutual vows conveys,
And whisp'ring eloquent their love betrays.
Tho' chain'd by fear their voices dare not pass,
Their souls transmitted through the chink embrace.

Ah! woeful story of disastrous love!
Ill-fated haste that did their ruin prove!
One death, one grave unites the faithful pair,
And in one common fame their mem'ries share.

"Now Heaven be thanked," quoth Don Quixote, having heard the sonnet, "that, among the infinite number of poets now in being, I have met with one so absolute, in all respects, as the artifice of your worship's verse shows you to be."

CHAPTER LVIII.

The adventure of the Shepherd-Lover, and other truly comical passages.

Don Quixote stayed four days at Don Diego's house, and during all that time met with a very generous entertainment. However, he then desired his leave to go, and returned him a thousand thanks for his kind reception; letting him know that the duty of his profession did not admit of his staying any longer out of action; and therefore he designed to go in quest of adventures, which he knew were plentifully to be found in that part of Spain; and that he would employ his time in that till the tilts and tournaments began at Saragossa, to which place it was now his chief intent to go. However, he would first go to Montesinos' cave, about which so many wonderful stories were told in those parts; and there he would endeavour to explore and discover the source and original springs of the seven lakes, commonly called the lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego and his son highly commended his noble resolution, and desired him to command whatever their house afforded, assuring him he was sincerely welcome to do it; the respect they had for his honourable profession, and his particular merit, obliging them to do him all manner of service.

In short, the day of his departure came, a day of joy and gladness to Don Quixote, but of grief and sadness to poor Sancho, who had no mind to change his quarters, and liked the good cheer and plenty at Don Diego's house, much better than his short hungry commons in forests and deserts, or the sorry pittance of his ill-stored wallets, which he however crammed and stuffed with what he thought could best make the change of his condition tolerable. And now Don Quixote taking his leave of Don Lorenzo, "Sir," said he, "I don't know whether I have already said it to you, but if I have, give me leave to repeat it once more, that if you are ambitious of climbing up to the difficult, and in a manner inaccessible, summit of the temple of Fame, your surest way is to leave on one hand the narrow path of poetry, and follow the narrower track of knight-errantry, which in a

trice may raise you to an imperial throne." With these words, Don Quixote seemed to have summed up the whole evidence of his madness. However, he could not conclude without adding something more. "Heaven knows," said he, "how willingly I would take Don Lorenzo with me, to instruct him in those virtues that are annexed to the employment I profess, to spare the humble, and crush the proud and haughty. But since his tender years do not qualify him for the hardships of that life, and his laudable exercises detain him, I must rest contented with letting you know, that one way to acquire fame in poetry, is to be governed by other men's judgment more than your own: for it is natural to fathers and mothers not to think their own children ugly; and this error is nowhere so common as in the offspring of the mind."

Don Diego and his son were again surprised to hear this medley of good sense and extravagance, and to find the poor gentleman so strongly bent on the quest of these unlucky adventures, the only aim and object of his desires.

After this, and many compliments and mutual reiterations of offers of service, Don Quixote having taken leave of the lady of the castle, he on Rozinante, and Sancho on Dapple, set out and pursued their journey. They had not travelled far when they were overtaken by two men that looked like students or ecclesiastics, with two farmers, all mounted upon asses. One of the scholars had behind him a small bundle of linen, and two pairs of stockings, trussed up in green buckram like a portmanteau; the other had no other luggage but a couple of foils and a pair of fencing pumps. And the husbandmen had a parcel of other things, which showed, that having made their market at some adjacent town, they were now returning home with their ware. They all wondered (as indeed all others did that ever beheld him) what kind of fellow Don Quixote was, seeing him make a figure so different from anything they had ever seen. The knight saluted them, and perceiving their road lay the same way, offered them his company, entreating them, however, to move at an easier pace, because their asses went faster than his horse; and to engage them the more, he gave them a hint of his circumstances and profession; that he was a knight-errant travelling round the world in quest of adventures; that his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, but his titular denomination, the Knight of the Lions.

All this was Greek, or pedlar's French, to the countrymen; but the students presently found out his blind side. However, respectfully addressing him, "Sir Knight," said one of them, "if you are not fixed to any set stage, as persons of your function seldom are, let us beg the honour of your company; and you shall be entertained with one of the finest and most sumptuous weddings that ever was seen, either in La Mancha, or many leagues round it."

"The nuptials of some young prince, I presume?" said Don Quixote.

"No, sir," answered the other, "but of a yeoman's son, and a neighbour's daughter; he the richest in all this country, and she the handsomest you ever saw. The entertainment at the wedding will be

new and extraordinary; it is to be kept in a meadow near the village where the bride lives. They call her Quiteria the Handsome, by reason of her beauty; and the bridegroom Camacho the Rich, on account of his wealth. They are well matched as to age, for she draws towards eighteen, and he is about two-and-twenty, though some nice folks, that have all the pedigrees in the world in their heads, will tell ye that the bride comes of a better family than he; but that is not minded nowadays, for money, you know, will hide many faults. And, indeed, this same Camacho is as free as a prince, and designs to spare no cost upon his wedding. He has taken a fancy to get the meadow shaded with boughs, that are to cover it like an arbour, so that the sun will have much ado to peep through, and visit the green grass underneath. There are also provided for the diversion of the company, several sorts of antics and morrice-dancers, some with swords, and some with bells; for there are young fellows in his village that can manage them cleverly. I say nothing of those that play tricks with the soles of their shoes when they dance, leaving that to the judgments of their guests. But nothing that I have told or might tell you of this wedding, is like to make it so remarkable as the things which I imagine poor Basil's despair will do. This Basil is a young fellow that lives next door to Quiteria's father. Hence arose an attachment, like that of old between Pyramus and Thisbe; for Basil's love grew up with him from a child, and she encouraged his passion with all the kind return that modesty could grant; insomuch that the mutual affection of the two little ones was the common talk of the village. But Quiteria coming to years of maturity, her father began to deny Basil the usual access to his house; and to cut off his farther pretence, declared his resolution of marrying her to Camacho, who is indeed his superior in estate, though far short of him in all other qualifications; for Basil is the cleverest fellow we have: he will pitch ye a bar, wrestle, or play at tennis with the best in the country; he runs like a stag, leaps like a buck, plays at nine-pins so well, you would think he tips them down by witchcraft; sings like a lark; touches a guitar so rarely, he even makes it speak; and to complete his perfections, he handles a sword like a fencer."

"For that very single qualification," said Don Quixote, "he deserves not only Quiteria the Handsome, but a princess; nay, Queen Guinever herself, were she now living, in spite of Sir Lancelot and all that would oppose it."

"Well," quoth Sancho, who had been silent, and listening all the while, "my wife used to tell me, she would have every one marry with their match. All I say is, let honest Basil e'en marry her! for methinks I have a huge liking to the young man; and so Heaven bless them together, say I, and a murrain seize those that will spoil a good match between those that love one another!"

"Nay," said Don Quixote, "if marriage should be always the consequence of mutual love, what would become of the prerogative of parents, and their authority over their children? If young girls might always choose their own husbands, we should have the best families intermarry with coachmen and grooms; and young heiresses

would throw themselves away upon the first wild young fellows whose promising outsides and assurance make them set up for fortunes, though all their stock consists in impudence. For the understanding, which alone should distinguish and choose in these cases as in all others, is apt to be blinded or biassed by love and affection; and matrimony is so nice and critical a point, that it requires not only our own cautious management, but even the direction of a superior power to choose right. Whoever undertakes a long journey, if he be wise, makes it his business to find out an agreeable companion. How cautious then should he be, who is to take a journey for life, whose fellow-traveller must not part with him but at the grave; his companion at bed and board, and sharer of all the pleasures and fatigues of his journey; as the wife must be to the husband! She is no such sort of ware, that a man can be rid of when he pleases. When once that is purchased, no exchange, no sale, no alienation can be made: she is an inseparable accident to man: marriage is a noose, which, fastened about the neck, runs the closer, and fits more uneasy by our struggling to get loose: it is a Gordian knot which none can untie, and being twisted with our thread of life, nothing but the scythe of death can cut it. I could dwell longer on this subject, but that I long to know whether you can tell us anything more of Basil."

"All I can tell you," said the student, "is, that he is in the case of all desperate lovers; since the moment he heard of this intended marriage, he has never been seen to smile; he is in a deep melancholy, talks to himself, and seems out of his senses; he hardly eats or sleeps, and lives like a savage in the open fields, his only sustenance a little fruit, and his only bed the hard ground; sometimes he lifts up his eyes to Heaven, then fixes them on the ground, and in either posture stands like a statue. In short, he is reduced to that condition that we who are his acquaintance verily believe, that Quiteria's fatal 'Yes' of this wedding to-morrow will be attended by his death."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Sancho. "Who can tell what may happen? he that gives a broken head can give a plaster. This is one day, but to-morrow is another; and strange things may fall out in the roasting of an egg. After a storm comes a calm. Many a man that went to bed well, has found himself dead in the morning when he awaked. Who can put a spoke in fortune's wheel? nobody here, I am sure. Between a woman's yea and nay, I would not engage to put a pin's-point, so close they be one to another. If Mrs. Quiteria love Mr. Basil, she will give Camacho the bag to hold: for this same love, they say, looks through spectacles that makes copper like gold, a cart like a coach, and a shrimp like a lobster."

"Whither, in the name of ill-luck, art thou running with thy proverbs now, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "What dost thou know, poor animal, of fortune, or her wheel, or anything else?"

"Why truly, sir," quoth Sancho, "if you don't understand me, no wonder if my sentences be thought nonsense. But let that pass, I understand myself; and I am sure I have not talked so much like a ninny. But you, forsooth, are so sharp a cricket

"A critic, blockhead," said Don Quixote, "you mean."

"What makes you so angry, sir?" quoth Sancho; "I was never brought up at school nor varsity, to know when I murder a hard word. I was never at court to learn to spell, sir. Some are born in one town, some in another; one at St. Jago, another at Toledo; and even there all are not so nicely spoke."

"You are in the right, friend," said the student; "those natives of that city who live among the tanners, or about the market of Zocodover, and are confined to mean conversation, cannot speak so well as those that frequent the polite part of the town, and yet they are all of Toledo. But propriety, purity, and elegance of style may be found among men of breeding and judgment, let them be born where they will; for their judgment is in the grammar of good language, though practice and example will go a good way."

It was now pretty dark; but before they got to the village, there appeared an entire blazing constellation. Their ears were entertained with the pleasing but confused sounds of several sorts of music, drums, fiddles, pipes, tabors, and bells; and as they approached nearer still, they found a large arbour at the entrance of the town stuck full of lights, which burnt undisturbed by the least breeze of wind. The musicians, which are the life and soul of diversion at a wedding, went up and down in bands about the meadow. Others were employed in raising scaffolds for the better view of the shows and entertainments prepared for the happy Camacho's wedding, and likewise to solemnize poor Basil's funeral. All the persuasions and endeavours of the students and countrymen could not move Don Quixote to enter the town; urging for his reason the custom of knights-errant, who chose to lodge in fields and forests under the canopy of Heaven, rather than in soft beds under a gilded roof; and therefore he left them, and went a little out of the road, full sore against Sancho's will, who had not yet forgot the good lodging and entertainment he had at Don Diego's house or castle.



CHAPTER LIX.

An account of rich Camacho's wedding, and what befel poor Basil.

SCARCE had the fair Aurora given place to the refulgent ruler of the day, and given him time, with the heat of his prevailing rays, to dry the liquid pearls on his golden locks, when Don Quixote, shaking off sluggish sleep from his drowsy limbs, arose and called his squire: but finding him still snoring, "O thou most happy mortal upon earth," said he, "how sweet is thy repose; envied by none, and envying no man's greatness, secure thou sleepest, thy soul composed and calm; no power of magic persecutes thee, nor are thy thoughts affrighted by enchantments! Sleep on, sleep on, a hundred times

sleep on. Those jealous cares that break a lover's heart, do not extend to thee; neither the dread of craving creditors, nor the dismal foresight of inevitable want, or care of finding bread for a helpless family, keep thee waking. Ambition does not make thee uneasy, the pomp and vanity of this world do not perplex thy mind; for all thy care's extent reaches but to thy ass. Thy person and thy welfare thou hast committed to my charge, a burden imposed on masters by nature and custom, to weigh and counterpoise the offices of servants. Which is the greatest slave? The servant's business is performed by a few manual duties, which only reconcile him more to rest, and make him sleep more sound; while the anxious master has not leisure to close his eyes, but must labour day and night to make provision for the subsistence of his servant; not only in time of abundance, but even when the Heavens deny those kindly showers that must supply this want."

To all this fine expostulation Sancho answered not a word; but slept on, and was not to be waked by his master's calling or otherwise, till he pricked him with the sharp end of his lance. At length opening his eyelids half way, and rubbing them, after he had gaped and yawned and stretched his drowsy limbs, he looked about him; and snuffing up his nose, "I am much mistaken," quoth he, "if from this same arbour there comes not a pure steam of a good rasher, that comforts my nostrils more than all the herbs and rushes hereabouts. And truly, a wedding that begins so savourily must be a dainty one."

"Away, cormorant," said Don Quixote; "rouse and let us go see it, and learn how it fares with the disdained Basil."

"Fare!" quoth Sancho; "why, if he be poor, he must e'en be so still, and not think to marry Quiteria. It is a pretty fancy for a fellow who has not a cross, to run madding after what is meant for his betters. I will lay my neck that Camacho covers this same Basil from head to foot with white sixpences, and will spend more at a breakfast than the other is worth, and be never the worse. And do you think that Madame Quiteria will quit her fine rich gowns and petticoats, her necklaces of pearl, her jewels, her finery and bravery, and all that Camacho has given her, and may afford to give her, to marry a fellow with whom she must knit or spin for her living? What signifies his bar-pitching and fencing?"

"Let me beseech you, good Sancho," interrupted Don Quixote, "to bring thy harangue to a conclusion. For my part, I believe, wert thou let alone when thy clack is once set a-going, thou wouldst scarce allow thyself time to eat or sleep, but would prate on to the end of the chapter."

"Troth, master," replied Sancho, "your memory must be very short not to remember the articles of our agreement before I came this last journey with you. I was to speak what I would, and when I would, provided I said nothing against my neighbour, or your worship's authority; and I don't see that I have broken my indentures yet."

"I remember no such article," said Don Quixote; "and though it were so, it is my pleasure you should now be silent; for the instru-

ments we heard last night begin to cheer the valleys, and doubtless the marriage will be solemnized this morning ere the heat of the day prevent the diversion."

Thereupon Sancho said no more, but saddled Rozinante, and clapped his pack-saddle on Dapple's back; then both mounting, away they rode fair and softly into the arbour. The first thing that blessed Sancho's sight there, was a whole steer spitted on a large elm before a mighty fire made of a pile of wood, that seemed a flaming mountain. Round this bonfire was placed six capacious pots, cast in no common mould, or rather six ample coppers, every one containing a whole shamble of meat, and entire sheep were sunk and lost in them, and soaked as conveniently as pigeons. The branches of the trees round were all garnished with an infinite number of cased hares and plucked fowls of several sorts; and then for drink, Sancho told above threescore skins of wine, each of which contained above twenty-four quarts, and, as it afterwards proved, sprightly liquor. A goodly pile of white loaves made a large rampart on the one side, and a stately wall of cheeses set up like bricks made a comely bulwark on the other. Two pans of oil, each bigger than a dyer's vat, served to fry their pancakes, which they lifted out with two strong peels when they were fried enough, and then they dipped them in as large a bottle of honey prepared for that purpose. To dress the provisions there were above fifty cooks, men and women, all cleanly, diligent, and cheerful. In the ample belly of the steer they had stewed up twelve little sucking pigs, to give it the more savoury taste. Spices of all sorts lay about in such plenty that they appeared to be bought by wholesale. In short, the whole provision was indeed country-like, but plentiful enough to feast an army.

Sancho beheld all this with wonder and delight. The first temptation that captivated his senses was the goodly pots; by-and-by he falls desperately in love with the skins of wine; and lastly, his affections were fixed on the frying-pans, if such honourable kettles may accept of the name. The scent of the fried meat put him into such a commotion of spirit, that he could hold out no longer, but accosting one of the busy cooks with all the smooth and hungry reasons he was master of, he begged his leave to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pans.

"Friend," quoth the cook, "no hunger must be felt near us to-day (thanks to the founder). Alight, man, and if thou canst find ever a ladle there, skim out a pullet or two, and much good may they do you."

"Alack-a-day," quoth Sancho, "I see no ladle, sir."

"What a silly helpless fellow thou art!" cried the cook. "Let me see."

With that he took a kettle, and sousing it into one of the pots, he fished out three hens and a couple of geese at one heave.

"Here, friend," said he to Sancho, "take this, and make shift to stay your stomach with that scum till dinner be ready."

"Heaven reward you," cried Sancho, "but where shall I put it?"

"Here," answered the cook, "take ladle and all, and thank the founder once more I say; nobody will grudge it thee."

While Sancho was thus employed, Don Quixote saw twelve young farmers' sons, all dressed very gay, enter upon stately mares, as richly and gaudily equipped as the country could afford, with little bells fastened to their furniture. These in a close body made several careers up and down the meadow, merrily shouting and crying out, "Long live Camacho and Quiteria! he is rich and she is fair, and she the fairest in the world!"

"Poor ignorants" thought Don Quixote, overhearing them, "you speak as you know; but had you ever seen my Dulcinea del Toboso, you would not be so lavish of your praises. It is plain," quoth he to Sancho, "that thou art an arrant bumpkin, and one of those who cry, Long live the conqueror!"

"I know not who I am one of," answered Sancho; "but I know very well I shall never get such elegant scum from Basil's pots as I have done from Camacho's."

Here he showed the cauldron of geese and hens, and laying hold of one, began to eat with notable good-humour and appetite, and said, "A fig for the talents of Basil! for, you are worth just as much as you have, and you have just as much as you are worth. There are but two families in the world, as my grandmother used to say, the Haves and the Have-nots, and she stuck to the former; and nowadays it is the same, Master Don Quixote, people are more inclined to feel the pulse of Have than of Know. An ass with golden furniture makes a better figure than a horse with a pack-saddle; so that I tell you again, I hold with Camacho, the abundant scum of whose pots are geese and hens, hares and conies; whilst that of Basil's, if ever it come to hand, must be mere dish-water."

"Hast thou finished thy harangue, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote.

"I must have done," answered Sancho, "because I perceive your worship is going to be in a passion at what I am saying; but were it not for that, there was work enough cut out for three days."

"God grant," replied Don Quixote, "I may see thee dumb before I die."

"At the rate we go on," answered Sancho, "before you die, I shall be mumbling cold clay; and then, perhaps, I may be so dumb that I may not speak a word till the end of the world, or at least till doomsday."

"Though it should fall out so," answered Don Quixote, "thy silence, O Sancho, will never rise to the pitch of thy past, present, and future prating; besides, according to the course of nature, I must die before thee, and therefore never can see thee dumb, not even when drinking or sleeping, which is the most I can say."

"In good faith, sir," answered Sancho, "there is no trusting to Madam Skeleton, I mean Death, who devours lambs as well as sheep, and I have heard our vicar say she treads with equal foot on the lofty towers of kings and the humble cottages of the poor. That same gentlewoman is rather a great than a nice feeder; she is not at all squeamish; she eats of everything, and stuffs her wallets with people of all sorts, of all ages, and pre-eminences. She is not a reaper that sleeps away the noonday heat, for she cuts down and

mows at all hours the dry as well as the green grass; nor does she stand to chew, but devours and swallows whatever comes in her way, for she has a canine appetite that is never satisfied, and though she has no stomach, she makes it appear that she has a perpetual dropsy, and a thirst to drink down the lives of all that live, as one would drink a cup of cool water."

"Hold, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "while it is well, and do not spoil all; for, in truth, what thou hast said of death in thy rustic phrase might become the mouth of a good preacher. I tell thee, Sancho, if thou hadst but discretion equal to thy natural abilities, thou mightest take a pulpit in thy hand and go about the world preaching fine things."

"A good liver is the best preacher," answered Sancho, "and that is all the divinity I know."

"Or need know," quoth Don Quixote; "but I can in nowise understand nor comprehend how, since the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, thou, who art more afraid of a lizard than of him, shouldst be so knowing."

"Good your worship, judge of your own chivalries," answered Sancho, "and meddle not with other men's fears or valours, for perhaps I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbours; but pray let me whip off this scum, for all besides is idle talk, of which we must give an account in the next world." And he fell to afresh, and assaulted his kettle with so long-winded an appetite, that he awakened that of Don Quixote, who doubtless would have assisted him had he not been prevented by that which we are under a necessity of immediately telling.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the conversation mentioned above, a great outcry and noise were heard, raised by those mounted on the mares, who, in full career and with a shout, galloped to meet the bride and bridegroom, as they entered the embowered meadow, surrounded with a thousand kinds of musical instruments and inventions, and accompanied by the parish priest, the kindred on both sides, and the better sort of people from the neighbouring town, all in their holiday trim. When Sancho, with eyes of admiration, espied the bride, he said, "In good faith, she is not clad in the fashion of a country-girl, but like any court-lady. By the mass, the breast-piece she wears seems at this distance to be of rich coral, and her gown, instead of green stuff of Cuenza, is no less than a thirty piled velvet, and the trimming, I vow, is of satin. Then do but observe her hands, instead of rings of jet, let me never thrive, but hers are of gold, ay, and of right gold, set with pearls as white as a curd, and every one of them worth an eye of one's head. Ah, and what fine hair she has!--if it be not false, I never saw longer nor fairer in all my life. Then her sprightliness and mien!—why, she is a moving palm-tree loaded with branches of dates, for just so look the trinkets hanging at her hair and about her neck; by my soul, the girl is so well plated over, she might pass current at any bank in Flanders." Don Quixote, though he smiled at the rustic praises bestowed by Sancho Panza, thought himself that,

setting aside his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, he had never seen a more beautiful woman.

The procession was just arrived when they heard a piercing outcry, and a voice calling out, "Stay, rash and hasty people, stay!" Upon which, all turning about, they saw a person coming after them in a black coat, bordered with crimson powdered with flames of fire. On his head he wore a garland of mournful cypress, and carried a large truncheon in his hand, headed with an iron spike. As soon as he drew near, they knew him to be the gallant Basil; and seeing him come thus unlooked for, and with such an outcry and behaviour, began to fear some mischief would ensue. He came up tired and panting before the bride and bridegroom; then leaning on his truncheon, he fixed his eyes on Quiteria, and with a fearful hollow voice, "Too well you know," cried he, "unkind Quiteria, that by the ties of truth, and the laws of that Heaven which we all revere, while I have life you cannot be married to another. You are now about to snap all the ties between us, and give my right to another, whose large possessions, though they can procure him all other blessings, I had never envied, could they not have purchased you. But no more. It is ordained, and I will therefore remove this unhappy obstacle out of your way. Live, rich Camacho—live happy with the ungrateful Quiteria many years; and let the poor, the miserable Basil die, whose poverty has clipped the wings of his felicity and laid him in the grave!"

Saying these words, he drew out of his supposed truncheon a short sword that was concealed in it, and, setting the hilt of it against the ground, he fell upon the point in such a manner that it came out all bloody at his back, the poor wretch weltering on the ground in blood. His friends, strangely confounded by this sad accident, ran to help him; and Don Quixote, forsaking Rozinante, made haste to his assistance, and, taking him up in his arms, found there was still life in him. They would have drawn the sword out of his body, but the curate urged it was not convenient till he had made confession and prepared himself for death, which would immediately attend the effusion of blood upon pulling the sword out of the body.

While they were debating this point, Basil seemed to come a little to himself, and calling on the bride, "O Quiteria!" said he, with a faint and doleful voice, "now, now, in this last and departing minute of my life, even in this dreadful agony of death, would you but vouchsafe to give me your hand, and own yourself my wife, I should think myself rewarded for the torments I endure, and—pleased to think this desperate deed made me yours, though but for a moment—I would die contented."

The curate, hearing this, very earnestly recommended to him the care of his soul's health, which at the present juncture was more proper than any other worldly concern; that his time was but short, and he ought to be very earnest with Heaven in imploring mercy and forgiveness for all his sins, but especially for this last desperate action. To which Basil answered, that "he could think of no happiness till Quiteria yielded to be his; but if she would do it, that satis-

faction would calm his spirits, and dispose him to confess himself heartily."

Don Quixote, hearing this, cried out aloud "that Basil's demand was just and reasonable, and Signor Camacho might as honourably receive her as the worthy Basil's widow as if he had received her at her father's hands."

Camacho stood all this while strangely confounded, till at last he was prevailed on, by the repeated importunities of Basil's friends, to consent that Quiteria should humour the dying man, knowing his own happiness would thereby be deferred but a few minutes longer. Then they all bent their entreaties to Quiteria, some with tears in their eyes, others with all the engaging arguments their pity could suggest. She stood a long time inexorable, and did not return any answer, till at last the curate came to her and bid her resolve what she would do, for Basil could not now live many minutes. Then the poor virgin, trembling and dismayed, without speaking a word, came to Basil, who lay gasping for breath, with his eyes fixed in his head as if he were just expiring; she kneeled down before him, and with the most manifest signs of grief beckoned to him for his hand. Then Basil opening his eyes, and fixing them in a languishing gaze on hers, "Oh, Quiteria," said he, "thy heart at last relents when thy pity comes too late. Thy arms are now extended to relieve me when those of death draw me to their embraces; and they, alas! are much too strong for thine! All I desire of thee, O fatal beauty, is this, let not that fair hand deceive me now as it has done before; but confess that what you do is free and voluntary, without constraint, or in compliance with any one's commands; declare me openly thy true and lawful husband. Thou wilt not sure dissemble with one in death, and deal falsely with his departing soul, that all his life has been true to thee."

In the midst of all this discourse he fainted away, and all the by-standers thought him gone. The poor Quiteria, with blushing modesty, took him by the hand, and with great emotion—

"No force," said she, "could ever work upon my will; therefore believe it purely my own free will, that I here declare you my only lawful husband. Here is my hand in pledge; and I expect yours as freely in return, if your pains and this sudden accident have not yet bereft you of all sense."

"I give it to you," said Basil, with all the presence of mind imaginable, "and here I own myself thy husband."

"And I thy wife," said she, "whether thy life be long, or whether from my arms they bear thee this instant to the grave."

"Methinks," quoth Sancho, "this young man talks too much for one in his condition; pray advise him to leave off his wooing, and mind his soul's health. I suspect his death is more in his tongue than between his teeth."

Now when Basil and Quiteria had thus plighted their faith to each other, while yet their hands were joined together, the tender-hearted curate, with tears in his eyes, poured on them both the nuptial

blessing, beseeching Heaven at the same time to have mercy on the new-married man's soul, and in a manner mixing the burial service with the matrimonial.

As soon as the benediction was pronounced, up starts Basil briskly from the ground, and with an unexpected activity whips the sword out of his body, and catches his dear Quiteria in his arms. All the spectators stood amazed, and some of the simpler sort stuck not to cry out, "A miracle! a miracle!"

"No miracle," cried Basil, "no miracle, but a stratagem."

The curate, more astonished than all the rest, came to feel the wound, and discovered that the sword had nowhere passed through the cunning Basil's body, but only through a tin pipe full of blood artfully fitted close to him, and, as it was afterwards known, so prepared that the blood could not congeal. In short, the curate, Camacho, and the company, found they had all been egregiously imposed upon. As for the bride, she was so far from being displeased, that, hearing it urged that the marriage could not stand good in law because it was fraudulent and deceitful, she publicly declared that she again confirmed it to be just, and by the free consent of both parties.

Camacho and his friends, judging by this that the trick was premeditated, and that she was privy to the plot, had recourse to a stronger argument, and, drawing their swords, set furiously on Basil, in whose defence almost as many were immediately unsheathed. Don Quixote, immediately mounting with his lance couched, and covered with his shield, led the van of Basil's party, and falling in with the enemy charged them briskly. Sancho, who never liked any dangerous work, resolved to stand neuter, and so retired under the walls of the mighty pot whence he had got the precious skimmings, thinking that would be respected whichever side gained the battle.

Don Quixote, addressing himself to Camacho's party, "Hold, gentlemen," cried he, "it is not just thus with arms to redress the injuries of love. Love and war are the same thing, and stratagems and policy are as allowable in the one as in the other. Quiteria was designed for Basil, and he for her, by the unalterable decrees of Heaven. Camacho's riches may purchase him a bride, and more content elsewhere; and those whom Heaven has joined let no man put asunder; for I here solemnly declare that he who first attempts it must pass through me, and this lance through him."

At which he shook his lance in the air with so much vigour and dexterity that he cast a sudden terror into those that beheld him, who did not know the threatening champion.

In short, Don Quixote's words, the curate's mediation, together with Quiteria's inconstancy, brought Camacho to a truce; and he then discreetly considered that since Quiteria loved Basil before marriage, it was probable she would love him afterwards, and that, therefore, he had more reason to thank Heaven for so good a riddance than to repine at losing her. This thought, improved by some other considerations, brought both parties to a fair accommodation; and

Camacho, to show he did not resent the disappointment, blaming rather Quiteria's levity than Basil's policy, invited the whole company to stay and take share of what he had provided. But Basil, whose virtues, in spite of his poverty, had secured him many friends, drew away part of the company to attend him and his bride to her own town, and among the rest Don Quixote, whom they all honoured as a person of extraordinary worth and bravery. Poor Sancho followed his master with a heavy heart; he could not be reconciled to the thoughts of turning his back so soon upon the good cheer and jollity at Camacho's feast, and had a strange hankering after those pleasures which, though he left behind in reality, he yet carried along with him in mind.

The new-married couple entertained Don Quixote very nobly; they esteemed his wisdom equal to his valour, and thought him both a Cid in arms and a Cicero in arts. Basil then informed them that Quiteria knew nothing of his stratagem; but, being a pure device of his own, he had made some of his nearest friends acquainted with it, that they should stand by him if occasion were, and bring him off upon the discovery of the trick.

"It deserves a handsomer name," said Don Quixote, "since conducive to so good and honourable an end as the marriage of a loving couple. By the way, sir, you must know that the greatest obstacle to love is want and a narrow fortune; for the continual bands and cements of mutual affection are joy, content, and comfort. These, managed by skilful hands, can make variety in the pleasures of wedlock, preparing the same thing always with some additional circumstance, to render it new and delightful. But when pressing necessity and indigence deprive us of those pleasures that prevent satiety, the yoke of matrimony is often found very galling, and the burden intolerable."

These words were chiefly directed by Don Quixote to Basil, to advise him by the way to give over those airy sports and exercises which indeed might feed his youth with praise, but not his old age with bread, and to bethink himself of some grave and substantial employment that might afford him a competency and something of a stock for his declining years. Then pursuing his discourse, "The honourable poor man," said he, "when he has a beautiful wife, is blessed with a jewel: he that deprives him of her robs him of his honour, and may be said to deprive him of his life. The woman that is beautiful, and keeps her honesty when her husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurel as the conquerors were of old. Beauty is a tempting bait that attracts the eyes of all beholders; and the princely eagles, and the most high-flown birds, stoop to its pleasing lure. But when they find it in necessity, then kites and crows, and other ravenous birds, will all be grappling with the alluring prey. She that can withstand these dangerous attacks well deserves to be the crown of her husband. However, sir, take this along with you, as the opinion of a wise man whose name I have forgot; he said 'there was but one good woman in the world,' and his advice was that every married man should think his own wife was she, as being the

only way to live contented. For my own part, I need not make the application to myself, for I am not married, nor have I any thoughts that way; but if I had, it would not be a woman's fortune, but her character, should recommend her; for public reputation is the life of a lady's virtue, and the outward appearance of modesty is in one sense as good as the reality; since a private sin is not so prejudicial in this world as a public indecency."

CHAPTER LX.

An account of the great adventure of Montesinos' cave.

Don Quixote having tarried three days with the young couple, and been entertained like a prince, entreated the student who fenced so well to help him to a guide that might conduct him to Montesinos' cave, resolving to go down into it, and prove by his own eyesight the wonders that were reported of it round the country. The student recommended a cousin-german of his for his conductor, who, he said, was an ingenious lad, a pretty scholar, and a great admirer of books of knight-errantry, and could show him the famous lake of Ruydera too: adding, that he would be very good company for the knight, as being one that wrote books for the booksellers, in order to dedicate them to great men. Accordingly the learned cousin came, mounted on an ass, his pack-saddle covered with an old carpet or coarse packing-cloth. Thereupon Sancho having got ready Rozinante and Dapple, well stuffed his wallet, and the student's knapsack to boot, they all took their leave, steering the nearest course to Montesinos' cave.

To pass the time on the road, Don Quixote asked the guide to what course of study he chiefly applied himself?

"Sir," answered the scholar, "my business is in writing, and copy-money my chief study. I have published some things with the general approbation of the world, and much to my own advantage. Perhaps, sir, you may have heard of one of my books, called 'The Treatise of Liveries and Devices;' in which I have obliged the public with no less than seven hundred and three sorts of liveries and devices, with their colours, mottoes, and ciphers; so that any courtier may furnish himself there upon any extraordinary appearance, with what may suit his fancy or circumstances, without racking his own invention to find what is agreeable to his inclination. I can furnish the jealous, the forsaken, the disdained, the absent, with what will fit them to a hair. Another piece which I now have on the anvil, I design to call the 'Metamorphoses, or the Spanish Ovid;' an invention very new and extraordinary. Another work which I soon design for the press, I call a 'Supplement to Polydore Vergil, concerning the Invention of Things;' a piece, I will assure you, sir, that shows the great pains and learning of the compiler, and perhaps in a better style than the old author. For example, he has forgot to tell us who was

the first that was troubled with a catarrh in the world. Now, sir, this I immediately resolve, and confirm my assertion by the testimony of at least four-and-twenty authentic writers; by which quotations alone, you may guess at what pains I have been to instruct and benefit the public."

With more discourse of a like kind they passed their journey, till they came to the cave the next day, having slept the night before in a village on the road. There they bought a hundred fathoms of cord, to let Don Quixote down to the lowest part of the cave. No sooner was he come to the place, than he prepared for his expedition into that under-world, telling the scholar that he was resolved to reach the bottom, though deep as the most profound abyss; and all having alighted, the squire and his guide accordingly girt him fast with a rope. While this was doing, "Good, sweet sir," quoth Sancho, "consider what you do. Do not venture into such a horrid black hole! Look before you leap, sir, and be not so wilful as to bury yourself alive. Do not hang yourself like a bottle or a bucket, that is let down to be soused in a well."

"Peace, coward," said the knight, "and bind me fast; for surely for me such an enterprise as this is reserved."

"Pray, sir," said the student, "when you are in, be very vigilant in exploring and observing all the rarities in the place. Let nothing escape your eyes; perhaps you may discover there some things worthy to be inserted in my 'Metamorphoses.'"

"Let him alone," quoth Sancho, "he will go through with it: he will make a hog or a dog of it, I will warrant you."

Don Quixote being well bound, bethought himself of one thing they had forgot.

"We did ill," said he, "not to provide ourselves with a little bell, that I might ring for more or less rope as I require it, and inform you of my being alive. But since there is no remedy, Heaven prosper me."

Then kneeling down, he in a low voice recommended himself to the Divine Providence for assistance and success in an adventure so strange and in all appearance so dangerous. Then raising his voice—

"O thou lady of my life," cried he, "most illustrious Dulcinea del Toboso, if the prayers of an adventurous absent lover may reach the ears of the far distant object of his wishes, by the power of thy unspeakable beauty, I conjure thee to grant me thy favour and protection, in this plunge and precipice of my fortune! I am now going to engulf and cast myself into this dismal profundity, that the world may know nothing can be impossible to him who, influenced by thy smiles, attempts, under the banner of thy beauty, the most difficult task."

This said, he got up again, and approaching the entrance of the cave, he found it stopped up with brakes and bushes, so that he would be obliged to make his way by force. Whereupon, drawing his sword, he began to cut and slash the brambles that stopped up the mouth of the cave; when, presently, an infinite number of crows and daws came rushing and fluttering out of the cave about his ears, so thick, and with such impetuosity, as almost struck him to the

ground. He was not superstitious enough to draw any ill omen from the flight of the birds; besides it was no small encouragement to him that he spied no bats nor owls nor other ill-boding birds of night among them: he therefore rose again with an undaunted heart, and committed himself to the black and dreadful abyss. But Sancho and the student first gave him their benediction, and prayed for the knight's safe and speedy return.

Don Quixote began to descend, calling for more rope, which they give him by degrees, till his voice was drowned in the winding of the cave, and their cordage was run out. That done, they began to consider whether they should hoist him up again immediately or no; however, they resolved to stay half an hour, and then they began to draw up the rope, but were strangely surprised to find no weight upon it, which made them conclude the poor gentleman was certainly lost. Sancho, bursting out into tears, made a heavy lamentation, and fell a hauling up the rope as fast as he could, to be thoroughly satisfied. But after they had drawn up about fourscore fathoms, they felt a weight again, which made them take heart: and at length they plainly saw Don Quixote.

"Welcome," cried Sancho to him, as soon as he came in sight; "welcome, dear master. I am glad you are come back again; we were afraid you had been pawned for the reckoning."

But Sancho had no answer to his compliment; and when they had pulled the knight quite up, they found that his eyes were closed as if he had been fast asleep. They laid him on the ground and unbound him. Yet he made no sign of waking, and all their turning and shaking was little enough to make him come to himself.

At last he began to streteh his limbs, as if he had waked out of the most profound sleep; and staring wildly about him, "Heaven forgive you, friends!" cried he, "for you have raised me from one of the sweetest lives that ever mortal led, and most delightful sights that ever eyes beheld. Now I perceive how fleeting are all the joys of this transitory life; they are but an imperfect dream, they fade like a flower, and vanish like a shadow. O ill-fated Montesinos! O Durandarte, unfortunately wounded! O unhappy Belerma! O deplorable Guadiana! and you the distressed daughters of Ruydera, whose flowing waters show what streams of tears once trickled from your lovely eyes!"

These expressions, uttered with great passion and concern, surprised the scholar and Sancho, and they desired to know his meaning, and what he had seen in that horrid dungeon.

"Call it not so," answered Don Quixote, "for it deserves a better name, as I shall soon let you know. But first give me something to eat, for I am prodigiously hungry."

They then spread the scholar's coarse saddle-cloth for a carpet; and examining their old cupboard, the knapsack, they all three sat down on the grass, and eat heartily together, like men that were a meal or two behindhand. When they had done, "Let no man stir," said Don Quixote; "sit still, and hear me with attention."

CHAPTER LXI.

Of the wonderful things which the unparalleled Don Quixote declared he had seen in the deep cave of Montesinos, the greatness and impossibility of which make this adventure pass for apocryphal.

It was now past four in the afternoon, and the sun was opportunely hid behind the clouds, which, interposing between his rays, invited Don Quixote, without heat or trouble, to relate the wonders he had seen in Montesinos' cave.

"About twelve or fourteen men's depth," said he, "in the profundity of this cavern, on the right hand, there is a concavity wide enough to contain a large waggon, mules and all. This place is not wholly dark, for through some chinks and narrow holes, that reach to the distant surface of the earth, there comes a glimmering light. I discovered this recess, being already weary of hanging by the loins, discouraged by the profound darkness of the region below me, destitute of a guide, and not knowing whither I went: resolving therefore to rest myself there awhile, I called to you to give me no more rope, but it seems you did not hear me. I therefore entered, and coiling up the cord, sat upon it very melancholy, and thinking how I should most conveniently get down to the bottom, having nobody to guide or support me. While I thus sat pensive, and lost in thought, insensibly, without any previous drowsiness, I found myself surprised by sleep; and after that, not knowing how nor which way I wakened, I unexpectedly found myself in the finest and most delightful meadow that ever nature adorned with her beauties, or the most inventive fancy could ever imagine. Now, that I might be sure this was neither a dream nor an illusion, I rubbed my eyes, felt several parts of my body, and convinced myself that I was really awake, with the use of all my senses, and all the faculties of my understanding sound and active as at this moment.

"Presently I discovered a sumptuous palace, of which the walls seemed all of transparent crystal. The spacious gates opening, there came out towards me a venerable old man, clad in a sad-coloured robe, so long that it swept the ground; on his breast and shoulders he had a green satin tippet, after the manner of those worn in colleges. On his head he wore a black Milan cap, and his broad hoary beard reached down below his middle. He had no kind of weapon in his hands, but a rosary of beads about the bigness of walnuts, and his credo beads appeared as large as ordinary ostrich-eggs. The awful and grave aspect, the pace, the port and goodly presence of this old man, each of them apart, and much more altogether, struck me with veneration and astonishment. He came up to me, and, without any previous ceremony, embracing me close, 'It is a long time,' said he, 'most renowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, that we who dwell in this enchanted solitude have hoped to see you here; that you may inform the upper world of the surprising prodigies concealed from human knowledge in this subterranean hollow, called the cave

of Montesinos—an enterprise reserved alone for your insuperable heart and stupendous resolution. Go with me then, thou most illustrious knight, and behold the wonders enclosed within the transparent castle, of which I am the perpetual governor and chief warden, being the same individual Montesinos from whom this cavern took its name.'

"No sooner had the reverend old man let me know who he was, but I entreated him to tell me, whether it was true or no, that, at his friend Durandarte's dying request, he had taken out his heart with a small dagger, the very moment he expired, and carried it to his mistress Belerma, as the story was current in the world.

"'It is literally true,' answered the old gentleman, 'except that single circumstance of the dagger; for I used neither a small nor a large dagger on this occasion, but a well-polished poniard, as sharp as an awl.'

"The venerable Montesinos having conducted me into the crystal palace, led me into a spacious ground-room, exceeding cool, and all of alabaster. In the middle of it stood a marble tomb, that seemed a masterpiece of art; upon it lay a knight extended all at length, not of stone or brass, as on other monuments, but pure flesh and bones: he covered the region of his heart with his right hand, which seemed to me very full of sinews, a sign of the great strength of the body to which it belonged. Montesinos, observing that I viewed this spectacle with surprise, 'Behold,' said he, 'the flower and mirror of all the living and valiant knights of his age, my friend Durandarte, who, together with me and many others, of both sexes, are kept here enchanted by Merlin the British magician. Here, I say, we are enchanted; but how and for what cause no man can tell, though time, I hope, will shortly reveal it. But the most wonderful part of my fortune is this; I am as certain, as that the sun now shines, that Durandarte died in my arms; and that with these hands I took out his heart, which weighed above two pounds, a sure mark of his courage; for, by the rules of natural philosophy, the most valiant men have still the biggest hearts. Nevertheless, though this knight really died, he still complains and sighs sometimes as if he were alive.'

"Scarce had Montesinos spoke these words, but the miserable Durandarte cried out aloud, 'Oh! cousin Montesinos, the last and dying request of your departing friend, was to take my heart out of my breast with a poniard or a dagger, and carry it to Belerma.' The venerable Montesinos, hearing this, fell on his knees before the afflicted knight, and with tears in his eyes, 'Long, long ago,' said he, 'Durandarte, thou dearest of my kinsmen, have I performed what you enjoined me on that bitter fatal day when you expired. I took out your heart with all imaginable care, and hasted away with it to France, as soon as I had committed your dear remains to the bosom of the earth. To confirm this truth yet farther, at the first place where I stopped from Roncesvalles, I laid a little salt upon your heart, to preserve it, till I presented it into the hands of Belerma,

who, with you and me, and Guadiana* your squire, as also Ruydera (the lady's woman) with her seven daughters, her two nieces, and many others of your friends and acquaintance, is here confined by the necromantic charms of the magician Merlin; and though it be now above five hundred years since we were first conveyed into this enchanted castle, we are still alive, except Ruydera, her daughters and nieces, who by the favour of Merlin, that pitied their tears, were turned into so many lakes, still extant in the world of the living, and in the province of La Mancha, distinguished by the name of the lakes of Ruydera. But now I have other news to tell you, which, though perhaps it may not assuage your sorrows, yet I am sure it will not increase them. Open your eyes, and behold in your presence that mighty knight, of whom Merlin the sage has foretold so many wonders: that Don Quixote de la Mancha, I mean, who has not only restored to the world the function of knight-errantry, that has lain so long in oblivion, but advanced it to greater fame than it could boast in any former age. It is by his power that we may expect to see the charm dissolved, which keeps us here confined; for great performances are properly reserved for great personages.'

"'And should it not be so?' answered the grieving Durandarte, with a faint and languishing voice—'should it not be so, I say? Oh! cousin, patience, and shuffle the cards.'

"Then turning on one side, without speaking a word more, he relapsed into his usual silence.

"After this I was alarmed with piteous howling and crying, which, mixed with lamentable sighs and groans, obliged me to turn about to see whence it proceeded. Then through the crystal wall I saw a mournful procession of most beautiful damsels, all in black, marching in two ranks, with turbans on their heads after the Turkish fashion; and last of all came a majestic lady, dressed also in mourning, with a long white veil that reached from her head down to the ground. Her turban was twice as big as the biggest of the rest. She was somewhat beetle-browed, her nose was flattish, her mouth wide, but her lips red; her teeth, which she sometimes discovered, seemed to be thin, but as white as blanched almonds. She held a fine handkerchief, and within it I could perceive a heart of flesh, so dry and withered, that it looked like mummy. Montesinos informed me that the procession consisted of Durandarte's and Belerma's servants, who were enchanted there with their master and mistress; but that the last was Belerma herself, who with her attendants used four days in the week constantly thus to sing their dirges over the heart and body of his cousin; and that though Belerma appeared a little haggard at that juncture, occasioned by the grief she bore in her own heart, for that which she carried in her hand; yet had I seen her before her misfortunes had sunk her eyes and tarnished her complexion, I must have owned, that even the celebrated Dulcinea del Toboso, so famous in La Mancha,

* Guadiana, a river in Spain, that sinks into the earth and rises again a great distance off.

and over the whole universe, could scarce have vied with her in gracefulness and beauty.

"'Hold there, good Signor Montesinos,' said I. 'You know that comparisons are odious, therefore no more comparing, I beseech you; but go on with your story. The peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and the Lady Belerma is what she is, and has been: so no more upon that subject.'

"'I beg your pardon,' answered Montesinos; 'Signor Don Quixote, I might have guessed that you were the Lady Dulcinea's knight, and therefore I ought to have bit my tongue off, sooner than to have compared her to anything lower than heaven itself.'

"This satisfaction, which I thought sufficient from the great Montesinos, stifled the resentment I else had shown, for hearing my mistress compared to Belerma."

"Nay, marry," quoth Sancho, "I wonder you did not give the old fellow a hearty kicking! How could you leave one hair on his chin?"

"No, no, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "there is always a respect due to our seniors, though they be no knights; but most when they are such, and under the oppression of enchantment. However, I am satisfied that in what discourse passed between us, I took care not to have anything that looked like an affront fixed upon me."

"But, sir," asked the scholar, "how could you see and hear so many strange things in so little time? I cannot conceive how you could do it."

"How long," said Don Quixote, "do you reckon that I have been in the cave?"

"A little above an hour," answered Sancho.

"That is impossible," said Don Quixote, "for I saw morning and evening, and evening and morning, three times since; so that I could not be absent less than three days from this upper world."

"Ay, ay," quoth Sancho, "my master is in the right; for these enchantments, that have the greatest share in all his concerns, may make that seem three days and three nights to him, which is but an hour to other people."

"It must be so," said Don Quixote.

"I hope, sir," said the scholar, "you have eaten something in all that time."

"Not one morsel," replied Don Quixote; "neither have had the least desire to eat, or so much as thought of it all the while."

"Do not they that are enchanted sometimes eat?" asked the scholar.

"They never do," answered Don Quixote.

"Do they never sleep neither?" said Sancho.

"Never," said Don Quixote; "at least they never closed their eyes while I was among them, nor I neither."

"This makes good the saying," quoth Sancho, 'Tell me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art.' Troth! you have all been enchanted together. No wonder if you neither eat nor slept, since you were in the land of those that always watch and fast. But, sir,

would you have me speak as I think; and pray do not take it in ill part, for if I believe one word of all you have said——"

"What do you mean, friend?" said the student. "Do you think the noble Don Quixote would be guilty of a lie? and if he had a mind to stretch a little, could he, think you, have had leisure to frame such a number of stories in so short a time?"

"I do not think that my master would lie neither," said Sancho.

"What do ye think then, sir?" said Don Quixote.

"Well truly, sir," quoth Sancho, "I do believe that this same cunning man, this Merlin, that bewitched or enchanted, as you call it, all that rabble of people you talk of, may have crammed and enchanted some way or other, all that you have told us, and have yet to tell us, into your noddle."

"It is not impossible but such a thing may happen," said Don Quixote, "though I am convinced it was otherwise with me; for I am positive that I saw with these eyes, and felt with these hands, all I have mentioned. But what will you think when I tell you, among many wonderful things, that I saw three country-girls leaping and skipping about those pleasant fields like so many wild goats; and at first sight knew one of them to be the peerless Dulcinea, and the other two the very same we spoke to not far from Toboso. I asked Montesinos if he knew them? He answered in the negative; but imagined them some enchanted ladies, who were newly come, and that the appearance of strange faces was no rarity among them, for many of the past ages and the present were enchanted there, under several disguises; and that, among the rest, he knew Queen Guinever and her woman Quintaniona, that officiated as Sir Lancelot's cupbearer, as he came from Britain."

Sancho hearing his master talk at this rate, had like to have forgot himself, and burst out a-laughing; for he well knew that Dulcinea's enchantment was all a fiction, and that he himself was the chief magician, and raiser of the story; and thence, concluded his master stark mad.

"In an ill hour," quoth he, "dear master of mine, and in a woful day, went your worship down to the other world; and in a worse hour met you with that plaguy Montesinos, that has sent you back in this rueful pickle. You went hence in your right senses; could talk prettily enough now and then; had your handsome proverbs and wise sayings every foot, and would give wholesome counsel to all that would take it; but now, bless me! you talk as if you had left your brains in the devil's cellar."

"I know thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and therefore I regard thy words as little as possible."

"And I yours," replied Sancho: "nay, you may cripple, lame, or kill me, if you please, either for what I have said, or mean to say; I must speak my mind, though I die for it."

"While Montesinos and I were thus talking together," continued the knight, "a very odd accident, the thoughts of which trouble me still, broke off our conversation. For as we were in the height of our discourse, who should come to me but one of the unfortunate Dul-

cinea's companions; and before I was aware, with a faint and doleful voice, 'Sir,' said she, 'my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso gives her service to you, and desires to know how you do; and being a little short of money at present, she desires you, of all love and kindness, to lend her six reals, or more or less as you can spare it, sir, and she will take care to redeem it very honestly in a little time.'

"The message surprised me strangely; and therefore, turning to Montesinos, 'Is it possible, sir,' said I, 'that persons of quality, when enchanted, are in want?'

"'O! very possible, sir,' said he; 'poverty rages everywhere, and spares neither quality enchanted nor unenchanted; and therefore, since the Lady Dulcinea desires you to lend her these six reals, let her have the money; for sure it is very low with her at this time.'

"'But my misfortune,' said I, 'is, that I cannot answer the full request; for I have but four reals about me;' and that was the money thou gavest me the other day, Sancho, to distribute among the poor. However, I gave her all I had, and desired her to tell her mistress, I was very sorry for her wants; and that if I had all the treasures which Crœsus possessed, they should be at her service; and withal, that I died every hour for want of her reviving company; and made it my humble and earnest request, that she would vouchsafe to see and converse with her captive servant and weather-beaten knight. 'Tell her,' continued I, 'when she least expects it, she will come to hear how I made a vow, as the Marquis of Mantua did, when he found his nephew Baldwin ready to expire on the mountain, never to eat upon a tablecloth, and several other particulars, till he had avenged his death; so, in the like solemn manner will I swear, never to desist from traversing the habitable globe, and ranging through all the seven parts of the world more indefatigably than ever was done by Prince Pedro of Portugal, till I have freed her from her enchantment.' 'All this and more you owe my mistress,' said the damsel; and then, having got the four reals, instead of dropping me a curtsy, she cut me a caper in the air two yards high."

"Who," exclaimed Sancho, "could have ever believed that these enchanters and enchantments should have so much power as to bewitch my master at this rate, and craze his sound understanding in this manner? Alas! sir, for the love of Heaven take care of yourself. What will the world say of you? Rouse up your dozing senses, and do not dote upon those whimsies that have so wretchedly cracked that rare head-piece of yours."

"Well," said Don Quixote, "I cannot be angry at thy ignorant tittle-tattle, because it proceeds from thy love towards me. Thou thinkest, poor fellow, that whatever is beyond the sphere of thy narrow comprehension must be impossible; but, as I have already said, there will come a time when I shall give thee an account of some things I have seen below, that will convince thee of the reality of those I told thee now, the truth of which admits of no dispute."

The scholar thought Sancho the most saucy servant, and his master the calmest madman, that ever he saw; though he attributed the

patience of the latter to a certain good humour and easiness of temper, infused into him by the sight of his mistress Dulcinea, even under enchantment; otherwise he would have thought his not checking Sancho a greater sign of madness than his discourse.

"Noble Don Quixote," said he, "for four principal reasons, I am extremely pleased with having taken this journey with you. First, it has procured me the honour of your acquaintance, which I shall always esteem a singular happiness. In the second place, sir, the secrets of Montesinos' cave, and the transformations of Guadiana, and Ruydera's lakes, have been revealed to me, which may look very great in my Spanish Ovid. My third advantage is, to have discovered the antiquity of card-playing, which I find to have been a pastime in use even in the Emperor Charles the Great's time, as may be collected from the words of Durandarte, who, after a long speech of Montesinos', said, as he waked, 'Patience, and shuffle the cards;' which vulgar expression he could never have learned in his enchantment. It follows, therefore, that he must have heard it when he lived in France, which was in the reign of that emperor; which observation is nicked, I think, very opportunely for my supplement to Polydore Vergil, who, as I remember, has not touched upon card-playing. I will insert it in my work, I'll assure you, sir, as a matter of great importance, having the testimony of so authentic and ancient an author as Sir Durandarte."

"There is a great deal of reason in what you say," answered Don Quixote; "but more of this some other time—it is late now, and therefore convenient to think of a lodging."

"Hard by us here, sir," said the author, "is a hermitage, the retirement of a devout person, who, as they say, was once a soldier, and is looked upon as a good Christian; and so charitable that he has built there a house at his own expense, purely for the entertainment of strangers."

"But does he keep hens there, trow?" asked Sancho.

"Few hermits in this age are without them," said Don Quixote; "for their way of living now falls short of the strictness and austerity of those in the deserts of Egypt, who went clad only with palm-leaves, and fed on the roots of the earth. Now, because I speak well of these of old, I would not have you think I reflect on the others: no, I only mean that their penances are not so severe as in former days; yet this does not hinder but that the hermits of the present age may be good men. I look upon them to be such; at least, their appearance secures them from scandal: even the hypocrite that puts on the form of holiness, does less harm than the barefaced sinner."

As they went on in their discourse, they saw a man following them at a great pace on foot, and switching up a mule laden with lances and halberts. He presently overtook them, saluted them, and passed by.

"Stay," cried Don Quixote, seeing him go so fast; "make no more haste than is consistent with good speed."

"I cannot stay, sir," said the man; "for these weapons that you

see must be used to-morrow morning; so, sir, as I am in haste, good-bye; I shall lodge to-night at the inn beyond the hermitage; if you chance to go that way, there you may find me; and I will tell you strange news; so fare ye well."

Then, whipping his mule, on he moved, so fast that Don Quixote had not leisure to ask him any more questions.

The knight, in order to satisfy his curiosity, proposed their holding straight on to the inn, without stopping at the hermitage, where the scholar designed to have stayed all night. They all consented, and made the best of their way. However, when they came near the hermitage, the scholar desired Don Quixote to call with him for a moment, and drink a glass of wine at the door. Sancho no sooner heard this proposed than he turned Dapple that way, and rode thither before; but, to his grief, the hospitable hermit was abroad, and nobody at home but the hermit's companion, who, being asked whether he had any *strong* liquor within, made answer, that he could not come at any; but as for water he might have his fill.

"Good!" quoth Sancho; "were mine a water-thirst, or had I any liking to your cold comfort, there are wells enough upon the road. Oh, the good cheer of Don Diego's, and at Camacho's wedding! when shall I find the like?"

They now spurred on towards the inn, and soon overtook on the road a young fellow walking leisurely on before them. He carried his sword over his shoulder, with a bundle of clothes hanging upon it. He had on a tattered velvet jerkin, with a ragged satin lining; his stockings were of silk, and his shoes square at the toes, after the court fashion. He seemed about eighteen years of age—a pleasant-looking lad, and of a lively and active disposition. To pass the fatigue of his journey, he sung all the way; and as they came near him, was just ending the last words of a ballad, which were these—

"For want of the pence to the wars I must go:
Oh! had I but money it would not be so."

"So, young gentleman," said Don Quixote to him, "methinks you go very light and airy. Whither are you bound, I pray you?"

"I am going to the wars, sir," answered the youth; "and for my travelling thus, heat and poverty will excuse it."

"I admit the heat," replied Don Quixote; "but why poverty, I beseech you?"

"Because I have no clothes to put on," replied the lad, "but what I carry in this bundle; and if I should wear them out upon the road, I should have nothing to make a handsome figure with in any town; for I have no money to buy new ones till I overtake a regiment of foot that lies about some twelve leagues off, where I design to enlist myself; and then I shall not want a conveniency to ride with the baggage till we come to Carthagena, where I hear they are to embark; for I had rather serve the king abroad, than the beggarly courtiers I have served at home."

"But pray," said the scholar, "have not you laid up something while you were serving them?"

"Had I served any of your grandees or great persons," said the young man, "I might have had a commission by this time; for their footboys are presently advanced to captains and lieutenants, or some other good post; but unhappily it was always my ill-fortune to serve pitiful upstarts and younger brothers; and my allowance was so ill-paid, and so small, that the better half was scarce enough to wash my linen: how then should a poor page, who would make his fortune, come to any good in such a miserable service?"

"But," said Don Quixote, "how comes it, that in all this time you could not get yourself a whole livery?"

"Alack-a-day, sir," answered the lad, "I had a couple; but my master dealt with me as they do with novices in monasteries—if they go off before they profess, the fresh habit is taken from them, and they return them their own clothes. For you must know, that such as I served only buy liveries for a little ostentation; so, when they have made their appearance at court, they sneak down into the country; and then the poor servants are stripped, and must even betake themselves to their rags again."

"A sordid trick," said Don Quixote. "But you need not repine at leaving the court, since you do it with so good a design; for there is nothing in the world more commendable than to serve God in the first place, and the king in the next, especially in the profession of arms, which, if it does not procure a man so much riches as learning, may at least entitle him to more honour. It is true that more families have been advanced by the gown; but yet your gentlemen of the sword, whatever the reason of it is, have always I know not what advantage above the men of learning; and something of glory and splendour attends them, that makes them outshine the rest of mankind. But take my advice along with you, child: if you intend to raise yourself by military employment, I would not have you be uneasy with the thoughts of what misfortunes may befall you: the worst can be but to die, and if it be a good honourable death, your fortune is made, and you are certainly happy. Julius Cæsar, that valiant Roman emperor, being asked what kind of death was best, 'That which is sudden and unexpected,' said he; and though he answered like a heathen, who knew not the true God, yet, with respect to human infirmities, it was very judicious; for, suppose you should be cut off at the very first engagement by a cannon-ball, or the spring of a mine, what matters it? it is but dying, and there is an end of the business. As Terence says, a soldier makes a better figure dead in the field of battle, than alive and safe in flight. The more likely he is to rise in fame and preferment, the better discipline he keeps; the better he obeys, the better he will know how to command; and pray observe, my friend, that it is more honourable for a soldier to smell of gunpowder than of musk and amber. Or, if old age overtakes you in this noble employment, though all over scars, though maimed and lame, you will still have honour to support you, and secure you from the contempt of poverty, nay, from poverty itself; for there is care taken that veterans and disabled soldiers may not want; neither are they to be used as some men do their negro

slaves, who, when they are old and past service, are turned naked out of doors, under pretence of freedom, to be made greater slaves to cold and hunger—a slavery from which nothing but death can set the wretches free. But I will say no more to you on this subject at this time. Get up behind me, and I will carry you to the inn, where you shall sup with me, and to-morrow morning make the best of your way; and may Heaven prosper your good designs."

The page excused himself from riding behind the knight, but accepted of his invitation to supper very willingly. Sancho, who had all the while given ear to his master's discourse, is said to have been more than usually surprised, hearing him talk so wisely. Now blessings on thee, master, thought he to himself; how comes it about, that a man who says so many good things should relate such ridiculous stories and whimsies as he would have us believe of Montesinos' cave? By this time it began to grow dark, and they arrived at the inn, where Don Quixote alighting, asked presently for the man with the lances and halberts. The innkeeper answered, that he was rubbing down his mule in the stable. Sancho was very well pleased to be at his journey's end; and the more that his master took the house for a real inn, and not for a castle, as he used to do; and Rozinante had the best manger and best stall in the stable.

CHAPTER LXII.

Where you find the grounds of the braying adventures, that of the Puppet-player, and the memorable divining of the fortune-telling Ape.

Don Quixote was on thorns to know the strange story that the fellow upon the road engaged to tell him; so that, going into the stable, he reminded him of his promise, and pressed him to relate the whole matter.

"My story will take up some time," quoth the man, "and is not to be told standing: have a little patience; let me make an end of serving my mule, and then I will tell your worship such things as will make you stare."

"Do not let that hinder you," replied Don Quixote; "for I will help you myself."

And so saying, he lent him a helping hand, cleansing the manger, and sifting the barley; which humble compliance obliged the fellow to tell his tale the more willingly; so that, seating himself upon a bench, with Don Quixote, the scholar, the page, Sancho, and the innkeeper about him, he began in this manner:

"It happened on a time, that in a borough about four leagues from this place, one of the aldermen lost his ass. They say it was by the roguery of his maid-servant; but that is neither here nor there—the ass was lost and gone, that was certain; and what is more, it could not be found neither high nor low. This same ass had been

missing about a fortnight, when another alderman of the same town, meeting the other in the market-place—

"'Brother,' quoth he, 'pay me well, and I will tell you news of your ass.'

"'Troth!' replied the other, 'that I will; but then let me know where the poor beast is.'

"'Why,' answered the other, 'this morning, what should I meet upon the mountains yonder but he, without either pack-saddle or furniture, and so lean that it grieved my heart to see him; but yet so wild and skittish, that when I would have driven him home before me, he ran away as if possessed, and got into the thickest of the wood. Now, if you please, we will both go and look for him: I will but step home first and put up this ass, then I will come back to you, and we will set about it.'

"'Truly, brother,' said the other, 'I am mightily beholden to you, and will do as much for you another time.'

"In short, the two aldermen, hand in hand, trudged up the hills, and hunted up and down; but after many a weary step, no ass was to be found. Upon which, quoth the alderman that had seen him to the other: 'Hark ye, brother; I have a device to find out this same ass of yours, though he were underground, as you shall hear. You must know, I can bray to admiration; and if you can bray but never so little, the job is done.'

"'Never so little!' cried the other; 'I will undertake to bray with any ass or alderman in the land.'

"'Well, then,' quoth the other, 'my contrivance is, that you go on one side of the hill, and I on the other; sometimes you shall bray, and sometimes I; so that, if your ass be but thereabouts, my life for yours, he will be sure to answer, and bray again.'

"'Gramercy, brother,' quoth the other, 'a rare device! let you alone for plotting.'

"They parted according to agreement; and when they were far enough off, they both fell a-braying so perfectly well that they cheated one another; and meeting, each in hopes to find the ass—

"'Is it possible, brother,' said the owner of the ass, 'that it was not my ass that brayed?'

"'No, marry, that it was not; it was I,' answered the other alderman.

"'Well, brother,' cried the owner, 'then there is no manner of difference between you and an ass, as to the matter of braying; I never heard anything so natural in my life.'

"'Oh, sir,' quoth the other, 'I am nothing to you; you shall lay two to one against the best brayer in the kingdom, and I will go your halves. Your voice is lofty, and of a great compass; you keep excellent time, and hold out a note rarely, and your cadence is full and ravishing. In short, sir, I knock under the table, and yield you the bays.'

"'Well, then, brother,' answered the owner, 'I shall always have the better opinion of myself for this one good quality; for though I knew I brayed pretty well, I never thought myself so great a master before.'

"After these compliments, they parted again, and went braying, this on one side of the hill, and that on the other. But all to no purpose; for they still deceived one another with their braying, and, running to the noise, met one another as before.

"At last they agreed to bray twice one after another, that by that token they might be sure it was not the ass, but they that brayed. But all in vain—they almost brayed their hearts out, but no answer from the ass. And indeed, how could it, poor creature, when they found him at last in the wood half-eaten by the wolves?

"'Alack-a-day! poor Grizzle,' cried the owner; 'I do not wonder now he took so little notice of his loving master. Had he been alive, as sure as he was an ass, he would have brayed again. But let him go; this comfort I have at least, brother; though I have lost him, I have found out that rare talent of yours that has hugely solaced me under this affliction.'

"'The glass is in a good hand, Mr. Alderman,' quoth the other, 'and if the abbot sings well, the young monk is not much behind him.'

"With this, these same aldermen, very much disappointed as well as very hoarse, went home and told all their neighbours the whole story word for word; one praising the other's skill in braying, and the other returning the compliment. In short, one got it by the end, and the other got it by the end; the boys got it, and all the idle fellows got it, and there was such a brawling and such a braying in our town, that nothing else was to be heard. But the thing did not stop here; our neighbouring towns had it too; and when they saw any of our townsfolk, they fell a-braying, hitting us in the teeth with the braying of our aldermen. This made ill blood between us; for we took it in mighty dudgeon, as well we might, and came to words upon it, and from words to blows; for the people of our town are well known by this, as the beggar knows his dish, and are apt to be jeered wheresoever they go. And they have carried the jest so far, that I believe to-morrow or next day, the men of our town, to wit, the brayers, will be in the field against those of another town about two leagues off, that are always plaguing us. Now, that we should be well provided, I have brought these lances and halberts that ye saw me carry. So this is my story, gentlefolks; and if it be not a strange one, I am mistaken."

Here the honest man ended; when presently enters a fellow dressed in trousers and doublet all of chamois leather, and calling out, as if he were somebody.

"Landlord," cried he, "have you any lodgings? for here comes the fortune-telling ape, and the puppet-show of Melisandra's deliverance."

"Ha!" cried the innkeeper, "who have we here? Master Peter We shall have a merry night then. Honest Master Peter, you are welcome with all my heart; but where is the ape and the show?"

"They will be here presently," said Peter; "I only came before to see if you had any lodgings."

"Lodging, man," said the innkeeper; "I would turn out the

Duke of Alva himself rather than Master Peter should want room. Come, bring in your things, for here are guests that will be good customers to you, I warrant."

"That is worth hearing," said Peter; "and to encourage them I will lower my prices; and if I can but get my charges to-night, I will look for no more; so I will hasten forward the cart." This said, he ran out of the door again.

Don Quixote inquired who this Master Peter was, and what his ape and his show.

"Why, sir," answered the innkeeper, "he has strolled about the country this great while with a curious puppet-show, which represents the play of Melisandra and Don Gayferos—one of the best shows that has been acted time out of mind in this kingdom. Then he has an ape—such an ape, sir; but I will say no more—you shall see. It will tell you everything you ever did in your life. The like was never seen before. Ask him a question, it will listen to you; and then, whip, up it leaps on its master's shoulder, and whispers first in his ear what it knows, and then Master Peter tells you. He tells you what is to come, as well as what is past; it is true he does not always hit so pat as to what is to come; but, after all, he is seldom in the wrong. Two reals is the price for every question he answers, or his master for him, which is all one you know; and that will mount to money at the year's end, so that it is thought the rogue is well to pass; and, indeed, much good may it do him, for he is a notable fellow and a good companion, talks for six men, and drinks for a dozen; and all this he gets by his tongue, his ape, and his show."

By this time Peter had come back with his puppet-show and his ape in a cart. Don Quixote immediately accosted him.

"Mr. Fortune-teller," said he, "will you be pleased to tell us what fish we shall catch, and what will become of us, and here is your fee?"

Saying this, he ordered Sancho to deliver Master Peter two reals.

"Sir," answered Peter, "this animal gives no account of things to come; he knows something, indeed, of matters past, and a little of the present."

"I would not give a brass jack," cried Sancho, "to know what is past, for who knows that better than myself? I am not so foolish as to pay for what I know already; but since you say he has such a knack at guessing the present, let him tell me what my wife Teresa is doing at this moment, and here are my two reals."

"I will have nothing of you beforehand," said Master Peter; so, clapping himself on his left shoulder, up skipped the ape thither at one frisk, and, laying his mouth to his ear, grated his teeth; and having made some grimaces and a chattering noise for a minute or two, with another skip down he leaped upon the ground. Immediately upon this, Master Peter ran to Don Quixote, and fell on his knees, and embracing his legs—

"O, glorious restorer of knight-errantry!" cried he, "I embrace these legs as I would the pillars of Hercules! Who can sufficiently extol the great Don Quixote de la Mancha, the reviver of drooping

hearts, the prop and stay of the falling, the raiser of the fallen, and the staff of comfort to the weak and afflicted!"

At these words Don Quixote stood amazed, Sancho quaked, the page wondered, the brayer blessed himself, the innkeeper stared, and the scholar was in a brown study, all astonished at Master Peter's speech, who then, turning to Sancho, "And thou, honest Sancho Panza," said he, "the best squire to the best knight in the world, bless thy good stars, for thy good spouse Teresa is a good housewife, and is at this instant dressing a pound of flax; she has standing by her, on her left hand, a large broken-mouthed jug, which holds a pretty scantling of wine, to cheer up her spirits."

"Truly," quoth Sancho, "that is likely enough, for she is a merry soul; were it not for a spice of jealousy that she has now and then, I would not change her for the giantess Andondona herself, who, in my master's opinion, was a brave lady and a famous housewife."

"Well," said Don Quixote, "great is the knowledge procured by reading, travel, and experience! What on earth but the testimony of my own eyes could have persuaded me that apes had the gift of divination! I am indeed the same Don Quixote de la Mancha mentioned by this ingenious animal, though I must confess somewhat undeserving of so great a character as it has pleased him to bestow on me; but nevertheless I am not sorry to have charity and compassion bear so great a part in my commendation, since my nature has always disposed me to do good to all men, and hurt to none."

"Now, had I but money," said the page, "I would know of Mr. Ape what luck I should have in the wars."

"I have told you already," said Master Peter, who was got up from before Don Quixote, "that this ape does not meddle with what is to come; but if he could it should cost you nothing, for Don Quixote's sake, whom to oblige I would sacrifice all the interest I have in the world; and, as a mark of it, gentlemen, I freely set up my show, and give all the company in the house some diversion gratis."

The innkeeper, hearing this, was overjoyed, and ordered Master Peter a convenient room to set up his show, which he immediately went about.

In the meantime, Don Quixote, who could not believe that an ape could do all this, taking Sancho into a corner—

"Look ye, Sancho," said he, "I have been weighing and considering the wonderful gifts of this ape, and I suspect Master Peter must have made a secret compact with the devil. The ape's knowledge is exactly of the same proportion with the devil's, which only extends to the discovery of things past and present, having no insight into futurity but by such probable conjectures and conclusions as may be deduced from the former working of antecedent causes, true prescience and prediction being the sacred prerogative of God, to whose all-seeing eyes all ages, past, present, and to come, without the distinction of succession and termination, are always present. From this, I say, it is apparent this ape is but the organ through which the devil delivers his answers to those that ask it questions; and this

same rogue should be put into the Inquisition, and have the truth pressed out of his bones."

"For all that," said Sancho, "I would have you ask Master Peter's ape whether the passages you told us concerning Montesinos' cave be true or no; for, saving the respect I owe your worship, I take them to be no better than idle stories, or dreams at the least."

"You may think what you will," answered Don Quixote; "however, I will do as you would have me, although I feel some scruples on the subject."

Master Peter now came in, and told Don Quixote that the show was ready to begin, and desired him to come and see it, for he was sure his worship would like it. The knight told him he had a question to put to his ape first, and desired he might tell him whether certain things that happened to him in Montesinos' cave were dreams or realities, for he doubted they had something of both in them. Master Peter fetched his ape immediately, and placing him just before the knight and his squire—

"Look you," said he, "Mr. Ape, this worthy knight would have you tell him whether some things which happened to him in Montesinos' cave are true or no?"

Then, upon the usual signal, the ape jumping upon Master Peter's shoulder, chattered his answer into his ear, which the interpreter delivered thus to the inquirer: "The ape, sir, says that part of those things are false, and part of them true, which is all he can resolve ye as to this question; and now his virtue has left him, and wont return till Friday next. If you would know any more, you must stay till then, and he will answer as many questions as you please."

"Ah, you there now!" quoth Sancho; "did not I tell you that all you told us of Montesinos' cave would not hold water?"

"That the event will determine," replied the knight, "which we must leave to process of time to produce; for it brings everything to light, though buried in the bowels of the earth. No more of this at present: let us now see the puppet-show; I fancy we shall find something in it worth seeing."

"Something!" said Master Peter; "sir, you shall see a thousand things worth seeing. I tell you, sir, I defy the world to show such another. I say no more: *Operibus credite, et non verbis.* But now let us begin, for it grows late, and we have much to do, say, and show."

Don Quixote and Sancho complied, and went into the room where the show stood, with a good number of small wax-lights glimmering round about, that made it shine gloriously. Master Peter got to his station within; and his boy stood before, to tell what the puppets said, and with a white wand in his hand to explain the several figures as they came in. Then all the audience having taken their places—Don Quixote, Sancho, the scholar, and the page, being preferred to the rest—the boy began a story that shall be heard or seen by those who will take the pains to read or hear the next chapter.

CHAPTER LXIII.

A pleasant account of the Puppet-play; with other very good things.

"GENTLEMEN," said the boy, raising his voice, "we present you here with a true history, taken out of the chronicles of France and the Spanish ballads, sung even by the boys about the streets, and in everybody's mouth. It tells you how Don Gayferos freed from captivity his wife Melisandra, who was a prisoner in Spain, in the hands of the Moors, in the city of Sansuena, now called Saragossa. Now, gallants, the first figure we present you with is Don Gayferos, playing at tables, according to the ballad:

'Gayferos now at tables plays,
Forgetful of his lady dear.'

"Next you will mark that personage that peeps out there with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand. It is the Emperor Charlemagne, the fair Melisandra's reputed father, who, vexed at the idleness and negligence of his son-in-law, comes to chide him; and pray, observe with what passion and earnestness he rates him, as if he had a mind to lend him half a dozen sound raps over the pate with his sceptre; nay, some authors do not stick to tell you he gave him as many, and well laid on too. Now see how he starts up, and in a rage knocks the tables one way and whirls the men another; and, calling for his arms with all haste, borrows his cousin-german Orlando's sword, Durindana, who withal offers to go along with him in this difficult adventure; but the valorous enraged knight will not let him, and says he is able to deliver his wife himself without his help, though they kept her down in the very centre of the earth. And now he is going to put on his armour, in order to begin his journey.

"Now, gentlemen, cast your eyes upon yon tower; you are to suppose it one of the towers of the castle of Saragossa. That lady whom you see in the balcony in a Moorish habit is the peerless Melisandra, casting many a heavy look towards the road that leads to France, thinking of Paris and her husband—the only comfort in her imprisonment. But now—silence, gentlemen, pray silence! Here is an accident wholly new, the like perhaps never heard of before. Don't you see that Moor who comes on tiptoe, creeping and stealing along with his finger in his mouth, behind Melisandra? Hear what a smack he gives on her sweet lips, and see how she spits and wipes her mouth with her white smock-sleeve; see how she takes on, and tears her lovely hair for very madness, as if it were to blame for this affront. Next, pray observe that grave Moor that stands in the open gallery; that is Marsilius, the king of Sansuena, who, seeing the insolence of the other Moor, though he is his kinsman and a great favourite, orders him to be seized immediately, and two hundred stripes to be given him, and to be led through the most frequented streets of the city, with criers before to publish his crime, and the officers of justice with their rods behind; there they are actually

coming out to execute the sentence, almost as soon as the fault is committed; for among the Moors there is no citation of the party, nor copies of the process, nor delay of justice, as among us."

Here Don Quixote interposed with a chiding voice, "Boy, boy, on with your story in a straight line, and leave your curves and transversals, for to come at the truth of a fact there is no need of proof upon proof."

Master Peter, also from behind, said, "Boy, none of your flourishes, but do what the gentleman bids you, for that is the surest way. Sing your song plain, and seek not for counterpoints, for they usually crack the strings."

"I will," answered the boy, and proceeded, saying—"The figure you see there on horseback, muffled up in a Gascoigne cloak, is Don Gayferos himself, to whom his spouse, already revenged on the impudence of the enamoured Moor, shows herself from the battlements of the tower with a calmer and more sedate countenance, and talks to her husband, believing him to be some passenger, holding with him all that discourse and dialogue in the ballad, which says—

> 'If towards France your course you bend
> Let me entreat you, gentle friend,
> Make diligent inquiry there
> For Gayferos, my husband dear.'

The rest I omit, because length begets loathing. It is sufficient to observe how Don Gayferos discovers himself, and by the signs of joy she makes, you may perceive that she knows him, and especially now that you see her letting herself down from the balcony to get on horseback behind her good spouse. But, alas, poor lady! the border of her under-petticoat has caught hold of one of the iron spikes of the balcony, and there she hangs dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground. But see how merciful Heaven sends relief in the greatest distresses, for now comes Don Gayferos, and without regarding whether the rich petticoat be torn or not, seizes his lady and brings her to the ground by main force, and then at a spring sets her behind him on his horse astride like a man, bidding her hold fast, and clasp her arms about his shoulders, till they cross and meet over his breast, that she may not fall, the Lady Melisandra being not used to that way of riding. See how the horse by his neighings shows he is pleased with the burthen of his valiant master and his fair mistress. And see how they turn their backs, and quitting the city, how merrily and joyfully they take the way to Paris. Peace be with ye, O peerless pair of faithful lovers! may ye arrive in safety at your desired country, without that fickle jade Fortune laying any obstacle in the way of your prosperous journey! may the eyes of your friends and relations behold ye enjoying in perfect peace the remaining days of your lives, which I pray God may exceed the age of Nestor!"

Here again Master Peter's voice was heard, crying, "Hold, hold, boy, do not encumber yourself, for affectation is the devil."

The interpreter made no answer, but went on, "There wanted not some idle eyes, such as are sure to espy everything, and these idlers

seeing Melisandra get down and then mount behind the knight, gave instant notice to King Marsilius, who commanded the alarm to be sounded. Observe what a hurry they are in; look, how the whole city shakes with the ringing of bells in the steeples of the mosques."

"Not so," quoth Don Quixote; "Master Peter is much mistaken as to the bells; for the Moors do not use bells, but kettledrums, and a kind of dulcimers, like our waits; and therefore to introduce the ringing of bells in Sansuena is a gross absurdity."

Master Peter, overhearing this, left off ringing, and said, "Signor Don Quixote, do not criticise upon trifles, nor expect that perfection which is not to be found in these matters. Are there not a thousand comedies full of such improprieties and blunders, and yet they run a successful career, and are listened to not only with applause but admiration? Go on, boy, and let folks talk; for, so I fill my bag, I care not if I represent more improprieties than there are motes in the sun."

"You are in the right," quoth Don Quixote, and the boy proceeded.

"See what a numerous and brilliant cavalry sallies out of the city in pursuit of the two Catholic lovers; how many trumpets sound, how many dulcimers play, and how many drums and kettledrums rattle! Ah! I fear they will overtake the fugitives, and bring them back tied to their own horse's tail, which would be a lamentable spectacle!"

Don Quixote, hearing the din, and seeing such a multitude of Moors, resolved to succour those that fled; and, rising up, he said in a loud voice, "Never while I breathe will I consent that in my presence an outrage like this shall be offered to so famous a knight and so daring a lover as Don Gayferos. Hold, base-born rabble, follow not, nor pursue him any farther; for, if you do, have at you."

It was no sooner said than done; he unsheathed his sword, and at a spring planted himself close to the show, and with a violent and unheard-of fury began to rain hacks and slashes upon the Moorish puppets, overthrowing some and beheading others, laming this and demolishing that, and, among other strokes, one fell with such mighty force that if Master Peter had not ducked and squatted down it had chopped off his head with as much ease as if it had been made of gingerbread. Master Peter cried out, "Hold, Signor Don Quixote, hold and consider that these figures you throw down, maim, and destroy, are not real Moors, but only puppets made of pasteboard. Consider, sinner that I am, that you are undoing me and destroying my whole livelihood!"

But Don Quixote still laid about him, showering down, doubling and redoubling, fore-strokes and back-strokes, like hail, that in less than the saying two credos the whole machine was demolished, the tackling and figures hacked to pieces, King Marsilius himself sorely wounded, and the head and crown of the Emperor Charlemagne cleft in two. The whole audience was in consternation; the ape flew to the top of the house; the scholar was frightened; the page panic-struck; and even Sancho himself trembled mightily, for, as he swore

after the storm was over, he had never seen his master in so outrageous a passion.

The general destruction of the machinery thus achieved, Don Quixote began to be a little calm, and said, "I wish I had here before me, at this instant, all those who are not, and will not be convinced, of how much benefit knights-errant are to the world: for, had I not been present, what would have become of the good Don Gayferos and the fair Melisandra? I warrant ye, these infidel dogs would have overtaken them by this time, and have offered them some atrocious indignity. Then long live knight-errantry above all things else living in the world!"

"In God's name, let it live, and let me die," quoth Master Peter at this juncture, with a fainting voice, "since I am so unfortunate, that I can say with King Roderigo, 'Yesterday I was sovereign of Spain, and to-day have not a foot of land I can call my own.' It is not half an hour ago, nor scarcely half a minute, since I was master of kings and emperors, my stalls full of horses, and my trunks and sacks stuffed with fine things; and now I am desolate and dejected, poor and a beggar; and, what grieves me most of all, without my ape, who, i'faith, will make my teeth sweat, before I get him again: and all through the inconsiderate fury of this Sir Knight, who is said to protect orphans, redress wrongs, and do other charitable deeds; but in me alone, praised be the highest heavens for it, his generous intention has failed. In fine, it could only be the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, who was thus destined to make me rue the hour that ever I was born."

Sancho Panza was moved to compassion by this piteous lamentation, and therefore said to him, "Do not weep, Master Peter, do not weep, nor take on so; for you break my heart; and I assure you my master, Don Quixote, is so catholic and scrupulous a Christian, that, if he comes to reflect, that he has done you any wrong, he knows how to make you amends, and will certainly do it with interest."

"If Signor Don Quixote," quoth Master Peter, "would but repay me part of the damage he has done, I should be satisfied, and his worship would discharge his conscience; for nobody can be saved who withholds another's property against his will, and does not make restitution."

"True," quoth Don Quixote; "but as yet I do not know that I have anything of yours, Master Peter."

"How!" answered Master Peter: "what but the invincible force of your powerful arm scattered and annihilated these relics, which lie up and down on this hard and barren ground? Whose were their bodies but mine? and how did I maintain myself but by their means?"

"Now am I perfectly convinced," quoth Don Quixote, "of what I have often maintained before, that the wicked enchanters who persecute me, are perpetually presenting things before me as they really are, and then, putting the change upon my senses, transform them into whatever shapes they please. I protest to you, gentlemen, that

whatever has passed on the stage, appeared in my eyes so many realities: I took Melisandra for the true Melisandra; Don Gayferos, for Don Gayferos; Marsilius, for Marsilius; and Charlemagne, for Charlemagne. This it was that inflamed my choler; and in compliance with the duty of my profession as a knight-errant, I resolved to assist and succour those who fled; and with this good intention I did what you have seen: if things have fallen out unlucky, and mischief is done, it is not I, but my persecutors who are to blame; yet, notwithstanding this mistake, and though it proceeded from no malice on my part, I am willing to condemn myself in costs. See, Master Peter, what is justly your due for the damaged figures, and I will pay it down in current and lawful money of Castile."

Master Peter made him a low bow, and said, "I expected no less from the unexampled Christianity of the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the true succourer and support of all the needy and distressed: and let master innkeeper and the great Sancho be umpires and appraisers between your worship and me of what the demolished figures are or might be worth."

The innkeeper and Sancho having accepted the office, Master Peter, taking up Marsilius king of Saragossa, without a head, said, "You see how impossible it is to restore this king to his pristine state, and therefore, I think, with submission to better judgments, you must award me for his death and destruction four reals and a half."

"Proceed," quoth Don Quixote.

"Then for this, that is cleft in twain," continued Master Peter, taking up the Emperor Charlemagne, "I think five reals and a quarter little enough to ask."

"Not very little," quoth Sancho.

"Nor very much," replied the innkeeper: "but split the difference, and set him down five reals."

"Give him the whole five and a quarter," quoth Don Quixote; "for in a notable mischance like this, a quarter more or less is not worth standing upon: and make an end, Master Peter; for it grows towards supper-time, and I have some symptoms of hunger upon me."

"For this figure," quoth Master Peter, "which wants a nose and an eye, and is the fair Melisandra, I must have, and can abate nothing, two reals and twelve maravedis."

"Nay," said Don Quixote, "the devil must be in it, if Melisandra be not by this time, with her husband, at least upon the borders of France: for methought the horse they rode upon seemed to fly rather than gallop; and therefore do not pretend to sell me a cat for a cony, showing me here Melisandra noseless, whereas, at this very instant, probably, she is solacing herself with her husband in France. God help every one with his own, Master Peter; let us have plain dealing, and proceed."

Master Peter, finding that Don Quixote began to warp, and was returning to his old bent, had no mind he should escape him so, and therefore said to him, "Now I think on it, this is not Melisandra, but one of her waiting-maids, and so with sixty maravedis I shall be well enough paid, and very well contented."

And thus he went on, setting a price upon several broken figures, which the arbitrators afterwards moderated to the satisfaction of both parties. The whole amounted to forty reals and three-quarters: and over and above all this, which Sancho immediately disbursed, Master Peter demanded two reals for the trouble he should have in catching his ape.

"Give him them, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "not for catching the ape, but to drink. And now would I give two hundred to any one that could tell me for certain, that Donna Melisandra and Signor Don Gayferos are at this moment in France, and among their friends."

"Nobody can tell us that better than my ape," said Master Peter: "but the devil himself cannot catch him now; though I suppose his affection for me, or hunger, will force him to come to me at night; and to-morrow is a new day, and we shall see one another again."

The bustle of the puppet-show being quite over, the company all supped together in peace and good fellowship at the expense of Don Quixote, who was liberal to excess. He who carried the lances and halberts was off before day, and, after it was light, the scholar and the page came to take leave of Don Quixote, the one in order to return home, and the other to pursue his journey, and Don Quixote gave him a dozen reals to comfort him on the way. Master Peter had no mind to enter any farther into the game of question and answer with Don Quixote, whom he knew perfectly well; and therefore rose before the sun; and gathering up the fragments of his show, and taking his ape, sallied forth in quest of adventures of his own. The innkeeper, who knew not Don Quixote, was astonished alike at his madness and liberality. In short, Sancho, by order of his master, paid him handsomely; and about eight in the morning, bidding him farewell, they left the inn and went their way, where we will leave them, to attend to several other matters necessary to the better understanding of this famous history.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Wherein is shown Don Quixote's ill success in the braying adventure, which did not end so happily as he wished and expected.

Cid Hamet, the chronicler of this grand history, begins this chapter with these words: "I swear as a catholic Christian;" and his translator says, that by his swearing in this manner, he being a Moor, as undoubtedly he was, he meant nothing more than that, as the catholic Christian, when he swears, does, or ought, to speak and swear the truth, so did he, in writing of Don Quixote, and so especially will he do, in declaring who Master Peter was, and giving an account of his fortune-telling ape, who surprised all the villages round with his divinations. He then proceeds to observe, that whoever has read the former part of this history, must needs remember Gines de Passamonte, whom, among other galley-slaves, Don Quixote set at liberty

in the mountains; a benefit for which he had afterward small thanks, and worse payment, from that mischievous and misbehaving crew. This Gines, being afraid of falling into the hands of justice, which was in pursuit of him, in order to chastise him for his rogueries and crimes (which were so many and so flagrant that he himself wrote a large volume of them), resolved to pass over to the kingdom of Arragon, and, covering his left eye, he took up the trade of puppet-playing and legerdemain, both of which he understood perfectly. Afterwards, lighting upon some Christian slaves redeemed from Barbary, he purchased his ape, which he taught at a given signal to leap upon his shoulder, and mutter, or seem to mutter, something in his ear. This done, before he entered any town with his puppets and his ape, he informed himself in some neighbouring village, or where he best could, of what had happened in the town, and to whom; and bearing the circumstances carefully in his memory, he exhibited his show, which was sometimes of one story, and sometimes of another, but always pleasant, gay, and in general sufficiently known to his audience. The show ended, he then propounded the abilities of his ape, telling the company, that he disclosed all past and present things, but pretended to no knowledge of what were to come. His price for answering interrogatories was two reals, but he lowered it, according as he found the pulse of his clients beat; and in families of whom he knew particular anecdotes, if they were unwilling to pay, he would sometimes give the clue to his oracle, receive the communication, and then pour it forth gratis; and if he gained no money by this, the divination tallied so exactly with facts, that he gained both credit and followers. In general, indeed, being a shrewd fellow, his answers to questions, respecting which he was totally uninformed, came so pat, that, nobody hampering him with cross-examinations, or pressing him to tell by what means his ape divined, he gulled everybody, and filled his pockets. The moment he entered the inn he knew Don Quixote and Sancho, which made it easy for him to excite their wonder, and that of the bystanders. But it would have cost him dear had the knight directed his hand a little lower, when he cut off king Marsilius's head, and destroyed all his cavalry, as is related in the foregoing chapter.

After Don Quixote had left the inn, he resolved to take a sight of the river Ebro, and the country about it, before he went to Saragossa, since he was not straitened for time; but might do that, and yet arrive soon enough to make one at the jousts and tournaments in that city. Two days he travelled without meeting with anything worth his notice or the reader's; when on the third, as he was riding up a hill, he heard a great noise of drums, trumpets, and guns. At first he thought that some regiment of soldiers was on its march that way, which made him spur up Rozinante to the brow of the hill, that he might see them pass by: and then he saw in a bottom above two hundred men, as nearly as he could guess, armed with various weapons as lances, crossbows, partisans, halberts, pikes, some few firelocks and a great many targets. Thereupon he descended into the vale, and made his approaches towards the battalion so near as to be able to

distinguish their banners and observe their devices; more especially one that was to be seen on a standard of white satin, on which was represented to the life a little jackass, much like a Sardinian ass-colt, holding up his head, stretching out his neck, and thrusting out his tongue, in the very posture of an ass that is braying, with this distich written in fair characters about it—

"'Twas something more than nothing which one day
Made one and t'other worthy bailiff bray."

Don Quixote drew this inference from the motto, that those were the inhabitants of the braying town; and he acquainted Sancho with what he had observed, giving him also to understand, that the man who told them the story of the two braying aldermen was apparently in the wrong; since, according to the verses on the standard, they were two bailiffs, and not two aldermen.

"It matters not one rush what you call them," quoth Sancho; "for those very aldermen that brayed might in time come to be made bailiffs of the town; and so both those titles might have been given them well enough. But what is it to you or me, or the story, whether the two brayers were aldermen or bailiffs, so they but brayed as we are told? As if a bailiff were not as likely to bray as an alderman!"

In short, both master and man plainly understood that the men who were thus up in arms were those that were jeered for braying, got together to fight the people of another town, who had indeed abused them more than was the part of good neighbours; thereupon Don Quixote advanced towards them, to Sancho's great grief, who had no manner of liking to such kind of adventures. The multitude soon got about the knight, taking him for some champion who was come to their assistance. But Don Quixote, lifting up his vizor, with a graceful deportment rode up to the standard, and there all the chief leaders of the army got together about him, in order to take a survey of his person, no less amazed at this strange appearance than the rest. Don Quixote seeing them look so earnestly on him, and no man offer so much as a word or question, took occasion from their silence to break his own; and raising his voice, "Good gentlemen," cried he, "I beseech you with all the endearments imaginable, to give no interruption to the discourse I am now delivering to you, unless you find it distasteful or tedious; which, if I am unhappy enough to occasion, at the least hint you shall give me, I will put a seal on my lips and a padlock on my tongue." They all cried that he might speak what he pleased, and they would hear him with all their hearts. Having this licence, Don Quixote proceeded:—

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am a knight-errant; and my profession is to show favour to those that are in necessity, and to give assistance to those that are in distress. I am no stranger to the cause of your uneasiness, which excites you to take arms against your insulting neighbours; and having often reflected upon the motives which have brought you together, I have drawn this inference; that according to the laws of arms, you really injure yourselves in thinking yourselves

affronted; for no particular person can give an affront to a whole town and society of men, except it be by accusing them all of high treason in general, for want of knowing on which of them to fix some treasonable action, of which he supposes some of them to be guilty. Taking it for granted, then, that no particular person can affront a whole kingdom, province, city, commonwealth, or body politic, it is but just to conclude, that it is needless to revenge such a pretended affront; since such an abuse is no sufficient provocation, and, indeed, positively no affront. It would be a pretty piece of wisdom, truly, should those out of the town of Reloxa sally out every day on those who spend their ill-natured breaths miscalling them everywhere. It would be a fine business, indeed, if the inhabitants of those several famous towns that are nicknamed by our rabble, and called the one cheesemongers, the other costermongers, these fishmongers, and those soapboilers, should know no better than to think themselves dishonoured, and in revenge be always drawing out their swords at the least word, for every idle insignificant quarrel. No, no, Heaven forbid! men of sagacity and wisdom, and well-governed commonwealths, are never induced to take up arms, nor endanger their persons and estates, but on the four following occasions. In the first place, to defend the holy Catholic faith. Secondly, for the security of their lives, which they are commanded to preserve by the laws of God and nature. Thirdly, the preservation of their good name, the reputation of their family, and the conservation of their estates. Fourthly, the service due to their prince in a just war; and, if we please, we may add a fifth, which, indeed, may be referred to the second: the defence of our country. To these five capital causes may be subjoined several others, which may induce men to vindicate themselves, and have recourse even to the way of arms; but to take them up for mere trifles, and such occasions as rather challenge our mirth and contemptuous laughter than revenge, shows the person who is guilty of such proceedings to labour under a scarcity of sense. Besides, to seek after an unjust revenge (and indeed no human revenge can be just) is directly against the holy law we profess, which commands us to forgive our enemies, and to do good to those that hate us: an injunction, which though it seems difficult in the implicit obedience we should pay to it, yet is only so to those who have less of heaven than of the world, and more of the flesh than of the spirit. For the Redeemer of mankind, whose words never could deceive, said 'that his yoke was easy, and his burden light;' and according to that, he could prescribe nothing to our practice which was impossible to be done. Therefore, gentlemen, since reason and religion recommend love and peace to you, I hope you will not render yourselves obnoxious to all laws, both human and divine, by a breach of the public tranquillity."

"Verily," quoth Sancho to himself, "this master of mine must have been bred a parson; if not, he is as like one as one egg is like another."

Don Quixote paused awhile to take breath; and, perceiving his auditory still willing to give him attention, would have proceeded in his harangue, had not Sancho's good opinion of his own cleverness made him seize this opportunity to talk in his turn.

"Gentlemen," quoth he, "my master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, once called the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, and now the Knight of the Lions, is a very judicious gentleman, and talks Latin and his own mother-tongue as well as any of your 'varsity-doctors. Whatever discourse he takes in hand, he speaks to the purpose; he has all the laws and rules of punctilio and honour at his fingers' end; so that you have no more to do but to do as he says, and if in taking his counsel you ever tread awry, let the blame be laid on my shoulders. And, indeed, as you have already been told, it is a very silly fancy to be ashamed to hear one bray; for I remember when I was a boy, I could bray as often as I listed, and nobody went about to hinder me; and I could do it so rarely, and to the life, without vanity be it spoken, that all the asses in our town would fall a-braying when they heard me bray; yet for all this, I was an honest body's child, and came of good parentage, do you see; it is true, indeed, four of the best young men in our parish envied me for this great ability of mine; but I cared not a rush for their spite. Now, that you may not think I tell you a story, do but hear me, and then judge; for this rare art is like swimming, which, when once learned, is never to be forgotten!"

This said, he clapped both the palms of his hands to his nose, and fell a-braying so obstreperously, that it made the neighbouring valleys ring again. But while he was thus braying, one of those that stood next to him, believing he did it to mock them, gave him such a hearty blow with a quarter-staff on his back, that he brought him to the ground.

Don Quixote, seeing what a rough entertainment had been given to his squire, moved with his lance in a threatening posture towards the man that had used poor Sancho thus; but the crowd thrust themselves in such a manner between them, that the knight found it impracticable to pursue the revenge he designed. At the same time, finding that a shower of stones began to rain about his ears, and a great number of crossbows and muskets were getting ready for his reception, he turned Rozinante's reins, and galloped from them as fast as four legs would carry him, at the same time expecting at every step that he should be shot through the back, and have the bullet come out at his breast. But the country battalion were satisfied with seeing him fly, and did not offer to shoot at him.

As for Sancho, he was set upon his ass before he had well recovered his senses, and then they suffered him to move off; not that the poor fellow had strength enough to guide him, but Dapple naturally followed Rozinante of his own accord. The Don being at a good distance from the armed multitude, faced about, and seeing Sancho pacing after him without any troublesome attendants, stayed for his coming up. As for the rabble, they kept their posts till it grew

dark, and their enemies not having taken the field to give them battle, they marched home, so overjoyed to have shown their courage, without danger, that, had they been so well bred as to have known the ancient custom of the Greeks, they would have erected a trophy in that place.

CHAPTER LXV.

Of some things which he that reads shall know, if he reads them with attention.

When the valiant man flies, he must have discovered some foul play, and it is the part of prudent persons to reserve themselves for more favourable opportunities. This truth is verified in Don Quixote; who, rather than expose himself to the fury of an incensed and ill-designing multitude, prudently took himself out of their reach. Sancho came after him, as already narrated, laid across his ass, and having recovered his senses, overtook him at last, and let himself drop from his pack-saddle at Rozinante's feet, all battered and bruised, and in a sorrowful condition. Don Quixote presently dismounted to search his wounds, and finding no bones broken, but his skin whole from head to feet—

"You must bray," cried he angrily; "you must bray, must you! It is a piece of excellent discretion to talk of halters in the house of a man whose father was hanged. What counter-part could you expect to your music, blockhead, but a thorough-bass of bastinadoes? Thank Providence, sirrah, that as they gave you a dry benediction with a quarter-staff, they did not cross you with a cutlass."

"I haven't breath to answer you at present," quoth Sancho, "but my back and shoulders speak enough for me. Pray let us make the best of our way from this cursed place, and whene'er I bray again, may I be as well punished for it. Yet I cannot help saying, that your knights-errant can betake themselves to their heels, and leaave their trusty squires to be beaten like stock-fish in the midst of their enemies."

"A retreat is not to be accounted a flight," replied Don Quixote; "for know, Sancho, that courage which has not wisdom for its guide falls under the name of temerity; and the rash man's successful actions are rather owing to his good fortune than to his bravery. I own I did retire, but I deny that I fled; and in such a retreat I did but imitate many valiant men, who, not to hazard their persons indiscreetly, reserved themselves for a more fortunate hour. Histories are full of examples of this nature, which I do not care to relate at present, because they would be more tedious to me than profitable to thee."

By this time Don Quixote had helped Sancho to bestride his ass; and being himself mounted on Rozinante, they paced softly along, and got into a grove of poplar-trees, about a quarter of a league from

the place where they mounted. Yet as softly as they rode, Sancho could not help now and then breathing deep sighs and uttering lamentable groans. Don Quixote asked him why he made such a heavy moan? Sancho told him, that from his neck to his backbone he felt such grievous pain that he was ready to sink.

"Without doubt," said Don Quixote, "that is by reason that the staff by which thou wert struck was broad and long; and so, having fallen on those parts of thy back, caused a contusion there, and affects them all with pain; and had it been of a greater magnitude, thy grievances had been so much the greater."

"Truly," quoth Sancho, "you have cleared that in very pithy words of which nobody made any doubt. Was the cause of my ailing so hard to be guessed, that you must tell me that so much of me was sore as was hit by the weapon? But I find you are like all the world, that lay to heart nobody's harms but their own. I find whereabouts we are, and what I am like to get by you; for even as you left me now in the lurch, to be belaboured, and the other day to dance the caper-galliard in the blanket you wot of, so I must expect a hundred and a hundred more of these good things in your service; and as the mischief has now lighted on my shoulders, next time it may fly at my eyes. Would it not be better for me to trudge home to my wife and children, and look after my house, with that little wit that Heaven has given me, without galloping after you high and low, through cross-roads and bye-ways, eating ill, and drinking worse? Then, after a man has tired himself off his legs, when he would be glad of a good bed, to have a master cry, 'Here, are you sleepy? lie down, Mr. Squire, your bed is made: take six feet of good hard ground, and measure your body there; and if that wont serve you, take as much more, and welcome.'"

"I durst lay a wager," said Don Quixote, interrupting him, "that now thou art suffered to prate without interruption, thou feelest no manner of pain in thy whole body. Prithee talk on, my child; say anything that comes uppermost to thy mouth, or is burdensome to thy brain; so it but alleviates thy pain, thy impertinences will rather please than offend me; and if thou hast such a longing desire to be at home with thy wife and children, Heaven forbid I should be against it. Thou hast money of mine in thy hands: see how long it is since we sallied out last from home, and cast up thy wages by the month, and pay thyself."

"An' it like your worship," quoth Sancho, "when I served my master Carrasco, father to the bachelor, your worship's acquaintance, I had two ducats a month, besides my victuals: I don't know what you'll give me; though I am sure there is more trouble in being squire to a knight-errant than in being servant to a farmer; for truly, we that go to plough and cart in a farmer's service, though we moil a-days so as not to have a dry thread to our backs, let the worst come to the worst, are sure of a supper from the pot, and to sleep soundly in a bed. But I don't know when I have had a good meal's meat, or a good night's rest, in all your service, unless it were that short time when we were at Don Diego's house, and when I

made a feast on the savoury skimming of Camacho's cauldron, and eat, drank, and slept at Mr. Basil's."

"I grant all this, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "then how much more dost thou expect from me than thou hadst from thy master Carrasco?"

"Why, truly," quoth Sancho, "if your worship will pay me twelve-pence a month more than Thomas Carrasco gave me, I shall think it very fair, and tolerable wages; but then, instead of the island which you know you promised me, I think you cannot in conscience give me less than six-and-thirty pence a month more, which will make in all thirty reals, neither more nor less."

"Very well," said Don Quixote, "let us see then: it is now twenty-five days since we set out from home—reckon what this comes to, according to the wages thou hast allowed thyself, and be thy own paymaster."

"Ah, but," quoth Sancho, "we are quite out in our account; for as to the governor of an island's place, which you promised to help me to, we ought to reckon from the time you made the promise to this very day."

"Well, and pray how long is it?" asked Don Quixote.

"If I remember rightly," quoth Sancho, "it is about some twenty years ago, two or three days more or less."

With that Don Quixote fell a-laughing heartily.

"Why," cried he, "all my sallies, including the time I spent in the Sierra Morena, have hardly taken up two months; and hast thou the impudence to affirm it is twenty years since I promised the grant of the island? I am now convinced thou hast a mind to make all the money which thou hast of mine in thy keeping go for the payment of thy wages. If this be thy meaning, well and good; e'en take it, and much good may it do thee; for rather than be troubled any longer with such a varlet, I would contentedly see myself without a penny. Away, then, pack off with thy ass this moment, and get thee home, for thou shalt never stay in my service any longer. Oh, how much bread, how many promises, have I now ill bestowed on thee! Vile grovelling wretch, thou hast more of the beast than of the man! when I was just going to prefer thee to such a post, that in spite of thy wife thou hadst been called my lord, thou sneakest away from me. Well mightest thou say, indeed, that honey is not for the mouth of an ass. Thou art indeed a very ass—an ass thou wilt live, and an ass thou wilt die; for I daresay thou wilt never have sense enough while thou livest to know thou art a brute."

While Don Quixote thus upbraided and railed at Sancho, the poor fellow, all dismayed, and touched to the quick, beheld him with a wistful look, and the tears standing in his eyes for grief—

"Good sir," cried he, with a doleful voice, "I confess I want nothing but a tail to be a perfect ass; if your worship will be pleased but to put on one, I shall deem it well set on, and be your most faithful ass all the days of my life: but forgive me, I beseech you, and take pity on my youth. Consider I have but a dull headpiece of my own; and if tongue runs at random sometimes, it is because I am more fool than knave, sir—

'He who errs and mends,
To heaven himself commends.'"

"I should wonder much," said Don Quixote, "if thou shouldst not interlard thy discourse with some pretty proverb. Well, I will pardon thee this once, provided thou correct those imperfections, and showest thyself of a less craving temper. Take heart, then, and let the hopes which thou mayest entertain of the performance of my promise raise in thee a nobler spirit."

Matters being thus amicably adjusted, they entered the grove, where the Don laid himself at the foot of an elm, and his squire at the foot of a beech; for every one of those trees, and such others, has always a foot, though never a hand. Sancho had but an ill night's rest of it, for his bruises made his bones more than ordinarily sensible of the cold. As for Don Quixote, he entertained himself with his usual imaginations. However, they both slept, and by break of day were ready to continue their journey.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Of the famous adventure of the enchanted bark.

At the expiration of two days after leaving the grove of poplars, Don Quixote and Sancho, travelling as softly as foot could fall, came to the river Ebro, the sight of which gave Don Quixote great pleasure as he contemplated the verdure of its banks, the clearness of its waters, the smoothness of its current, and the abundance of its liquid crystal; and by the cheerful prospect, a thousand amorous thoughts were brought to his remembrance, and particularly what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; for though Master Peter's ape had told him that part of those things was true and part false, he inclined rather to believe them all true, Sancho's opinion notwithstanding, who considered the whole account as a complete tissue of lies.

As they sauntered along in this manner, they perceived a small bark, without oars or any sort of tackle, fastened to the trunk of a tree which grew on the brink of the river. Don Quixote, looking every way round, and seeing nobody, alighted without more ado, and ordered Sancho to do the same, and to tie the beasts fast to the body of a willow that opportunely presented itself. Sancho asked the reason of this hasty alighting and tying, and Don Quixote answered, "Thou must know, Sancho, that this vessel lies here for no other reason in the world but to invite me to embark and hasten to succour some knight, or person of high degree, who is in extreme distress; for such is the practice of enchanters in the books of chivalry, who when some knight happens to be engaged in a difficulty, from which he cannot be delivered but by the hand of another knight, though perhaps at the distance of two or three thousand leagues or more, they either snatch him up in a cloud or furnish him with a boat, and in less than the twinkling of an eye, carry him through the air or

over the sea, whither they list, or where his assistance is wanted. This bark therefore, O Sancho, as sure as it is now day, is placed here for the selfsame purpose; and before the day be spent, make haste to fasten Dapple and Rozinante securely together, and the hand of God be our guide, for I would not fail to embark, though barefooted friars themselves should entreat me to desist."

"Since it is so," answered Sancho, "and that your worship will every step be running into these same—how shall I call them?—extravagances, there is no remedy but to obey and bow the head, giving heed to the proverb, Do what your master bids you, and sit down by him at table. But for all that, as to what pertains to the discharge of my conscience, I must warn your worship that to my mind this same boat does not belong to the enchanted, but to some fishermen upon the river, for here they are said to catch the best shads in the world."

This remonstrance was made while he was tying the cattle, to leave them to the protection and care of enchanters, to the great grief of his soul. Don Quixote bid him be in no pain about forsaking either Dapple or Rozinante, for He who was to convey their riders through ways and regions of such longitude, would take care to feed them.

"I do not understand your longitudes," said Sancho, "nor have I heard such a word in all the days of my life."

"Longitude," replied Don Quixote, "means length; but no wonder thou dost not understand it, for thou art not bound to know Latin, though some there are who pretend to know a great deal of it, and are quite as ignorant as thyself."

"Well, now they are tied," quoth Sancho, "what must we do next?"

"What?" answered Don Quixote, "why, bless ourselves and weigh anchor; I mean, embark and cut the rope by which the vessel is fastened." And leaping into it, Sancho, following him, cut the cord, and the boat floated gently from the shore. When the squire saw himself a yard or two from the bank, he began to quake, fearing he should be lost; but nothing troubled him more than hearing his ass bray and seeing Rozinante struggling to get loose, and he said to his master—

"The ass brays, bemoaning our absence, and Rozinante is endeavouring to get loose to throw himself into the river after us. O dearest friends, abide in peace, and may the madness which separates us from you, converted into repentance, bring us quickly back to your sweet presence!" And he began to weep so bitterly that Don Quixote was angry, and said—

"Of what art thou afraid, cowardly creature? Why weepest thou, heart of butter? Who pursues, who hurts thee, soul of a house-rat? Or, in the midst of the bowels of abundance, what wantest thou, poor starveling? Art thou, peradventure, trudging barefoot over the Riphean mountains? No, but seated upon a bench, like an archduke, gliding smoothly down the stream of this charming river, whence in a short space we shall issue out into the boundless ocean. But doubtless we are there already, for we must have gone at least

seven or eight hundred leagues. If I had an astrolabe, to take the elevation of the pole, I would tell the exact distance we have sailed; though either I know little of navigation, or we have already passed, or shall presently pass, the equinoctial line, which divides and cuts the globe into two equal parts."

"And when we arrive at that same line your worship speaks of," quoth Sancho, "how far shall we have travelled?"

"A prodigious way," replied Don Quixote; "for of three hundred and sixty degrees contained in the terraqueous globe, according to the computation of Ptolemy, the greatest geographer in the world, we shall have traversed, when we come to that line, one half."

"By the Lord!" quoth Sancho, "your worship has brought a very pretty fellow, that same Tolmy, how d'ye call him? with his amputation, to vouch for the truth of what you say." Sancho continued, "I will do as your worship bids me, though my own eyes tell me that we are not five yards from the bank, nor fallen two below our cattle, for yonder stand Rozinante and Dapple in the very place where we left them; and, taking aim as I do now, I vow to God we do not move an ant's pace."

"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "make the trial I bid thee, and give thyself no further concern: for thou dost not know what belongs to colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoctials, planets, signs, points, and measures, of which the celestial and terrestrial globes are composed; for didst thou know all these things, or but a part of them, thou wouldst plainly perceive what parallels we have cut, what signs we have seen, what constellations we have left behind us, and what we are just now leaving."

The boat was now gliding down the river, moved by no secret influence nor by any concealed enchanter, but merely by the stream, which was then smooth and calm.

Proceeding in this manner they presently discovered a large water-mill standing in the midst of the river, and instantly Don Quixote exclaimed triumphantly to Sancho, "Behold, my friend, behold yonder appears the city, castle, or fortress, in which some knight lies under oppression; or some queen, infanta, or princess, in evil plight; for whose relief I am brought hither."

"What the devil does your worship mean by a city, fortress, or castle?" quoth Sancho; "do you not perceive that it is a mill, erected in the river for the grinding of corn?"

"Peace, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "for though it seems to be a mill, it is not so: have I not often told thee that enchantments transform and change things from their natural shape? I do not say they change them really from one thing to another, but they do so in appearance, as we experienced in the transformation of Dulcinea, the sole refuge of my hopes."

The boat, being now in the middle of the current, began to move a little faster than it had hitherto done. The millers seeing it coming thus adrift, and knowing that it must presently fall into the mill-stream, ran in haste with long poles to stop it; and, their faces and clothes being covered with meal, they made rather a ghostly appear-

ance, which was little mended by the manner in which they bawled to our knight and squire.

"Devils of men," said they, "where are you going? are ye desperate, that you have a mind to drown yourselves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels?"

"Did I not tell thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote at this juncture, "that we were come where I must demonstrate how far the valour of my arm extends? Look, what murderers and felons come out against me—perfect hobgoblins, thinking with their ugly countenances to scare us. But ye shall see, rascals, ye shall see!"

And, standing up in the boat, he began to threaten and revile the millers, exclaiming, "Ill-meaning and worse-advised scoundrels, set at liberty the person you keep under oppression in that your fortress or prison, be he of high or low degree; for know I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Lions, for whom, by order of the high heavens, the happy termination of this adventure is reserved."

And, drawing his sword, he began to fence with it in the air against the millers, who, hearing but not understanding his rhapsody, proceeded in their attempts to stop the boat, which was just entering into the eddy of the wheels. Sancho fell upon his knees, and prayed devoutly to Heaven to deliver him from so apparent a danger, which was effected by the diligence and agility of the millers, who, setting their poles against the boat, stopped it, though not so dexterously but that they overset it, and tipped Don Quixote and Sancho both into the water. It was well for the knight that he knew how to swim like a goose; nevertheless did the weight of his armour sink him twice to the bottom, and but for the millers, who threw themselves into the river, and, as it were, craned them both up, they must inevitably have perished.

When they were dragged on shore, more wet than thirsty, Sancho, kneeling, with hands joined and eyes uplifted, beseeched God, in a long and devout prayer, to deliver him thenceforward from the daring desires and enterprises of his master. And now came the fishermen, owners of the boat, which the mill-wheels had crushed to pieces; and, seeing it in this state, they began to strip Sancho, and demand reparation of his master, who, with great tranquillity, as if nothing had befallen him, told the millers and the fishermen he would pay for the boat with all his heart, upon condition they would deliver up to him, free and without ransom, the person or persons who were under oppression in their castle.

"What persons, or what castle dost mean, madman?" answered one of the millers: "wouldst carry off those who come to grind their corn at our mill?"

"Enough," thought Don Quixote to himself; "it will be preaching in the desert to endeavour, by entreaty, to prevail with such rapscallions to do anything that is honourable: and in this adventure two able enchanters must have engaged, the one frustrating the attempts of the other; one providing me with a bark, and the other

oversetting it: God help us! the world is nothing but machinations and tricks, plots and counterplots: I can, however, do no more."

Then, looking towards the mill, he raised his voice, and said, "Friends, whoever you are that are enclosed in this prison, pardon me, that, through my ill-fortune and yours, I am unable to deliver you from your affliction; this adventure being kept and reserved for some other knight."

Having said this, he compounded with the fishermen, and paid fifty reals for the boat, which Sancho disbursed much against his will, saying, "A couple more of such embarkations will sink our whole capital." The fishermen and millers stood for awhile gazing at these two figures, so much out of the fashion and semblance of other men; but not being able to comprehend either our knight's discourse or his questions, and considering both master and squire as madmen, they soon left them, and betook themselves to their mill, as the fishermen did to their huts; upon which Don Quixote and Sancho, like beasts themselves, returned to their beasts; and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

CHAPTER LXVII.

Of what happened to Don Quixote with a fair huntress.

SUFFICIENTLY out of humour did the knight and squire arrive at their steeds; especially Sancho, who was grieved to the very soul, to have touched their capital with so heavy a hand; all that was taken from thence seeming to him to be so much plucked from the very apples of his eyes. They mounted without exchanging a word, and quitted the famous river; Don Quixote buried in the thoughts of his love, and Sancho in those of his preferment, which he deemed for the present extremely remote: for, blockhead as he was, he saw well enough, that most, or all of his master's actions were extravagances, and he waited for an opportunity, without settling accounts or discharges, to walk off and march home. But fortune ordered matters quite contrary to his apprehensions.

It fell out, then, that the next day, about sunset, on their quitting a wood, Don Quixote cast his eyes over a green meadow, and saw several persons assembled at the farther side of it, who, he soon perceived, were taking the diversion of hawking. Drawing nearer, he observed among the group a gallant lady upon a palfrey, or milk-white pad, with green furniture, and a side-saddle of cloth interwrought with silver. The lady also was arrayed in green, and her attire so rich and so full of fancy, that fancy herself seemed transformed into her. On her left hand she carried a hawk; whence Don Quixote conjectured she must be a lady of high rank, and mistress of all the sportsmen about her, as in truth she was; and he said to Sancho, "Run, son Sancho, and tell that lady of the palfrey and the

hawk, that I, the Knight of the Lions, salute her resplendent beauty, and, if her highness give me leave, I will wait upon her to kiss her fair hands, and to serve her to the utmost of my power, in whatever her highness shall command: and take heed, Sancho, how thou demeanest thyself, and have a care not to interlard thy embassy with any of thy proverbs."

"You have hit upon a notable word," quoth Sancho; "interlarder, indeed; why this to me? as if this were the first time I had carried a message to high and mighty ladies in my life."

"Excepting that to the lady Dulcinea," replied Don Quixote, "I know of none thou hast carried, at least none from me."

"That is true," answered Sancho; "but a good paymaster needs no surety: and where there is plenty, dinner is not long a-dressing; I mean there is no need of advising me: for I am prepared for everything, and have a smattering of everything."

"I believe it, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "so, go in a good hour, and God be with thee."

Sancho went off at a round rate, forcing Dapple out of his usual pace, till he came where the fair huntress was; then alighting, and kneeling before her, he said, "Beauteous lady, that knight yonder, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master, and I am his squire, called at home Sancho Panza. This same Knight of the Lions, who not long ago was called he of the Rueful Countenance, sends by me to desire your grandeur would be pleased to give leave, that, with your liking, goodwill, and consent, he may approach and accomplish his wishes, which, as he says, and I believe, are no other than to serve your high-towering falconry and beauty: which, if your ladyship grant, you will do a thing that will redound to your grandeur's advantage, and he will receive a most signal favour and satisfaction."

"Truly, good squire," answered the lady, "you have delivered your message with all the circumstances which such embassies require. Rise up; for it is not fit the squire of so renowned a knight as he of the Rueful Countenance, of whom we have already heard a great deal, should remain upon his knees; rise, friend, and tell your master he may come and welcome; and that I and the duke are at his service in a country-seat we have at a little distance from hence."

Sancho rose up, in admiration as well at the good lady's beauty as her great breeding and courtesy, and especially at what she had said, that she had some knowledge of his master, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance: and, if she did not call him Knight of the Lions, he concluded it was because he had assumed that appellation so very lately. The duchess, whose title is not yet known, said to him, "Tell me, brother squire, is not this master of yours, he of whom there is spreading through the world a history in print, called The ingenious gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha, and who has for mistress of his affections one Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"The very same," answered Sancho; "and I myself am that squire of his, called Sancho Panza, who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that same history, unless they have changed me in the cradle, I mean in the press."

"I am very glad of all this," quoth the duchess: "go therefore, brother Panza, and tell your master, he is heartily welcome to my estate, and that nothing could happen to me that would have given me greater pleasure than his arrival."

With this agreeable answer, Sancho, infinitely delighted, returned to his master, to whom he recounted all that the great lady had said to him, extolling, in his rustic phrase, her beauty, good humour, and courteous behaviour, to the skies. Don Quixote, putting on his best airs, seated himself handsomely in his saddle, adjusted his vizor, enlivened Rozinante's mettle, and with a graceful assurance advanced to kiss the duchess's hand, who, having caused the duke her husband to be called, had informed him, while Don Quixote approached, of the purport of Sancho's message. As they had read the first part of this history, and learned from it the extravagant humour of the knight, they waited for him with impatience, expecting great pleasure from the visit, being fully determined to gratify his humour, and give him his own way, and treat him like a knight-errant, all the while he should stay, observing all the ceremonies usual in books of chivalry, of which they had read many, and were also extremely fond.

And now Don Quixote drew nigh with his vizor up; and Sancho, seeing him offer to alight, made all the haste he could to be ready to hold his stirrup. But as ill-luck would have it, as he was throwing his leg over his pack-saddle to get off, he entangled his foot so strangely in the rope that served him instead of a stirrup, that, not being able to get it out, he hung by the heel with his nose to the ground. On the other side, Don Quixote, who was used to have his stirrup held when he dismounted, thinking Sancho had hold of it already, lifted up his right leg over the saddle to alight; but as it happened to be ill girt, down it came with him to the ground; while he, confounded with shame, bestowed many a severe reproach on his poor squire, who was all the while held fast with his foot in the stocks. The duke seeing them in that condition, ordered some of his people to help them; and they raised Don Quixote, who was in no very good case with his fall. However, limping as well as he could, he went to pay his duty to the lady, and would have fallen on his knees at her horse's feet; but the duke alighting, would by no means permit it; and embracing Don Quixote, "I am sorry," said he, "Sir Knight, that such a mischance should happen to you at your first appearance in my territories; but the negligence of squires is often the cause of worse accidents."

"Most generous prince," said Don Quixote, "I can think nothing bad that could befall me here, since I have had the happiness of seeing your grace; for though I had fallen ever so low, the glory of this interview would raise me up again. My squire, indeed, is much more apt to set loose his saucy tongue than to gird a saddle well; but prostrate or erect, on horseback or on foot, in any posture, I shall always be at your grace's command, and no less at her grace's, your worthy consort. Worthy did I say? yes, she is worthy to be called the Queen of Beauty, and Sovereign Lady of all Courtesy."

"Pardon me there," said the duke, "noble Don Quixote de la Mancha; where the peerless Dulcinea is remembered, the praise of all other beauties ought to be forgotten."

Sancho was now got clear of the noose, and standing near the duchess,

"An't please your worship's highness," quoth he, before his master could answer, "it cannot be denied, nay, I dare vouch it in any ground in Spain, that my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is woundy handsome and fair. But 'where we least think, there starts the hare;' and 'he that makes one handsome pipkin may make two or three hundred;' and so, do you see, you may understand by this, that my Lady Duchess here does not a jot come short of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso."

Don Quixote, upon this, addressing himself to the duchess, "Your grace must know," said he, "that no knight-errant ever had such an eternal babbler, such a bundle of conceit for a squire, as I have; and if I have the honour to continue for some time in your service, your grace will find it true."

"I am glad," answered the duchess, "that honest Sancho has his conceits, which is a sign he is wise; for merry conceits, you know, sir, are not the offspring of a dull brain; and therefore, if Sancho be merry and jocose, I will warrant him also a man of sense. But, not to lose our time here, come, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance——"

"Knight of the Lions, your highness should say," quoth Sancho; "the Rueful Countenance is out of date; and so pray let the Lions come in play."

"Well, then," said the duke, "I entreat the Knight of the Lions to vouchsafe us his presence at a castle I have hard by, where he shall find such entertainment as is justly due to so eminent a personage, such honours as the duchess and myself are wont to pay to knights-errant that travel this way."

Sancho having by this time got Rozinante ready, and girded the saddle tight, Don Quixote mounted his steed, and the duke a stately horse of his own, and the duchess riding between them both, they moved towards the castle. She desired that Sancho might always attend near her; for she was extremely taken with his notable sayings. Sancho was not hard to be entreated, but crowded in between them, and made a fourth in their conversation, to the great satisfaction both of the duke and duchess, who esteemed themselves very fortunate in having an opportunity to entertain at their castle such a knight-errant and such an errant squire.

Sancho was overjoyed to find himself so much in the duchess's favour, flattering himself that he should fare no worse at her castle than he had done at Don Diego's and Basil's houses; for he was ever a cordial friend to a plentiful way of living, and therefore never failed to take such opportunities by the forelock wherever he met them. Now before they got to the castle, the duke rode away from them, to instruct his servants how to behave themselves toward Don Quixote; so that no sooner did the knight come near the gates, than he was met

by two of the duke's lackeys, in long vests of fine crimson satin, who, suddenly taking him in their arms, lifted him from his horse, and said to him, "Go, great sir, and assist our lady the duchess to dismount."

Don Quixote did so, and great compliments passed between them thereupon. But the obstinacy of the duchess prevailed, who would not descend from her palfrey, but in the arms of the duke, saying, she did not think herself worthy to charge so grand a knight with so unprofitable a burden. At length the duke performed the office.

And now, being entered into a large courtyard, there came two damsels, who threw a long mantle of fine scarlet over Don Quixote's shoulders. In an instant all the galleries about the courtyard were crowded with men and women, the domestics of the duke, who cried out, "Welcome, the flower and cream of knight-errantry!" Then they sprinkled bottles of scented water upon Don Quixote, the duke, and the duchess; all which agreeably surprised the Don, and persuaded him his knight-errantry was indeed more than mere fancy: for he found himself treated just as he had read that the brothers of the order were entertained in former ages.

They were now led up a stately staircase, and then into a noble hall, sumptuously hung with rich gold brocade. Here his armour was taken off by six young damsels, that served him instead of pages, all of them fully instructed by the duke and duchess how to behave themselves towards Don Quixote, so that he might look on his entertainment as conformable to those which the famous knights-errant received of old.

Don Quixote then retired and dressed himself, put on his belt and sword, threw his scarlet cloak over his shoulders, and clapped on a cap of green velvet, which had been left him by the damsels. Thus accoutred, he was led with great pomp, some of the attendants walking before and some behind, into the supper apartment, where a table was magnificently set out for four people.

As soon as he approached, the duke and the duchess came as far as the door to receive him, and with them a grave ecclesiastic, one of those that live in and govern great men's houses.

After a thousand courtly compliments on all sides, Don Quixote at last approached the table, between the duke and the duchess; and here arose a contest; for the knight, being offered the upper end of the table, thought himself obliged to decline it. However, he could not withstand the duke's pressing importunities, but was forced at last to comply. The parson sat right against him, and the duke and the duchess on each side.

Sancho stood by all the while, gaping with wonder to see the honour done his master; and observing how many ceremonies passed, and what entreaties the duke used to prevail with him to sit at the upper end of the table.

"With your worship's good leave," quoth he, "I will tell you what happened once in our town, in reference to this stir and ado that you have had now about places."

The words were scarce out of his mouth, when Don Quixote began to tremble, as having reason to believe he was about to say some im-

pertinent thing or other. Sancho had his eyes upon him, and, presently understanding his motions, "Sir," quoth he, "don't fear; I wont be unmannerly, I warrant you. I will speak nothing but what shall be to the purpose; I haven't so soon forgot the lesson you gave me about talking sense or nonsense, little or much."

"I don't know what thou meanest," said Don Quixote; "say what thou wilt, so thou do it quickly."

"Well," quoth Sancho, turning to the duke, "what I am going to tell you is every tittle true. Should I trip never so little in my story, my master is here to take me up, and give me the lie."

"Prithee," said Don Quixote, "trip as much as thou wilt for me; I wont be thy hindrance; but take heed, however, what thou sayest."

"Nay, nay," quoth Sancho, "let me alone for that; I have heeded it and reheeded it over and over, and that you shall see, I warrant you."

"Truly, my lord," said Don Quixote, "it were convenient that your grace should order this fellow to be turned out of the room, for he will plague you with a thousand impertinences."

"By the life of the duke," quoth the duchess, "Sancho must not stir a step; I'll engage for him, he shall say nothing but what is proper."

"Many and many happy years," quoth Sancho, "may your grace live, madam duchess, for your good opinion of me, though it is more your goodness than my desert. Now then for my tale.

"Once on a time a gentleman, of a good estate and family, for he was of the blood of the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married one Donna Mencia de Quinones, who was the daughter of Don Alonzo de Maranon, a knight of the order of St. Jago, the very same that was drowned in the Herradura, about whom that quarrel happened formerly in our town, in which I heard say that my master, Don Quixote, was embroiled, and little Tom, the mad-cap, who was the son of old Balvastro the farrier, happened to be sorely hurt—— Is not all this true now, master? Speak the truth, that their worships' graces may know that I am neither a prater nor a liar."

"Thus far," said the clergyman, "I think thou art the first rather than the latter; I can't tell what I shall make of thee by-and-by."

"Thou producest so many witnesses, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and mentionest so many circumstances, that I must needs own I believe what thou sayest to be true. But go on, and shorten thy story; for, as thou beginnest, I'm afraid thou'lt not have done these two days."

"Pray, don't let him shorten it," said the duchess; "let him go on his own way, though he were not to make an end of it these six days; I shall hear him with pleasure, and think the time pleasantly employed."

"This same gentleman, then," continued Sancho, "I know him as well as I know my right hand from my left, for it is not a bowshot from my house to his; this gentleman, I say, invited a husbandman to dine with him, who was a poor man, but main honest——"

"On, friend," said the chaplain; "at the rate you proceed your tale wont reach its end before you reach the other world."

"A little more of your Christian patience, good doctor," quoth Sancho. "Now, this same husbandman, as I said before, coming to this same gentleman's house, who had given him the invitation,—Heaven rest his soul, poor heart! for he is now dead and gone; and more than that, they say he died the death of an angel. For my part, I was not by him when he died, for I was gone to harvest-work at that very time to a place called Temblique."

"Prithee, honest friend," said the clergyman, "leave your harvest-work, and come back quickly from Temblique, without staying to bury the gentleman, unless you have a mind to occasion more funerals; therefore pray make an end of your story."

"You must know then," quoth Sancho, "that as those two were ready to sit down at table—I mean the husbandman and the gentleman——Methinks I see them now before my eyes plainer than ever I did in my born days—The husbandman would not sit till the gentleman had taken his place; but the gentleman made him a sign to put himself at the upper end.

"'By no means, sir,' quoth the husbandman.

"'Sit down,' said the other.

"'Good your worship,' quoth the husbandman.

"'Sit where I bid thee,' said the gentleman.

"Still the other excused himself, and would not; and the gentleman told him he should, as meaning to be master in his own house. But the over-mannerly looby, fancying he should be hugely well-bred and civil in it, scraped and cringed and refused, till at last the gentleman, in a great passion, even took him by the shoulders, and forced him into the chair.

"'Sit there, clodpate,' cried he; 'for let me sit wherever I will, that still will be the upper end, and the place of worship to thee.'

"And now you have my tale, and I think I have spoke nothing but what is to the purpose."

Don Quixote's face flushed with anger and shame, so that the duke and duchess were obliged to check their mirth when they perceived Sancho's roguish insinuation, that Don Quixote might not be put too much out of countenance. And therefore, to turn the discourse, that Sancho might not run into other fooleries, the duchess asked Don Quixote what news he had of the lady Dulcinea, and how long it was since he had sent her any giants or robbers for a present, not doubting but that he had lately subdued many such.

"Alas! madam," answered he, "my misfortunes have had a beginning, but I fear will never have an end. I have vanquished giants, elves, and cut-throats, and sent them to the mistress of my soul; but where shall they find her? She is enchanted, madam, and transformed to the ugliest piece of rusticity that can be imagined."

"I don't know, sir," quoth Sancho; "when I saw her last she seemed to be the finest creature in the varsal world; thus far, at least, I can safely vouch for her upon my own knowledge, that, for activity of body and leaping, the best tumbler of them all does not go beyond her. Upon my honest word, Madam Duchess, she will vault from the ground upon her ass like a cat."

"Have you seen her enchanted?" said the duke.

"Seen her!" quoth Sancho; "and who was the first that hit upon this trick of her enchantment, think you, but I? She is as much enchanted as my father."

The churchman, hearing them talk of giants, elves, and enchantments, began to suspect this was Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose history the duke so often used to read, though he had several times reprehended him for it, telling him it was a folly to read such follies. Being confirmed in his suspicion, he addressed himself very angrily to the duke, "My lord," said he, "your grace will have a large account to give one day for encouraging this poor man's follies. I suppose this same Don Quixote, or Don Quite Sot, or whatever you are pleased to call him, cannot be quite so besotted as you endeavour to make him by giving him such opportunities to run on in his fantastical humours?"

Then, directing his discourse to Don Quixote, "Hark ye," said he, "Signor Addlepate. Who has put it into your head that you are a knight-errant, and that you vanquish giants and robbers? Go, go, get you home again, look after your children, if you have any, and what honest business you have to do, and leave wandering about the world, building castles in the air, and making yourself a laughing-stock to all that know you or know you not. Where have you found that there ever has been, or are now, any such things as knights-errant? Where will you meet with giants in Spain, or monsters in La Mancha? Where shall one find your enchanted Dulcineas, and all those legions of whimsies and chimeras that are talked of in your account, but in your own empty skull?"

Don Quixote gave this reverend person a hearing with great patience; but at last, seeing him silent, without minding his respect to the duke and duchess, up he started with indignation and fury in his looks, and said—— But his answer deserves a chapter by itself.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Don Quixote's answer to his reprover; with other grave and merry accidents.

Don Quixote having thus suddenly got up, with his whole frame agitated with indignation, cast an angry look on his indiscreet censor, and thus spake—

"This place, the presence of these noble persons, and the respect I have always had for your function, check my just resentment, and tie up my hands from taking the satisfaction of a gentleman. For these reasons, and since every one knows that you gownmen, as well as women, use no other weapons but your tongues, I will fairly engage you upon equal terms, and combat you at your own weapon. I should rather have expected sober admonitions from a man of your cloth than infamous reproaches. Charitable and wholesome correc-

tion ought to be managed at another rate, and with more moderation. The least that can be said of this reproof, which you have given me here so bitterly and in public, is that it has exceeded the bounds of Christian correction, and a gentle one had been much more becoming. Is it fit that without any insight into the offence which you reprove you should, without any more ado, call the offender fool, sot, and addlepate? Pray, sir, what foolish action have you seen me do that should provoke you to give me such ill language, and bid me so magisterially go home to look after my wife and children, before you know whether I have any? Don't you think those deserve as severe a censure who screw themselves into other men's houses, and pretend to rule the master? A fine world it is truly when a poor pedant, who has seen no more of it than lies within twenty or thirty leagues about him, shall take upon him to prescribe laws to knight-errantry, and judge of those who profess it! You, forsooth, esteem it an idle undertaking, and time lost, to wander through the world, though scorning its pleasures and sharing the hardships and toils of it, by which the virtuous aspire to the high seat of immortality. If persons of honour, knights, lords, gentlemen, or men of any birth, should take me for a fool or a coxcomb, I should think it an irreparable affront. But for mere scholars, that never trod the path of chivalry, to think me mad, I despise and laugh at it. I am a knight, and a knight will I die, if so it please Omnipotence. Some choose the high road of haughty ambition; others the low ways of base, servile flattery; a third sort take the crooked path of deceitful hypocrisy; and a few, very few, that of true religion. I, for my own part, follow the narrow track of knight-errantry; and for the exercise of it I despise riches, but not honour. I have redressed grievances, and righted the injured, chastised the insolent, vanquished giants, and trod elves and hobgoblins under my feet. I am in love, but no more than the profession of knight-errantry obliges me to be. My intentions are all directed to virtuous ends, and to do no man wrong, but good to all the world. And now let your graces judge, most excellent duke and duchess, whether a person who makes it his only study to practise all this deserves to be upbraided for a fool."

"Well said, truly," quoth Sancho; "say no more for yourself, my good lord and master; stop when you are well; for there is not the least matter to be added more on your side. Besides, since Mr. Parson has had the face to say, point-blank, as one may say, that there neither are, nor ever were, any knights-errant in the world, no marvel he does not know what he says."

"What!" said the clergyman, "I warrant you are that Sancho Panza to whom they say your master has promised an island?"

"Ay, marry am I," answered Sancho; "and I am he that deserves it as well as another body; and I am one of those of whom they say, 'Keep with good men, and thou shalt be one of them; and of those of whom it is said again, 'Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fed;' as also, 'Lean against a good tree, and it will shelter thee.' I have leaned and stuck close to my good master, and kept him company this many a month; and now he and I are all

one; and I must be as he is; and so he live, and I live, he will not want kingdoms to rule, nor shall I want islands to govern."

"That thou shalt not, honest Sancho," said the duke; "for I, on the great Don Quixote's account, will now give thee the government of an odd one of my own of no small consequence."

"Down, down on thy knees, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "and kiss his grace's feet for this favour."

Sancho did accordingly, but when the clergyman saw it, he got up in a great heat.

"By the habit which I wear," cried he, "I can scarce forbear telling your grace, that you are as mad as these sinful wretches. Well may they be mad, when such wise men as you humour and authorize their frenzy. You may keep them here, and stay with them yourself, if your grace pleases; but for my part, I will leave you and go home, to save myself the labour of reprehending what I can't mend."

With that, leaving the rest of his dinner behind him, away he flung, the duke and the duchess not being able to pacify him; though, indeed, the duke could not say much to him for laughing at his impertinent passion.

When he had done laughing, "Sir Knight of the Lions," said he, "you have answered so well, that you need no farther satisfaction of the angry clergyman; especially if you consider that whatever he might say, it was not in his power to fix an affront on a person of your character, since women and churchmen cannot give an affront."

"Very true, my lord," said Don Quixote; "and I ought not to have any resentment for what that good man said, neither, indeed, have I any. I only wish he would have stayed a little longer, that I might have convinced him of his error in believing there were never any knights-errant in the world. Had Amadis, or any one of his innumerable race, but heard him say anything like this, I can assure his reverence it would have gone hard with him."

"I will answer for it, it would," quoth Sancho; "they would have undone him as you would undo an oyster, and have cleft him from head to foot as one would slice a pomegranate, or a ripe musk-melon. They were a parcel of tough blades, and would not have swallowed such a pill. I verily believe, had Rinaldo of Montalban but heard the poor man talk at this rate, he would have given him such a gag as would have secured him from prating these three years. Ay ay, if he had fallen into their clutches, see how he would have got out again."

The duchess was ready to die with laughing at Sancho, whom she thought a more pleasant fool and a greater madman than his master; and she was not the only person at that time of this opinion.

At last Don Quixote being calm, and dinner ended, the cloth was taken away, when there entered four damsels; one with a silver ewer, another with a silver basin, a third with two fine clean towels over her shoulder, and the fourth with her sleeves tucked up to her elbows, and in her white hands—for doubtless they were white—a wash-ball of Naples soap. She with the basin approached, and,

with a graceful air and assurance, thrust it under the beard of Don Quixote; who, without speaking a word, and wondering at the ceremony, believed it to be the custom of the country, instead of hands, to wash beards, and therefore stretched out his own as far as he could: instantly the ewer began to rain upon him, and the wash-ball damsel hurried over his beard with great dexterity of hand, raising large flakes of snow—for the lather was not less white—not only over the beard, but over the whole face of the obedient knight, insomuch that he was obliged to shut his eyes, whether he would or no. The duke and duchess, who were not in the secret, sat in anxious expectation of the issue of this extraordinary ablution. The barber-damsel, having lathered him completely, pretended that the water was all spent, and ordered the girl with the ewer to fetch more, observing that Signor Don Quixote would have the goodness to remain as he was till she came back, which he did, exhibiting the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable to the company, who seeing him with a neck half an ell long, and more than moderately brown, his eyes shut, and his whole visage thus in the suds, had need of great discretion to abstain from laughter. The damsels concerned in the jest held down their eyes, not daring to look at their lord and lady; who were divided between anger and attempts to maintain their gravity, not knowing whether to chastise the girls for their boldness, or reward them for the pleasure their device had afforded. At last the damsel of the ewer came, and an end being put to the washing of the knight, she who carried the towels, wiped and dried him with much deliberation; and all four at once, making him a profound reverence, were going off: but the duke, that Don Quixote might not suspect the jest, called to the damsel with the basin, saying, "Come and wash me too, and take care you have water enough."

The arch damsel obeyed, and putting the basin to the duke's chin, as she had done to that of Don Quixote, the ceremony was expeditiously repeated; and when he was washed, lathered, wiped, and dried, again dropping their curtsies, they withdrew. It was afterwards known, that the duke had sworn within himself, that had they refused to serve him, as they had served the knight, he would have punished them for their pertness; but by their ready compliance they discreetly made amends.

Sancho, who was very attentive to the ceremonies, said to himself, "Is it the custom, I wonder, of this place, to wash the beards of squires as well as of knights? On my conscience and soul I need it much: and, if they should give me a stroke of a razor, I should take it for a still greater favour."

"What are you muttering, Sancho?" quoth the duchess.

"I was saying, madam," answered Sancho, "that in the courts of other princes, I have always heard, that when the cloth is taken away, they bring water to wash hands, and not suds to scour beards: and therefore one must live long to see much; and he who lives a long life, must pass through many evils; not that I deem one of these same scourings an evil, for to my mind it must rather be a pleasure than a pain."

"Give yourself no concern, friend Sancho," quoth the duchess; "for I will order my damsels to wash you also. Here, Mr. Sewer, attend to what honest Sancho says, and do precisely as he would have you."

The Sewer answered, that Signor Sancho should in all things be punctually obeyed; and going himself to dinner, he took the squire with him, the duke and duchess remaining at table with Don Quixote, discoursing of many and various matters, but all relating to the profession of arms and chivalry.

The duchess entreated the knight, as he seemed to have so happy a memory, to delineate and describe the beauty and features of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; for, according to the voice of fame, she must needs be the finest creature in the whole world, and consequently in La Mancha.

With that Don Quixote, fetching a deep sigh, "Madam," said he, "could I pluck out my heart, and expose it to your grace's view, I might save my tongue the labour of attempting that which it cannot express, and you can scarce believe; for there your grace would see her beauty depainted to the life. But why should I undertake to delineate and copy one by one each several perfection of the peerless Dulcinea? That task were worthy of the pencils of Parrhasius, Timantes, and Apelles, or the graving tools of Lysippus. The hands of the best painters and statuaries should indeed be employed to give in speaking paint, in marble and Corinthian brass, an exact copy of her beauties; while Ciceronian and Demosthenian eloquence laboured to reach the praise of her endowments."

"Pray, sir," asked the duchess, "what do you mean by that word Demosthenian?"

"Demosthenian eloquence, madam," said Don Quixote, "is as much as to say the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the Ciceronian that of Cicero, the two greatest orators that ever were in the world."

"It is true," said the duke; "and you but showed your ignorance, my dear, in asking such a question. Yet the noble Don Quixote would highly oblige us if he would but be pleased to attempt her picture now; for even in a rude draught of her lineaments, I question not but she will appear so charming as to deserve the envy of the brightest of her sex."

"Ah, my lord," said Don Quixote, "it would be so indeed if the misfortune which not long since befel her had not in a manner razed her idea out of the seat of my memory; and as it is, I ought rather to bewail her change than describe her person; for your grace must know that as I lately went to kiss her hands, and obtain her benediction and leave for my intended absence in quest of new adventures, I found her quite another creature than I expected. I found her enchanted—transformed from a princess to a country-wench, from beauty to ugliness, from courtliness to rusticity, from a reserved lady to a jumping Joan—in short, from Dulcinea del Toboso to a peasantess of Sayago."*

* The territory of Yamora. The name is applied generally to the peasantry.

"Bless us!" cried the duke, with a loud voice, "what villain has done the world such an injury? Who has robbed it not only of the beauty that was its ornament, but of those charming graces that were its delight, and that virtue which was its living honour?"

"Who should it be," replied Don Quixote, "but one of those cursed magicians who have persecuted me, and will continue to do so, till they have sunk me and my lofty deeds of chivalry into the profound abyss of oblivion. Yes, they wound me in that part which they well know is most sensible, aware that to deprive a knight-errant of his lady, is to rob him of the eyes with which he sees, of the sun that enlightens him, and of the food that sustains him. For, as I have often said, a knight-errant without a lady is like a tree without leaves, a building without mortar, or a shadow without a body that causes it."

"I grant all this," said the duchess; "yet if we may believe the history of your life, which was lately published with universal applause, it seems to imply, to the best of my remembrance, that you never saw the lady Dulcinea, and that there is no such lady in the world; but rather that she is a mere ideal creature, proceeding from your own fancy, and there endowed with all the charms and good qualifications which you are pleased to ascribe to her."

"Much may be said upon this point," said Don Quixote. "Heaven knows whether there be a Dulcinea in the world or not, and whether she be an ideal creature or not. These are mysteries not to be so narrowly inquired into. I do indeed make her the object of my contemplations, and, as I ought, look on her as a lady endowed with all those qualifications that may raise the character of a person to universal fame. She is to me beautiful without blemish, reserved without pride, amorous with modesty, agreeable for her courteous temper, and courteous as an effect of her generous education, and, in short, of an illustrious parentage. For beauty displays its lustre to a higher degree of perfection when joined with noble blood than it can in those that are meanly descended."

"The observation is just," said the duke; "but give me leave, sir, to propose to you a doubt, which the reading of that history hath started in my mind. It is, that allowing there be a Dulcinea at Toboso, or elsewhere, and as beautiful as you describe her, yet I do not find she can any way equal in greatness of birth the Orianas, the Alastrajareas, the Madasimas, and a thousand others, of whom we read in those histories with which you have been so conversant."

"To this," said Don Quixote, "I answer that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own actions, and that virtue ennobles the blood. A virtuous man of mean condition is more to be esteemed than a vicious person of quality. Besides, Dulcinea is possessed of those other endowments that may entitle her to crowns and sceptres, since beauty alone has raised many of her sex to a throne."

"I must own, Sir Knight," said the duchess, "that in all your discourse, you, as we say, proceed with the plummet of reason, and fathom all the depths of controversy. Therefore I submit: and from this time I am resolved to believe, and will make all my domestics,

nay, my husband, too, if there be occasion, believe and maintain, that there is a Dulcinea del Toboso extant, and living at this day; that she is beautiful, and of good extraction; and to sum up all in a word, altogether deserving the services of so great a knight as the noble Don Quixote; which I think is the highest commendation I can bestow on her. But yet I must confess there is still one scruple that makes me uneasy, and causes me to have an ill opinion of Sancho. It is that the history tells us, that when Sancho Panza carried your letter to the lady Dulcinea, he found her winnowing a sack of corn; by the same token, that it was the worst sort of wheat, which makes me much doubt her quality."

"Your grace must know," answered Don Quixote, "that almost everything that relates to me is managed quite contrary to what the affairs of other knights-errant used to be. Whether the unfathomable will of destiny, or the implacable malice of envious enchanters, orders it so or no, I cannot tell. But I have good reason to believe that these magicians, finding they cannot work their wicked ends directly on me, revenge themselves on what I most esteem, and endeavour to take away my life by persecuting that of Dulcinea, in whom and for whom I live. And therefore the unfortunate lady must be thus enchanted, misused, disfigured, chopped and changed. My enemies, wreaking their malice on her, have revenged themselves on me, which makes me abandon myself to sorrow, till she be restored to her former perfections.

"I have been the more large in this particular that nobody might insist on what Sancho said of her sifting of corn; for if she appeared changed to me, what wonder is it if she seemed so to him? In short, Dulcinea is both illustrious and well-born, being descended of the most ancient and best families in Toboso, of whose blood I am positive she has no small share in her veins: and now that town will be no less famous in after ages for being the place of her nativity than Troy for Helen, though on a more honourable account.

"As for Sancho Panza's part, I assure your grace he is one of the most pleasant squires that ever waited on a knight-errant. Sometimes he comes out with such sharp simplicities, that one is pleasantly puzzled to judge whether he be more knave or fool. The varlet, indeed, is full of roguery enough to be thought a knave; but then he has yet more ignorance, and may better be thought a fool. He doubts of everything, yet believes everything; and when one would think he had entangled himself in a piece of downright folly beyond recovery, he brings himself off of a sudden so cleverly that he is applauded to the skies. In short, I would not change him for the best squire that wears a head, though I might have a city to boot; and therefore I do not know whether I had best let him go to the government which your grace has been pleased to promise him. Though I must confess his talents seem to lie pretty much that way; for, give never so little a whet to his understanding, he will manage his government as well as the king does his customs. Then experience convinces us that neither learning, nor any other abilities, are very material to a governor. Have we not a hundred of them

that can scarce read a letter, and yet they govern as sharp as so many hawks? Their main business is only to mean well, and to be resolved to do their best; for they cannot want able counsellors to instruct them. Thus those governors who are men of the sword, and no scholars, have their assessors on the bench to direct them. My counsel to Sancho shall be, that he neither take bribes nor lose his privileges; with some other little instructions, which I have in my head for him, and which at a proper time I will communicate, both for his private advantage and the public good of the island he is to govern."

Here the conversation ceased, and Don Quixote went to take his afternoon's sleep; but the duchess desired Sancho, if he were not very sleepy, to pass the afternoon with her and her women in a cool room. Sancho told her grace that indeed he did use to take a good sound nap, some four or five hours long, in a summer's afternoon; but to do her good honour a kindness, he would break an old custom for once, and do his best to hold up that day, and wait on her worship.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Of the conversation which passed between the duchess, her damsels, and Sancho Panza.

THE history proceeds to relate, that Sancho Panza did not take the indulgence that afternoon of his usual nap, but, to keep his word, went almost with the meat in his mouth to wait upon the duchess; who, delighted to hear him talk, made him sit down by her on a low stool, though, out of pure good manners, he would have declined it; but the duchess would have him sit as a governor, and talk as a squire, observing, that in both those capacities he deserved the very stool of the champion Cid Ruy Dias himself. Sancho shrugged up his shoulders, submitted, and sat down; and all the duchess's damsels and duennas placed themselves round, in profound silence, to hear what he would say. But the duchess began the conversation, observing: "Now that we are alone, and cannot be overheard, I should be glad if the signor governor would satisfy my mind as to a doubt or two I entertain, arising from what is said in the printed history of the great Don Quixote: one of which is, that as honest Sancho never saw Dulcinea, I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, nor carried her his master's letter, it being left in the pocket-book in the sable mountain, I am at a loss to account how he could have the presumption to feign the answer to that letter, and the story of his finding her winnowing wheat, so palpably absurd and untrue, so prejudicial to the good character of the peerless Dulcinea, and so unbecoming the function and fidelity of a trusty squire?"

At these words, without making any reply, Sancho rose from his stool, and, with a soft step, his body bent and his finger on his lips, crept round the room, lifting up the hangings; and this done, return-

ing to his seat in the same cautious manner, he said: "Now, madam, that I am sure nobody but the company hears us, I will answer, without fear, to what you have asked, and to all you may farther ask: and the first thing I shall tell your duchess-ship is, that I take my master Don Quixote for a downright madman, though sometimes he comes out with things which, to my thinking, and in the opinion of all that hear him, are so judicious and so well put together, that the demon himself could not speak better: and yet for all that, in good truth, and without any doubt, I am firmly persuaded he is mad. Now, having settled this in my mind, I dare undertake to make him believe anything, though it has neither head nor tail, like the business of the answer to the letter, and another jest of some six or eight days standing, which is not yet in print. I mean the transformation of my mistress Donna Dulcinea; for you must know, I made him believe she was enchanted, though there is no more truth in it than the story of the hills of Ubedá."*

The duchess desired him to tell her the particulars of that enchantment or jest: and Sancho recounted the whole, exactly as it had passed; at which the hearers were highly entertained; and the duchess, proceeding in her discourse, said: "From what honest Sancho has told me, a scruple has started into my head, and something whispers me in the ear, saying, 'Since Don Quixote de la Mancha is a fool, an idiot, and a madman, and yet Sancho Panza his squire knows it, who serves and follows him, and relies on his vain promises, without doubt he must be more mad and more stupid than his master: and this really being the case, it will turn to bad account, if to such a Sancho Panza you give an island to govern; for how should he, who knows not how to govern himself, know how to govern others?"

"By my faith, madam," quoth Sancho, "this same scruple comes in the nick of time: please your ladyship to bid it speak out plain, or as it lists; for I know it says true, and, had I been wise, I should have left my master long ere now; but such was my lot, and such my evil errantry. I can do no otherwise; follow him I must; we are both of the same town; I have eaten his bread; I love him; he returns my kindness; he gave me his ass-colts; and above all I am faithful; and it is impossible anything but the sexton's spade and shovel should part us. If your highness has no mind the government you promised should be given me, God made me of less degree, and the not giving it me may redound to the benefit of my conscience: for, as great a fool as I am, I understand the proverb, The pismire had wings to her hurt; and perhaps it may be easier for Sancho the squire to get to heaven than for Sancho the governor. They make as good bread here as in France; and, In the dark all cats are grey; and, Unhappy is he who has not breakfasted at three; and, No stomach is a span bigger than another, and may be filled, as they say, with straw or with hay; and, Of the little birds in the air, God himself takes the care; and, Four yards of coarse cloth of Cuenza are warmer than as many of fine

* Some forgotten legend probably.

Segovia serge; and, On leaving this world, and going into the next, the prince travels by as narrow a path as the labourer; and the Pope's body takes up no more room than the sexton's, though the one now be higher than the other; for, when we come to the grave, we must all shrink and lie close, or be made to shrink and lie close in spite of us: and so good night. Therefore I say again, that if your ladyship will not give me the island because I am a fool, I will be so wise as not to care a fig for it; for I have heard say, All is not gold that glitters; and Bamba the husbandman was taken from his ploughs, his yokes, and oxen, to be King of Spain; and Roderigo from his brocades, pastimes, and riches, to be devoured by snakes, if ancient ballads do not lie."

"How should they lie?" said the duenna Rodriguez, who was one of the hearers; "for I have seen the ballad, which tells us how he was shut up alive in a tomb full of toads, snakes, and lizards, and that two days after he was heard from within the tomb, crying with a mournful and low voice, 'Now they gnaw me, now they gnaw me;' and therefore is the gentleman wise in saying, he would rather be a peasant than a king, if such vermin must eat him up."

The duchess could not forbear laughing at the simplicity of her duenna, nor did she admire less the reasonings and proverbs of Sancho, to whom she said: "Honest Sancho knows full well, that, whatever a knight promises, he endeavours to perform, though it cost him his life. The duke, my lord and husband, though he be not of the errant order, is nevertheless a knight, and therefore will keep his word as to the promised island, in spite of the envy and wickedness of the world. Let Sancho be of good cheer; for when he least thinks of it, he shall find himself seated in the chair of state of his island and territory, and shall so handle his government, as to despise for it one of brocade three storey high. But I must charge him to take heed how he governs his vassals, remembering that they are all persons of good descent and approved loyalty."

"As to governing them well," answered Sancho, "there is no need of giving me any caution on that score; for I am naturally charitable and compassionate to the poor, and, None will dare the loaf to steal, from him that sifts and kneads the meal; and, by my beads, they shall put no false dice upon me: I am an old dog, and understand *tus, tus*,* and how to snuff my eyes in proper time, that cobwebs may not spread over them; for I know where the shoe pinches. This I say, that the good may be sure of having me, both heart and hand, but the bad shall have neither foot nor footing: and, in my opinion, as to the business of governing, the whole lies in the beginning; and perhaps, when I have been governor a fortnight, my fingers may itch after the office, and I may know more of its management than of the labour of the field, to which I was bred."

"You are in the right, Sancho," quoth the duchess; "for no one is born learned, and bishops are made of men, and not of stones. But,

* Words used in Spain to induce a dog to come near when it is intended to beat him.

to resume the subject we were just now upon, concerning the transformation of the lady Dulcinea; I am very certain that Sancho's design of putting a trick upon his master, and making him believe that the country-wench was Dulcinea, and that, if he did not know her, it proceeded from her being enchanted, was all a contrivance of some one or other of the evil beings who persecute Don Quixote: for really, and in truth, I know from good authority, that she, who jumped upon the ass, was, and is, Dulcinea del Toboso, and that honest Sancho, in thinking he was the deceiver, was himself deceived. Of this there can be no more doubt, than of things we never saw: for Signor Sancho Panza, if he does not know it, must permit me to tell him, that here also we have friendly enchanters, who love us, and tell us plainly and sincerely, without any tricks or devices, all that passes in the world: and believe me, Sancho, the jumping wench was Dulcinea herself, who is as much enchanted as the mother that bore her; and, when we least think of it, we shall see her in her own proper form; and then will Sancho be convinced of the mistake he now lives in."

"All this may very well be," quoth Sancho Panza, "and now I begin to believe what my master told of the cave of Montesinos, where he pretends he saw the lady Dulcinea del Toboso in the very same dress and garb, that I said I had seen her in, when I enchanted her for my own pleasure alone, as I supposed; whereas, as your ladyship says, it must have been quite the reverse: for it cannot be presumed that my poor invention should, in an instant, start so cunning a device, nor do I believe my master such a madman as to credit so extravagant a thing upon no better a voucher. But, madam, your goodness ought not, on that account, to look upon me as an ill-designing person; for a dunce, like me, is not expected to bore into the thoughts and crafty intentions of wicked enchanters. I invented that story to escape the chidings of my master, and with no design to offend him: and, if it has fallen out otherwise, God is in heaven, who judges the heart."

"That is true," quoth the duchess: "but tell me, Sancho, what were you saying of Montesinos' cave? I should be glad to know the story."

Sancho then related, with all its circumstances, what has been already told concerning that adventure; and the duchess no sooner heard it, than she said: "From this incident it may be inferred with certainty, that, since the great Don Quixote affirms that he beheld in that cave the very same country-wench whom Sancho saw coming out of Toboso, it could be no other than Dulcinea, and it shows that the enchanters round about are very busy and extremely curious."

"Well," quoth Sancho Panza, "all I say is, that if my lady Dulcinea del Toboso be enchanted, so much the worse for her; I do not think myself bound to engage with my master's enemies, who must needs be many and malicious. Most certain, however, it is, that she I saw was a country-wench; for a country-wench I took her; and a country-wench I judged her to be; and, if she was Dulcinea, it is not to be placed to my account, nor ought it to lie at my door. It would be fine indeed, if my name must be called in question at every turn, with

Sancho said this, and Sancho did that, Sancho went, and Sancho came; as if Sancho were whom they were pleased to make him, and not that very Sancho Panza, handed about in print all the world over, as Samson Carrasco told me, who is at least a candidate to be a bachelor at Salamanca. And such persons cannot lie, except when they have a mind to it, or it will turn to good account: so that there is no reason why any one should fall upon me, since I have a good name; and, as I have heard my master say, a good name is better than great riches. Case me but safely in this same government, and you will see wonders; for a good squire must necessarily make a good governor."

"All that honest Sancho has now said," quoth the duchess, "are Catonian sentences, or at least extracted from the very marrow of Michael Verino* himself, who 'florentibus occidit annis:' in short, to speak in Sancho's own way, A bad cloak often covers a good drinker."

"Truly, madam," answered Sancho, "I never in my life drank for any bad purpose: for thirst it may be I have; for I am no hypocrite: I drink when I have a mind, and when I have no mind, and when it is given me, not to be thought shy or ill-bred; for, when a friend drinks to one, who can be so hard-hearted as not to pledge him? But though I put on the shoes, I do not dirty them. Besides, the squires of knights-errant usually drink water; for they are always wandering about woods, forests, meadows, mountains, and craggy rocks, without meeting with the poorest pittance of wine, though they would give an eye for it."

"I believe so," answered the duchess: "but for the present, Sancho, go and repose yourself, and we will hereafter talk more at large upon these matters, and orders shall speedily be given about easing you, as you call it, in the government."

Sancho again kissed the duchess's hand, and begged of her, as a favour, that good care might be taken of his Dapple, for he was the light of his eyes.

"What mean you by Dapple?" quoth the duchess.

"My ass," replied Sancho; "whom, to avoid that name, I commonly call Dapple: and I desired this mistress duenna here, when I first came into the castle, to take care of him, and she was as angry as if I had said she was ugly or old."

"Enough," quoth the duchess; "leave the care of making much of your Dapple to me; for, being a jewel of Sancho's, I will lay him upon the apple of my eye."

"It will be sufficient for him to lie in the stable," answered Sancho; "for upon the apple of your grandeur's eye, neither he nor I are worthy to be placed for a single moment; and I would no more consent to it, than I would poniard myself: for, though my master says that, in complaisance, we should rather lose the game by a card too much than too little, yet, when the business is asses and eyes, we

* A young Florentine poet, whose distichs in imitation of Cato's were much admired.

should proceed cautiously, with compass in hand, and keep within measured bounds."

"Take him, Sancho," quoth the duchess, "to your government, and there you may regale him as you please, and set him free from further labour."

"Think not, my lady duchess, there would be anything extraordinary in that," quoth Sancho; "for I have seen more than one or two asses go to governments, and therefore it will be no new practice if I carry mine."

Sancho's reasonings renewed the laughter and satisfaction of the duchess; and, dismissing him to his repose, she went to give the duke an account of what had passed; and they agreed together to contrive, and have executed upon Don Quixote, some whimsical jest, in the true spirit of knight-errantry; and they played him many, so appropriate and ingenious, that they are esteemed some of the best adventures contained in this grand history.

CHAPTER LXX.

Containing ways and means for disenchanting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; being one of the most famous adventures in the whole book.

GREAT and increasing was the pleasure which the noble hosts received from the conversation of their singular guests; and, persisting in the design they had formed of playing them some tricks, which should carry the semblance and face of adventures, they took a hint from what Don Quixote had already told them of Montesinos' cave, to raise an extraordinary entertainment; choosing that subject from what the duchess, to her astonishment, had discovered of the simplicity of Sancho, who now believed that Dulcinea del Toboso was really enchanted, though he himself had been the sole contriver of the story, and her only enchanter.

Accordingly, having given directions to their servants that nothing might be wanting, and proposed a day for hunting the wild boar, in five or six days, they were ready to set out with a train of huntsmen and other attendants not unbecoming the greatest prince. They presented Don Quixote with a hunting-suit, but he refused it, alleging it superfluous, since he was in a short time to return to the hard exercise of arms, and could carry no sumpters nor wardrobes along with him; but Sancho readily accepted one of fine green cloth, designing to sell it the first opportunity.

The day appointed being come, Don Quixote armed, and Sancho equipped himself in his new suit, and mounting his ass, which he would not quit for a good horse that was offered him, he crowded among the train of sportsmen. The duchess also made one of the company. The knight, who was courtesy itself, very gallantly would hold the reins of her palfrey, though the duke seemed very unwilling to let him. In short, they came to the scene of their sport, which was in a wood between two high mountains, where alighting, and

taking their several stands, the duchess, with a pointed javelin in her hand, attended by the duke and Don Quixote, took her stand in a place where they knew the boars were used to pass through.

And now the chase began with full cry, the dogs opened, the horns sounded, and the huntsmen holloaed in so loud a concert, that there was no hearing one another. Soon after, a hideous boar, of a monstrous size, came on; and being baited hard by the dogs, and followed close by the huntsmen, made furiously towards the pass which Don Quixote had taken; whereupon the knight, grasping his shield and drawing his sword, moved forward to receive the raging beast. The duke joined him with a boar-spear, and the duchess would have been foremost, had not the duke prevented her. Sancho, alone, seeing the furious animal, resolved to shift for himself; and away he ran, as fast as his legs would carry him, towards a high oak, to the top of which he endeavoured to clamber; but, as he was getting up, one of the boughs unluckily broke, and he was tumbling down, when a stump of another bough caught hold of his new coat, and stopped his fall, slinging him in the air by the middle, so that he could neither get up nor down. His fine green coat was torn; and he fancied every moment the wild boar was running that way, with foaming mouth and dreadful tusks, to tear him to pieces; which so disturbed him that he roared and bellowed for help, as if some wild beast had been devouring him in good earnest.

At last the tusked boar was laid at his length, with a number of pointed spears fixed in him; and Don Quixote, being alarmed by Sancho's noise, which he could distinguish easily, looked about, and discovered him swinging from the tree with his head downwards, and close by him poor Dapple, who, like a true friend, never forsook him in his adversity. Don Quixote went and took down his squire, who, as soon as he was at liberty, began to examine the damage his fine hunting-suit had received, which grieved him to the soul; for he prized it as much as if it had made him heir to an estate.

Meanwhile, the boar, being laid across a large mule, and covered with branches of rosemary and myrtle, was carried in triumph by the victorious huntsmen to a large field-tent, pitched in the middle of the wood, where an excellent entertainment was provided, suitable to the magnificence of the givers of it.

Sancho drew near the duchess, and showing her his torn coat, "Had we been hunting the hare now, or catching sparrows," quoth he, "my coat might have slept in a whole skin. For my part, I wonder what pleasure there can be in beating the bushes for a beast which, if it does but come at you, may be the death of you. I have not forgotten an old song to this purpose:

> 'May Fabila's sad fate be thine,
> And make thee food for bears and swine.'"

"That Fabila," said Don Quixote, "was a king of the Goths; who, going a-hunting once, was devoured by a bear."

"That is it I say," quoth Sancho: "and therefore why should kings and other great folks run themselves into harm's way, when they may

have sport enough without it? what pleasure can you find, any of you all, in killing a poor beast that never meant any harm?"

"You are mistaken, Sancho," said the duke; "hunting wild beasts is the most proper exercise for knights and princes; for in the chase of a stout noble beast may be represented the whole art of war, stratagems, policy, and ambuscades, with all other devices usually practised to overcome an enemy with safety. Here we are exposed to the extremities of heat and cold; ease and laziness can have no room in this diversion; by this we are inured to toil and hardship, our limbs are strengthened, our joints made pliable, and our whole body hale and active. In short, it is an exercise that may be beneficial to many, and can be prejudicial to none; and the most enticing property is its rarity, being placed above the reach of the vulgar, who may indeed enjoy the diversion of other sorts of game, but not this nobler kind, nor that of hawking, a sport also reserved for kings and persons of quality. Therefore, Sancho, let me advise you to alter your opinion when you become a governor; for then you will find the great advantage of these sports and diversions."

"You are out far wide, sir," quoth Sancho; "it were better that a governor had his legs broken, and be laid up at home, than to be gadding abroad at this rate. It would be a pretty business, forsooth, when poor people come, weary and tired, to wait on the governor about business, that he should be rambling about the woods for his pleasure! There would be a sweet government truly! Truly, sir, I think these sports and pastimes are fitter for those that have nothing to do than for governors."

"I wish with all my heart," said the duke, "that you prove as good as you promise; but saying and doing are different things."

"Well, well," quoth Sancho, "be it how it will, I say that an honest man's word is as good as his bond. Heaven's help is better than early rising. My meaning is, that with Heaven's help, and my honest endeavours, I shall govern better than any gosshawk. Do but put your finger in my mouth, and try if I cannot bite."

"A plague on thee, and thy impertinent proverbs," said Don Quixote: "shall I never get thee to talk sense without a string of that disagreeable stuff?"

"Oh, sir," said the duchess, "Sancho's proverbs will always please for their sententious brevity, though they were as numerous as a printed collection; and I assure you I relish them more than I should do others that might be better, and more to the purpose."

After this, and such-like diverting talk, they left the tent, and walked into the wood, to see whether any game had fallen into their nets. Now, while they were thus intent upon their sport, the night drew on apace, and more cloudy and overcast than was usual at that time of the year, which was about midsummer; but it happened very critically for the better carrying on the intended contrivance. A little while after the close of the evening, when it grew quite dark, in a moment the wood seemed all on fire, and blazed in every quarter. This was attended with an alarming sound of trumpets, and other warlike instruments, answering one another from all sides, as if

several parties of horse had been hastily marching through the wood. Then presently was heard a confused noise of Moorish cries, such as are used in joining battle; which, together with the rattling of the drums, the loud sound of the trumpets and other instruments of war, made such a hideous and dreadful concert in the air, that the duke was amazed, the duchess astonished, Don Quixote was surprised, and Sancho shook like a leaf; and even those that knew the occasion of all this were affrighted.

This consternation caused a general silence; and by-and-by, one riding post, equipped like a fiend, passed by the company, winding a huge hollow horn.

"Hark you, post," said the duke; "whither so fast? what are you? and what parties of soldiers are those that march across the wood?"

"I go," cried the post, in a hideous unearthly tone, "in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha; and those that are coming this way are six bands of necromancers, that conduct the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso enchanted in a triumphant chariot. She is attended by that gallant French knight, Montesinos, who comes to give information how she may be freed from enchantment."

"Wert thou as much a demon," said the duke, "as thy horrid shape speaks thee to be, thou wouldst have known this knight here before thee to be that Don Quixote de la Mancha whom thou seekest."

"On my conscience," replied he, "I never thought of it; for I have so many things in my head, that it almost distracts me; I had quite forgotten my errand."

Then directing himself to Don Quixote, without dismounting: "To thee, O Knight of the Lions!" cried he, "(and I wish thee fast in their claws), to thee am I sent by the valiant but unfortunate Montesinos, to bid thee attend his coming in this very place, whither he brings one whom they call Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to give thee instructions touching her disenchantment. Now I have delivered my message I must fly."

This said, he winded his monstrous horn, and without staying for an answer, disappeared.

While Don Quixote stood pondering these things, "Well, sir," said the duke to him, "what do you intend to do? will you stay?"

"Stay!" cried Don Quixote, "shall I not? I will stay here, intrepid and courageous, though all the infernal powers enclose me round."

"So you may, if you will," quoth Sancho; "but if any more devils or horns come hither, they shall as soon find me in Flanders as here."

And now the night grew darker and darker, and several shooting lights were seen glancing up and down the wood, like meteors or exhalations from the earth. Then was heard a horrid noise, like the creaking of the ungreased wheels of heavy waggons, from which piercing and ungrateful sound bears and wolves are said to fly. This odious jarring was presently seconded by a greater, which seemed to

be the dreadful din and shocks of four several engagements, in each quarter of the wood, with all the sounds and hurry of so many joined battles. On one side were heard several peals of cannon; on the other, the discharging of numerous volleys of small-shot; here the shouts of the engaging parties that seemed to be near at hand; there, cries of the Moors, that seemed at a great distance. In short, the strange, confused intermixture of drums, trumpets, cornets, horns, the thundering of the cannon, the rattling of the small-shot, the creaking of the wheels, and the cries of the combatants, made the most dismal noise imaginable, and tried Don Quixote's courage to the uttermost. But poor Sancho was annihilated, and fell into a swoon at the duchess's feet; who, ordering some water to be sprinkled on his face, at last recovered him, just as the foremost of the creaking carriages came up, drawn by four heavy oxen, covered with mourning, and carrying a large lighted torch upon each horn. On the top of the cart or waggon was an exalted seat, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard as white as snow, and so long that it reached down to his girdle. He was clad in a long gown of black buckram, as were also two fiends that drove the waggons; both so very monstrous and ugly, that Sancho, having seen them once, was forced to shut his eyes, and would not venture upon a second look. The cart, which was stuck full of lights within, having come up, the reverend old man stood up and cried with a loud voice, "I am the sage Lirgandeo;" and the cart passed on without one word more being spoken. Then followed another cart, with another grave old man; who, making the cart stop at a convenient distance, rose up from his high seat, and in as deep a tone as the first cried, "I am the sage Alquife, great friend to Urganda the Unknown;" and so went forward. He was succeeded by a third cart, that moved in the same solemn pace, and bore a person not so ancient as the rest, but a robust and sturdy, sour-looking, ill-favoured fellow, who rose up from his throne, like the rest, and with a more hollow and diabolical voice cried out, "I am Archelaus the Enchanter, the mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul, and all his race;" which said, he passed by, like the other carts, which, taking a short turn, made a halt; and the grating noise of the wheels of the waggons ceasing, an excellent concert of sweet music was heard, which mightily comforted poor Sancho; and, passing with him for a good omen, "My lady," quoth he to the duchess, from whom he would not budge an inch, "there can be no mischief sure where there is music."

"Very true," said the duchess, "especially where there is brightness and light."

"Ay, but there is no light without fire," replied Sancho, "and brightness comes most from flames. Who knows but those about us may burn us! But music I take to be always a sign of feasting and merriment."

"We shall know presently what this will come to," said Don Quixote; and he said right, for you will find it in the next chapter.

CHAPTER LXXI.

Wherein is contained the information given to Don Quixote how to disenchant Dulcinea; with other wonderful passages.

When the pleasant music drew near, there appeared a stately triumphal chariot, drawn by six dun mules, covered with white, upon each of which sat a penitent, clad also in white, and holding a great lighted torch in his hand. The carriage was twice or thrice longer than any of the former, twelve other penitents being placed at the top and sides, all in white, and bearing likewise each a lighted torch, which made a dazzling and surprising appearance. There was a high throne erected at the farther end, on which sat a nymph arrayed in cloth of silver, with many golden spangles glittering all about her, which made her dress, though not rich, appear very glorious. Her face was covered with transparent gauze, through the flowing folds of which might be descried a most beautiful face; and, by the great light which the torches gave, it was easy to discern that, as she was not less than seventeen years of age, neither could she be thought above twenty. Close by her was a figure, clad in a long gown, like that of a magistrate, reaching down to its feet, and its head covered with a black veil. When they came directly opposite to the company, the hautboys that played before ceased, and the Spanish harps and lutes that were in the chariot did the like; then the figure in the gown stood up; and, opening its garments and throwing away its mourning veil, discovered a bare and frightful skeleton, that represented the deformed figure of Death; which startled Don Quixote, made Sancho's bones rattle in his skin for fear, and caused the duke and the duchess to seem more than commonly disturbed. This living Death thus standing up, as if not quite awake, muttered the following address—

"Merlin I am, miscall'd the devil's son
In lying annals, authorized by time;
Monarch supreme and great depository
Of magic art and Zoroastric skill;
Rival of envious ages, that would hide
The glorious deeds of errant cavaliers,
Favoured by me, and my peculiar charge.
Though vile enchanters, still on mischief bent,
To plague mankind their baleful art employ,
Merlin's soft nature, ever prone to good,
His power inclines to bless the human race.

"In hell's dark chambers, where my busied ghost
Was forming spells and mystic characters,
Dulcinea's voice (peerless Tobosan maid)
With mournful accents reach'd my pitying ears.
I knew her woe, her metamorphosed form,
From high-born beauty in a palace graced,
To the loathed features of a cottage wench.
With sympathizing grief I straight revolved
The numerous tomes of my detested art,

And, in the hollow of this skeleton
My soul enclosing, hither am I come,
To tell the cure of such uncommon ills.

"O glory thou of all that e'er could grace
A coat of steel, and fence of adamant!
Light, lantern, path, and polar star and guide
To all who dare dismiss ignoble sleep
And downy ease for exercise of arms,
For toils continual, perils, wounds, and blood!
Knight of unfathomed worth, abyss of praise,
Who blend'st in one the prudent and the brave:
To thee, great Quixote, I this truth declare;
That, to restore to her true state and form
Toboso's pride, the peerless Dulcinea,
Sancho upon himself is bound t' inflict
Three thousand lashes, and three hundred more,
Each to afflict and sting and gall him sore;
So shall relent the authors of her woes,
Whose awful will I for her ease disclose."

"What!" quoth Sancho, "three thousand lashes! I will not give myself three; I will as soon give myself three stabs. Mr. Merlin, if you have no better way for disenchanting the lady Dulcinea, she may even lie bewitched to her dying day for me."

"How now, opprobrious rascal! thou peasant stuffed with garlic," cried Don Quixote; "I will take you and tie your dogship to a tree, and there I will not only give you three thousand three hundred lashes, but six thousand six hundred, you varlet!"

"Hold!" cried Merlin, hearing this; "this must not be; the stripes inflicted on honest Sancho must be voluntary, without compulsion, and only laid on when he thinks most convenient. No set time is for the task fixed; and if he has a mind to have abated one-half of this atonement, it is allowed, provided the remaining stripes be struck by a strange hand, and heavily laid on."

"Neither a strange hand nor my own," quoth Sancho, "neither heavy nor light, shall touch my flesh. Is the lady Dulcinea mine, that my body must pay for the transgressions of her eyes? My master, indeed, who is part of her, since he calls her his life—his soul—he it is who ought to lash himself for her, and do all that is needful for her delivery; but for me to whip myself—no!"

No sooner had Sancho thus declared himself than the nymph who sat by the shade of Merlin arose, and throwing aside her veil, discovered a face of extraordinary beauty; and with a masculine air addressed herself to Sancho: "O wretched squire, with thy soul of flint! Hadst thou been required to throw thyself headlong from some high tower; hadst thou been desired to kill thy wife and children with some bloody and sharp scimitar, no wonder if thou hadst betrayed some squeamishness; but to hesitate about three thousand three hundred lashes, which there is not a wretched schoolboy but receives every month, it amazes, stupefies, and affrights all who hear it, and even all who shall hereafter be told it. Relent, malicious and evil-

minded man! be moved by my blooming youth, which is pining and withering beneath the vile bark of a peasant-wench; and if at this moment I appear otherwise, it is by the special favour of Signor Merlin here present, hoping that these charms may soften that iron heart; for the tears of afflicted beauty turn rocks into cotton, and tigers into lambs! Scourge, untamed beast, scourge thy brawny flesh, and rouse from base sloth that courage, which inclines thee only to gorge and gorge again; and by compliance set at liberty the sleekness of my skin, the gentleness of my temper, and the wonted charms of my face! If, for my sake, thou wilt not be mollified into any reasonable terms, be so for the sake of that poor knight there by thy side; thy master, I mean, whose soul I see sticking crosswise in his throat, not ten inches from his lips, waiting only thy rigid or mild answer to leap out of his mouth, or to return again to his stomach."

Don Quixote, hearing this, put his finger to his throat to examine, and turning to the duke, said: "Before God, sir, Dulcinea has spoken the truth; for here do I feel my soul sticking like the stopper of a crossbow."

"What say you to that, Sancho?" quoth the duchess.

"I say, madam," answered Sancho, "that, as to the lashes, I pronounce them."

"Renounce, you should say, Sancho," quoth the duke, "and not 'pronounce.'"

"Please your grandeur to let me alone," replied Sancho, "for I cannot stand now to a letter more or less; the thought of these lashes so torments me that I know not what I say or do. But I would fain know one thing from the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and that is, where she learnt her manner of asking a favour? She comes to desire me to tear my flesh with stripes, and at the same time lays upon me such a bead-roll of ill names that the devil may bear them for me. What! does she think my flesh is made of brass? Or that I care a rush whether she is enchanted or not? Where are the presents she has brought to soften me? All times are not alike, nor are men always in a humour for all things. At this moment my heart is ready to burst with grief to see this rent in my jacket, and people come to desire that I would also tear my flesh, and that too of my own goodwill; I having just as much mind to the thing as to turn Turk."

"In truth, friend Sancho," said the duke, "if you do not relent and become softer than a ripe fig, you finger no government of mine. It would be a fine thing, indeed, were I to send my good islanders a cruel, flinty-hearted tyrant, whom neither the tears of afflicted damsels nor the admonitions of wise, reverend, and ancient enchanters can move to compassion! Really, Sancho, I am compelled to say—no stripes no government."

"May I not be allowed two days, my lord," replied Sancho, "to consider what is best for me to do?"

"In nowise can that be," cried Merlin; "on this spot and at this instant you must determine; for Dulcinea must either return to

Montesinos' cave and to her rustic shape, or in her present form be carried to the Elysian fields, there to wait until the penance be completed."

"Come, friend Sancho," said the duchess, "be of good cheer, and show yourself grateful to your master, whose bread you have eaten, and to whose generous nature and noble feats of chivalry we are all so much beholden. Come, my son, give your consent, leave fear to the cowardly; a good heart breaks bad fortune, as you well know."

"Well," said Sancho, "since everybody tells me so, though the thing is out of all reason, I promise to give myself the three thousand three hundred lashes, upon condition that I may lay them on whenever I please, without being tied to days or times; and I will endeavour to get out of debt as soon as I possibly can, that the beauty of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso may shine forth to all the world; as it seems she is really beautiful, which I much doubted."

No sooner had Sancho pronounced his consent than the innumerable instruments poured forth their music, and volleys of musketry were discharged, while Don Quixote clung about Sancho's neck, giving him a thousand kisses; the duke and duchess, and all who were present, likewise testified their satisfaction. The car now moved on; and in departing, the fair Dulcinea bowed her head to the duke and duchess, and made a low curtsy to Sancho.

By this time the cheerful and joyous dawn began to appear, the flowrets of the fields expanded their fragrant beauties to the light, and brooks and streams, in gentle murmurs, ran to pay expecting rivers their crystal tribute. The earth rejoiced, the sky was clear, and the air serene and calm; all combined and separately giving manifest tokens that the day, which followed fast upon Aurora's heels, would be bright and fair. The duke and duchess, having happily executed their ingenious project, returned highly gratified to their castle, and determined on the continuation of fictions, which afforded more pleasures than realities.

CHAPTER LXXII.

Wherein is recorded the wonderful and inconceivable adventure of the afflicted Duenna, or the Countess of Trifaldi; and likewise Sancho Panza's letter to his wife Teresa Panza.

The whole contrivance of the last adventure was the work of the duke's steward; a man of a humorous and facetious turn of mind. He it was who composed the verses, instructed a page to perform the part of Dulcinea, and personated himself the shade of Merlin. Assisted by the duke and duchess, he now prepared another scene still more entertaining than the former.

The next day the duchess inquired of Sancho if he had begun his penance for the relief of his unhappy lady.

"Ay, truly, I have," said he; "for the last night I gave myself five lashes."

The duchess desired to know how he had given them.

"With the palm of my hand," said he.

"That," replied the duchess, "is rather clapping than whipping, and I am of opinion Signor Merlin will not be so easily satisfied. My good Sancho must get a rod of briars or of whipcord, for letters written in blood cannot be disputed, and the deliverance of a great lady like Dulcinea is not to be purchased with a song."

"Give me then, madam, some rod or bough," quoth Sancho, "and I will use it, if it does not smart too much."

"Fear not," answered the duchess, "it shall be my care to provide you with a whip that shall suit you exactly, and agree with the tenderness of your flesh as if it were its own brother."

"But now, my dear lady," quoth Sancho, "you must know that I have written a letter to my wife Teresa Panza, giving her an account of all that has befallen me since I parted from her; here it is in my bosom, and it wants nothing but the name on the outside. I wish your discretion would read it, for methinks it is written like a governor—I mean in the manner that governors ought to write."

"And who indited it?" demanded the duchess.

"Who should indite it but I myself, sinner as I am," replied Sancho.

"And did you write it too?" said the duchess.

"No, indeed," answered Sancho; "for I can neither read nor write, though I can set my mark."

"Let us see it," said the duchess; "for I daresay it shows the quality and extent of your genius."

Sancho took the letter out of his bosom, unsealed, and the duchess read as follows:—

Sancho Panza's letter to his wife Teresa Panza.

"If I have been finely lashed, I have been finely mounted up; if I have got a good government, it has cost me many good lashes. This, my dear Teresa, thou canst not understand at present; another time thou wilt. Thou must know, Teresa, that I am determined that thou shalt ride in thy coach, which is somewhat to the purpose; for all other ways of going are no better than creeping upon all fours, like a cat. Thou shalt be a governor's wife: see then whether anybody will dare to tread on thy heels. I here send thee a green hunting-suit, which my lady duchess gave me: fit it up so that it may serve our daughter for a jacket and petticoat. They say in this country that my master Don Quixote is a sensible madman and a pleasant fool, and that I am not a whit behind him. We have been at Montesinos' cave; and the sage Merlin, the wizard, has pitched upon me to disenchant the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who among you is called Aldonza Lorenzo. When I have given myself three thousand and three hundred lashes, lacking five, she will be free from enchantment. Say nothing of this to anybody; for, bring your affairs into council, and one will cry it is white, another it is black. A few days hence I shall go to the government, whither I go with a huge desire to get

money; and I am told it is the same with all new governors. I will first see how matters stand, and send thee word whether or not thou shalt come to me. Dapple is well, and sends thee his hearty service; part with him I will not, though I were to be made the great Turk. The duchess, my mistress, kisses thy hands a thousand times over; return her two thousand; for, as my master says, nothing is cheaper than civil words. God has not been pleased to throw in my way another portmanteau, and another hundred crowns, as once before; but, one way or another, thou art sure to be rich and happy.

"Thy husband the governor,

"SANCHO PANZA.

"From this castle, the 20th of July, 1614."

The duchess, having read the letter, said to Sancho: "In two things the good governor is a little out of the way; the one in saying, or insinuating, that this government is conferred on him on account of the lashes he is to give himself; whereas he cannot deny that, when my lord duke promised it to him, nobody dreamt of lashes: the other is, that he appears to be covetous, and I hope no harm may come of it; for avarice bursts the bag, and the covetous governor doeth ungoverned justice."

"Truly, madam, that is not my meaning," replied Sancho; "and if your highness does not like this letter, it is but tearing it, and writing a new one, which mayhap may prove worse, if left to thy mending."

"No, no," replied the duchess; "this is a very good one, and the duke shall see it."

They then repaired to a garden where they were to dine that day; and there Sancho's letter was shown to the duke, who read it with great pleasure. After dinner, as Sancho was entertaining the company with some of his relishing conversation, they suddenly heard the dismal sound of an unbraced drum, accompanied by a fife. All were surprised at this martial and doleful harmony, especially Don Quixote, who was so agitated that he could scarcely keep his seat. As for Sancho, it is enough to say that fear carried him to his usual refuge, which was the duchess's side, or the skirts of her petticoat; for the sounds which they heard were truly dismal and melancholy. While they were thus held in suspense, two young men clad in mourning robes trailing upon the ground, entered the garden, each of them beating a great drum, covered also with black; and with these a third playing on the fife, in mourning like the rest. These were followed by a personage of gigantic stature, enveloped in a robe of the blackest dye, the train whereof was of immoderate length, and over it he wore a broad black belt, in which was slung a mighty scimitar, enclosed within a sable scabbard. His face was covered by a thin black veil, through which might be discovered a long beard, white as snow. He marched forward, regulating his steps to the sound of the drums, with much gravity and stateliness. In short, his dark robe, his enormous bulk, his solemn deportment, and the funereal gloom of his figure, together with his attendants, might well produce the surprise that appeared on every countenance. With all

imaginable respect and formality he approached and knelt down before the duke, who received him standing, and would in nowise suffer him to speak till he rose up. The monstrous apparition, then rising, lifted up his veil, and exposed to view his fearful length of beard—the longest, whitest, and most luxuriant that ever human eyes beheld; when, fixing his eyes on the duke, in a voice grave and sonorous, he said, "Most high and potent lord, my name is Trifaldin of the White Beard, and I am squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Afflicted Duenna, from whom I bear a message to your highness, requesting that you will be pleased to give her ladyship permission to approach, and relate to your magnificence the unhappy and wonderful circumstances of her misfortune. But first, she desires to know whether the valorous and invincible knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, resides at this time in your castle; for in quest of him she has travelled on foot, and fasting, from the kingdom of Candaya to this your territory; an exertion miraculous and incredible, were it not wrought by enchantment. She is now at the outward gate of this castle, and only waits your highness's invitation to enter."

Having said this, he hemmed, stroked his beard from top to bottom, and with much gravity and composure stood expecting the duke's answer, which was to this effect: "Worthy Trifaldin of the White Beard, long since we have been apprised of the afflictions of my lady the Countess Trifaldi, who, through the malice of enchanters, is too truly called the Afflicted Duenna; tell her, therefore, that she may enter, and that the valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha is here present, from whose generous assistance she may safely promise herself all the redress she requires."

Trifaldin, on receiving the duke's answer, bent one knee to the ground; then giving a signal to his musical attendants, he retired, leaving all in astonishment at the majesty of his figure and deportment.

The duke, then turning to Don Quixote, said, "It is evident, Sir Knight, that neither the clouds of malice nor of ignorance can obscure the light of your valour and virtue: behold the afflicted and oppressed flock hither in quest of you from far distant countries; such is their confidence in the strength of that arm, the fame whereof spreads over the whole face of the earth!"

"I wish, my lord duke," answered Don Quixote, "that holy person who, but a few days since, expressed himself with so much acrimony against knights-errant were now here, that he might have ascertained, with his own eyes, whether or not such knights were necessary in the world. Let the afflicted lady come forward and make known her request, and, be it whatever it may, she may rely on the strength of this arm, and the resolute courage of my soul."

The duke and duchess were extremely delighted to find Don Quixote wrought up into a mood so favourable to their design; but Sancho was not so well satisfied.

"I should be sorry," said he, "that this madam duenna should lay any stumbling-block in the way of my promised government; for I

have heard an apothecary of Toledo, who talked like any goldfinch, say that no good ever comes of meddling with duennas. Odds my life! what an enemy to them was that apothecary! If, then, duennas of every quality and condition are troublesome and impertinent, what must those be who come in the doldrums? which seems to be the case with this same Countess Three-skirts, or Three-tails, for skirts and tails in my country are all one."

"Hold thy peace, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for as this lady duenna comes in quest of me from so remote a country, she cannot be one of those who fall under that apothecary's displeasure. Besides, thou must have noticed that this lady is a countess; and when countesses serve as duennas, it must be as attendants upon queens and empresses."

To this observation Donna Rodriguez, who was present, answered, "My lady duchess has duennas in her service who might have been countesses if fortune had pleased; but the law's measure is the king's pleasure: and let no one speak ill of duennas, especially of ancient maiden ones; for, though I am not of that number, yet I well know and clearly perceive the advantage a maiden duenna has over one that is a widow, though a pair of shears cut us all out of the same piece. But these squires are our sworn enemies; they can find no other pastime than reviling us. Foul slanderers! by my faith, if I were allowed, I would prove to all here present that there is no virtue that is not contained in a duenna."

"I am of opinion," quoth the duchess, "that my good donna is very much in the right; but she must wait for a more proper opportunity to finish the debate, and confute and confound the calumnies of that wicked apothecary, and also to root out the ill opinion which the great Sancho fosters in his breast."

"I care not to dispute with her," quoth Sancho, "for ever since the government has got into my head I have given up all my squireship notions, and care not a fig for all the duennas in the world."

This dialogue about duennas would have continued had not the sound of the drum and fife announced the approach of the afflicted lady. The duchess asked the duke whether it would not be proper for him to go and meet her, since she was a countess and a person of quality.

"Look you," quoth Sancho, before the duke could answer; "in regard to her being a countess, it is fitting your highness should go to receive her; but inasmuch as she is a duenna, I am of opinion you should not stir a step."

"Who desires thee to intermeddle in this matter, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"Who, sir," answered Sancho, "but I myself? Have I not a right to intermeddle, being a squire, who has learned the rules of good manners in the school of your worship? Have I not had the flower of courtesy for my master, who has often told me that one may as well lose the game by a card too much as a card too little; and a word is enough to the wise."

"Sancho is right," quoth the duke; "but let us see what kind of

a countess this is, and then we shall judge what courtesy is due to her."

The doleful musicians were followed by twelve duennas, in two ranks, clad in large mourning robes, with white veils of thin muslin that almost reached to their feet. Then came the Countess Trifaldi herself, led by her squire Trifaldin of the White Beard. She was clad in a robe which, had it been napped, each grain would have been of the size of a good ronceval-pea. The train, or tail, was divided into three separate portions, and supported by three pages, and spread out, making a regular mathematical figure with three angles; whence it was conjectured she obtained the name of Trifaldi, or Three-skirts. The twelve duennas, with the lady, advanced slowly, having their faces covered with black veils—not transparent, like that of the squire Trifaldin, but so thick that nothing could be seen through them. Don Quixote and all the other spectators rose from their seats; and now the attendant duennas halted, and, separating, opened a passage through which their afflicted lady, still led by the squire Trifaldin, advanced towards the noble party, who stepped some dozen paces forward to receive her. She then cast herself on her knees, and, with a voice rather harsh and coarse than clear and delicate, said, "I entreat your graces will not condescend to so much courtesy to this your handmaid; for my mind, already bewildered with affliction, will only be still more confounded."

"He must be wholly destitute of understanding, lady countess," quoth the duke, "who could not discern your merit by your person, which alone claims all the cream of courtesy, and all the flower of well-bred ceremony."

Then raising her by the hand, he led her to a chair close by the duchess, who also received her with much politeness.

During the ceremony Don Quixote was silent, and Sancho, dying with impatience to see the face of the Trifaldi, or of some one of her many duennas; but it was impossible till they chose to unveil themselves. All was expectation, and not a whisper was heard, till at length the afflicted lady began in these words—

"Confident I am, most potent lord, most beautiful lady, and most discreet spectators, that my most unfortunate miserableness will find in your generous and compassionate bowels a most merciful sanctuary; for so doleful and dolorous is my wretched state, that it is sufficient to mollify marble, to soften adamant, and melt down the steel of the hardest hearts. But before the rehearsal of my misfortunes is commenced, I earnestly desire to be informed whether this noble circle be adorned by the presence of that most renowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha and his squire Panza."

"That same Panza," said Sancho, before any one could answer, "stands here before you, and also Don Quixote; and therefore, most dolorous duenna, say what you will; for we are all ready to be your most humble servants."

Upon this Don Quixote stood up, and, addressing himself to the doleful countess, he said, "If your misfortunes, afflicted lady, can admit of remedy from the valour or fortitude of a knight-errant, the

little all that I possess shall be employed in your service. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose function it is to relieve every species of distress; you need not, therefore, madam, implore benevolence, nor have recourse to preambles, but plainly and without circumlocution declare your grievances, for you have auditors who will bestow commiseration, if not redress."

On hearing this the afflicted duenna attempted to throw herself at Don Quixote's feet, and, struggling to kiss them, said, "I prostrate myself, O invincible knight, before these feet and legs, which are the bases and pillars of knight-errantry, and will kiss these feet whose steps lead to the end and termination of my misfortunes! O valorous errant, whose true exploits surpass and obscure the fabulous feats of the Amadises, Esplandians, and Belianises of old!"

Then, leaving Don Quixote, she turned to Sancho Panza, and taking him by the hand, said, "O thou, the most trusty squire that ever served knight-errant in present or past ages, whose goodness is of greater extent than that beard of my usher Trifaldin; well mayest thou boast that, in serving Don Quixote, thou dost serve, in epitome, all the knights-errant that ever shone in the annals of chivalry! I conjure thee, by thy natural benevolence and inviolable fidelity, to intercede with my lord in my behalf, that the light of his favour may forthwith shine upon the humblest and unhappiest of countesses."

The duke and duchess could scarcely preserve their gravity, and were highly pleased with the ingenuity of the Countess Trifaldi, who, having seated herself, thus began her tale of sorrow—"The famous kingdom of Candaya, which lies between the Great Traprobana and the South Sea, two leagues from Cape Comorin, had for its queen the lady Donna Maguncia, widow of King Archipiela, who died, leaving the Infanta Antonomasia, their only child, heiress to the crown. This princess was brought up and educated under my care and instruction; I being the eldest and chief of the duennas in the household of her royal mother. Now, in process of time the young Antonomasia arrived at the age of fourteen, with such a perfection of beauty that nature could not raise it to a pitch higher; for she was as discreet as fair, and she was the fairest creature living; and so she still remains, if the envious fates and hard-hearted destinies have not cut short her thread of life. Her wondrous beauty attracted innumerable adorers; and princes of her own and every other nation became her slaves. Among the rest, a private cavalier of the court had the audacity to aspire to that earthly heaven; confiding in his youth, his gallantry, his sprightly and happy wit, with numerous other graces and qualifications. Indeed, I must confess to your highnesses, though with reverence be it spoken, he could touch the guitar to a miracle. He was, besides, a poet, and a fine dancer, and had so rare a talent for making bird-cages that he might have gained his living by it, in case of need. So many parts and elegant endowments were sufficient to have moved a mountain, much more the tender heart of a virgin. But all his graces and accomplishments would have proved ineffectual, had not the robber and ruffian first artfully contrived to make a conquest of me. The assassin and barba-

rous vagabond began with endeavouring to obtain my goodwill, and suborn my inclination, that I might betray my trust, and deliver up to him the keys of the fortress I guarded. In short, he so plied me with toys and trinkets, and so insinuated himself into my soul, that I was bewitched. But that which chiefly brought me down, and levelled me with the ground, was a copy of verses which I heard him sing one night under my window; and if I remember right, the words were these—

'The tyrant fair whose beauty sent
The throbbing mischief to my heart,
The more my anguish to augment,
Forbids me to reveal the smart.'

The words of his song were to me so many pearls, and his voice was sweeter than honey; and many a time since have I thought, reflecting on the evils I incurred, that poets—at least your amorous poets—should be banished from all good and well-regulated commonwealths; for instead of composing pathetic verses like those of the Marquis of Mantua, which make women and children weep, they exercise their skill in soft strokes and tender touches, which pierce the soul, and entering the body like lightning, consume all within, while the garment is left unsinged. Another time he sung—

'Come death, with gently stealing pace,
And take me unperceived away,
Nor let me see thy wished-for face,
Lest joy my fleeting life should stay.'

Thus was I assailed with these and such like couplets, that astonish, and when chanted are bewitching. But when our poets deign to compose a kind of verses much in fashion with us, called roundelays—then, alas! they are no sooner heard than the whole frame is in a state of emotion, the soul is seized with a pleasing delirium of all the senses. I therefore say again, most noble auditors, that such versifiers deserve to be banished to the Isle of Lizards; though, in truth, the blame lies chiefly with the idiots who suffer themselves to be deluded by such things; and had I been a wise and discreet duenna, the nightly chanting of his verses would not have moved me, nor should I have lent an ear to such expressions as 'Dying I live; in ice I burn; I shiver in flames; in despair I hope; I fly, yet stay;' with other flim-flams of the like stamp, of which such kind of writings are full. Then again, when they promise to bestow on us the Phœnix of Arabia, the crown of Ariadne, the ringlets of Apollo, the pearls of the South Sea, the gold of Tiber, and the balsam of Pencaya, how bountiful are their pens! how liberal in promises which they cannot perform! But woe is me, unhappy wretch! Whither do I stray? What madness impels me to dwell on the faults of others, who have so many of mine own to answer for? Woe is me again, miserable creature! No, it was not his verses that vanquished me, but my own weakness; music did not subdue me—no, it was my own levity, my ignorance and lack of caution that

melted me down, that opened the way and smoothed the passage for Don Clavijo—for that is the name of the treacherous cavalier. Thus being made the go-between, the wicked man was often in the chamber of the—not by him, but by me, betrayed Antonomasia—as her lawful spouse; for, sinner as I am, never would I have consented unless he had been her true husband, that he should have come within the shadow of her shoe-string! No, no, marriage must be the forerunner of any business of this kind undertaken by me; the only mischief in the affair was that they were ill-sorted, Don Clavijo being but a private gentleman, and the Infanta Antonomasia, as I have already said, heiress of the kingdom.

"For some time this intercourse, enveloped in the sagacity of my circumspection, was concealed from every eye. At length we laid our three heads together, and determined that Don Clavijo should demand Antonomasia in marriage before the vicar, in virtue of a contract signed and given him by the infanta herself, to be his wife, and so worded by my wit that the force of Samson could not have broken through it. Our plan was immediately carried into execution; the vicar examined the contract, took the lady's confession, and she was placed in the custody of an honest alguazil."

"Bless me," said Sancho, "alguvzils too, and poets, and songs, and roundelays in Candaya! I swear the world is the same everywhere! But pray get on, good Madam Trifaldi, for it grows late, and I am on thorns till I know the end of this long story."

"I shall be brief," answered the countess.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Wherein the Countess Trifaldi continues her stupendous and memorable history.

EVERY word uttered by Sancho was the cause of much delight to the duchess, and disgust to Don Quixote, who having commanded him to hold his peace, the afflicted one went on.

"After many questions and answers," said she, "the infanta stood firm to her engagement, without varying a tittle from her first declaration; the vicar therefore confirmed their union as awful man and wife, which so affected the Queen Donna Maguncia, mother to the Infanta Antonomasia, that three days after we buried her."

"She died then, I suppose," quoth Sancho.

"Assuredly," replied the Squire Trifaldin; "in Candaya we do not bury the living, but the dead."

"Nevertheless," said Sancho, "it has happened before now that people only in a swoon have been buried for dead; and methinks Queen Maguncia ought rather to have swooned than died in good earnest; for while there is life there is hope; and the young lady's offence was not so much out of the way that her mother should have taken it so to heart. Had she married one of her pages, or some

serving-man of the family, as I have been told many have done, it would have been a bad business and past cure; but as she made choice of a well-bred young cavalier of such good parts—faith and troth, though mayhap it was foolish, it was no such mighty matter; for, as my master says, bishops are made out of learned men, and why may not kings and emperors be made out of cavaliers, especially if they be errant?"

"Thou art in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for a knight-errant, with two grains of good luck, is next in the order of promotion to the greatest lord in the world. But let the afflicted lady proceed; for I fancy the bitter part of this hitherto sweet story is still behind."

"Bitter!" answered the countess, "ay, and so bitter that, in comparison, wormwood is sweet and rue savoury! The queen being really dead, and not in a swoon, we buried her; and scarcely had we covered her with earth and pronounced the last farewell, when—*Quis talia fando temperet a lacrymis?*—lo, upon the queen's sepulchre, who should appear, mounted on a wooden horse, but her cousin-german the giant Malambruno! Yes, that cruel necromancer came expressly to revenge the death of his cousin, and to chastise the presumptuous Don Clavijo and the foolish Antonomasia, both of whom, by his cursed art, he instantly transformed—her into a monkey of brass, and him into a frightful crocodile of some strange metal, fixing upon them at the same time a plate of metal engraven with Syriac characters, which being first rendered into the Candayan, and now into the Castilian language, have this meaning—'These two presumptuous lovers shall not regain their pristine form till the valorous Manchegan engages with me in single combat, since for his mighty arm alone have the destinies reserved the achievement of that stupendous adventure.' No sooner was the wicked deed performed, than out he drew from its scabbard a dreadful scimitar, and taking me by the hair of the head, he seemed preparing to cut my throat, or whip off my head at a blow. Though struck with horror, and almost speechless, trembling and weeping, I begged for mercy in such a moving tone and melting words, that I at last prevailed on on him to stop the cruel execution which he meditated. In short, he ordered into his presence all the duennas of the palace—being those you see here present—and after having expatiated on our fault, inveighed against duennas, their wicked plots, and worse intrigues, and reviled all for the crime of which I alone was guilty, he said, though he would vouchsafe to spare our lives, he would inflict on us a punishment that should be a lasting shame. At the same instant, we all felt the pores of our faces open, and a sharp pain all over them, like the pricking of needle-points, upon which we put our hands to our faces, and found them in the condition you shall now behold."

Hereupon the afflicted lady and the rest of the duennas lifted up the veils which had hitherto concealed them, and discovered their faces planted with beards of all colours—black, brown, white, and piebald. The duke and duchess viewed the spectacle with sur-

prise; and Don Quixote, Sancho, and the rest, were all lost in amazement.

"Thus," continued the Trifaldi, "hath the wicked and evil-minded felon Malambruno punished us—covering our soft and delicate faces with these rugged bristles:—would to Heaven he had struck off our heads with his huge scimitar, rather than have obscured the light of our countenances with such an odious cloud!"

Here, being overcome with the strong sense of her calamity, she fell into a swoon.

When Sancho saw the afflicted lady faint away, he said, "Upon the word of an honest man, I swear I never heard or saw, nor has my master ever told me, nor did such an adventure as this ever enter into his thoughts! A thousand devils overtake thee—not to say curse thee—Malambruno, for an enchanter and giant! Couldst thou hit upon no other punishment for these poor creatures than clapping beards upon them? Had it not been better to have whipt off half their noses, though they had snuffled for it, than to have covered their faces with scrubbing-brushes? And, what is worse, I'll wager a trifle they have not wherewithal to pay for shaving."

"That is true, indeed, sir," answered one of the twelve; "we have not wherewithal to satisfy the barber; and, therefore, some of us lay on plasters of pitch, which, being pulled off with a jerk, take up roots and all, and thereby free us of this stubble for awhile. As for the women, who, in Candaya, go about from house to house, to take off the superfluous hairs of the body, and trim the eyebrows for ladies, we, the duennas of her ladyship, would never have anything to do with them; for they are most of them no better than they should be; and, therefore, if we are not relieved by Signor Don Quixote, with beards we shall live, and with beards be carried to our graves."

"I would pluck off my own in the land of Moors," said Don Quixote, "if I failed to deliver you from yours."

"Ah, valorous knight!" cried the Trifaldi, having now recovered from her fainting-fit, addressing the knight: "Once again, then illustrious errant and invincible hero, let me beseech and pray that your gracious promises may be converted into deeds!"

"The business shall not sleep with me" answered Don Quixote; "therefore say, madam, what I am to do, and you shall soon be convinced of my readiness to serve you."

"Be it known, then, to you, sir," replied the afflicted dame, "that from this place to the kingdom of Candaya, by land, is computed to be about five thousand leagues, one or two more or less; but through the air in a direct line it is three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You are likewise to understand, that Malambruno told me that, whenever fortune should direct me to the knight who was to be our deliverer, he would send him a steed—not like the vicious jades let out for hire; but one of a very remarkable description, for it should be that very wooden horse upon which Peter of Provence carried off the fair Magalona, and which is governed by a peg in his forehead, serving instead of a bridle. This famous steed tradition reports to have been formed by the cunning hand of Merlin the

enchanter, who sometimes allowed him to be used by his particular friends, or those who paid him handsomely; and he it was who lent him to his friend the valiant Peter, when, as I said before, he stole the fair Magalona; whisking her through the air behind him on the crupper, and leaving all that beheld him from the earth gaping with astonishment. Since the time of Peter to the present moment, we know of none that mounted him; but this we know, that Malambruno, by his art, has now got possession of him, and by his means posts about to every part of the world. To-day he is here, to-morrow in France, and the next day in Potosi; and the best of it is, that this same horse neither eats nor sleeps, nor wants shoeing; and, without wings, he ambles so smoothly that, in its most rapid flight, the rider may carry in his hand a cupful of water, without spilling a drop. No wonder, then, that the fair Magalona took such delight in riding him."

"As for easy going," quoth Sancho, "commend me to my Dapple, though he is no high-flyer; but by land I will match him against all the amblers in the world."

The gravity of the company was disturbed for a moment by Sancho's observation; but the unhappy lady proceeded: "Now this horse," said she, "if it be Malambruno's intention that our misfortune should have an end, will be here this very evening; for he told me that the sign by which I should be assured of my having arrived in the presence of my deliverer would be, his sending me the horse thither with all convenient despatch."

"And pray," quoth Sancho, "how many will that same horse carry?"

"Two persons," answered the lady; "one in the saddle, and the other on the crupper; and generally these two persons are the knight and his squire, when there is no stolen damsel in the case."

"I would fain know," quoth Sancho, "by what name he is called."

"His name," answered the Trifaldi, "is not the same as the horse of Bellerophon, which was called Pegasus; nor is he called Bucephalus, like that of Alexander the Great; nor Brilladore, like that of Orlando Furioso; nor is it Bayarte, which belonged to Reynaldos of Montalvan; nor Frontino, which was the steed of Rogero; nor is it Boötes, nor Pyrois—names given, it is said, to horses of the sun; neither is he called Orelia, like the horse which the unfortunate Roderigo, the last king of the Goths in Spain, mounted in that battle wherein he lost his kingdom and his life."

"I will venture a wager," quoth Sancho, "since they have given him none of these famous and well-known names, neither have they given him that of my master's horse, Rozinante, which in fitness goes beyond all the names you have mentioned."

"It is very true," answered the bearded lady; "yet the name he bears is correct and significant; for he is called Clavileno el Aligero; whereby his miraculous peg, his wooden frame, and extraordinary speed are all curiously expressed; so that, in respect of his name, he may vie with the renowned Rozinante."

"I dislike not his name," replied Sancho; "but with what bridle or with what halter is he guided?"

"I have already told you," answered the Trifaldi, "that he is guided by a peg, by which the rider turning it this way and that, makes him go, either aloft in the air, or else sweeping, and, as it were, brushing the earth, or in the middle region—a course which the discreet and wise generally endeavour to keep."

"I have a mighty desire to see him," quoth Sancho; "but to think I will get upon him, either in the saddle or behind upon the crupper, is to look for pears upon an elm-tree. It were a good jest, indeed, for me, who can hardly sit my own Dapple, though upon a pannel softer than silk, to think of bestriding a wooden crupper, without either pillow or cushion! In faith, I do not intend to flay myself, to unbeard the best lady in the land. Let every one shave or shear, as he likes best; I have no mind for so long a journey; my master may travel by himself. Besides, I have nothing to do with it; I am not wanted for the taking off these beards, as well as the business of my lady Dulcinea."

"Indeed, my friend, you are," said the Trifaldi; "and so much need is there of your kind help, that without it nothing can be done."

"In the name of all the saints," quoth Sancho, "what have squires to do with their masters' adventures? Are we always to share all the trouble, and they to reap all the glory? Body o' me, it might be something if the writers who recount their adventures would but set down in their books, 'such a knight achieved such an adventure, with the help of such an one his squire, without whom he could not have done it.' I say, it would be something if we had our due; but, instead of this, they coolly tell us that 'Don Paralipomenon of the three stars finished the notable adventure of the six goblins,' and the like, without once mentioning his squire, any more than if he had been a thousand miles off; though mayhap he, poor man, was in the thick of it all the while. In truth, my good lord and lady, I say again, my master may manage this adventure by himself; and much good may it do him! I will stay with my lady duchess here; and perhaps when he comes back he may find Madame Dulcinea's business pretty forward; for I intend at my leisure times to lay it on to some purpose."

"Nevertheless, honest Sancho," quoth the duchess, "if your company be really necessary, you will not refuse to go: indeed, all good people will make it their business to entreat you; for piteous, truly, would it be, that through your groundless fears these poor ladies should remain in this unseemly plight."

"Ods my life!" exclaimed Sancho, "were this piece of charity undertaken for modest maidens, or poor charity-girls, a man might engage to undergo something; but to take all this trouble to rid duennas of their beards—plague take them! I had rather see the whole finical and squeamish tribe bearded, from the highest to the lowest of them!"

"You seem to be upon bad terms with duennas, friend Sancho,"

said the duchess, "and are of the same mind as the Toledan apothecary; but, in truth, you are in the wrong; for I have duennas in my family who might serve as models to all duennas; and here is my Donna Rodriguez, who will not allow me to say otherwise."

"Enough, your excellency," quoth Don Quixote; "as for you, lady Trifaldi, and your persecuted friends, I trust that Heaven will speedily look with a pitying eye upon your sorrows, and that Sancho will do his duty in obedience to my wishes. Would that Clavelino were here, and on his back Malambruno himself; for I am confident no razor would more easily shave your ladyships' beards, than my sword shall shave off Malambruno's head from his shoulders! If Heaven in its wisdom permits the wicked to prosper, it is but for a time."

"Ah, valorous knight!" exclaimed the afflicted lady, "may all the stars of the celestial regions regard your excellency with eyes of benignity, and impart strength to your arm, and courage to your heart, to be the shield and refuge of the reviled and oppressed duennian order, abominated by apothecaries, calumniated by squires, and scoffed at by pages!"



CHAPTER LXXIV.

Of the arrival of Clavileno; with the conclusion of this prolix adventure.

EVENING now came on, which was the time when the famous horse Clavileno was expected to arrive, whose delay troubled Don Quixote. When lo, on a sudden, four savages entered the garden, all clad in green ivy, and bearing on their shoulders a large wooden horse. They set him upon his legs on the ground, and one of the savages said, "Let the knight mount who has the courage to bestride this wondrous machine."

"Not I," quoth Sancho; "for neither have I courage, nor am I knight."

"And let the squire, if he has one," continued the savage, "mount the crupper, and trust to valorous Malambruno; for no other shall do him harm. Turn but the pin on his forehead, and he will rush through the air to the spot where Malambruno waits; and to shun the danger of a lofty flight, let the eyes of the riders be covered till the neighing of the horse shall give the signal of his completed journey."

Having thus spoken, he left Clavileno, and with courteous demeanour departed with his companions.

The afflicted lady no sooner perceived the horse than almost with tears, addressing herself to Don Quixote, "Valorous knight," said she, "Malambruno has kept his word; here is the horse. Mount, therefore, with your squire behind you, and give a happy beginning to your journey."

"Madam," said Don Quixote, "I will do it with all my heart, without waiting for either cushion or spurs: so great is my desire to see your ladyship and these your unfortunate friends rescued."

"That will not I," quoth Sancho, "either with a bad or a good will; and if this shaving cannot be done without my mounting, let my master seek some other squire, or these madams some other barber; for being no wizard, I have no stomach for these journeys. What will my islanders say when they hear that their governor goes riding upon the wind? Besides, it is three thousand leagues from here to Candaya,—what if the horse should tire upon the road, or the giant be fickle and change his mind? Seven years, at least, it would take us to travel home, and by that time I should have neither island nor islanders that would own me! No, no, I know better things; I know, too, that delay breeds danger; and when they bring you a heifer, be ready with a rope."

"Friend Sancho," said the duke, "your island neither floats nor stirs, and therefore it will keep till your return; and as you know that all offices of any value are obtained by some consideration, what I expect in return for this government I have conferred upon you, is only that you attend your master on this memorable occasion; and whether you return upon Clavileno with the expedition his speed promises, or be it your fortune to return on foot, like a pilgrim, from house to house, and from inn to inn—however it may be, you will find your island where you left it, and your islanders with the same desire to receive you for their governor. My goodwill is equally unchangeable; and to doubt that, Signor Sancho, would be a notorious injury to the inclination I have to serve you."

"Good, your worship, say no more," quoth Sancho; "I am a poor squire, and my shoulders cannot bear the weight of so much kindness. Let my master mount; let my eyes be covered, and good luck go with us. But tell me, when we are aloft, may I not say my prayers, and entreat the saints and angels to help me?"

"Yes, surely," answered the Trifaldi, "you may invoke whomsoever you please; for Malambruno is a Christian, and performs his enchantments with great discretion and much precaution.

"Well, let us away," quoth Sancho, "and Heaven prosper us!"

"Since the memorable business of the fulling-mills," said Don Quixote, "I have never seen thee, Sancho, in such trepidation: and were I as superstitious as some people, this extraordinary fear of thine would a little discourage me. But come hither, friend; for, with the leave of these nobles, I would speak a word or two with thee in private."

Don Quixote then drew aside Sancho among some trees out of hearing; and taking hold of both his hands said to him: "Thou seest, my good Sancho, the long journey we are about to undertake; the period of our return is uncertain, and Heaven alone knows what leisure or convenience our affairs may admit during our absence; I earnestly beg, therefore, now that opportunity serves, thou wilt retire to thy chamber, as if to fetch something necessary for the journey, and there, in a trice, give thyself, if it be but five hundred lashes, in part of the three thousand and three hundred for which thou art pledged; for work well begun is half ended."

"By my soul," quoth Sancho, "your worship is stark mad! Verily, verily, your worship is out of all reason. Let us go and shave these duennas; and on my return, I promise to make such despatch in getting out of debt that your worship shall be contented—can I say more?"

"With that promise," said Don Quixote, "I feel somewhat comforted, and believe thou wilt perform it; for though thou art not overwise, thou art staunch in thy integrity."

The knight and squire now returned to the company; and as they were preparing to mount Clavileno, Don Quixote said: "Hoodwink thyself, Sancho, and get up: he that sends for us from countries so remote cannot surely intend to betray us, for he would gain little glory by deceiving those who confide in him. And supposing the success of the adventure should not be equal to our hopes, yet of the glory of so brave an attempt, no malice can deprive us."

"Let us begone, sir," quoth Sancho, "for the beards and tears of these ladies have pierced my heart, and I shall not eat to do me good till I see them smooth again. Mount, sir, and hoodwink first; for if I am to have the crupper, your worship, who sits in the saddle, must get up first."

"That is true," replied Don Quixote; and pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, he requested the afflicted lady to place the bandage over his eyes; but it was no sooner done than he uncovered them again, saying, "I remember to have read, in the Æneid of Virgil, that the fatal wooden horse, dedicated by the Greeks to their tutelary goddess Minerva, was filled with armed knights, who by that stratagem got admittance into Troy, and wrought its downfall. Will it not therefore be prudent, before I trust myself upon Clavileno, to examine what may be in his belly?"

"There is no need of that," said the Trifaldi; "for I am confident Malambruno has nothing in him of the traitor: your worship may mount him without fear; and should any harm ensue, let the blame fall on me alone."

Don Quixote, now considering that to betray any further doubts would be a reflection on his courage, vaulted at once into his saddle. He then tried the pin, which he found would turn very easily; stirrups he had none; so that with his legs dangling, he looked like a figure in some Roman triumph, woven in Flemish tapestry.

Very slowly, and much against his will, Sancho then got up behind, fixing himself as well as he could upon the crupper; and finding it very deficient in softness, he humbly begged the duke to accommodate him, if possible, with some pillow or cushion, though it were from the duchess's state sofa, or from one of the page's beds, as the horse's crupper seemed rather to be of marble than of wood; but the Trifaldi interfering, assured him that Clavileno would not endure any more furniture upon him, but that, by sitting sideways, as women ride, he would find himself greatly relieved. Sancho followed her advice; and after taking leave of the company, he suffered his eyes to be covered. But, soon after, he raised the bandage, and looking sorrowfully at his friends begged them, with a countenance of woe, to assist him at that perilous crisis with a few Paternosters and Ave-marias, as they hoped for the same charity from others when in the like extremity.

They were now blindfolded, and Don Quixote feeling himself firmly seated, put his hand to the peg, upon which all the duennas and the whole company raised their voices at once, calling out, "Speed you well, valorous knight! Heaven guide thee, undaunted squire! Now you fly aloft!—See how they cut the air more swiftly than an arrow! Now they mount and soar, and astonish the world below! Steady, steady, valorous Sancho! you seem to reel and totter in your seat—beware of falling; for, should you drop from that tremendous height, your fall will be more terrible than that of Phaeton!"

Sancho hearing all this, pressed closer to his master; and grasping him fast, he said, "How can they say that we are got so high, when we hear them as plain as if they were close by us?"

"Take no heed of that, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for, in these extraordinary flights, to see or hear a thousand leagues is nothing—but squeeze me not quite so hard, good Sancho, or thou wilt unhorse me. In truth I see not why thou shouldst be so alarmed, for I can safely swear an easier-paced steed I never rode in all my life; indeed, it goes as glibly as if it did not move at all! Banish fear, my friend, the business goes on swimmingly, with a gale fresh and fair behind us."

"I think so too," quoth Sancho; "for I feel the wind here as if a thousand pairs of bellows were puffing at my tail."

And, indeed, this was the fact, as sundry large bellows were just then pouring upon them an artificial storm: in truth, so well was this adventure managed and contrived that nothing was wanting to make it complete. Don Quixote now feeling the wind, "Without doubt," said he, "we have now reached the second region of the air, where the hail and snow are formed: thunder and lightning are engendered in the third region; and if we go on mounting at this rate, we shall soon be in the region of fire; and how to manage this

peg I know not, so as to avoid mounting where we shall be burnt alive."

Just at that time some flax, set on fire at the end of a long cane, was held near their faces; the warmth of which being felt, "May I be hanged," said Sancho, "if we are not already there, or very near it, for half my beard is singed off—I have a huge mind, sir, to peep out and see whereabouts we are."

"Heaven forbid such rashness!" said Don Quixote; "remember the true story of the licentiate Torralvo, who was carried by magicians, hoodwinked, riding on a cane, with his eyes shut, and in twelve hours reached Rome; where, lighting on the tower of Nona, he saw the tumult, witnessed the assault and death of the Constable of Bourbon, and the next morning returned to Madrid, where he gave an account of all that he had seen. During his passage through the air, he said that he was tempted to open his eyes, which he did, and found himself, as he thought, so near the body of the moon that he could have laid hold of it with his hand; but that he durst not look downwards to the earth lest his brain should turn. Therefore, Sancho, let us not run the risk of uncovering in such a place, but rather trust to him who has taken charge of us, as he will be responsible: perhaps we are just now soaring aloft to a certain height, in order to come souse down upon the kingdom of Candaya, like a hawk upon a heron; and, though it seems not more than half-an-hour since we left the garden, doubtless we have travelled through an amazing space."

"As to that I can say nothing," quoth Sancho Panza; "I can only say that, if Madam Magalona was content to ride upon this crupper without a cushion, her flesh could not have been of the tenderest in the world."

This conversation between the two heroes was overheard by the duke and duchess, and all who were in their garden, to their great diversion; and, being now disposed to finish the adventure, they applied some lighted flax to Clavileno's tail; upon which, his body being full of combustibles, he instantly blew up with a prodigious report, and threw his riders to the ground. The Trifaldi, with the whole bearded squadron of duennas, vanished, and all that remained in the garden were laid stretched on the ground as if in a trance. Don Quixote and Sancho got upon their legs in but an indifferent plight, and looking round, were amazed to find themselves in the same garden with such a number of people strewed about them on all sides; but their wonder was increased when, on a huge lance sticking in the earth, they beheld a sheet of white parchment attached to it by silken strings, whereon was written, in letters of gold, the following words—

"The renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha has achieved the stupendous adventure of Trifaldi the Afflicted, and her companions in grief, only by attempting it. Malambruno is satisfied, his wrath is appeased, the beards of the unhappy are vanished, and Don Clavijo and Antonomasia have recovered their pristine state. When

the squirely penance shall be completed, then shall the white dove, delivered from the cruel talons of the pursuing hawks, be enfolded in the arms of her beloved turtle:—such is the will of Merlin, prince of enchanters."

Don Quixote having read the prophetic decree, and perceiving at once that it referred to the disenchantment of Dulcinea, he expressed his gratitude to Heaven for having, with so much ease, performed so great an exploit, whereby many venerable females had been happily rescued from disgrace. He then went to the spot where the duke and duchess lay on the ground, and taking the duke by the arm, he said, "Courage, courage, my good lord; the adventure is over without damage to the bars, as you will find by that record."

The duke gradually, as if awaking from a sound sleep, seemed to recover his senses, as did the duchess and the rest of the party; expressing, at the same time, so much wonder and affright that what they feigned so well seemed almost reality to themselves. Though scarcely awake, the duke eagerly looked for the scroll; and having read it, with open arms embraced Don Quixote, declaring him to be the bravest of knights. Sancho looked all about for the afflicted dame, to see what kind of face she had when beardless, and whether she was now as goodly to the sight as her stately presence seemed to promise; but he was told that, when Clavileno came tumbling down in the flames through the air, the Trifaldi, with her whole train, vanished with not a beard to be seen among them—every hair was gone, root and branch!

The duchess inquired of Sancho how he had fared during that long voyage.

"Why, truly, madam," answered he, "I have seen wonders; for, as we were passing through the region of fire, as my master called it, I had, you must know, a mighty mind to take a peep; and though my master would not consent to it, I, who have an itch to know everything, and a hankering after whatever is forbidden, could not help, softly and unperceived, shoving the cloth a little aside, when through a crevice I looked down, and there I saw (Heaven bless us!) the earth so far off that it looked to me no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men that walked upon it little bigger than hazel-nuts!—only think, then, what a height we must have been!"

"Take care what you say, friend," said the duchess; "had it been so, you could not have seen the earth for the people upon it; a hazel-nut, good man, would have covered the whole earth."

"Like enough," said Sancho; "but, for all that, I had a side-view of it, and saw it all."

"Take heed, Sancho," said the duchess; "for one cannot see the whole of anything by a side-view."

"I know nothing about views," replied Sancho; "I only know that your ladyship should remember that, since we flew by enchantment, by enchantment I might see the whole earth, and all the men upon it, in whatever way I looked; and, if your ladyship will not credit that, neither will you believe me when I tell you that, thrusting up the

kerchief close to my eyebrows, I found myself so near the sky that it was not above a span from me, and it so fell out that we passed close by the place where the seven she-goats* are kept; and, truly, having been a goatherd in my youth, I no sooner saw them but I longed to play with them awhile: and, had I not done it, I verily think I should have died; so what does I but, without saying a word, softly slide down from Clavileno, and play with the sweet little creatures, which are like so many violets, for almost three-quarters of an hour; and all the while Clavileno seemed not to move from the place, nor stir a foot."

"And while honest Sancho was diverting himself with the goats," quoth the duke, "how did Signor Don Quixote amuse himself?"

To which the knight answered: "As these and such-like concerns are out of the order of nature, I do not wonder at Sancho's assertions; for my own part, I can truly say I neither looked up nor down, and saw neither heaven nor earth, nor sea nor sands. It is, nevertheless, certain that I was sensible of our passing through the region of the air, and even touched upon that of fire; but, that we passed beyond it, I cannot believe; for, the fiery region lying between the sphere of the moon and the uppermost region of the air, we could not reach that place where the seven goats are which Sancho speaks of without being burnt; and, since we were not burnt, either Sancho lies or Sancho dreams."

"I neither lie nor dream," answered Sancho; "only ask me the marks of these same goats, and by them you may guess whether I speak the truth or not."

"Tell us what they were, Sancho," quoth the duchess.

"Two of them," replied Sancho, "are green, two carnation, two blue, and one motley-coloured."

"A new kind of goats are those," said the duke; "in our region of the earth we have none of such colours."

"The reason is plain," quoth Sancho; "your highness will allow that there must be some difference between the celestial goats and those of this lower world."

They did not choose to question Sancho any more concerning his journey, perceiving him to be in the humour to ramble all over the heavens, and tell them all that was passing there, without having stirred a foot from the place where he mounted.

Thus concluded the adventure of the afflicted duenna, which furnished the duke and duchess with a subject of mirth, not only at the time, but for the rest of their lives, and Sancho something to relate had he lived for ages.

"Sancho," said Don Quixote (whispering him in the ear), "if thou wouldst have us credit all thou hast told us just now, I expect thee to believe what I saw in Montesinos' cave—I say no more."

The duke and duchess were so well satisfied with the happy and glorious success of the adventure of the Afflicted Matron, that they resolved to carry their jest still farther, seeing what fit subjects they

* The Pleiades, vulgarly called in Spain the "seven she-goats."

had in the knight and squire on whom to make jests pass for earnest. Accordingly, having projected a scheme respecting the promised island, and given the necessary orders to their servants and vassals, how they were to behave to Sancho in his government, the duke, the day following Clavileno's flight, bid Sancho prepare, and get himself in readiness to depart; for his islanders already wished for him, as for rain in May. Sancho made his bow, and said: "Ever since my descent from heaven, and that from its lofty summit I beheld the earth, and observed it to be so small, the flaming desire I had of being a governor is, in part, cooled: for what grandeur can there be in commanding on a grain of mustard-seed, or what dignity or dominion in ruling over half a dozen men no bigger than hazel-nuts, for methought the whole earth was nothing more? If your lordship would be pleased to give me but some small portion of heaven, though it were no more than half a league, I would accept it with a better will than the biggest island in the world."

"Look you, friend Sancho," answered the duke, "I can give away no part of heaven, not even a nail's breadth. But what I can give, I give you freely; and that is an island ready made, round, sound, well proportioned, and above measure fruitful and abundant, where, if you manage dexterously, with the riches of the earth, you may purchase the treasures of heaven."

"Well, then," answered Sancho, "let this island come; for it shall go hard but I will be such a governor that, in spite of knaves, I shall go to heaven: and it is not out of covetousness that I forsake my humble cottage and aspire to greater things, but merely from the desire to taste how it relishes to be a governor."

"If once you taste, Sancho," quoth the duke, "you will eat your fingers after it, so very sweet a thing is it to command, and be obeyed. Sure I am, when your master shall come to be an emperor, which, in the way his affairs go on, he will doubtless be, no one will be able to wrest from him his imperial station, and it will grieve and vex him to the heart to have been so long without it."

"Sir," replied Sancho, "I am of opinion it is good to command, though it be but a flock of sheep."

"May I be buried with you, Sancho, but you know something of everything!" answered the duke; "and I doubt not you will prove such a governor as your wit seems to promise. But enough of this for the present; and take notice that to-morrow, without fail, you shall set out for the government of the island, and this evening you shall be fitted with a dress suitable to the occasion, and with all things necessary for your departure."

"They may dress me," quoth Sancho, "as they please; for however I may go clad, I shall be Sancho Panza still."

"That is true," said the duke; "but our appearance must answer to the employment or dignity we are in: for it would be preposterous for a lawyer to be habited like a soldier, or a soldier like a priest. You, Sancho, must go dressed partly like a scholar, and partly like a captain; for, in the island I give you, arms are as necessary as letters, and letters as arms."

"With letters," answered Sancho, "I am but little acquainted; for I can scarcely say the A B C; but to be a good governor, it is sufficient to know the Christus:* and, as to arms, I shall handle such as are given me till I fall, and God be my guide."

"With so good a memory," quoth the duke, "Sancho can never err."

At this moment Don Quixote joined them, and, learning what had passed, and how suddenly Sancho was to depart to his government, he took him by the hand, and with the duke's leave, retired with him to his chamber, in order to give him advice how to behave himself in his employment. Having entered the apartment, he shut the door, and, almost by force, making Sancho sit down by him, with a composed voice and grave demeanour, he thus addressed him: "Infinite thanks give I to Heaven, friend Sancho, that, first and foremost, before I have met with any good luck myself, fortune has gone forth to meet and receive thee. I, who had relied on my own success for the payment of thy services, find myself still at the threshold only of advancement, whilst thou, before the due time, and against all rule of reasonable expectation, are seated in full possession of thy wishes. Some are obliged to bribe, importune, solicit, attend early, pray, persist, and after all do not obtain what they aim at: another comes, and, without knowing how, jumps into the employment or office, to the discomfiture of all pretenders. And this makes good the saying, a pound of luck is worth a ton of merit. Thou, who in respect to me, art doubtless an arrant blockhead, without rising early, or sitting up late, or taking any pains whatever, by the air alone of knight-errantry breathing on thee, seest thyself, without more ado, governor of an island, as if it were a thing of nothing. This I premise, O Sancho, that thou mayest not ascribe the favour done thee to thy own desert; but give thanks, first to Heaven, which disposes things so sweetly, and next, to the grandeur inherent in the profession of knight-errantry. Thy heart being now disposed to believe what I have been saying, be attentive, son, to me thy Cato, who will be thy counsellor, thy north star and guide, to conduct and steer thee safe into port, out of that tempestuous sea in which thou art going to be engulfed; for great offices and employments are a profound gulf of confusions, and nothing else.

"First, my son, fear God; for the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, and, being wise, thou canst not err.

"Secondly, consider what thou hast been, and endeavour to know thyself, a knowledge of all others the most difficult to acquire. This knowledge will keep thee from puffing thyself up like the frog, who strove in size to equal the ox; for the consideration of having been a swineherd in thy own country will be to thy lofty station on the wheel of fortune like the peacock's ugly feet."

"It is true," answered Sancho, "when I was a boy I kept swine;

* The cross put at the beginning of the A B C, from thence the alphabet was called the Christ-cross-row.

but afterwards, when I grew towards man, I quitted that employment and looked after geese. But this, methinks, is nothing to the purpose; for all governors are not descended from kings."

"Granted," replied Don Quixote, "and therefore those who are not of noble descent should accompany the gravity of office with a kind of gentle sweetness, which, combined with prudence, will exempt them from an ill-natured murmuring that scarcely any state of life can escape.

"Value thyself, Sancho, upon the lowliness of thy origin, and be not ashamed to own thyself descended from peasants; for when it is seen that thou art not thyself ashamed, nobody will endeavour to make thee so; and think it greater merit to be a virtuous mean man than a proud sinner of rank. Infinite is the number of those who born of low extraction have risen to the highest dignities, both papal and imperial; of this truth I could produce examples enough to tire thee.

"Remember, Sancho, if virtue be thy golden rule, and thou shouldst value thyself upon doing virtuous actions, thou wilt have no cause to envy lords or princes; for blood is inherited, but virtue is acquired, and has an intrinsic worth which blood has not.

"This being so, as it really is, if peradventure one of thy kindred should come to see thee when thou art in thy island, do not despise or affront him, but receive, cherish, and make much of him; for in so doing thou wilt please God, who will have nobody despise his workmanship; and act agreeably to the well-ordered rights of nature.

"Shouldst thou take thy wife along with thee—and it is not proper for those who govern to be long without a helpmate—teach, instruct, and polish her from her natural rudeness; for often all that a discreet governor can acquire is dissipated and lost by an ill-bred and foolish woman.

"If thou shouldst chance to become a widower, an event which may happen, and thy station entitle thee to a better match, seek not one that may serve thee for a hook and angling-rod, or a friar's hood to receive alms in: for, believe me, whatever the judge's wife receives, the husband must account for at the general judgment, and will be made to pay fourfold after death for what he made no reckoning of in his life.

"Be not governed by the law of thy own will, which is apt to bear much sway with the ignorant, who presume upon being discerning.

"Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, but not more justice, from thee than the representations of the rich.

"Endeavour to sift out the truth amidst the presents and promises of the rich, as well as the sighs and importunities of the poor.

"Whenever equity may justly temper the rigour of the law, let not the whole force of it bear on the delinquent; for the reputation of a severe judge is not equal to that of a compassionate one.

"If the scales of justice be at any time not evenly balanced, let it be by the weight of mercy, and not by that of a gift.

"Should it happen that the cause of thine enemy comes before

thee, fix not thy mind on the injury he has done thee, but upon the merits of the case.

"Let not private affection blind thee in another man's cause; for the errors committed thereby are often without remedy, and, should it be chargeable with one, it will be at the expense both of thy reputation and fortune.

"Should a beautiful woman come to demand justice, turn away thy eyes from her tears, and thy sense of hearing from her sighs, and consider at leisure the substance of her claim, unless thou wouldst have thy reason drowned in the one, and thy integrity lost in the other.

"Him whom thou must punish with deeds, do not revile with words; for the pain of the punishment is enough for the wretch to bear without the addition of ill language.

"In every criminal who may come under thy jurisdiction, forget not miserable man, subject to the condition of our depraved nature: and, as much as thou canst, without injuring the contrary party, show pity and clemency; for, though the attributes of God are all equal, that of His mercy is in our eyes more pleasing and attractive than that of His justice.

"If, Sancho, thou wilt observe these precepts and rules, thy days will be long, and thy fame eternal, thy recompense full, and thy felicity unspeakable. Thou shalt match thy children as it may please thee; they and their children shall inherit titles; thou shalt live in peace and in favour with all men: and at the end of thy life death shall find thee in a sweet and mature old age, and thy eyes shall be closed by the tender and pious hands of thy children's grandchildren.

"The maxims I have hitherto mentioned, Sancho, are documents for the adorning of thy mind only: listen now to those which concern the embellishment of the body."

CHAPTER LXXV.

Of the second instructions Don Quixote gave Sancho Panza.

WHO that had heard the foregoing discourse of Don Quixote would not have taken him for a person of sound understanding and perfect discretion? But as we have often observed in the progress of this grand history, it was only when chivalry was the subject that he talked foolishly; in all other matters his conversation proved him to be master of a clear, pleasant, and ready wit. Accordingly his actions were perpetually at variance with his judgment, and his judgment with his actions; but in his second instructions to Sancho, he discovers great ingenuity, and his discretion and madness are both raised to a very elevated pitch.

Sancho listened most attentively to his master, and endeavoured to preserve his instructions in his memory, like one that intended to

observe them, hoping by their means to be safely enabled to bear the burden of government.

Don Quixote now proceeded—

"As to the regulation of thy own person and domestic concerns," said he, "in the first place, Sancho, I enjoin thee to be cleanly in all things. Keep the nails of thy fingers neatly pared, nor suffer them to grow as some do, who ignorantly imagine that long nails beautify the hand, whereas it is a foul and unsightly object.

"Go not loose and unbuttoned, Sancho, for a slovenly dress betokens a careless mind; unless the negligence and discomposure be the result of cunning and design, as was judged to have been the case with Julius Cæsar.

"Feel with prudence the pulse of what thy office may be worth, and if it will allow thee to give liveries to thy servants, give them such as are decent and useful, rather than modish and tawdry; but divide between thy servants and the poor—I mean, if thou canst keep six pages, clothe but three, and three of the poor, and thus wilt thou have pages for heaven as well as for earth, a way of giving liveries which the vainglorious never thought of.

"Eat neither garlic nor onions, lest by the smell thy subjects guess at thy rusticity. Walk leisurely and speak deliberately; but not so as to appear as if listening to thyself, for all affectation is abominable.

"Eat little at dinner, and less at supper; for the health of the whole body is tempered in the laboratory of the stomach.

"Drink with moderation; for inebriety neither keeps a secret nor performs a promise.

"In the next place, Sancho, do not intermix in thy discourse such a multitude of proverbs as thou wert wont to do; for, though proverbs are concise and pithy sentences, thou dost often so drag them in by the head and shoulders that they seem rather the maxims of folly than of wisdom."

"I know more proverbs," said Sancho, "than would fill a book, and when I talk, they crowd so thick into my mouth that they jostle which shall have the start, and my tongue tosses out the first it meets, though it be not always the most pat. But I will be careful in future to utter such only as become the gravity of my place; for, In a plentiful house supper is soon dressed; and He that cuts does not deal: and He that has the repique is safe; and, To spend and to spare require judgment to a hair."

"Well done, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "proceed; squeeze, tack, and string thy proverbs together, nobody is here to hinder thee. My mother whips me, but I tear on. I am warning thee to abstain from proverbs, and in an instant out comes a litany of them, which square with what we are upon just as much as would Over the hills and far away. Observe, Sancho, I do not say a proverb is amiss when skilfully applied; but to accumulate and discharge them at random, hit or miss, renders a discourse both flat and vulgar.

"When on horseback, do not lean thy body backwards over the saddle, nor carry thy legs stiff, stretched, and straddling from the

horse's belly; nor yet dangle them, as if thou wert still upon Dapple; for in sitting a horse, some look like gentlemen and others like grooms.

"Let thy sleep be moderate; for he who is not up with the sun does not enjoy the day; and take notice, O Sancho, that diligence is the mother of fortune, while sloth, her opposite, never reached the end of a good wish.

"At this time I have but one more admonition to give thee, which, though it concerns not thy person, is well worthy of thy careful remembrance. It is this—never undertake to decide contests concerning lineage, or the pre-eminence of families; since, in the comparison, one must of necessity have the advantage, and he whom thou hast humbled will hate thee, and he who is preferred will not reward thee.

"As for thy dress, wear breeches and hose, a long coat, and a cloak somewhat longer; but for trousers or trunk-hose, think not of them, they are not becoming either gentlemen or governors.

"This is all the advice, friend Sancho, that occurs to me at present; hereafter, as occasions offer, my instructions will be ready, provided thou art mindful to inform me of the state of thy affairs."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "I see very well that all your worship has told me is wholesome and profitable; but what shall I be the better for it if I cannot keep it in my head? It is true I shall not easily forget what you said about paring my nails, and marrying again if the opportunity offered; but for your other quirks and quillets, I protest they have already gone out of my head as clean as last year's clouds; and therefore let me have them in writing; for, though I cannot read them myself, I will give them to my confessor, that he may repeat and drive them into me in time of need."

"Heaven defend me!" said Don Quixote, "how scurvy doth it look in a governor to be unable to read or write! Indeed, Sancho, I must needs tell thee that when a man has not been taught to read, or is left-handed, it argues that his parentage was very low, or that in early life he was so indocile and perverse that his teachers could beat nothing good into him. Truly this is a great defect in thee, and therefore I would have thee learn to write, if it were only thy name."

"That I can do already," answered Sancho; "for when I was steward of the brotherhood in our village I learned to make certain characters, like the marks upon a woolpack, which I was told stood for my name: but, at the worst, I can pretend to be lame of my right hand, and make another sign for me, for there is a remedy for everything but death; and having the command of the staff, I can do as I please. Besides, he whose father is mayor, &c., you know, and I, being a governor, am surely something more than mayor. Let them come and play at bopeep. Ay, ay, let them slight and backbite me: they may come for wool and be sent back shorn; and whom God loves his house smells savoury to him; and the rich man's folly is wisdom in the world's eye; and I, being a governor and consequently rich, and bountiful to boot, as I intend to be, nobody will see my defects. No, no, Get yourself honey, and a clown will have flies. As much as

you have, so much you are worth, said my grannam; and, There is no revenging yourself upon a rich man."

"O!" cried Don Quixote, interrupting him; "sixty thousand devils take thee and thy proverbs! for a full hour hast thou been stringing them, and putting me to the rack every instant. Take my word for it, these proverbs will one day bring thee to the gallows: upon their account alone will thy subjects strip thee of thy government, or at least conspire against thee. Tell me, where dost thou find them, ignoramus? or how learn to apply them, dunce? For my part, to utter but one, and apply it properly, makes me labour and sweat, as if I were digging."

"Before God, master of mine," replied Sancho, "your worship complains of very trifles. Why are you angry that I make use of my own goods? for I have no other, nor any stock, but proverbs upon proverbs: and just now I have four that present themselves as pat to the purpose as pears in a pannier; but I will not produce them; for, To keep silence well is Sancho."

"But that thou wilt never do," quoth Don Quixote, "for thou art an arrant prate-apace and an eternal babbler. Yet for all that I would fain know what four proverbs occurred to thee just now, so pat to the purpose; for I have been running over my own memory, which is a pretty good one, and I cannot think of one."

"Can there be better," quoth Sancho, "than, Never venture your fingers between two eye-teeth? And to this, Get out of my house; what would you have with my wife? there is no reply; and, Whether the pitcher hits the stone, or the stone hits the pitcher, it is bad for the pitcher: all which fit to a hair, as thus: Let no one contest with his governor, or his governor's substitutes, for he will come off with the worst, like him who claps his finger between two eye-teeth; and though not eye-teeth, so they be teeth, it matters not. So, to what a governor says, there is no replying; which is like, Get out of my house, what business have you with my wife, and your worship knows well that, The fool knows more in his own house than the wise in another man's."

"Not so, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "the fool knows nothing either in his own or any other house. But here let the matter rest: if thou governest ill, thine will be the fault, but the shame will be mine."

"Look you, sir," quoth Sancho, "if you think me not fit for this government, I will think no more on it. Alas! the least snip of my soul's nails (as a body may say) is dearer to me than my whole body; and I hope I can live plain Sancho still, upon a luncheon of bread and a clove of garlic, as contented as Governor Sancho upon capons and partridges. Death and sleep make us all alike, rich and poor, high and low."

"These last words of thine," said Don Quixote, "in my opinion prove thee worthy of the government. Recommend thyself to the Divine protection, and be sure never to depart from the right way. And now let us go to dinner, for I believe their highnesses wait for us."

CHAPTER LXXVI.

How Sancho Panza was carried to his government; and of the strange adventure that befel Don Quixote in the castle.

AFTER dinner Don Quixote gave Sancho, in writing, the copy of his verbal instructions, ordering him to get somebody to read them to him. But the squire had no sooner got them than he dropped the paper, which fell into the duke's hands, who communicating the same to the duchess, they found a fresh occasion of admiring the mixture of Don Quixote's good sense and extravagance; and so, carrying on the humour, they sent Sancho that afternoon, with a suitable equipage, to the place he was to govern, which, wherever it lay, was to be an island to him.

It happened that the management of this affair was committed to a servant of the duke's, a man of a facetious humour, and who had not only wit to start a pleasant design, but discretion to carry it on. He had already personated the Countess Trifaldi very successfully; and, with his master's instructions in relation to his behaviour towards Sancho, could not but discharge his trust to a wonder. Now it fell out, that Sancho no sooner cast his eyes on the steward than he fancied he saw the very face of Trifaldi; and turning to his master, "Look, sir," quoth he, "and see if this same steward of the duke's here has not the very face of my Lady Trifaldi."

Don Quixote looked very earnestly on the steward, and having perused him from top to toe, "Sancho," said he, "thou art in the right; I see their faces are the very same. Yet, for all that, the steward and the disconsolate lady cannot be the same person, for that would imply a very great contradiction, and might involve us in more abstruse and difficult doubts than we have conveniency now to discuss or examine. Believe me, friend, our devotion cannot be too earnest, that we may be delivered from the power of these cursed enchantments."

"You may think, sir," quoth Sancho, "that I am in jest, but I heard him speak just now, and I thought the very voice of Madam Trifaldi sounded in my ears. But mum is the word; I say nothing, though I shall watch him well to find out whether I am right or wrong in my suspicion."

"Well do so," said Don Quixote; "and fail not to acquaint me with all the discoveries thou canst make in this affair, and other occurrences in thy government."

At last Sancho set out with a numerous train. He was dressed like a man of the long-robe, and wore over his other clothes a white sad-coloured coat or gown, of watered camblet, and a cap of the same stuff. He was mounted on a mule à la Gineta; and behind him, by the duke's order, was led his Dapple, bridled and saddled like a horse of state, in gaudy trappings of silk; which so delighted Sancho, that every now and then he turned his head about to look upon him, and

thought himself so happy, that now he would not have changed fortunes with the Emperor of Germany.

On taking leave he kissed the hands of the duke and duchess, and begged his master's blessing, which the knight gave with tears, and the squire received blubbering. Immediately upon Sancho's departure Don Quixote found the want of his presence; and, had it been in his power, he would have revoked his authority, and deprived him of his commission. The duchess, perceiving his disquiet, and desiring to know the cause of his melancholy, told him, that if it was Sancho's absence made him uneasy, she had squires enough, and damsels in her house, that should supply his place in any service he would be pleased to command.

"It is true, madam," answered Don Quixote, "I am somewhat concerned for the absence of Sancho; but there is a more material cause of my present uneasiness, and I must beg to be excused, if, among the many obligations your grace is pleased to confer on me, I decline all but the good intention that has offered them. All I have further to crave is, your grace's permission to be alone in my apartment, and to be my own servant."

"Sir," said the duchess, waving further discourse, "it is supper-time, and my lord expects us. Come, then, let us to supper, that you may go to bed betimes; for you must needs be weary still with the long journey you took to Candaya yesterday."

"Indeed, madam," answered Don Quixote, "I feel no manner of weariness; for I can safely swear to your grace that I never rode an easier horse, nor a better goer, than Clavileno. For my part, I cannot imagine what could induce Malambruno to part with so swift and gentle a horse, and to burn him too in such a manner."

"We may suppose," answered the duchess, "that, repenting of the mischief he had done to the Trifaldi and her companions, as well as to other persons, and of the iniquities he had committed as a wizard and an enchanter, he had a mind to destroy all the instruments of his art, and accordingly, as the principal, and that which gave him the most disquiet, by having carried him up and down from country to country, he burned Clavileno; and thus, with his ashes, and the trophy of the parchment, has eternalized the valour of the great Don Quixote de la Mancha."

Don Quixote repeated his thanks to the duchess, and after supper retired to his chamber, where, conformably to his determination, he remained alone. He shut the door of his chamber after him and undressed himself by the light of two wax-candles. As he was putting off his hose, there fell—oh, misfortune unworthy of such a personage—about four-and-twenty stitches of one of his stockings, which made it look like a lattice window. The good knight was extremely afflicted, and would have given an ounce of silver for a drachm of green silk; green silk, I say, because his stockings were green.

Here Benengeli, writing on, exclaims—"O, poverty, poverty! I cannot imagine what could have moved the great Cordovan poet to call thee 'a holy, thankless gift.' I, though a Moor, by the intercourse I have had with Christians, know that holiness consists in charity,

humility, faith, obedience, and poverty. Yet, with all these qualities, he must have a large share of the grace of God who can bring himself to be contented with poverty, unless it be of that kind to which one of their greatest saints alludes, when he says, 'Possess all things as not possessing them,' which is called poverty in spirit. But thou, O second poverty!—which is that of which I am speaking—why dost thou delight to pinch gentlemen and such as are well-born, in preference to every other description of persons? Why dost thou force them to cobble their shoes, and to wear upon their coats one button of silk, another of hair, and another of glass? Why must their ruffs, for the most part, be ill-ironed and worse starched?"—By this may be seen the antiquity of the use of ruffs and starch.—"Wretched well-born gentleman," he adds, "administering cordials to his sense of honour, while he is starving his carcass, dining with his door locked, and making a hypocrite of his toothpick, with which he walks out into the street, after having eaten nothing to oblige him to this form of cleanliness. Wretched he, I say, whose skittish honour is always upon the alert, apprehensive that everybody sees, a league off, the patch upon his shoe, his greasy hat, his threadbare cloak, and even the cravings of his stomach!"

All these melancholy reflections recurred to Don Quixote's thoughts upon the rent in his stocking; but his comfort was that Sancho had left behind him a pair of travelling boots, which he resolved to put on the next day. Finally he laid himself down, pensive and heavy-hearted, as well for lack of Sancho as for the irreparable misfortune of his hose, the stitches of which he would gladly have darned, though with silk of another colour; which is one of the greatest signs of misery a gentleman can exhibit in the course of his tedious neediness. He had extinguished the lights; but the weather was so hot that he could not sleep, and he therefore got out of bed, and opening the casement of a grated window, which looked into a fine garden, he perceived and heard somebody walking and talking.

"No more, dear Emerenia," said one to the other. "Do not press me to sing; you know that from the first moment this stranger came to the castle, and my unhappy eyes gazed on him, I have been too conversant with tears and sorrow to sing or relish songs! Alas! all music jars when the soul is out of tune. Besides, you know the least thing wakens my lady, and I would not for the world she should find us here. But, grant she might not wake, what will my singing signify if this new Æneas, who is come to our habitation to make me wretched, should be asleep, and not hear the sound of my complaint?"

"Pray, my dear Altisidora," said the other, "do not make yourself uneasy with those thoughts; for without doubt the duchess is fast asleep, and everybody in the house but we and the master of your heart. He is certainly awake; I heard him open his window just now; then sing, my poor grieving creature, sing, and join the melting music of the lute to the soft accents of thy voice."

"Alas! my dear," replied Altisidora, "it is not that which frightens me most: I would not have my song betray my thoughts, for those

that do not know the mighty force of love will be apt to take me for a light and indiscreet creature; but yet, since it must be so, I will venture: better shame on the face than sorrow in the heart."

This said, she began to touch her lute so sweetly that Don Quixote was ravished. At the same time the infinite number of adventures of this nature, such as he had read of in his books of knight-errantry —windows, grates, gardens, serenades, courtships, meetings, parleys, &c.—crowded into his imagination, and he presently fancied that one of the duchess's damsels was in love with him, and struggling to conceal her passion. He began to be apprehensive of the danger to which his fidelity was exposed, but yet firmly determined to withstand the powerful allurement; and so recommending himself, with a great deal of fervency, to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he resolved to hear the music; and, to let the serenading ladies know he was awake, he feigned a kind of sneeze, which did not a little please them, for it was the only thing they wanted to be assured their jest was not lost. With that, Altisidora, having tuned her lute afresh, after a flourish, began her serenade, which, when Don Quixote had heard to an end, he thus began his expostulation—

"Why," said he, with a sigh heaved from the bottom of his heart, "why must I be so unhappy a knight that no damsel can gaze on me without falling in love! Why must the peerless Dulcinea be so unfortunate? Queens, why do you envy her? Empresses, why do you persecute her? Damsels of fifteen, why do you attempt to deprive her of her right? Leave, oh, leave the unfortunate fair! Let her triumph, glory, and rejoice in the quiet possession of the heart which love has allotted her, and the absolute sway which she bears over my yielding soul. Away, unwelcome crowd of loving impertinents! Dulcinea alone can soften my temper, and mould me as she pleases. For her I am all sweetness; for you I am bitterness itself. There is to me no beauty, no prudence, no modesty, no gaiety, no nobility, among your sex, but in Dulcinea alone. Let Altisidora weep or sing, still I am Dulcinea's, and hers alone, dead or alive, dutiful and unchanged, in spite of all the necromantic powers in the world."

This said, he hastily shut the window, and flung himself into his bed with as high an indignation as if he had received some great affront. There let us leave him awhile, seeing that the great Sancho Panza calls upon us to attend him on the commencement of his famous government.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

How the great Sancho Panza took possession of his island, and of the manner of his beginning to govern it.

O THOU, the perpetual explorer of the antipodes; torch of the world; eye of heaven; sweet cause of wine-cooling bottles: here Thymbræus; there Phœbus; here archer; there physician; father of poesy; in-

ventor of music; thou who always risest, and, though seeming to do so, never settest! on thee I call, O sun, by whose assistance man begets man; thee I invoke to favour and enlighten the obscurity of my genius, that I may be able circumstantially to describe the government of the great Sancho Panza; for without thy invigorating aid I find myself indolent, confused, and dispirited.

After having travelled a certain distance, Governor Sancho, with his attendants, came to a town that had about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best in the duke's territories. They gave him to understand that the name of the place was the island of Barataria. As soon as he came to the gates the magistrates came out to receive him, the bells rung, and all the people gave general demonstrations of joy. They then delivered him the keys of the gates, and received him as perpetual governor of the island of Barataria.

The garb, the beard, the thickness, and shortness of the new governor surprised all that were not in the secret, and, indeed, those that were, who were not a few. In fine, as soon as they had brought him out of the church they carried him to the tribunal of justice, and placed him in the chair. The duke's steward then said to him, "It is an ancient custom here, my lord governor, that he who comes to take possession of this famous island is obliged to answer a question put to him, which is to be somewhat intricate and difficult. By his answer the people are enabled to feel the pulse of their new governor's understanding, and, accordingly, are either glad or sorry for his coming."

While the steward was saying this Sancho was staring at some capital letters written on the wall opposite to his chair, and, being unable to read, he asked what that writing was on the wall. He was answered, "Sir, it is there written on what day your honour took possession of this island. The inscription runs thus—'This day, such a day of the month and year, Signor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island. Long may he enjoy it.'"

"And who is he?" asked Sancho, "whom they call Don Sancho Panza?"

"Your lordship," answered the steward, "for we know of no other Panza in this island but yourself who now sits in this chair."

"Well, friend," said Sancho, "pray take notice that Don does not belong to me, nor was it borne by any of my family before me. Plain Sancho Panza is my name; my father was called Sancho, my grandfather Sancho, and all of us have been Panzas, without any Don or Donna added to our name. Now do I already guess your Dons are as thick as stones in this island. But it is enough that Heaven knows my meaning: if my government happens to last but four days to an end, it shall go hard but I will clear the island of those swarms of Dons, that must needs be as troublesome as so many gnats. Come, now for your question, good Mr. Steward; and I will answer it as well as I can, whether the town be sorry or pleased."

At this instant two men came into the court, the one dressed like a country fellow, the other looked like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand. "If it please you, my lord," cried the tailor, "this

honest man came to my shop yesterday; for, saving your presence, I am a tailor, and free of my company too; so, my lord, he showed me a piece of cloth: 'Sir, quoth he, 'is there enough of this to make a cap?' Whereupon I measured the stuff, and answered, 'Yes.' Now, as I imagined, do you see, he could not but imagine (and perhaps he imagined right enough) that I had a mind to cabbage some of his cloth—judging hard of us honest tailors. 'Prithee,' quoth he, 'look there be not enough for two caps?' Now I smelt him out, and told him there was. Whereupon the old knave, going on to the same tune, bid me look again, and see whether it would not make three; and at last if it would not make five? I was resolved to humour my customer, and said it might; so we struck a bargain. Just now the man is come for his caps, which I gave him; but he refuses to pay me for my work; and now he will have me give him his cloth again, or pay him for it."

"Is this true, honest man?" said Sancho to the farmer.

"Yes, if it please you," answered the fellow; "but pray let him show the five caps he has made me."

"With all my heart," cried the tailor; and with that, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he held up five little tiny caps hanging upon his four fingers and thumb as upon so many pins.

"There," quoth he, "you see the five caps this good gaffer asks for: and, on my conscience, I have not wronged him of the least shred of his cloth; and let any workman be judge."

The sight of the caps, and the oddness of the cause, set the whole court a-laughing. Only Sancho sat gravely considering awhile; and then, "Methinks," said he, "this suit may be decided without any more ado with a great deal of equity; and therefore the judgment of the court is, that the tailor shall lose his making and the countryman his cloth, and that the caps be given to the poor prisoners, and so let there be an end of the business."

If this sentence provoked the laughter of the whole court, the next no less raised their admiration. For after the governor's order was executed, two old men appeared before him; one of them with a large cane in his hand, which he used as a staff.

"My lord," said the other who had none, "some time ago I lent this man ten gold crowns to do him a kindness, which money he was to repay me on demand. I did not ask him for it again for a good while, lest it should prove inconvenient. However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have asked him for my due; nay, I have been forced to dun him hard for it. But still he did not only refuse to pay me again, but denied he owed me anything, and said that 'if I lent him so much money he certainly returned it.' Now, because I have no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the pretended payment, I beseech your lordship to put him to his oath; and if he will swear he has paid me, I will freely forgive him before God and the world."

"What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?" asked Sancho.

"Sir," answered the old man, "I own he lent me the gold; and since he requires my oath, I beg you will be pleased to hold down

your rod of justice, that I may swear upon it how I have honestly and truly returned him his money."

Thereupon the governor held down his rod, and in the meantime the defendant gave his cane to the plaintiff to hold, as if it hindered him while he was to make a cross and swear over the judge's rod. This done, he declared it was true the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had really returned him the same sum into his own hands. The great governor hearing this, asked the creditor what he had to reply. He made answer that, since his adversary had sworn it, he was satisfied; for he believed him to be a better Christian than offer to forswear himself, and that perhaps he had forgotten he had been repaid. Then the defendant took his cane again, and having made a low obeisance to the judge, was immediately leaving the court; which when Sancho perceived, reflecting on the passage of the cane, and admiring the creditor's patience, after he had thought awhile he suddenly ordered the old man with the staff to be called back.

"Honest man," said Sancho, "let me look at that cane a little; I have a use for it."

"With all my heart, sir," answered the other; "here it is;" and with that he gave it him.

Sancho took it, and giving it to the other old man, "There," said he, "go your ways, and Heaven be with you, for now you are paid."

"How so, my lord?" cried the old man; "do you judge this cane to be worth ten gold crowns?"

"Certainly," said the governor, "or else I am the greatest dunce in the world. And now you shall see whether I have not a headpiece fit to govern a whole kingdom, upon a shift."

This said, he ordered the cane to be broken in open court; which was no sooner done than out dropped the ten crowns. All the spectators were amazed, and began to look on their governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he could conjecture that the ten crowns were in the cane. He told them that he had observed how the defendant gave it to the plaintiff to hold while he took his oath, and then swore he had truly returned him the money into his own hands, after which he took his cane again from the plaintiff: this considered, it came into his head that the money was lodged within the reed. From whence may be learned, that though sometimes those that govern are destitute of sense, yet it often pleases God to direct them in their judgment. The two old men went away, the one to his satisfaction, the other with shame and disgrace; and the beholders were astonished; insomuch that the person who was commissioned to register Sancho's words and actions, and observe his behaviour, was not able to determine whether he should not give him the character of a wise man, instead of that of a fool, which he had been thought to deserve.

And now let us leave honest Sancho here for awhile for his master, who requires our attendance, Altisidora's serenade having strangely discomposed his mind.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Of a dreadful alarm which Don Quixote experienced.

We left the great Don Quixote profoundly buried in the thoughts into which Altisidora's serenade had plunged him. At the return of light, our knight, more early than the sun, forsook his downy bed, put on his chamois apparel, and, drawing on his walking-boots, concealed in one of them the disaster of his hose. He threw his scarlet cloak over his shoulder, and clapped on his valiant head his cap of green velvet, edged with silver lace. Over his right shoulder he hung his belt, the sustainer of his trusty executing sword. About his wrist he wore the rosary, which he always carried about him; and thus accoutred, with a great deal of state and majesty, he moved towards the antechamber, where the duke and duchess were ready dressed, and expecting his coming. As he went through a gallery, he met Altisidora and her companion, who waited for him in the passage; and no sooner did Altisidora espy him, than she dissembled a swooning fit, and immediately dropped into the arms of her friend. Which Don Quixote perceiving, he approached, and, turning to the damsel, "I know the meaning of all this," said he, "and whence these accidents proceed."

"You know more than I do," answered the assisting damsel; "but this I am sure of, that hitherto there is not a damsel in this house that has enjoyed her health better than Altisidora: I never knew her make the least complaint before. Pray, my Lord Don Quixote, retire; for this poor young creature will not come to herself while you are by."

"Madam," answered the knight, "I beg that a lute may be left in my chamber this evening, that I may assuage this lady's grief as well as I can; for in the beginning of an affair of this kind, a speedy discovery of aversion or pre-engagement is the most effectual cure."

This said, he left them, that he might not be found alone with them by those that might happen to go by. He was scarce gone when Altisidora's fit was over; and, turning to her companion—

"By all means," said she, "let him have a lute; for, without doubt, the knight has a mind to give us some music, and we shall have sport enough."

Then they went and acquainted the duchess with their proceeding, and Don Quixote's desiring a lute; whereupon she plotted with the duke and her woman a new contrivance, to have a little harmless sport with the knight. The same day the duchess despatched a page of hers to Teresa Panza with her husband's letter.

At eleven o'clock Don Quixote retired to his apartment, and finding a lute there, he tuned it, opened the window, and perceiving there was somebody walking in the garden, he ran over the strings of the instrument; and having tuned it again as nicely as he could, he coughed and cleared his throat; and then, with a voice somewhat

hoarse, yet not unmusical, he sang the following song, which he had composed himself that very day:

"THE ADVICE.

"Love, a strong designing foe,
Careless hearts with ease deceives;
Can thy breast resist his blow,
Which your sloth unguarded leaves?

"If you're idle, you're destroyed,
All his art on you he tries;
But be watchful and employed,
Straight the baffled tempter flies.

"Maids for modest grace admired,
If they would their fortunes raise,
Must in silence live retired:
'Tis their virtue speaks their praise.

"The divine Tobosan fair,
Dulcinea, claims me whole;
Nothing can her image tear;
'Tis one substance with my soul.

"Then let fortune smile or frown,
Nothing shall my faith remove;
Constant truth, the lover's crown,
Can work miracles in love."

No sooner had Don Quixote made an end of his song, to which the duke, duchess, Altisidora, and almost all the people in the castle listened all the while, than on a sudden, from an open gallery over the knight's window, they let down a rope, with at least a hundred little tinkling bells hanging about it. After that came down a great number of cats, poured out of a huge sack, all of them with smaller bells tied to their tails. The jangling of the bells, and the squalling of the cats, made such a dismal noise, that the very contrivers of the jest themselves were scared for the present, and Don Quixote was strangely surprised and quite dismayed. At the same time, as ill-luck would have it, two or three frighted cats leaped in through the bars of his chamber-window, and running up and down the room like so many evil spirits, one would have thought a whole legion of demons had been flying about the chamber. They put out the candles that stood lighted there, and endeavoured to get out. Meanwhile, the rope with the bigger bells about it was pulled up and down, and those who knew nothing of the contrivance were greatly surprised. At last, Don Quixote, recovering from his astonishment, drew his sword, and fenced and laid about him at the window, crying aloud, "Avaunt, ye wicked enchanters! hence, infernal scoundrels! I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, and all your cursed devices cannot work their ends against me." And then, running after the cats, he began to thrust and cut at them furiously, while they strove to get out. At last they made their escape at the window —all but one of them; who, finding himself hard put to it, flew in

his face, and, laying hold on his nose with his claws and teeth, put him to such pain that the knight began to cry out as loud as he could. Thereupon, the duke and the duchess, imagining the cause of his outcry, ran to his assistance immediately; and having opened the door of his chamber with a master-key, found the poor knight struggling hard with the cat, that would not quit its hold. By the light of the candles which they had with them, they saw the unequal combat. The duke offered to interpose and take off the animal, but Don Quixote would not permit him. "Let nobody touch him," cried he; "let me alone hand to hand with this sorcerer, this necromancer; I'll make him know what it is to deal with Don Quixote de la Mancha!"

But the cat, not minding his threats, growled on, and still held fast; till at length the duke got its claws unhooked, and flung him out at the window. Don Quixote's face was hideously scratched, and his nose in no very good condition. Yet nothing vexed him so much as that they had rescued out of his hands the villanous necromancer. Immediately some ointment was sent for, and Altisidora herself applied some plasters to his sores, whispering in his ear at the same time, "Cruel, hard-hearted knight," said she, "all these disasters are befallen thee as a just punishment for thy obdurate stubbornness and disdain. May thy squire Sancho forget to whip himself, that thy darling Dulcinea may never be delivered from her enchantment, at least so long as I, thy neglected adorer, live!"

Don Quixote made no answer at all to this; only he heaved up a profound sigh, and then went to take his repose, after he had returned the duke and duchess thanks, not so much for their assistance against that rascally crew of jangling enchanters—for he defied them all—but for their kindness and good intent. Then the duke and duchess left him, not a little troubled at the miscarriage of their jest, which they did not think would have proved so fatal to the knight as to oblige him, as it did, to keep his chamber some days; during which time there happened to him another adventure, more pleasant than the last; which, however, cannot now be related; for the historian must return to Sancho Panza, who was very busy, and no less pleasant, in his government.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

Which gives a further account of Sancho Panza's behaviour in his government.

THE history informs us that Sancho was conducted from the court of justice to a sumptuous palace, where, in a spacious room, he found the cloth laid, and a magnificent entertainment prepared. As soon as he entered, the wind-music played, and four pages waited on him with water for washing his hands, which he did with a great deal of gravity. The instruments ceasing, Sancho sat down at the upper end of the table; for there was no seat but there, and the cloth was only

laid for one. A certain personage, who afterwards appeared to be a physician, came and stood at his elbow, with a whalebone wand in his hand. Then they took off a curious white cloth that lay over the dishes on the table, and discovered a great variety of fruit and other eatables. One that looked like a student said grace; a page put a laced cloth under Sancho's chin; and another set a dish of fruit before him. But he had hardly put one bit into his mouth before the physician touched the dish with his wand, and then it was taken away by a page in an instant. Immediately another, with meat, was put in the place; but Sancho no sooner offered to taste it than the doctor, with the wand, conjured it away as fast as the fruit. Sancho was amazed at this sudden removal, and, looking about him on the company, asked them, "Whether the dinner was only to show off their sleight of hand."

"My Lord Governor," answered the physician, "you are to eat here no otherwise than according to the use and custom of other islands where there are governors. I am a doctor of physic, my lord, and have a salary allowed me in this island for taking charge of the governor's health, and I am more careful of it than of my own, studying night and day his constitution, that I may know what to prescribe when he falls sick. Now the chief thing I do is, to attend him always at his meals, to let him eat what I think convenient for him, and to prevent his eating what I imagine to be prejudicial to his health. Therefore I ordered the fruit to be taken away, because it is too cold and moist; and the other dish, because it is as much too hot, and overseasoned with spices, which are apt to increase thirst; and he that drinks much destroys and consumes the radical moisture, which is the fuel of life."

"So, then," quoth Sancho, "this dish of roasted partridges here can do me no manner of harm."

"Hold," said the physician, "the Lord Governor shall not eat of them while I live to prevent it."

"Why so?" cried Sancho.

"Because," answered the doctor, "our great master, Hippocrates, the north-star and luminary of physic, says, in one of his aphorisms, *Omnis saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima;* that is, 'All repletion is bad, but that of partridges is worst of all.'"

"If it be so," said Sancho, "let Mr. Doctor see which of all these dishes on the table will do me the most good and least harm, and let me eat of that, without having it whisked away with his wand. For, by my hopes, and the pleasures of government, as I live I am ready to die with hunger; and, not to allow me to eat my victuals (let Mr. Doctor say what he will) is the way to shorten my life, and not to lengthen it."

"Very true, my lord," replied the physician; "however, I am of opinion you ought not to eat of these rabbits; nor would I have you taste that veal. Indeed, if it were neither roasted nor pickled, something might be said; but as it is, it must not be."

"Well, then," said Sancho, "what think you of that huge dish yonder that smokes so? I take it to be an olla podrida; and that

being a hodge-podge of so many sorts of victuals, sure I cannot but light upon something there that will be both wholesome and pleasant."

"*Absit*," cried the doctor, "far be such an ill thought from us; no diet in the world yields worse nutriment than those mish-mashes do. Simple medicines are generally allowed to be better than compounds; for, in a composition, there may happen a mistake by the unequal proportion of the ingredients; but simples are not subject to that accident. Therefore, what I would advise at present, as a fit diet for the governor for the preservation and support of his health, is a hundred of small wafers, and a few thin slices of preserved quince, to strengthen his stomach and help digestion."

Sancho hearing this, leaned back upon his chair, and, looking earnestly in the doctor's face, very seriously asked him what his name was, and where he had studied?

"My lord," answered he, "I am called Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero. The name of the place where I was born is Tirteafuera, and lies between Caraquel and Almodabar del Campo, on the right hand; and I took my degree of doctor in the University of Ossuna."

"Hark you," said Sancho, in a mighty chafe, "Mr. Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero, take yourself away! Avoid the room this moment, or assuredly I'll get me a good cudgel, and, beginning with your carcass, will so belabour and rib-roast all the physic-mongers in the island, that I will not leave therein one of the tribe—of those, I mean, that are ignorant quacks; for as for learned and wise physicians, I will make much of them, and honour them like so many angels. Once more, Pedro Rezio, I say, get out of my presence! Avaunt! or I will take the chair I sit upon, and comb your head with it to some purpose, and let me be called to an account about it when I give up my office; I do not care, I will clear myself by saying I did the world good service in ridding it of a bad physician, the plague of a commonwealth. Let me eat, I say, or let them take their government again; for an office that will not afford a man his victuals is not worth two horse-beans."

The physician was terrified, seeing the governor in such a heat, and would at once have slunk out of the room, had not the sound of a post-horn in the street been heard that moment; whereupon the steward, immediately looking out of the window, turned back and said there was an express come from the duke, doubtless with some despatch of importance.

Presently the messenger entered, with haste and concern in his looks, and pulling a packet out of his bosom, delivered it to the governor. Sancho gave it to the steward, and ordered him to read the direction, which was this: "To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria, to be delivered into his own hands, or those of his secretary."

"Who is my secretary?" cried Sancho.

"It is I, my lord," answered one that was standing by; "for I can write and read, and am a Biscayner."

"That last qualification is enough to make thee set up for secretary

to the emperor himself," said Sancho. "Open the letter, then, and see what it says."

The new secretary did so, and having perused the despatch by himself, told the governor that it was a business that was to be told only in private. Sancho ordered every one to leave the room, except the steward and the carver, and then the secretary read what follows.

"I have received information, my Lord Don Sancho Panza, that some of our enemies intend to attack your island with great fury one of these nights: you ought, therefore, to be watchful, and stand upon your guard, that you may not be found unprovided. I have also had intelligence from faithful spies, that there are four men got into the town in disguise, to murder you; your abilities being regarded as a great obstacle to the enemy's designs. Look about you, take heed how you admit strangers to speak with you, and eat nothing sent you as a present. I will take care to send you assistance, if you stand in need of it. And in everything I rely on your prudence. From our castle, the 16th of August, at four in the morning.

"Your friend,

"THE DUKE."

Sancho was astonished at the news, and those that were with him were no less concerned. But at last, turning to the steward—

"I will tell you," said he, "what is first to be done in this case, and that with all speed. Clap that same Doctor Rezio in a dungeon; for if anybody has a mind to kill me it must be he, and that with a lingering death, the worst of deaths, hunger-starving."

"However," said the carver, "I am of opinion your honour ought not to eat any of the things that stand here before you; for they were sent in by some of the convents, and it is a common saying, 'The devil lurks behind the cross.'"

"Which nobody can deny," quoth Sancho; "and therefore let me have, for the present, but a luncheon of bread, and some four pounds of raisins; there can be no poison in that; for, in short, I cannot live without eating; and, if we must be in readiness against these battles, we had need be well victualled. Meanwhile, secretary, do you send my lord duke an answer, and tell him his order shall be fulfilled in every part. Remember me kindly to my lady, and beg of her not to forget to send one on purpose with my letter and bundle to Teresa Panza, my wife; which I shall take as a special favour, and I will be mindful to serve her to the best of my power. And, when your hand is in, you may crowd in my service to my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see I am neither forgetful nor ungrateful. The rest I leave to you: put in what you will, and do your part like a good secretary and a staunch Biscayner. Now, take away here, and bring me something to eat; and then you shall see I am able to deal with all the spies, wizards, and cut-throat dogs that dare to meddle with me and my island."

At that time a page entering the room, "My lord," said he, "there

is a countryman without desires to speak with your lordship about business of great consequence."

"It is a strange thing," cried Sancho, "that one must be still plagued with these men of business! Is it possible they should be such sots as not to understand this is not a time for business! Do they fancy that we governors and distributers of justice are made of iron and marble, and have no need of rest and refreshment like other creatures of flesh and blood? If my government does but last, as I shrewdly guess it will not, I will get some of these men of business laid by the heels. Well, for once, let the fellow come in; but first take heed he be not one of the spies or ruffian rogues that would murder me."

"As for that," said the page, "I daresay he had no hand in the plot; poor soul, he looks as if he could not help it; there is no more harm in him, seemingly, than in a piece of good bread."

"There is no need to fear," said the steward, "since we are all here by you."

"But, hark you," quoth Sancho, "now Doctor Rezio is gone, might not I eat something that has some substance in it, though it were but a crust and an onion?"

"At night," answered the carver, "your honour shall have no cause to complain; supper shall make amends for the want of your dinner."

Now the countryman came in, and, by his looks, seemed to be a good harmless soul.

"Which is my lord governor?" quoth he.

"Who but he that sits in the chair?" answered the secretary.

"I humble myself to his worship's presence," quoth the fellow; and with that, falling on his knees, begged to kiss his hand, which Sancho refused, but bid him rise, and tell him what he had to say. The countryman then got up: "My lord," said he, "I am a husbandman of Miguel Turra, a town some two leagues from Ciudad-Real."

"Here is another Tirteafuera," quoth Sancho; "well, go on, friend, I know the place full well; it is not far from our town."

"If it please you," said the countryman, "my business is this: I was married, by Heaven's mercy, in the face of our holy mother the Church, and I have two boys that take their learning at the college; the youngest studies to become a bachelor, and the eldest to be a master of arts. I am a widower, because my wife is dead; she died if it please you, or, to speak more truly, she was killed, as one may say, by a doctor. Now, sir, I must tell you," continued the farmer, "that that son of mine, the bachelor of arts that is to be, fell in love with a maiden of our town, Clara Perlerino by name, the daughter of Andrew Perlerino, a mighty rich farmer; and Perlerino is not the right name neither; but, because the whole generation of them is troubled with the palsy, they used to be called, from the name of that complaint, Perlaticos, but now they go by that of Perlerino; and truly it fits the young woman rarely, for she is a precious pearl for beauty, especially if you stand on her right side and view her: she looks like a flower in the fields. On the left, indeed, she does not look alto-

gether so well; for there she wants an eye, which she lost by the smallpox, that has digged many pits somewhat deep all over her face; but those that wish her well say that is nothing, and that those pits are so many graves to bury lovers' hearts in. I hope my lord governor will pardon me for dwelling thus on the picture, seeing it is merely out of my hearty love and affection for the girl."

"Prithee, go on as long as thou wilt," said Sancho; "I am mightily taken with thy discourse; and, if I had but dined, I would not desire a better dessert."

"Alas, sir, all I have said is nothing; could I set before your eyes her pretty carriage and her shape, you would admire. But that is not to be done."

"So far so good," said Sancho; "but let us suppose you have drawn her from head to foot, what is it you would be at now? Come to the point, friend, without so many windings and turnings, and going round about the bush."

"Sir," said the farmer, "I would desire your honour to do me the kindness to give me a letter of accommodation to the father of my daughter-in-law, beseeching him to be pleased to let the marriage be fulfilled, seeing we are not unlike neither in estate nor bodily concerns; for to tell you the truth, my lord governor, my son is bewitched; and having once had the ill-luck to fall into the fire, the skin of his face is shrivelled up like a piece of parchment, and his eyes are somewhat sore and full of rheum. But, when all is said, he has the temper of an angel; and were he not apt to thump and belabour himself now and then in his fits, you would take him to be a saint."

"Have you anything else to ask, honest man?" said Sancho.

"Only one thing more," quoth the farmer; "but I am somewhat afraid to speak it; yet I cannot find in my heart to let it rot within me; and, therefore, I must out with it. I would desire your worship to bestow on me some three hundred or six hundred ducats towards my bachelor's portion, only to help him to begin the world and furnish him a house; for, in short, they would live by themselves, without being subject to the impertinences of a father-in-law."

"Well," said Sancho, "see if you would have anything else; if you would, do not let fear or bashfulness be your hindrance. Out with it, man."

"No, truly," quoth the farmer; and he had scarcely spoken the words when the governor, starting up, and laying hold of the chair he sat on, "You brazen-faced impudent country booby!" cried he, "get out of my presence this moment, or I will crack your jolter-head with this chair! You vagabond, dost thou come at this time of day to ask me for six hundred ducats? Where should I have them, clodpate? And if I had them, why should I give them thee? What care I for Miguel Turra, or all the generation of the Perlerinos? Avoid the room, I say, or I'll be as good as my word. It is not a day and a half that I have been governor, and thou wouldst have me possess six hundred ducats already!"

The steward made signs to the farmer to withdraw, and he went

out accordingly hanging down his head, and to all appearance very much afraid lest the governor should make good his angry threats; for the cunning knave knew very well how to act his part. But let us leave Sancho in his angry mood, and let there be peace and quietness while we return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face covered over with plasters, the scratches which he had got having obliged him to no less than eight days retirement, during which time there happened that which we promise to relate with the same punctuality and veracity with which all the particulars of this history are detailed.

CHAPTER LXXX.

What happened to Don Quixote with Donna Rodriguez; as also other passages worthy to be recorded.

Don Quixote, thus unhappily hurt, was extremely discontented and melancholy. He was some days without appearing in public; and one night, when he was thus confined to his apartment, as he lay awake reflecting on his misfortunes and Altisidora's importunities, he perceived somebody was opening his chamber-door with a key, and presently imagined that the damsel herself was coming.

"No," said he, loud enough to be heard, "the greatest beauty in the universe shall never remove the dear idea of the charming fair that is engraved and stamped in the very centre of my heart and the most secret recesses of my breast. No, thou only mistress of my soul, whether transformed into a country girl, or into one of the nymphs of the golden Tagus that weave silk and gold in the loom; whether Merlin or Montesinos detain thee where they please, be where thou wilt, thou still art mine; and wherever I shall be, I must and will be thine."

The door opening as he concluded this apostrophe, he started upright in the bed, wrapped from top to toe in a quilt of yellow satin, a woollen cap on his head, and his face and moustachios bound up; his face because of its scratches, and his moustachios to keep them from flagging and falling down. In this guise he appeared the most extraordinary phantasm imaginable. He nailed his eyes to the door, and, when he expected to see the poor captivated and sorrowful Altisidora enter, he beheld a most reverend duenna, in a long white veil that covered her from head to foot. Between the fingers of her left hand she held half a lighted candle, while her right hand formed a shade over it to keep the glare from her eyes, which were hidden behind a huge pair of spectacles. She advanced slowly and trod softly. Don Quixote surveyed her from his watch-tower, and perceiving her figure, and noting her silence, he fancied her to be some witch or sorceress come in that disguise to do him some shrewd turn, and he began with much devotion to cross himself. The apparition continued to move forward till it came to the middle of the room, when, lifting up its eyes, it perceived the hurried manner of the

knight's devout motions: and, if he were terrified at her appearance, she was no less dismayed at his, and seeing him so lank and yellow, wrapped in the quilt and disfigured with bandages, she exclaimed, "Heavens! what do I see?"

With the fright the candle fell out of her hand, and, finding herself in the dark, she turned quickly round to be gone, but in the confusion, happening to tread on her own skirts, she stumbled and fell on the floor. Don Quixote, trembling with apprehension, began to ejaculate, "I conjure thee, O phantom, or whatever be thy nature, to tell me who thou art, and what thou wouldst have: if thou art a soul in torment, haste to inform me, and I will do all I can to relieve thee; for I am a Catholic Christian, and delight in doing good to all the world: it was for that purpose I took upon me the profession of knight-errantry, an employment which extends to the benefit even of souls in purgatory."

The duenna, bruised by her fall, hearing herself thus exorcised, guessed at the knight's fear by her own, and in a low and doleful voice, answered, "Signor Don Quixote—if peradventure your worship be Don Quixote—I am no phantom or apparition, or soul in purgatory, as your worship seems to think, but Donna Rodriguez, duenna of honour to my lady duchess, and am come to your worship with one of those cases of necessity which your worship is wont to remedy."

"Tell me, Donna Rodriguez," said Don Quixote, "are not you come to manage some love intrigue? If you are, take it from me, you will lose your labour: it is all in vain, thanks to the peerless beauty of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso. In a word, madam, provided you come not on some such embassy, you may go light your candle and return, and we will talk of anything you please."

"I have come with no such purpose," said the duenna. "But stay a little, I will go light my candle, and then I will tell you my misfortunes; for it is you that set to right everything in the world."

This said, away she went, without stopping for an answer.

Don Quixote crept into bed, and Donna Rodriguez, returning shortly afterwards, seated herself in a chair at some little distance from it, without taking off her spectacles or setting down her candle. The knight covered himself up close, all but his face, and both having paused awhile, he was the first who broke silence.

"Now, madam," said he, "you may freely unburden your heart, sure of attention to your complaints and assistance in your distress."

"I believe as much," said the matron, "and promised myself no less charitable an answer from a person of so graceful and pleasing a presence. The case then is, noble sir, that though you see me sitting in this chair, in the middle of Arragon, in the habit of an insignificant unhappy duenna, I am of Asturias de Oviedo, and of one of the best families in that province. But my hard fortune, and the neglect of my parents, brought me to Madrid, where, because they could do no better, they placed me with a court lady to be her chambermaid. And, though I say it, for all manner of plain work I was never outdone by any one in all my life. My father and mother left me at service, and

returned home; and some few years after they both died, and went to heaven, I hope; for they were very good and religious Catholics. Then was I left an orphan, and wholly reduced to the sorrowful condition of such court servants—wretched wages and a slender allowance. About the same time the gentleman-usher fell in love with me before I dreamt of any such thing. He was somewhat stricken in years, had a fine beard, was a personable man, and, what is more, as good a gentleman as the king; for he was of the mountains. We did not carry matters so close but it came to my lady's ear; and so, without more ado, she caused us to be married in the face of our holy mother the Catholic Church. But because my husband was a little short-sighted my lady turned him away, the grief whereof, I verily believe, was the death of him. I was left a widow and helpless, with a daughter upon my hands, who went on increasing in beauty like the foam of the sea. Finally, as I had the reputation of a good workwoman at my needle, my lady duchess, who was then newly married to my lord duke, would needs have me with her to this kingdom of Arragon, together with my daughter, where, in process of time, she grew up, and with all the accomplishments in the world. She sings like any lark, dances as quick as thought, capers as if she would break her neck, reads and writes like a schoolmaster, and casts accounts like any usurer. I say nothing of her cleanliness, for the running brook is not cleaner; and she is now, if I remember right, sixteen years of age, five months, and three days, one more or less. In a word, the son of a very rich farmer, who lives not far off in a village of my lord duke's, grew enamoured of this girl of mine, but now refuses to perform his promise of marriage. And though my lord duke knows the affair, and I have complained again and again to him, and begged him to command this same young farmer to marry my daughter, yet he turns the deaf ear, and will hardly vouchsafe to hear me; and the reason is, because the cozening knave's father is rich and lends him money, and is surety for him on all occasions; therefore he will on no account disoblige or offend him. Now, good sir, my desire is that your worship take upon you the redressing this wrong, either by entreaty or by force of arms; since all the world says your worship was born in it to redress grievances, to right the injured, and succour the miserable. And be pleased, sir, to consider my daughter's fatherless condition, her youth, and all the good qualities I have already mentioned; for, on my soul and conscience, of all the damsels in my lady's service, there is not one that comes up to the sole of her shoe; and one of them, called Altisidora, who is reckoned to be the liveliest and gracefullest of them all, falls above two leagues short in comparison with my daughter; for you must know, dear sir, that all is not gold that glitters, and this same little Altisidora has more self-conceit than beauty, and more assurance than modesty. Nay, even my lady duchess herself——but mum for that; for they say walls have ears."

"What of my lady duchess?" quoth Don Quixote. "Tell me, Madam Rodriguez, by the life of my soul."

"Thus conjured," replied the duenna, "I cannot but reply with all

truth to whatever is asked me. Your worship, Signor Don Quixote, must have observed the beauty of my lady duchess; that complexion like any bright and polished sword; those cheeks of milk and crimson, with the sun on one side and the moon on the other; and that stateliness with which she treads, or rather disdains, the ground, as one might suppose dispensing health wherever she passes. Let me tell you, sir, she may thank God for it in the first place, and, next, two issues she has, one in each leg."

"Holy Virgin!" quoth Don Quixote, "is it possible? I should never have believed it had the barefooted friars themselves told it me; but, since Madam Donna Rodriguez says it, it must needs be so. But from such issues surely nothing but liquid amber can distil: verily I am now convinced that this issue making is a matter of great consequence to health."

Scarce had this passed when the chamber-door flew open, which so startled Donna Rodriguez that she let fall her candle, and the room remained as dark as a wolf's mouth, as the saying is; and presently the poor duenna felt somebody hold her by the throat, and squeeze it so hard that it was not in her power to cry out; and another beat her so unmercifully that it would have moved any one but those that did it to pity. Don Quixote was not without compassion, yet he lay silent, not knowing what the meaning of this bustle might be, and fearing lest the tempest that poured on the poor matron might also light upon himself; and not without reason, for indeed, after the mute executioners had well beat the old gentlewoman (who durst not cry out) they came to Don Quixote, and pinched him so hard and so long, that in his own defence he could not forbear laying about him with his fists as well as he could, till at last, after the scuffle had lasted about half an hour, the invisible phantoms vanished. Donna Rodriguez, lamenting her hard fortune, left the room without speaking a word to the knight. As for him, he remained where he was, sadly pinched and tired, and very moody and thoughtful, not knowing who this wicked enchanter could be that had used him in that manner. But now let us leave him, and return to Sancho Panza, who calls upon us, as the order of our history requires.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

Of what happened to Sancho Panza as he went the round in his island.

We left the grand governor moody and out of humour at the knavish picture-drawing peasant, who, instructed by the steward, and he again by the duke, played upon Sancho. Yet, as much a dunce and fool as he was, he made his party good against them all. At last, addressing himself to those about him, among whom was Dr. Pedro Rezio, who had ventured into the room again: "Now," said he, "do I find in good earnest that judges and governors must be made of brass, that they may be proof against the importunities of those that

pretend business; who, at all hours and at all seasons, would be heard and despatched, without any regard to anybody but themselves. Now, if a poor judge does not hear and despatch them presently, either because he is otherwise busy and cannot, or because they do not come at a proper season, then do they grumble, and give him their blessing backwards, rake up the ashes of his forefathers, and would gnaw his very bones. But with your leave, good Mr. Busybody, with all your business, you are too hasty; pray have a little patience, and wait a fit time to make your application. Do not come at dinner-time, or when a man is going to sleep; for we judges are flesh and blood, and must allow nature what she naturally requires; unless it be poor I, who am not to allow mine any food; thanks to my friend Mr. Doctor Pedro Rezio Tirteafuera, here present, who is for starving me to death, and then vows it is for the preservation of my life."

All that knew Sancho wondered to hear him talk so sensibly, and began to think that offices and places of trust inspired some men with understanding, as they stupefied and confounded others. However, Dr. Pedro promised him he should sup that night, though he trespassed against all the rules of Hippocrates. This pacified the governor, and made him wait with a mighty impatience for the evening. To his thinking, the hour was so long coming that he fancied time stood still; but yet at last the wished-for moment came, and they served him up some minced beef with onions, and some calves-feet, somewhat stale. The hungry governor presently fell to with more eagerness and appetite than if they had given him Roman pheasants or Lavajos geese. And after he had pretty well taken off the sharp edge of his stomach, turning to the physician, "Look you," quoth he, "Mr. Doctor, hereafter never trouble yourself to get me dainties or titbits to humour my stomach; that would but take it quite off the hinges, by reason it has been used to nothing but good beef, bacon, pork, goats-flesh, turnips, and onions; and if you ply me with your kickshaws, your nice courtiers' fare, it will but make my stomach squeamish and untoward, and I should perfectly loathe them one time or another. However, I shall not take it amiss, if Master Sewer will now and then get me one of these olla podridas (and the stronger they are the better), where all sorts of good things are stewed, and, as it were, lost in one another; and I shall remember him, and make him amends one of these days. But let nobody put tricks upon travellers, and make a fool of me; for either we are or we are not. Let us be merry and wise; when God sends his light, he sends it to all. I will govern this island fair and square, without underhand dealings or taking of bribes; but take notice, I will not bate an inch of my right; and therefore let every one carry an even hand, and mind their hits, or else I would have them to know there are rods in pickle for them. They that urge me too far shall rue for it; make yourself honey, and the flies will eat you."

"Indeed, my lord governor," said the steward, "your lordship is much in the right in all you have said; and I dare engage for the inhabitants of this island, that they will obey and observe your

commands with diligence, love, and punctuality; for your gentle way of governing, in the beginning of your administration, does not give them the least opportunity to act or to design anything to your lordship's disadvantage."

"I believe as much," answered Sancho, "and they would be silly wretches, should they offer to do or think otherwise. Let me tell you too, it is my pleasure you take care of me and my Dapple, that we may both have our food as we ought, which is the most material business. Next let us think of going the rounds, when it is time for me to do so; for I intend to clear this island of all filth and rubbish, of all rogues and vagrants, idle fellows, and sturdy beggars. For I would have you to know, my good friends, that your slothful, lazy, lewd people in a commonwealth, are like drones in a beehive, that waste and devour the honey which the labouring bees gather. I design to encourage the husbandmen, preserve the privileges of the gentry, reward virtuous persons; and, above all things, reverence religion, and have regard to the honour of religious men. What think you of this, my good friends? Do I talk to the purpose, or do I talk idly?"

"You speak so well, my lord governor," answered the steward, "that I stand in admiration to hear you utter so many notable things, and in every word a sentence; far from what they who have sent you hither, and they who are here present, ever expected from your understanding. But every day produces some new wonder; jests are turned into earnest, and those who designed to laugh at others happen to be laughed at themselves."

It being now night, and the governor having supped, he prepared to walk the rounds; and set forward, attended by the steward, the secretary, the gentleman-waiter, the historiographer (who was to register his acts), several sergeants, and other limbs of the law; so many in number that they made a little battalion, in the middle of which the great Sancho marched with his rod of justice in his hand, in a notable manner. They had not walked far before they heard the clashing of swords, which made them hasten to the place whence the noise came. Being come thither, they found only two men fighting, who gave over on perceiving the officers.

"What," cried one of them at the same time, "do they suffer folks to be robbed in the town, in defiance of Heaven and the king; do they let men be stripped in the middle of the street?"

"Hold, honest man," said Sancho; "have a little patience, and let me know the occasion of this fray, for I am the governor."

"My lord," said the other party, "I will tell you in a few words. Your lordship must know that this gentleman, just now, at a gaming-ordinary over the way, won above a thousand reals; I stood by all the while, and gave judgment for him in more than one doubtful cast, though I could not well tell how to do it in conscience. He carried off his winnings; and when I expected he would have given me a crown gratuity, up he got, and went away without giving me anything. I ran after him, not very well pleased with his proceeding, yet very civilly desired him to consider I was his friend; that he

knew me to be a gentleman, though fallen to decay, that had nothing to live upon, my friends having brought me up to no employment; and therefore I entreated him to be so kind as to give me eight reals; but the stingy soul would give me but four sneaking reals. And now, my lord, you may see how little shame and conscience there is in him. But had not your lordship come just in the nick, I would have made him disgorge his winnings, and taught him the difference between a rook and a jackdaw."

"What say you to this?" cried Sancho to the other.

The other made answer, "That he could not deny what his antagonist had said, that he would give him but four reals, because he had given him money several times before; and they who expect benevolence should be mannerly, and be thankful for what is given them, without haggling with those that have won, unless they know them to be common cheats, and the money not won fairly; and that to show he was a fair gamester, and no sharper, as the other said, there needed no better proof than his refusal to give him anything, since the sharpers are always in fee with these bully-rooks, who know them, and wink at their cheats."

"That is true," said the steward. "Now what would your lordship have us to do with these men?"

"I will tell you," said Sancho: "first, you that are the winner, whether by fair play or by foul, give your bully-back here a hundred reals immediately, and thirty more for the poor prisoners; and you that have nothing to live on, and were brought up to no employment, and go sharping up and down from place to place, pray take your hundred reals, and be sure by to-morrow to go out of this island, and not to set foot in it again these ten years and a day, unless you have a mind to make an end of your banishment in another world; for if I find you here, I will make you swing on a gibbet, with the help of the hangman. Away, and let nobody offer to reply, or I will lay him by the heels."

Thereupon the one disbursed, and the other received; the first went home, and the last went out of the island; and then the governor, going on, "Either I shall want of my will," said he, "or I will put down these disorderly gaming-houses; for I have a fancy they are highly prejudicial."

One of the officers now came holding a youth, and having brought him before the governor, "If it please your worship," said he, "this young man was coming towards us, but as soon as he perceived it was the rounds, he sheered off, and set a-running as fast as his legs would carry him—a sign he is no better than he should be."

"What made you run away, friend?" said Sancho.

"Sir," answered the young man, "it was only to avoid the questions one is commonly teased with by the watch."

"What business do you follow?" asked Sancho.

"I am a weaver by trade," answered the other.

"A weaver of what?" asked the governor.

"Of steel-heads for lances, with your worship's good leave," said the other.

"Oh, oh," cried Sancho, "you are a wag I find, and pretend to pass your jests upon us. Very well. And pray whither are you going at this time of night?"

"To take the air, if it like your worship," answered the other.

"Good," said Sancho; "and where do they take the air in this island?"

"Where it blows," said the youth.

"A very proper answer," cried Sancho. "You are a very pretty impudent fellow, that is the truth of it. But pray make account that I am the air, or the wind, which you please, and that I will blow you to the round-house. Here, take him and carry him away thither directly; I will take care the youngster shall sleep out of the air to-night; he might catch cold else by lying abroad."

"You shall as soon make me a king," said the young man, "as make me sleep out of the air to-night."

"Why, you young slip-string," said Sancho, "is it not in my power to commit thee to prison, and fetch thee out again as often as it is my will and pleasure?"

"For all your power," answered the fellow, "you shall not make me sleep in prison."

"Say you so!" cried Sancho; "here, away with him to prison, and let him see to his cost who is mistaken, he or I; and, lest the jailer should be greased in the fist to let him out, I will fine him in two thousand ducats if he let thee stir a foot out of prison."

"All that is a jest," said the other; "for I defy all mankind to make me sleep this night in a prison."

"Hast thou some angel," said Sancho, "to take off the irons which I will have thee clapped in, and get thee out?"

"Well now, my good lord governor," said the young man very pleasantly, "let us talk reason, and come to the point. Suppose your lordship should send me to jail, and get me laid by the heels in the dungeon, shackled and manacled, and lay a heavy penalty on the jailer in case he let me out; and suppose your orders be strictly obeyed; yet for all that, if I have no mind to sleep, but will keep awake all night, without so much as shutting my eyes, pray can you, with all the power you have, make me sleep whether I will or no!"

"No certainly," said the secretary; "and the young man has made out his meaning."

"Well," said Sancho, "but I hope you mean to keep yourself awake, and only forbear sleeping to please your own fancy, and not to thwart my will?"

"I mean nothing else indeed, my lord," said the lad.

"Why, then go home and sleep," quoth Sancho, "and Heaven send thee good rest; I will not be thy hindrance. But have a care another time of sporting with justice; for you may meet with some in office that may chance to break your head while you are breaking your jest."

The youth went his way, and the governor continued his rounds.

Awhile after came two of the officers, bringing a person along with them.

"My lord governor," said one of them, "we have brought here one that is dressed like a man, yet is no man, but a woman, and no ugly one neither."

Thereupon they lifted up to her eyes two or three lanterns, and by their light discovered the face of a woman about sixteen years of age, beautiful to admiration, with her hair put up in a network caul of gold and green silk. She had flesh-coloured stockings, with garters of white taffeta and tassels of gold and seed-pearl, breeches of green and gold tissue, a loose coat of the same, and a superb waistcoat of white and gold stuff. Her shoes were white, and such as are worn by men. She had no sword, but a very rich dagger; and on her fingers were many rings of great value. In a word, all who beheld her were struck with admiration; but nobody knew the lady, and even such of the inhabitants of the town who were present said they could not imagine who she could be. The persons who were in the secret of the jests put upon Sancho, wondered the most; for this adventure was not of their contriving, and therefore they were in suspense, expecting the issue of so unforeseen an incident. Sancho, struck like the rest with the beauty of the damsel, asked her who she was, whither she was going, and what had moved her to dress herself in that manner.

"Sir," said she, casting her eyes on the ground with a decent bashfulness, "I cannot tell you before so many people what I have so much reason to wish may be kept a secret. Only this one thing I do assure you, I am no thief, nor evil-minded person, but an unhappy maid whom the force of jealousy has constrained to transgress the laws of decorum."

The steward hearing this, "My lord governor," said he, "be pleased to order your attendants to retire, that the gentlewoman may more freely tell her mind."

The governor did accordingly; and all the company removed to a distance, except the steward, the sewer, and the secretary; and then the young lady thus proceeded—

"I am the daughter of Pedro Perez Mazorca, farmer of the wool in this town, who comes very often to my father's house."

"This will hardly pass, madam," said the steward; "for I know Pedro Perez very well, and he has neither son nor daughter; besides, you tell us he is your father, and yet that he comes very often to your father's house."

"I observed as much," said Sancho.

"Indeed, gentlemen," said she, "I am now so troubled in mind that I know not what I say; but the truth is, I am the daughter of Diego de la Llana, whom I suppose you all know."

"Now this may pass," said the steward; "for I know Diego de la Llana, who is a very considerable gentleman, has a good estate, and a son and a daughter. But since his wife died nobody in the town can say that he ever saw that daughter; for he keeps her so close that he hardly suffers the sun to look on her, though indeed the common report is that she is an extraordinary beauty."

"You say very true, sir," replied the young lady, "and I am that

very daughter. As for my beauty, if fame has given you a wrong character of it, you will now be undeceived, since you have seen my face;" and with this she burst out into tears. The secretary perceiving this, whispered the sewer in the ear, "Sure," said he, "some extraordinary matter must have happened to this poor young lady, since it could oblige one of her quality to come out of doors in this disguise."

"That is without question," answered the other; "for her tears, too, confirm the suspicion."

Sancho comforted her with the best reasons he could think on, and bid her not be afraid, but tell them what had befallen her.

"You must know, gentlemen," said she, "that it is now ten years that my father has kept me close—ever since my mother died. We have a small chapel in the house, where we hear mass; and in all that time I have seen nothing but the sun by day, and the moon and stars by night; neither do I know what streets, squares, market-places, and churches are; no, nor men, except my father, my brother, and that Pedro Perez, the wool-farmer, whom I at first would have passed upon you for my father. This confinement (not being allowed to stir abroad, though but to go to church) has made me uneasy this great while, and made me long to see the world, or at least the town where I was born, which I thought was no unlawful or unseemly desire. When I heard them talk of feasts, prizes, acting of plays, and other public sports, I asked my brother, who is a year younger than I, what they meant by those things, and a world of others which I have not seen; and he informed me as well as he could; but that made me the more eager to be satisfied by my own eyes. In short, I begged of my brother—I wish I never had done it——" And here she relapsed into tears.

The steward perceiving it, "Come, madam," said he, "pray proceed, and make an end of telling us what has happened to you; for your words and your tears keep us all in suspense."

"I have but few more words to add," answered she, "but many more tears to shed; for they are commonly the fruit of such imprudent desires."

Thereupon, with broken sobs and half-fetched sighs, "Sir," said she, "all my misfortune is, that I desired my brother to lend me some of his clothes, and that he would take me out some night or other to see all the town, while our father was asleep. Importuned by my entreaties, he consented; and, having lent me his clothes, he put on mine, which fit him as if they had been made for him. So this very night, about an hour ago, we got out; and being guided by my father's footboy, and our own unruly desires, we took a ramble over the whole town; and as we were going home, we perceived a great number of people coming our way; whereupon said my brother, 'Sister, this is certainly the watch; follow me, and let us not only run, but fly as fast as we can; for if we should be known, it will be the worse for us.' With that he fell a-running as fast as if he had wings to his feet. I fell a-running too; but was so frightened, that I fell down before I had gone half a dozen steps; and then a man overtook me, and brought me before you and this crowd of people,

by whom to my shame I am taken for an ill creature—a bold, indiscreet night-walker." All this was afterwards confirmed by her brother, who was now brought by some of the watch, one of whom had at last overtaken him, after he had left his sister. He had nothing on but a very rich petticoat and a blue damask manteau, with a gold galloon; his head without any ornament but his own hair, that hung down in natural curls like so many rings of gold. The governor, the steward, and the sewer took him aside; and after they had examined him apart, why he had put on that dress, he gave the same answer his sister had done, and with no less bashfulness and concern; much to the satisfaction of the sewer, who was much smitten with the young lady's charms.

As for the governor, after he had heard the whole matter, "Truly, gentlefolks," said he, "here is a little piece of childish folly; and to give an account of this wild frolic and slip of youth, there needed not all these sighs and tears, nor those hems, and ha's, and long excuses. Could not you, without any more ado, have said our names are so and so, and we stole out of our father's house for an hour or two, only to ramble about the town, and satisfy a little curiosity; and there had been an end of the story, without all this weeping and wailing?"

"You say very well," said the young damsel; "but you may imagine that, in the trouble and fright I was in, I could not behave myself as I should have done."

"Well," said Sancho, "there is no harm done; go along with us, and we will see you home to your father's; perhaps you may not yet be missed. But have a care how you gad abroad to see fashions another time. Do not be too venturesome: an honest maid should be still at home, as if she had one leg broken. A hen and a woman are lost by rambling; and she that longs to see, longs also to be seen. I need say no more."

The young gentleman thanked the governor for his civility, and then went home under his conduct. Being come to the house, the young spark threw a little stone against one of the iron-barred windows; and presently a maid-servant, who sat up for them, came down, opened the door, and let him and his sister in.

The governor, with his company, then continued his rounds, talking all the way as they went of the genteel carriage and beauty of the brother and sister, and the great desire these poor children had to see the world by night.

As for the sewer, he was so passionately in love that he resolved to go the next day and demand her of her father in marriage, not doubting but the old gentleman would comply with him, as he was one of the duke's principal servants. On the other side, Sancho had a great mind to strike a match between the young man with his daughter Sanchica, and determined to bring it about the first opportunity, presuming, from his quality of governor, that look where he would for an alliance, he had only to ask and have. Thus ended that night's round, and two days after the great Sancho's government also terminated, by which all his designs and expectations were overturned and destroyed, as shall hereafter be shown.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

In which is declared who were the enchanters that whipped the duenna, and pinched and scratched Don Quixote; with the success of the page, who carried Sancho's letter to his wife.

CID HAMET, the most punctual and diligent searcher after the minutest circumstances, even to the very atoms of this true history, says that, when Donna Rodriguez quitted her chamber to go to Don Quixote's, another duenna who slept with her, being awake, perceived it; and as all duennas have the itch of listening after and prying into things, she followed her so softly that good Rodriguez was not in the least aware of it; and as soon as she saw her enter, that she might not be wanting in the general humour of her tribe, which is to be tale-bearers, away she tripped that instant, to acquaint the duchess with the fact. The duchess immediately told the duke, and having gained his permission to go with Altisidora to satisfy her curiosity respecting this night-visit of her duenna, they silently posted themselves at the door of the knight's apartment, where they stood listening to all that was said within: but when the duchess heard her secret imperfections exposed, neither she nor Altisidora could bear it, and so, brimful of rage and eager for revenge, they burst into the chamber, and seizing the offenders, inflicted the whipping and pinching before mentioned, and in the manner already related—for nothing awakens the wrath of women and inflames them with a desire of vengeance more effectually than affronts levelled at their beauty, or other objects of their vanity.

The duchess recounted to the duke all that had passed, with which he was much diverted; and proceeding in her design of making farther sport with Don Quixote, she despatched the page, who had acted the part of Dulcinea in the projected disenchantment of that lady, to Teresa Panza, with her husband's letter (for Sancho was so taken up with his government that he had quite forgotten it) and another from herself, together with a large string of rich corals by way of present.

Now the history informs us that the page was a very discreet and shrewd fellow, and being extremely desirous of pleasing his lord and lady, he departed, in happy mood, for Sancho's village; and being arrived near it, he inquired of some females whom he saw washing their linen in a brook, if they knew where one Teresa Panza, wife of one Sancho Panza, squire to a knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha, lived. The question was no sooner asked than a young girl, who was of the number, started up and said: "That Teresa Panza, sir, is my mother, and that Sancho my father, and that knight our master."

"Are they so?" quoth the page; "then bring me to your mother, young damsel, for I have a letter and a token here for her from your father."

"That I will, with all my heart, sir," said the girl, who seemed to

be about fourteen years of age; and with that, leaving the clothes she was washing to one of her companions, without staying to dress her head or put on her shoes, away she sprung before the page's horse, barelegged, and with her hair about her ears.

"Come along, if it please you," quoth she; "our house is hard by; it is but just as you come into the town; and my mother is at home, but brimful of sorrow, poor soul, for she has not heard from my father I do not know how long."

"Well," said the page, "I bring her tidings that will cheer her heart, I warrant her."

At last, what with leaping, running, and jumping, the girl being come to the house, "Mother, mother," cried she, as loud as she could, before she went in, "come out, mother—come out; here is a gentleman has brought letters from my father!"

At that summons, out came the mother, spinning a lock of coarse flax, with a russet petticoat about her, a waistcoat of the same, and her smock hanging loose about her. Take her otherwise, she was none of the oldest, but looked somewhat turned of forty—strong-built, sinewy, hale, vigorous, and in good case.

"What is the matter, girl?" quoth she, seeing her daughter with the page; "what gentleman is that?"

"A servant of your ladyship's, my Lady Teresa Panza," answered the page; and at the same time alighting and throwing himself at her feet, "My noble Lady Donna Teresa," said he, "permit me the honour to kiss your ladyship's hand, as you are the wife of my Lord Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria."

"Alack-a-day!" quoth Teresa, "what do you do? I am none of your court-dames, but a poor, silly, country body, a ploughman's daughter—the wife, indeed, of a squire-errant, but no governor."

"Your ladyship," replied the page, "is the most worthy wife of a thrice-worthy governor; and for proof of what I say, be pleased to receive this letter and this present."

With that he took out of his pocket a string of coral beads, set in gold, and putting it about her neck—

"This letter," said he, "is from his honour the governor; and another that I have for you, together with these beads, are from her grace the lady duchess, who sends me now to your ladyship."

Teresa stood amazed, and her daughter was transported.

"Now," quoth the young baggage, "if our master, Don Quixote, be not at the bottom of this. He has given my father that same government or earldom he has promised him so many times."

"You say right," answered the page; "it is for the Lord Don Quixote's sake that the Lord Sancho is now governor of the island of Barataria."

"Good sir," quoth Teresa, "read it me, if it like your worship; for though I can spin, I cannot read a jot."

"Nor I neither," cried Sanchica; "but do but stay a little, and I will go fetch one that shall, either the bachelor Samson Carrasco, or our parson himself, who will come with all their hearts to hear the news of my father."

"You may spare yourself the trouble," said the page; "for though I cannot spin, yet I can read; and I will read it to you."

With that he read the letter, which is now omitted, because it has been inserted before. That done, he pulled out another from the duchess, which runs as follows—

"FRIEND TERESA,—Your husband Sancho's good parts, his wit and honesty, obliged me to desire the duke, my husband, to bestow on him the government of one of his islands. I am informed he is as sharp as a hawk in his office, for which I am very glad, as well as my lord duke, and return Heaven many thanks that I have not been deceived in making choice of him for that preferment; for you must know, Signora Teresa, it is a difficult thing to meet with a good governor in this world.

"I have sent you, my dear friend, a string of coral beads set in gold—I could wish they were Oriental pearls for your sake; but a small token may not hinder a great one. The time will come when we shall be better acquainted; and when we have conversed together, who knows what may come to pass? Commend me to Sanchica, your daughter, and tell her to get herself ready, for I mean to marry her well when she least thinks of it.

"I understand you have fine large acorns in your town; pray send me a dozen or two of them; I shall set a greater value upon them as coming from your hands. And pray let me have a good long letter, to let me know how you do; and if you have occasion for anything, it is but ask and have.

"Your loving friend,

"THE DUCHESS.

"From this Castle."

"Ah!" quoth Teresa, when she had heard the letter, "what a good lady is this!—not a bit of pride in her! Let me be buried with such ladies, and not with such proud madams as we have in our town; who, because they are gentlefolks, forsooth, think the wind must not blow on them, but come flaunting to church as stately as if they were queens. It seems they think it scorn to look upon a poor country-woman. But, la you! here is a good lady, who, though she be a duchess, calls me her friend, and uses me as if I were as high as herself. Well, may I see her as high as the highest steeple in the whole country! As for the acorns she writes for, I will send her good ladyship a whole peck, and such swinging acorns, that everybody shall come to admire them far and near. And now, Sanchica, see that the gentleman be made welcome, and want for nothing. Take care of his horse. Run to the stable; get some eggs; cut some bacon—he shall fare like a prince. The rare news he has brought me, and his good looks, deserve no less. Meanwhile, I must run and tell my neighbours the news. Our good curate, too, shall know it, and Mr. Nicholas the barber; for they have all along been thy father's friends."

"Ay, do, mother," said the daughter; "but hark you, you must

give me half the beads; for I daresay the great lady knows better things than to give them all to you."

"It is all thy own, child," cried the mother; "but let me wear it a few days about my neck, for thou canst not think how it rejoices the very heart of me."

"You will rejoice more presently," said the page, "when you see what I have got in my portmanteau—a fine suit of green cloth, which the governor wore but one day a-hunting, and has here sent to my Lady Sanchica."

"May he live a thousand years," answered Sanchica; "and the bearer neither more nor less—ay, and two thousand, if need be."

Presently, away ran Teresa, with the beads about her neck, and the letters in her hand, all the while playing with her fingers on the papers, as if they had been a timbrel; and meeting by chance the curate and the bachelor Carrasco, she fell a-dancing and frisking about.

"Faith and troth," cried she, "we are all made now. We have got a little thing called a 'government.' And now, let the proudest of them all toss up her nose at me, and I will give her as good as she brings. I will make her know her distance."

"How now, Teresa?" said the curate; "what mad fit is this? what papers are these in your hand?"

"No mad fit at all," answered Teresa; "but these are letters from duchesses and governors, and these beads about my neck are right coral, the Ave-Marias, I mean, and the Paternosters are of beaten gold; and I am a governor's lady, I assure you."

"Verily," said the curate, "there is no understanding you, Teresa; we do not know what you mean."

"There is what will clear the riddle," quoth Teresa; and with that she gave them the letters. Thereupon, the curate having read them aloud, that Samson Carrasco might also be informed, they both stood and looked on one another, and were more at a loss than before.

The bachelor asked her who brought the letter? Teresa told them it was a sweet, handsome young man, as fine as anything; and that he had brought her another present worth twice as much.

The curate took the string of beads from her neck, and finding that it was a thing of value, he could not conceive the meaning of all this.

"I cannot tell," cried he, "what to think of this business. I am convinced these beads are right coral and gold; but, again, here is a duchess sends to beg a dozen or two of acorns."

"Crack that nut, if you can," said Samson Carrasco. "But come, let us go to see the messenger, and probably he will clear our doubts."

Thereupon, going with Teresa, they found the page sifting a little corn for his horse, and Sanchica cutting a rasher of bacon, to de frieb with eggs, for his dinner. They both liked the page's mien and his garb; and after the usual compliments, Samson desired him to tell them some news of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; for though they

had read a letter from the latter to his wife, and another from the duchess, they were no better than riddles to them; nor could they imagine how Sancho should come by a government, especially of an island, well knowing that all the islands in the Mediterranean, or the greatest part of them, were the king's.

"Gentlemen," answered the page, "it is a certain truth, that Signor Sancho Panza is a governor, but whether it be of an island or not, I do not pretend to determine; but this I can assure you, that he commands in a town that has above a thousand inhabitants. And as for my lady duchess's sending to a countrywoman for a few acorns, that is no such wonder, for she is so free from pride, that I have known her send to borrow a comb of one of her neighbours. You must know, our ladies of Arragon, though they are as noble as those of Castile, do not stand so much upon formalities and punctilios, neither do they take so much state upon them, but treat people with more familiarity."

In the midst of this discourse, in came Sanchica, with a lapful of eggs, and said to the page—

"Pray, sir, does my father, now he is a governor, wear trunk-hose?"

"I never observed," answered the page; "but doubtless he does."

"God's my life!" replied Sanchica, "what a sight it must be to see my father with laced breeches! Strange as it may seem, it has been my heart's desire ever since I was born to see him with his breeches laced to his girdle!"

"And if you live, your longing will be gratified," answered the page: "yea, more; for should his government last but two months, he will be in a fair way to travel with a cape to his cap."

The priest and the bachelor easily perceived that the page spoke jestingly: but the fineness of the corals, and of the hunting-suit, which Sancho had sent, and Teresa had already shown them, baffled all their conjectures. Nevertheless, they could not forbear smiling at Sanchica's longing, and still more when Teresa said—

"Master priest, do be so good as to inquire, if anybody be going to Madrid or Toledo, who may buy me a farthingale right, tight, and fashionable, one of the best that is to be had; for verily I intend to honour my husband's government as much as I can; ay, and if they vex me, I will get me to this court, and ride in my coach as well as the best of them; for she, who has a governor for her husband, may very well have a coach, and maintain it too."

"Ifaith, may she," quoth Sanchica, "and would it were to-day rather than to-morrow, though folks that saw me seated in that coach with my lady mother, should say: 'Do but see such an one, daughter of such an one, stuffed with garlic; how she sits in state, lolling in her carriage like Pope Joan. But let them jeer, so they trudge in the dirt, and I ride in my coach with my feet above the ground. A bad year and a worse month to all the murmurers in the world; and, if I go warm, let those laugh that like. Say I well, mother?"

"Ay, mighty well, daughter," answered Teresa: "and my good man Sancho foretold me all this, and even greater luck still; and,

you shall see, daughter, it will never stop till it has made me a countess; for, to be lucky, wants only a beginning: and as I have often heard your good father, who is also the father of proverbs, say, When they give you a heifer, make haste with the halter; so, when a government is given you, seize it; when they offer you an earldom, lay your claws on it; and when they whistle you to a good gift, snap at it: or else, sleep on, dotard, and do not answer to the good fortune and preferment that stand calling at the door of your house."

The priest, on hearing this, said: "I cannot help believing, that all the race of the Panzas were born with a bushel of proverbs in their mouths: for I never saw one of the family, who did not scatter them about in conversation, at all times, and upon all occasions."

"I am of the same opinion," quoth the page; "for my lord governor Sancho utters them at every step; and though many of his proverbs are wide of the purpose, still they please, and my lady duchess and the duke commend them highly."

"You persist, then, in affirming, sir," said the bachelor, "that this business of Sancho's government is reality and truth, and that these presents and letters are actually sent by a duchess? For our parts, though we handle the presents, and have read the letters, we have no faith in the matter, but take it to be one of the imaginary adventures of our countryman, Don Quixote, who thinks everything of this kind effected by enchantment: and therefore I could almost find in my heart to touch and feel your person, to ascertain whether you are a visionary messenger, or one of flesh and bones."

"For my part, gentlemen," answered the page, "all I can tell you is, that I am really the messenger I appear to be; that the Lord Sancho Panza is actually a governor; and that the duke and the duchess to whom I belong are able to give, and have given him, that government, where, I am credibly informed, he behaves himself most worthily. Now, if there be any enchantment in the matter, I leave you to examine that, for I know no more of the business."

"That may be," said the bachelor, "but yet *dubitat Augustinus*."

"You may doubt, if you please," replied the page, "but I have told you the truth, which will always prevail over falsehood, and rise uppermost, as oil does above water. But if you will *operibus credere, et non verbis*, let one of you go along with me, and you shall see with your eyes what you will not believe by the help of your ears."

"I will go with all my heart," quoth Sanchica; "take me up behind ye, sir; I have a great mind to see my father."

"The daughters of governors," said the page, "must not travel thus unattended, but in coaches or litters, and with a handsome train of servants."

"Oh," quoth Sanchica, "I can go a journey as well on an ass as in one of your coaches. I am none of your tender squeamish things, not I."

"Peace, chicken," quoth the mother, "thou dost not know what thou sayest; the gentleman is in the right: times are altered. When it was plain Sancho, it was plain Sanchica; but now he is a governor thou art a lady: I cannot well tell whether I am right or no."

"My Lady Teresa says more than she is aware of," said the page. "But now," continued he, "give me a mouthful to eat as soon as you can, for I must go back this afternoon."

"Be pleased then, sir," said the curate, "to go with me, and partake of a slender meal at my house, for my neighbour Teresa is more willing than able to entertain so good a guest."

The page excused himself awhile, but at last complied, being persuaded it would be much for the better: and the curate, on his side, was glad of his company, to have an opportunity to inform himself at large about Don Quixote and his proceedings. The bachelor proffered Teresa to write her answers to her letters; but as she looked upon him to be somewhat waggish, she would not permit him to be of her counsel; so she gave a roll and a couple of eggs to a young acolyte of the church who could write, and he wrote two letters for her—one to her husband, and the other to the duchess, all of her own inditing, and perhaps not the worst in this famous history, as hereafter may be seen.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

A continuation of Sancho Panza's government; with other entertaining passages.

THE morning of that day arose which succeeded the governor's round, the remainder of which the sewer spent not in sleep, but in the pleasing thoughts of the lovely face and charming grace of the disguised maiden; on the other side, the steward bestowed that time in writing to his lord and lady what Sancho did and said, wondering no less at his actions than at his expressions, both which displayed a strange intermixture of discretion and simplicity.

At last the lord governor was pleased to rise, and, by Dr. Pedro Rezio's order, they brought him for his breakfast a little conserve and a draught of fair water, which he would have exchanged with all his heart for a good luncheon of bread and a bunch of grapes; but, seeing he could not help himself, he was forced to make the best of a bad market, and seem to be content, though sorely against his will and appetite; for the doctor made him believe that to eat but little, and that which was dainty, enlivened the spirits and sharpened the wit, and consequently such a sort of diet was most proper for persons in authority and weighty employments, wherein there is less need of the strength of the body than that of the mind. This sophistry served to famish Sancho, who, however, hungry as he was, by the strength of his slender breakfast, failed not to give audience that day; and the first that came before him was a stranger, who put the following case to him, the steward and the rest of the attendants being present—

"My lord," said he, "a large river divides in two parts one and the same lordship. I beg your honour to lend me your attention, for it is a case of great importance and some difficulty. Upon this river there is a

bridge, at the one end of which there stands a gallows and a kind of court of justice, where four judges used to sit for the execution of a certain law made by the lord of the land and river, which runs thus—

"'Whoever intends to pass from one end of this bridge to the other must first, upon his oath, declare whither he goes, and what his business is. If he swear truth, he may go on; but if he swear false, he shall be hanged, and die without remission upon the gibbet at the end of the bridge.'

"After due promulgation of this law many people, notwithstanding its severity, adventured to go over this bridge; and as it appeared they swore truth, the judges permitted them to pass unmolested. Now it happens that a certain passenger being sworn, declares by the oath he has taken that he has come to die upon that gallows, and this is all his business.

"This has put the judges to a nonplus; 'for,' said they, 'if we let this man pass freely, he is forsworn, and according to the letter of the law he ought to die; if we hang him, he has sworn truth, seeing he swore he was to die on that gibbet; and then by the same law we should let him pass.'

"Now your lordship's judgment is desired what the judges ought to do with this man: for they are still at a staud, not knowing what to determine in this case; and, having been informed of your sharp wit and great capacity in resolving difficult questions, they sent me to beseech your lordship, in their names, to give your opinion in so intricate and knotty a case."

"To deal plainly with you," answered Sancho, "those worshipful judges that sent you hither might as well have spared themselves the trouble, for I am more inclined to bluntness, I assure you, than sharpness; however, let me hear your question once more, that I may thoroughly understand it, and perhaps I may at last hit the nail upon the head."

The querist did so, and even made it a thrice-told tale, and Sancho said, "In my opinion this affair may be briefly resolved; it stands, I think, thus: 'The man swears he is going to be hanged upon the gallows, and if he be hanged he will have sworn the truth, and by the law established ought to be unmolested, and to pass the bridge; and if they do not hang him he has sworn a lie, and by the same law he ought to be hanged.'

"The case is precisely as my lord governor has stated it," quoth the messenger, "and nothing more is wanting to the right understanding of it."

"I say then," replied Sancho, "that they must let that part of the man that swore the truth pass, and hang the part that swore a lie: and thus the condition of the law will be literally fulfilled."

"If so, my lord," replied the querist, "it will be necessary to divide the man into two parts, the false and the true; and, if he be so divided, he must die of necessity, and thus the law, instead of being fulfilled, will be frustrated."

"Come hither, honest man," answered Sancho: "either I am a very dunce, or there is as much reason to put this passenger to death

as there is to let him live and pass the bridge; for, if the truth save him, the lie equally condemns him: and this being so, as it really is, I am of opinion, you must tell the gentlemen who sent you hither, that, since the reasons for condemning and acquitting him are equal, they ought to let him pass freely: for it is always commendable to do good rather than harm; and this I would give under my hand, if I could write: and, in this decision, I speak not of my own head, but upon recollection of a precept given me, among many others, by my master Don Quixote, the night before I set out to be governor of this island; which was, that when justice happens to be in the least doubtful, I should lean and incline to the side of mercy; and God has been pleased to make me remember it in the present case, to which it applies so pat."

"It does so," answered the steward, "and, for my part, I think Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedæmonians, could not have pronounced a better judgment, than that now given by the great Panza: and let there be no more hearings this morning, and I will give orders, that Signor Governor shall dine to-day much to his satisfaction."

"That is what I desire, and let us have fair play," quoth Sancho. "Let me but dine, and bring me cases and questions never so thick, I will despatch them in the snuffing of a candle."

The steward was as good as his word, making it a matter of conscience not to starve so discerning a governor; especially since he intended to come to a conclusion with him that very night, and to play off the last trick he had in commission.

Accordingly Sancho having dined that day, contrary to all the rules and aphorisms of Doctor Tirteafuera, the cloth was no sooner removed, than a courier came in with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor. Sancho bid the secretary read it first to himself, and, if there were nothing in it that required secrecy, to read it aloud. The secretary, glancing it over, said: "It may well be read aloud, for what Signor Don Quixote writes to your lordship deserves to be printed and even blazoned in letters of gold: the contents, my lord, are these—

"*Don Quixote de la Mancha's letter to Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria.*

"When I expected, friend Sancho, to have heard only of negligence, impertinence, and blunders on thy part, I have been told of thy vigilance and discretion; for which I give particular thanks to Heaven, that can raise the poor from the dunghill, and make wise men of fools. I am informed, thou governest as if thou wert a man, and art a man as if thou wert a beast—such is the humility of thy demeanour. But I would have thee take notice, Sancho, that it is often expedient and necessary, for the sake of authority, to act in contradiction to the humility of the heart; for the decent adorning of the person in weighty employments must be conformable to what those employments require, and not according to the measure of

what a man's own humble disposition may incline him to. Go well dressed; for a broomstick well dressed does not appear a broomstick. I do not mean, that thou shouldst wear jewels or finery, nor, being a judge, dress like a soldier; but that thou shouldst adorn thyself with attire suitable to thy office, and such as is neat and handsomely made. To gain the goodwill of the people over whom thou presidest, two things, among others, are especially requisite: One is, to be courteous to everybody—though I have already told thee this—and the other, to take care that there be plenty in the land, since nothing is so discouraging to the poor as hunger, and dearness of provisions. Publish but few edicts, and see that they are good ones, and, above all, that they are well observed; for edicts that are not observed are as if they had not been made, and serve only to show that the prince, though he had wisdom and authority sufficient to make them, had not the courage to see them enforced: and laws that intimidate at their publication, and are not executed, become like the log given for a king to the frogs, which terrified them at first; but, in time, they contemned him, and leaped in derision upon his back. Be a father to virtue, and a stepfather to vice. Be not always severe, nor always mild; but choose the mean betwixt these two extremes; for in that consists the true point of discretion. Visit the prisons, the shambles, and the markets; for the presence of the governor in such places is of great importance. Speak comfort to the prisoners, that they may hope to be quickly released.

"Be a terror to the butchers, that they may be fair in their weights; and keep hucksters and fraudulent dealers in awe, for the same reason.

"Write to thy lord and lady, and show thyself grateful: for ingratitude is the offspring of pride, and one of the worst corruptions of the mind; whereas he that is thankful to his benefactors gives a testimony that he will be so to God, who has done, and continually does him, so much good.

"My lady duchess despatched a messenger on purpose to thy wife Teresa, with thy hunting suit, and another present. We expect his return every moment.

"I have been somewhat out of order by a certain encounter of catclawing I had lately, not much to the advantage of my nose; but all that is nothing; for if there are necromancers that misuse me, there are others ready to defend me.

"Send me word whether the steward that is with thee had any hand in the business of the Countess Trifaldi, as thou wert once of opinion; and let me also have an account of whatever befals thee, since the distance between us is so small. I have thoughts of leaving this idle life ere long; for I was not born for luxury and ease.

"A business has offered, that I believe will make me lose the duke and duchess's favour; but though I am heartily sorry for it, that does not alter my resolution; for, after all, I owe more to my profession than to complaisance; and, as the saying is, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* I send thee this scrap of Latin, flattering myself that since thou camest to be a governor, thou mayest have learned

something of that language. Farewell, and Heaven keep thee above the pity of the world.

"Thy friend,

"DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA."

Sancho gave great attention to the letter; and it was highly applauded, both for sense and integrity, by everybody that heard it. After that he rose from table, and calling the secretary, went without any further delay, and locked himself up with him in his chamber, to write an answer to his master Don Quixote, which was as follows:—

"*Sancho Panza to Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

"I am so taken up with business, dear master of my soul, that I have not yet had time to let you know whether it goes well or ill with me in this same government, where I am more hunger-starved than when you and I wandered through woods and wildernesses.

"My lord duke wrote to me the other day, to inform me of some spies that were got into this island to kill me; but as yet I have discovered none, but a certain doctor, hired by the islanders to kill all the governors that come near it. They call him Dr. Pedro Rezio de Anguero, and he was born at Tirteafuera. His name is enough to make me fear he will be the death of me. This same doctor says of himself, that he does cure diseases when you have them; but when you have them not, he only pretends to keep them from coming. The physic he uses is fasting upon fasting, till he turns a body to a mere skeleton; as if to be wasted to skin and bones were not as bad as a fever. In short, he starves me to death; so that, when I thought, as being a governor, to have plenty of good hot victuals and cool liquor, and to repose on a soft feather-bed, I am come to do penance like a hermit.

"I have not yet so much as fingered the least penny of money, either for fees or anything else; and how it comes to be no better with me I cannot imagine, for I have heard that the governors who come to this island are wont to have a very good gift, or at least a very round sum given them by the town before they enter. And they say too that this is the usual custom, not only here, but in other places.

"Last night, in going my rounds, I met with a mighty handsome damsel in boy's clothes, and a brother of hers in woman's apparel. My sewer fell in love with the girl, and intends to make her his wife, as he says. As for the youth, I have pitched on him to be my son-in-law. To-day we both design to talk to the father, one Diego de la Llana, who is a gentleman, and an old Christian every inch of him.

"I visit the markets as you advised me, and yesterday found one of the hucksters selling hazel-nuts. She pretended they were all new; but I found she had mixed a whole bushel of old, empty, rotten

nuts among the same quantity of new. With that, I adjudged them to be given to the hospital boys, who know how to pick the good from the bad, and gave sentence against her that she should not come into the market for fifteen days; and people said I did well.

"I am mighty well pleased that my lady duchess has written to my wife Teresa Panza, and sent her the token you mention. It shall go hard but I will requite her kindness one time or other. Pray give my service to her; and tell her from me, she has not cast her gift in a broken sack, as something more than words shall show.

"If I might advise you, and had my wish, there should be no falling out between your worship and my lord and lady; for, if you quarrel with them, it is I must come by the worst for it. And, since you mind me of being grateful, it will not look well in you not to be so to those who have made so much of you at their castle.

"The cat-clawing business I do not understand, but suppose it to be one of those unlucky tricks which the wicked enchanters are wont to play your worship; but I shall know more when we meet.

"If my wife Teresa Panza write to me, be so kind as to pay the postage, and forward the letter to me; for I have a mighty desire to know the state of my house, my wife, and my children. And so God deliver your worship from evil-minded enchanters, and bring me safe and sound out of this government, which I greatly doubt; for, considering how cruelly Doctor Pedro Rezio treats me, I expect to lay my bones here.

"Your worship's servant,
"SANCHO PANZA, the Governor."

The secretary, having folded and sealed the letter, despatched the courier with it immediately; and those who carried on the plot against Sancho put their heads together how to execute the project, that was to bring his government to a termination. The evening was spent by him in making some wise regulations for the benefit of what he supposed to be his island. He decreed that there should be no monopolizers of provision in the commonwealth; that wines might be imported from all parts of the world indifferently, with this injunction, that the merchants should declare whence it came, that a price might be set upon it according to the estimation in which it was held, or its true value; and that whoever dashed it with water, or gave it a false name, should be punished with death. He moderated the price of all sorts of hose and shoes, and especially the latter, the current price of which he thought exorbitant. He limited the wages of servants, which were beyond all reason extravagant. He laid most severe penalties upon those who should sing indecent songs by day or by night. He decreed that no blind man should chant his miracles in verse, unless he produced an authentic testimony of their truth, esteeming most of those sung by such persons as false, and prejudicial to the credit of those that are true. He appointed an overseer of the poor, not to persecute them, but to examine whether they were really deserving objects; for, under colour of feigned lameness

and counterfeit sores, are often found sturdy thieves and hale drunkards. In short, he made such wholesome ordinances that they are observed in the town to this day, and are called The Constitutions of the great governor Sancho Panza.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

In which is related the adventure of the second afflicted or distressed matron, otherwise called Donna Rodriguez.

Cid Hamet relates that Don Quixote, being now healed of his scratches, began to think the life he led in the castle to be altogether contrary to the rules of knight-errantry, which he professed; and he therefore resolved to ask leave of the duke and duchess to depart for Saragossa, the celebration of the tournament drawing near, wherein he proposed to win the suit of armour, which was the usual prize at that festival. Accordingly, being one day at table with their excellencies, he was beginning to unfold his purpose, when behold, there entered on a sudden, at the door of the great hall, two women, as it afterwards appeared, completely covered with mourning; and one of them, approaching Don Quixote, threw herself at full length on the ground, and, kissing his feet incessantly, poured forth such deep and dismal groans that the whole company were astonished: and, though the duke and duchess imagined it to be some jest their servants were putting upon Don Quixote, yet, seeing how vehemently the woman sighed, moaned, and wept, they were doubtful, and in pain; till the compassionate knight, raising her from the ground, entreated her to remove her veil, which she did, and disclosed what they least expected, the face of Donna Rodriguez, the duenna of the family; and the other mourner proved to be her daughter, whom the rich farmer's son had deluded. All those that knew them were in great admiration, especially the duke and duchess; for, though they knew her simplicity, they did not believe her so far gone in folly. At last, the sorrowful matron, addressing herself to the duke and duchess, "May it please your graces," said she, "to permit me to direct my discourse to this knight; for it concerns me to get out of an unhappy business, into which the impudence of a treacherous villain has brought us." With that the duke gave her leave to speak; then, applying herself to Don Quixote, "It is not long," said she, "valorous knight, since I gave your worship an account how basely a young graceless farmer had used my dear child, and you then promised me to stand up for her, and see her righted; and now I understand you are about to leave this castle, in quest of the adventures Heaven shall send you. And therefore, before you are gone nobody knows whither, I have this boon to beg of your worship, that you would do so much as challenge this sturdy clown, and make him marry my daughter, according to his promise."

"Worthy matron," answered Don Quixote, with a great deal of

gravity and solemn form, "moderate your tears, or, to speak more properly, dry them up, and spare your sighs; for I take upon me to see your daughter's wrongs redressed. Therefore, with my lord duke's permission, I will instantly depart to find out this ungracious wretch; and, as soon as he is found, I will challenge him, and kill him, if he persists in his obstinacy; for the chief end of my profession is, to pardon the submissive, and to chastise the stubborn; to relieve the miserable, and destroy the cruel."

"Sir Knight," said the duke, "you need not give yourself the trouble of seeking the fellow of whom that good matron complains; for I already engage that he shall meet you in person to answer it here in this castle, where lists shall be set up for you both, observing all the laws of arms that ought to be kept in affairs of this kind, and doing each party justice, as all princes ought to do that admit of single combats within their territories."

"Upon that assurance," said Don Quixote, "with your grace's leave, I, for this time, waive my punctilio of gentility; and, debasing myself to the meanness of the offender, qualify him to measure lances with me."

With that, pulling off his glove, he flung it down into the middle of the hall, and the duke took it up, declaring, as he already had done, that he accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal; fixing the time for combat to be six days after, and the place to be the castle-court; the arms to be such as are usual among knights, as lance, shield, armour of proof, and all other pieces, without fraud, advantage, or enchantment, after search made by the judges of the field.

"But," added the duke, "it is requisite that this matron and her daughter commit the justice of their cause into the hands of their champion; for otherwise there will be nothing done, and the challenge is void."

"I do," answered the matron.

"And so do I," added the daughter, all ashamed, and in a crying tone.

The preliminaries being adjusted, and the duke having resolved with himself what to do in the matter, the petitioners went away, and the duchess ordered they should no longer be looked on as her domestics, but as ladies-errant, that came to demand justice in her castle; and, accordingly, there was a peculiar apartment appointed for them, where they were served as strangers, to the amazement of the other servants, who could not imagine what would be the end of Donna Rodriguez and her forsaken daughter's undertaking.

Presently in came the page that had carried the letters and the presents to Teresa Panza. The duke and duchess were overjoyed to see him returned, having a great desire to know the success of his journey. They inquired of him accordingly; but he told them that the account he had to give them could not well be delivered in public, nor in few words; and therefore begged their graces would be pleased to take it in private, and, in the meantime, entertain themselves with those letters. With that, taking out two, he delivered

them to her grace. The superscription of the one was, "These for my Lady Duchess, of I do not know what place;" and the direction on the other, thus, "To my husband Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island of Barataria, whom many years more than me may God prosper."

The duchess having opened her letter, read it aloud, that the whole company might hear what follows:—

"My Lady—

"The letter your honour sent me pleased me hugeously; for, troth, it is what I heartily longed for. The string of coral is a good thing, and my husband's hunting suit may come up to it. All our town takes it mighty kindly, and is very glad that your honour has made my spouse a governor, though nobody will believe it, especially our curate, Master Nicholas the barber, and Samson Carrasco the bachelor. But what care I whether they do or no? So it be true, as it is, let every one have their saying. Though (it is a folly to lie) I had not believed it neither, but for the coral and the suit; for everybody here takes my husband to be a dolt, and cannot for the life of them imagine what he can be fit to govern, unless it be a herd of goats. Well, Heaven be his guide, and speed him as it sees best for its children. As for me, my dear lady, I am resolved, with your good liking, to make hay while the sun shines, and go to court, to loll it along in a coach, and make my neighbours, that envy me already, stare their eyes out. And, therefore, good your honour, pray bid my husband send me store of money, for I believe it is dear living at court; one can have but little bread there for sixpence, and a pound of flesh is worth thirty maravedis, which would make one stand amazed. And if he is not for my coming, let him send me word in time; for my gossips tell me, that if I and my daughter go about the court as we should, spruce and fine, my husband will be better known by me, than I by him; for many cannot choose but ask, What ladies are these in the coach? With that one of my servants answers, The wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria;' and thus shall my husband be known, and I honoured, far and near.

"You cannot think how I am troubled that we have gathered no acorns hereaway this year; however, I send your highness about half a peck, which I have culled one by one: I went to the mountains on purpose, and got the biggest I could find. I wish they had been as big as ostrich-eggs.

"Pray let not your mightiness forget to write to me, and I will be sure to send you an answer, and let you know how I do, and send you all the news in our village. My daughter Sanchica and my son kiss your worship's hands.

"Your servant,

"Teresa Panza."

This letter was very entertaining to all the company, especially to the duke and duchess; insomuch that her grace asked Don Quixote

whether it would be amiss to open the governor's letter, which she imagined was a very good one? The knight told her that, to satisfy her curiosity, he would open it, which, being done, he found what follows:—

"I received thy letter, dear Sancho of my soul; and I vow and swear to thee, as I am a Catholic Christian, I was within two fingers' breadth of running mad for joy. When I heard thou wert made a governor, I was so transported, I had like to have fallen down dead with mere gladness; for thou knowest sudden joy is said to kill as soon as great sorrow. I had the suit thou sentest me before my eyes, and the lady duchess's corals about my neck—held the letter in my hands, and had him that brought them standing by me; and for all that, I thought what I saw and felt was but a dream. For who could have thought a goatherd should ever come to be governor of islands? But what said my mother, 'Who a great deal must see, a great while must live.' My lady duchess will tell thee how I long to go to court. Pray think of it, and let me know thy mind; for I mean to credit thee there, by going in a coach.

"Neither the curate, the barber, the bachelor, nor the sexton, will believe thou art a governor; but say it is all juggling or enchantment, as all thy master Don Quixote's concerns used to be; and Samson threatens to find thee out, and put this maggot of a government out of thy pate, and Don Quixote's madness out of his coxcomb. For my part, I do but laugh at them, and look upon my string of coral, and contrive how to fit up the suit thou sentest me into a gown for thy daughter. I have culled for my lady duchess a parcel of acorns; I wish they had been of gold. If pearls be in fashion in that same island of thine, I pray thee send me a few strings.

"The news here is, that Berrueca has married her daughter to a sorry painter, that came hither pretending to paint anything. The township set him to paint the king's arms over the town-hall; he asked them two ducats for the job, which they paid him: so he fell to work, and was eight days a-daubing, but could make nothing of it at last, and said he could not hit upon such puddling kind of work, and so gave them their money again. Yet for all this he married with the name of a good workman. The truth is, he has left his pencil upon it, and taken the spade, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Sanchica makes bone-lace, and gets her three halfpence a-day clear, which she saves in a box with a slit, to go towards buying household stuff. But now she is a governor's daughter, she she has no need to work, for thou wilt give her a portion. The fountain in the market is dried up. A thunderbolt lately fell upon the pillory: there may they all light! I expect thy answer to this and thy resolution concerning my going to court.

"Thy wife,

"TERESA PANZA."

These letters were admired, and caused a great deal of laughter

and diversion; and, to complete the mirth, at the same time the express returned that brought Sancho's answer to Don Quixote, which was likewise publicly read, and startled and delighted all the hearers. Afterwards, the duchess withdrew to know of the page what he had to relate of Sancho's village; of which he gave her a full account, without omitting the least particular. He also presented the acorns, as well as a cheese, which Teresa had sent, deeming it of so choice a quality, as to be even preferable to those of Tronchon. The duchess received the gifts with much seeming satisfaction; in the enjoyment of which we will leave her, to relate how ended the government of the great Sancho Panza, the flower and mirror of all insulary governors.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

The toilsome end and conclusion of Sancho Panza's government.

To think the affairs of this life are always to remain in the same state, is an erroneous fancy. The face of things rather seems continually to change and roll with circular motion; summer succeeds the spring, autumn the summer, winter the autumn, and then spring again. So time proceeds in this perpetual round; only the life of man is ever hastening to its end, swifter than time itself, without hopes to be renewed, unless in the next world that is unlimited and infinite. For even by the light of nature, and without that of faith, many have discovered the swiftness and instability of this present being, and the duration of the eternal life which is expected. But this moral reflection of our author is here chiefly intended to show the uncertainty of Sancho's fortune, how soon it vanished like a dream, and how from his high preferment he returned to his former low station.

It was now but the seventh night, after so many days of his government, when the careful governor had betaken himself to his repose, sated not with bread and wine, but cloyed with hearing causes, pronouncing sentences, making statutes, and putting out orders and proclamations. Scarce was sleep beginning to close his eyes, when of a sudden he heard a great noise of bells, and most dreadful outcries, as if the whole island had been sinking. Presently he started, and sat up in bed, and listened with great attention, to try if he could learn how far this uproar might concern him. But, while he was thus hearkening in the dark, a great number of drums and trumpets were heard, and that sound being added to the noise of the bells and the cries, gave so dreadful an alarm, that his fear and terror increased, and he was in a sad consternation. Quitting his bed, he ran and opened his chamber-door, and saw about twenty men come running along the galleries with lighted torches in one hand, and drawn swords in the other, all crying out, "Arm! my lord governor, arm! a world of enemies are got into the island, and we are undone, unless your valour and conduct relieve us!" Thus

bawling and running with great fury and disorder, they got to the door where Sancho stood, quite scared out of his senses.

"What would you have me arm for?" cried Sancho; "do I know anything of arms or fighting, think you? Why do you not rather send for Don Quixote, my master? he will despatch your enemies in a trice. Alas, I understand nothing of this hasty service."

"For shame, my lord governor," said another; "what a faint-heartedness is this? See, we bring you here arms offensive and defensive; arm yourself and march to the market-place; be our leader and captain as you ought, and show yourself a governor."

"Why, then, arm me; and good luck attend me!" quoth Sancho.

With that they brought him two large shields, which they had provided: and tied the one upon his back, and the other before upon his breast, having got his arms through some holes made on purpose. Now the shields being fastened to his body, as hard as cords could bind them, the poor governor was cased up and immured as straight as an arrow, without being able so much as to bend his knees, or stir a step. Then, having put a lance in his hand for him to lean upon and keep himself up, they desired him to march and lead them on, and put life into them all; telling him that they did not doubt of victory, since they had him for their commander.

"March!" quoth Sancho, "how do you think I am able to do it, squeezed as I am? These boards stick so plaguy close to me, I cannot so much as bend the joints of my knees; you must even carry me in your arms, and lay me across or set me upright before some passage, and I will make good that spot of ground, either with this lance or my body."

"Fie, my lord governor," said another; "it is more your fear than your armour that stiffens your legs, and hinders you from moving. March on; it is high time; the enemy grows stronger, and the danger presses."

The poor governor, thus urged, endeavoured to go forward; but the first motion he made threw him to the ground at full length so heavily that he gave over all his bones for broken: and there he lay like a huge tortoise in his shell, or a flitch of bacon between two boards, or like a boat overturned upon a flat with the keel upwards. Nor had those droll companions the least compassion upon him as he lay; but putting out the lights, they made a terrible noise, and clattered with their swords, and laid on so furiously upon his shields, that if he had not shrunk his head into them for shelter, he had been in a woeful condition. Squeezed up in his narrow shell, he was in a grievous fright, praying from the bottom of his heart for deliverance from the unhappy trade of governing islands. At last, when he least expected it, he heard a cry—

"Victory, victory! the enemy is routed! Now, my lord governor, rise; come and enjoy the fruits of conquest, and divide the spoils taken from the enemy by the valour of your invincible arms."

"Help me up," cried poor Sancho, in a doleful tone; and when they had set him on his legs, "Let all the enemy I have routed," quoth he, "be nailed to my forehead; I will divide no spoils of enemies;

but if I have one friend here, I only beg he would give me a draught of wine to comfort me."

Thereupon they gave him wine, and took off his shields. After that, what with his fright and what with the toil he had endured, he fell into a swoon, insomuch that those who acted this scene began to repent they had carried it so far. But Sancho, recovering from his fit in a little time, they also recovered from their uneasiness. Being come to himself, he asked what it was o'clock. They answered, it was now break of day. He said nothing, but creeping along softly (for he was much too bruised to go along very fast), he got to the stable, followed by all the company; and coming to Dapple, he embraced the quiet animal, gave him a loving kiss on the forehead, and with tears in his eyes, "Come hither," said he, "my friend, thou faithful companion and fellow-sharer in my travels and miseries; when thou and I consorted together, and all my cares were but to mend thy furniture and feed thy carcass, then happy were my days, my months, and years. But since I forsook thee, and clambered up the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand woes, a thousand torments, have haunted and worried my soul."

While Sancho was talking thus, he fitted on his packsaddle, nobody offering to say anything to him. This done, with a great deal of difficulty he mounted his ass; and then, addressing himself to the steward, the secretary, the sewer, and Doctor Pedro Rezio, and many others that stood by: "Make way, gentlemen," said he, "and let me return to my former liberty. Let me go, that I may seek my old course of life, and rise again from that death which buries me here alive. I know better what belongs to ploughing, delving, pruning, and planting of vineyards, than how to make laws, and defend countries and kingdoms. St. Peter is very well at Rome; which is as much as to say, let every one stick to the calling he was born to. A spade does better in my hand than a governor's truncheon; and I had rather have a mess of plain porridge than lie at the mercy of an officious physic-monger, who starves me to death. I had rather solace myself under the shade of an oak in summer, and wrap myself up in a double sheepskin in the winter, at my liberty, than lay me down, with the slavery of a government, in fine Holland sheets, and case my body in furs and sables. Heaven be with you, gentlefolks; and pray tell my lord duke from me, that poor I was born, and poor I am at present. I have neither won nor lost; which is as much as to say, without a penny I came to this government, and without a penny I leave it—quite contrary to what other governors of islands used to do when they leave them. Clear the way, then, I beseech you, and let me pass."

"This must not be, my lord governor," said Dr. Rezio; "for I will give your honour a balsamic drink, that is a specific against falls, dislocations, contusions, and all manner of bruises, and that will presently restore you to your former health and strength. And then for your diet, I promise to take a new course with you, and to let you eat abundantly of whatsoever you please."

"It is too late, Mr. Doctor," answered Sancho, "you should as

soon make me turn Turk as hinder me from going. No, no; these tricks shall not pass upon me again. Every sheep with its like. Let not the cobbler go beyond his last; and so let me go, for it is late."

"My lord governor," said the steward, "though it grieves us to part with your honour, your sense and Christian behaviour engaging us to covet your company, yet we would not presume to stop you against your inclination; but you know that every governor, before he leaves the place he has governed, is bound to give an account of his administration. Be pleased, therefore, to do so for the time you have been among us, and then peace be with you."

"No man has power to call me to an account," replied Sancho, "but my lord duke. To him it is that I am going, and to him I will give a fair and square account. And indeed, going away so bare as I do, there needs no greater proof that I have governed like an angel."

"In truth," said Dr. Rezio, "the great Sancho is in the right; and I am of opinion we ought to let him go; for certainly the duke will be very glad to see him."

Thereupon they all agreed to let him pass, offering first to attend him, and supply him with whatever he might want in his journey, either for entertainment or convenience. Sancho told them that all he desired was a little corn for his ass, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself, having occasion for no other provisions in so short a journey. With that, they all embraced him, and he embraced them all, not without tears in his eyes; leaving them in admiration of the good sense which he discovered, both in his discourse and unalterable resolution.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

Which treats of matters relating to this history, and to no other.

THE duke and duchess resolved that Don Quixote's challenge of their vassal should proceed without delay; and as the young man was in Flanders, whither he had fled to avoid having Donna Rodriguez for his mother-in-law, they substituted in his stead a Gascon lacquey of the name of Tosilos, carefully instructing him in everything he was to do. Accordingly, these measures being taken, the duke informed Don Quixote that in four days his opponent would arrive and present himself in the lists, armed as a knight, and would maintain, by half his beard, and even by every hair of it, that the damsel lied, if she said he had given her a promise of marriage. Our knight was highly delighted with the news, and promised himself to do wonders upon the occasion, esteeming it a special happiness that an opportunity offered of demonstrating to their grandeurs how far the valour of his puissant arm extended; and with pleasure and satisfaction he waited the expiration of the four days, which, estimating by his impatience, were to him scarcely less than four hundred ages.

But let them pass, as we let pass many other things, and let us attend upon Sancho, who, between sorry and glad, was making the best of his way upon Dapple toward his master, whose company he preferred to the government of all the islands in the world. Now he had not gone far from the island he had governed (though whether it were an island, city, town, or village, he never gave himself the trouble to ascertain), when he saw coming along the road six foreign pilgrims, with their staves, of the class of those who ask alms, singing; and as they drew near they placed themselves in a row, and, raising their voices all together, began to sing, in their language, what Sancho could not understand, excepting a single word, signifying alms, which they pronounced distinctly; whence he concluded, that alms was what they begged in their canting way; and he being, as Cid Hamet says, extremely charitable, he took the half loaf and half cheese out of his wallet, and presented it, making signs that he had nothing else to give. The pilgrims received the gift readily, but cried, "Guelte, guelte;"* and Sancho answering, "I do not understand you; what is it you would have, good people?" one of them pulled out of his bosom a purse and exhibited it, whence he found that they asked for money; and putting his thumb to his throat, and extending his hand upward, he thus gave them to understand that he had not a penny in the world. He then spurred his Dapple, to break through them; but, as he passed, one of the party, who had viewed him with much attention, caught hold of him, and, throwing his arms about his waist, with a voice of surprise, and in very good Castilian, said, "Bless me! what do I see? Is it possible I have in my arms my dear friend and good neighbour, Sancho Panza? Yes, certainly I have; for I am neither asleep nor drunk."

Sancho was surprised to hear himself called by his name, and to find himself embraced by a pilgrim and a stranger, whom, though he viewed him with earnest and silent attention, he could not call to mind. The pilgrim, perceiving his surprise, said: "How! is it possible, brother Sancho Panza, you do not know your neighbour Ricote, the Morisco shopkeeper of your town?"

With this help Sancho, observing him again, began to recollect him, and at last remembered him perfectly; and, without alighting from his beast, he threw his arms about his neck and said: "Ricote, who should know you in this disguise? Tell me, how came you thus Frenchified? and how dare you venture to return to Spain, where, if you are known and caught, it will fare but ill with you."

"If you do not betray me, Sancho," answered the pilgrim, "I am safe enough; for, in this garb, nobody will suspect who I am. But quit the road and go with us to yonder grove of poplars, where my comrades mean to dine and repose themselves, and you shall partake of our feast: for they are very honest folks, as you will find; and I shall have an opportunity of telling you what has been my lot since I departed from our village, in obedience to his majesty's proclama-

* Guelte, in Dutch, is money.

tion, which so rigorously threatened the miserable people of my country, as no doubt you have heard."

Sancho consented, and Ricote speaking to the rest of the pilgrims, they immediately quitted the highway, and proceeded toward the grove he had pointed out, which was at some distance. Being arrived they flung down their staves, and, doffing their pilgrims' weeds, remained in their jackets. They were all handsome-looking young fellows, excepting Ricote, who was a little advanced in years. They had each a wallet, well provided, as appeared afterwards, with incentives to thirst, such as provoke it at two leagues' distance. Stretching themselves on the ground, making the grass their tablecloth, they spread their bread, salt, knives, nuts, slices of cheese, and clean bones of gammon of bacon. A kind of black eatable, called caviare, made of the roes of fish, a great cause of thirst, was also produced, and olives were not wanting, which, though dry, and without any sauce, were yet savoury and well preserved. But the crown of this banquet was six bottles of wine, each producing one out of his wallet. Even honest Ricote, who had transformed himself from a Moor into a German or Dutchman, pulled out his, which in size might vie with all the other five. Now, with high relish, and much at leisure, they began to eat, dwelling upon the taste of every bit they took upon the point of a knife, as if to make the most of it; and presently the whole squadron together lifted their arms and bottles into the air, mouth applied to mouth, and their eyes fixed on the firmament, as if nailed to it; and in this posture, waving their heads from side to side, in token of the pleasure they received, they continued to drink till they were out of breath. Sancho beheld all this, and was nothing grieved at the sight; but rather, in compliance with the proverb he very well knew, When at Rome do as they do at Rome, he begged an embrace of Ricote's bottle, and gazed at the sky, as the others had done, and with no less relish. Four times did the bottles bear being tilted; but for the fifth, it was vexation of spirit; they were as empty and dry as a rush, which struck a damp upon the mirth that had hitherto prevailed. From time to time one or other of these jovial fellows would take Sancho by the hand and say: "Spaniard or Dutchman, all one, goot companion;" and Sancho would answer, "Goot companion."

And then would burst into a fit of laughing, which held him an hour at least, without his remembering a syllable of what had befallen him in his government; for cares have commonly but little jurisdiction over the time that is spent in eating and drinking. In short, the ending of the wine was the beginning of sleep, which seized them all upon their very board and tablecloth, Ricote and Sancho excepted, who remained awake, from having drank less, though they had eaten more, than the rest. Leaving the pilgrims buried in a sweet slumber, these two friends, going aside, sat them down at the foot of a beech, and Ricote, without once stumbling upon his Morisco jargon, said what follows in the pure Castilian tongue.

"You well know, O Sancho, my neighbour and friend, how the proclamation and edict which his majesty commanded to be published against those of my nation resident in Spain, struck us all with terror and consternation; at least I was so alarmed myself that methought the rigour of the penalty was already executed upon me and my children before the time limited for our departure. Accordingly, like a wise man, as I thought, who knowing that on a certain day the house he lives in will be taken from him, endeavours to secure another, I left the town, alone and without my family, to find out of Spain a place whither I might conveniently take them, without the uncertainty and confusion which attended the flight of the rest. For I plainly saw, as did every Moor of any penetration, that the proclamations were not vain threatenings, as some pretended, but effectual laws, such as, at the appointed time, would be put in execution. In this belief I was confirmed by knowing the wild and mischievous designs of my countrymen—so mischievous, that in my opinion it was a divine inspiration that moved his majesty to put in force so brave a resolution. Not that we were all culpable, for some of us were steady and true Christians; but small was the number compared with those that were otherwise, and it is not prudent to nourish a serpent in one's bosom by allowing the enemy to live within the house. In short, we were justly punished with the sentence of banishment—a soft and mild one in the opinion of some, but to the honestly disposed the most terrible that could be inflicted. Wherever we are we weep for Spain; for, in short, here were we born, this is our native country, and we nowhere find the reception our misfortune requires. Even in Barbary, and every other part of Africa, where we might expect to be received and cherished, we are there most neglected and misused. We knew not our happiness till we lost it; and so intense is the desire almost all of us have to return to Spain, that most of those—and they are many—who can speak the language like myself, forsake their wives and children and steal back again from exile, unable to conquer their predilection, and knowing now, by experience, the truth of that common saying, Sweet is to every man his native land!

"I left it, as I said. I entered France; and though I met there with a good reception, I was desirous of seeing other countries. I travelled into Italy, and then into Germany, where I thought we might be more at our ease, the natives not standing upon niceties, and every one living as he pleases; for in most parts of the empire there is liberty of conscience. I took a house in a village near Augsburgh, but soon left it, and joined company with these pilgrims, great numbers of whom every year resort to Spain to visit its holy places, which they look upon as their Indies, a certain gain and sure profit attending their pilgrimage. They traverse nearly the whole kingdom, and there is not a village but they are sure of getting meat and drink in it, and a real at least in money; and at the end of their journey they will thus have amassed above a hundred crowns clear, which being changed into gold, they contrive to carry out of the country, either in the hollow of their staves, or in the patches of

their weeds, or by some other sleight of which they are masters, in spite of the officers at the passes and ports where they are searched and registered.

"But my present design in returning to Spain is not to beg alone, but to secure a treasure I left buried behind me; and it being without the town, I can do it with the less danger. Then I shall write or go over to my wife and daughter, who I know are in Algiers, and contrive how to bring them to some port of France, and from thence into Germany, where we will take up our abode, waiting to see how Heaven will be pleased to dispose of us; for in short, Sancho, I know for certain that Ricota, my daughter, and Francisca Ricote, my wife, are good Catholic Christians, and though I am not altogether such, yet I am more of the Christian than the Moor, and I constantly pray to God to open the eyes of my understanding, and make me know in what manner I ought to serve him. But what excites my wonder is, that my wife and daughter, being Christians, should go to Barbary rather than France, where they might have lived in the practice of their faith."

To this observation Sancho replied, "Why, look you, Ricote, mayhap that was not in their choice, for John Tiopeyo, your wife's brother, who had the care of them, being a rank Moor, would certainly go where he thought it best to reside; and I can tell you another thing, which is, that you may save yourself the trouble of looking for the treasure you left buried, because we had news that your brother-in-law and your wife had abundance of pearls and a great deal of money in gold taken from them, which they were carrying off without being registered."

"That may be," replied Ricote; "but I am sure, Sancho, they did not touch my hoard, for I never d scovered it to them, for fear of misfortune; and therefore, neighbour, if you will go along with me and assist me in taking it up and concealing it, I will give you two hundred crowns to relieve your wants, which I know to be many."

"I would do it," answered Sancho, "but that I am not covetous; for had I been so, I quitted an employment this very morning, out of which I could have made the walls of my house of gold, and in less than six months have eaten from plate—for this reason, therefore, and because I should betray my king by favouring his enemies, I would not go with you though, instead of two hundred crowns, you were to lay me down four hundred upon the nail."

"And what employment is it thou hast quitted, Sancho?" demanded Ricote.

"That of being governor of an island," answered Sancho, "and such a one, that in faith you may search in vain for its fellow."

"And where may this island be?" asked Ricote.

"Where?" answered Sancho; "why, two leagues from hence, and it is called the island of Barataria."

"Avast, avast, my friend," quoth Ricote; "islands are out at sea; there are no such things on the mainland."

"No?" replied Sancho; "I tell you, neighbour, that I left it this very morning; and yesterday I was governing in it at my pleasure,

like any sagittary; but for all that, I turned my back upon it, looking upon the office of a governor to be a very troublesome and dangerous thing."

"And what hast thou gained by the government?" demanded Ricote.

"I have gained," answered Sancho, "the experience to know that I am fit to govern nothing but a herd of cattle, and that the riches acquired in such governments are at the expense of ease and sleep, yea, and of one's very sustenance; for in islands governors eat but little, especially if they have physicians to look after their health."

"Thou art really above my reach, Sancho," quoth Ricote; "and every word thou hast uttered seems to me extravagant; for who should give thee islands to govern? Are there wanting abler men in the world to be governors? Peace, friend, peace! recal thy senses, and consider whether thou wilt go along with me, as I said, and help me to take up the treasure I left buried; for a treasure it may well be called; and I will give thee, as I have already said, wherewithal to live."

"And as I have already said," replied Sancho, "I will not. Be satisfied that I will not betray you, and go your way in God's name, and let me go mine; for I know that what is well got may meet with disaster, and what is ill got destroys both it and its master."

"Well, Sancho, I will not urge you farther," quoth Ricote; "but tell me, were you in our town when my wife and daughter and my brother-in-law left it?"

"Was I? ay, that I was," answered Sancho; "and I can tell you that your daughter was so beautiful that all the town went out to see her, and everybody said she was the finest creature in the world. She went away weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintance and all that came to see her, and desired them all to recommend her to God, and to Our Lady his mother; and this so feelingly, that she even drew tears from me, who am no great whimperer: and, in in faith, many had a desire to follow her, in order to carry her off and conceal her; but the fear of transgressing the king's command restrained them. Don Pedro Gregorio, the rich heir, appeared the most affected; for it is said he was mightily in love with her; and since her departure he has never been seen in the town, and we all think he went after her, for the secret purpose I have mentioned; but hitherto nothing farther is known."

"I had always a suspicion," quoth Ricote, "that this gentleman was smitten with her, but, trusting to her virtue, it gave me no trouble; for my daughter, who, as I believe, minded religion more than love, little regarded this rich heir's attentions."

"God grant it," replied Sancho; "for it would be for the good of neither of them: and now let me be gone, friend Ricote; for I intend to-night to be with my master, Don Quixote."

"God be with you, then, brother Sancho," said Ricote; "for my comrades are stirring, and it is time for us also to be on our way."

And having embraced, they parted, Sancho mounted on his Dapple, and Ricote leaning on his pilgrim's staff.



CHAPTER LXXXVII.

Of what befel Sancho in the way, and other matters which will be known when read.

SANCHO stayed so long with Ricote that he had not time to reach the castle while it was day, though he arrived within half a league of it, where the night, which was dark and close, overtook him. As it was summer, the circumstance gave him no great concern; and accordingly he struck out of the road, purposing to wait for the morning. But his ill luck would have it that in seeking a place where he might shelter himself commodiously, he and Dapple fell together into a

deep and very dark pit, among some ruins of old buildings; and as he was falling he recommended himself to God with his whole soul, not expecting to stop till he came to the depth of the abyss, in which, however, he was mistaken; for a little beyond three fathom Dapple felt ground, and Sancho found himself on his back without having sustained the slightest damage. Doubting this, he began to feel his body all over, and held his breath, to ascertain if he were sound or bored through in any part; and finding himself well, whole, and in catholic health, he thought he could never give sufficient thanks to Heaven for the mercy extended to him; for he verily thought he had been dashed into a thousand pieces. He groped with both hands about the walls of the pit, to try if it were possible to get out without help; but he found them all so steep that there was not the least hold or footing to get up. This grieved him to the soul; and, to increase his sorrow, Dapple began to raise his voice in a very piteous and doleful manner, which pierced his master's very heart; nor did the poor beast make such moan without reason, for, to say the truth, he was but in a woeful condition.

"Woe's me," cried Sancho, "what sudden and unthought-of mischances every foot befal us poor wretches in this miserable world! Who would have thought that he who but yesterday saw himself seated on the throne of an island-governor, and had servants and vassals at his beck, should to-day find himself buried in a pit, without the least soul to help him or come to his relief? Here we are likely to perish with hunger, I and my ass, if we do not die before, he of his bruises, and I of grief and anguish. At least, I shall not be so lucky as was my master, Don Quixote, when he went down into the cave of the enchanter Montesinos. He found better fare there than he could have at his own house; the cloth was laid, and his bed made, and he saw nothing but pleasant visions; but I am like to see nothing here but toads and snakes. Unhappy creature that I am! what have my foolish designs and whimsies brought me to! From this dreary place will my bones be taken up, when it shall please God that I am found, clean, white, and bare, and those of my trusty Dapple with them; whence, peradventure, it will be conjectured who we were, at least by those who know, that Sancho Panza never parted from his ass, nor his ass from him. Again I say, miserable, miserable we! that our ill-luck would not suffer us to die in our own country, and among our friends, where, though our misfortunes had found no remedy, there would not be wanting some to grieve for us, and, at our last gasp, to close our eyes! O my companion and my friend! how ill have I repaid thy good services! Forgive me, and beg of fortune, in the best manner thou art able, to bring us out of this woeful calamity in which we are both involved; and I promise to put a crown of laurel upon thy head, that thou mayst look like any poet-laureat, and to double thy allowance."

Thus lamented Sancho Panza, and his beast listened to him without answering a word, such was the distress and anguish which the poor creature was suffering.

At length, after having passed the night in sad and bitter com-

plainings, the day broke, and by the light and splendour of the morning, Sancho perceived, that to get out of the pit without help was, of all impossibilities, the most impossible. Then were his lamentations renewed, and he began to cry aloud, to try if help were to be had: but all his cries were in the desert; for there was not a creature in the whole vicinity round within hearing; and he gave himself over for dead. As Dapple lay with his mouth upwards, Sancho contrived to get him upon his legs, but the poor beast could scarcely stand: then pulling out of his wallet, which had also shared the fortune of the fall, a piece of bread, he gave it him, accompanying it, as if the ass understood him, with the relish of one of his proverbs, Bread is relief for all kind of grief; all of which his dumb friend appeared to take very kindly. At last Sancho discovered a hole in one side of the pit, large enough for a man to creep through stooping, and squatting down, he crept through upon all fours, and found himself in a spacious opening; and, a ray of the sun glancing in through what might be called the roof, he perceived that it enlarged and extended itself into another opening, no less spacious. With this discovery, he returned to where his ass was, and with a stone began to break away the earth of the hole, and soon made sufficient room for him to pass: then, taking him by the halter, he advanced along the cavern, with the hope of finding an outlet on the other side; and as he went on, sometimes with little, sometimes with no light, but never without fear, quoth he to himself: "God be my guide and succour! this, which to me is so dismal a mishap, to my master Don Quixote had been an adventure; who would doubtless have taken these depths and dungeons for flowery gardens and palaces of Galiana, and would have expected to issue out of this obscurity by some pleasant meadow. But I, unhappy wretch, devoid of counsel, and dejected in mind, at every step expect some deeper pit, to open on a sudden under my feet, and downright swallow me up: Welcome, say I, that ill that comes alone." In this manner, with these thoughts agitating him, he had proceeded, as he fancied, somewhat more than half a league, when he discovered a glimmering light, like that of the day, breaking in from above, and presenting an entrance into what seemed to him the road to the other world. And here Cid Hamet Benengeli leaves him, and returns to treat of Don Quixote, who, with joy and transport, was waiting for the appointed day of combat with the injurer of Donna Rodriguez's daughter, resolving to see justice done her, and to take satisfaction for the affront and injury she had sustained.

Riding out one morning, to exercise and assay himself for the business of that important day, which was near at hand, as he was performing his manœuvres, now charging, now retreating, then breathing Rozinante, he chanced to approach so near the brink of a cave, that, had he not drawn the reins in suddenly and strongly, he must inevitably have galloped into it. Having escaped the danger, he advanced a little nearer, without alighting, to view the place; and, as he was looking down, he heard a voice below, and listening attentively, distinguished plainly these words: "Ho! above there!

is there any Christian that hears me, or any charitable gentleman to take pity of a sinner buried alive, an unfortunate, disgoverned governor?"

Don Quixote believed the voice to be Sancho Panza's: at which he was surprised and amazed; and, raising his own as high as he could, he cried: "Who is below there? who is it that complains!"

"Who should be here, or who complain," replied the same voice, "but the forlorn Sancho Panza, for his sins and evil-errantry, governor of the island of Barataria, and late squire of the famous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha?"

Hearing this the knight's astonishment was doubled, and fear took hold of him; for it came into his imagination, that Sancho Panza was dead, and that his soul was there doing penance; and, with this persuasion, he said: "I adjure thee, by all that is worthy of adjuration, as a Catholic Christian I adjure thee, to tell me who thou art; and if thou art a soul in purgatory, let me know what I can do for thee; for as it is my profession to be aiding and assisting the needy of this world, so shall I be ready to aid and assist the distressed in the other, who cannot help themselves."

"Body of me!" answered the voice, "you who speak to me are my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, and by the tone of the voice it can be nobody else for certain."

"Don Quixote I am," replied the knight, "he, who professes to succour and assist both the living and the dead in their necessities. So inform me, then, who thou art, for thou fillest me with amazement; if thou art my squire Sancho Panza, and art unfortunately dead, since the devils have thee not in their clutches, but through the mercy of God thou art only in purgatory, our holy mother the Roman Catholic Church has supplications sufficient to deliver thee from the pains thou art in; and I, for my part, will solicit her in thy behalf, to the extent of my whole estate, goods, and chattels; therefore explain, and without more ado tell me who thou art."

"I vow to God," said the voice, "and swear by the birth of whom your worship pleases, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that I am your squire Sancho Panza, and that I never was dead in all the days of my life, but that having yesterday left my government, for causes and considerations that require leisure to relate, travelling in the night I fell into this cavern, where I now am, and Dapple with me, who will not let me lie, and here he stands behind me: and what would you have more?" One might imagine the ass had understood what his master said, for he began to bray so lustily, that the whole cave resounded with it.

"A credible witness," quoth Don Quixote; "I know that bray, as well as if it had proceeded from my own lungs; and I know thy voice too, my dear Sancho: stay a little, and I will go to the duke's castle hard by, for help to get thee out of this pit, into which thy sins have certainly cast thee."

"Pray go," quoth Sancho, "and return speedily; for I cannot any longer endure being buried alive, and am dying with fear."

Don Quixote left him, and hastened to the castle, to tell the duke

and duchess of his squire's misfortune; at which they wondered not a little; for though they easily conceived how he might have fallen into the pit, which they knew had been there time out of mind, they could not imagine how he could have quitted the government, without their having advice of his coming. They however sent ropes and pulleys, and by dint of many hands, and much labour, Dapple and Sancho Panza were drawn out of those gloomy shades to behold again the light of the sun.

"In the same manner," said a young scholar, who was present at this scene, "should all bad governors be dragged out of their governments, as this sinner comes out of the depth of this abyss, starved with hunger, wan, and, I presume, penniless."

Sancho, hearing him, retorted: "It is but some eight or ten days, brother murmurer, since I entered upon the government of the island that was bestowed upon me, and in all that time I have not had one good meal: and have been persecuted by physicians, and had my bones broken by enemies; nor had I leisure to make perquisites, or receive dues; and this being so, methinks I little deserve to be treated thus: but, Man proposes and God disposes; and He knows what is best and fittest for everybody; and, As is the reason, such is the season; and, Let nobody say, I will not drink of this water; for, Where one expects to meet with gammons of bacon, there will be found no pins to hang them on. I say no more, though I could."

"Be not angry, Sancho, nor concerned at what thou mayest hear," quoth Don Quixote; "for if thou art, thou wilt never have peace: come but with a safe conscience out of thy government, and let people say what they will; for thou mayest as well think to barricade the highway, as to tie up the tongue of slander. If a governor be rich when he quits his government, they say he has plundered it, and, if poor, that he has been a good-for-nothing fool."

"I warrant," answered Sancho, "that, for this bout, they will rather take me for a fool than a thief."

In such dialogue, and surrounded by a multitude of boys and other rabble, they arrived at the castle, where the duke and duchess were already in a gallery waiting for them. Sancho, however, would not go up to see the duke, till he had first taken the necessary care of Dapple in the stable, for the poor thing, he observed, had had but an indifferent night's lodging; but, this duty performed, up he went, and kneeling before his noble patrons, he said: "My lord and lady, because your grandeurs would have it so, without any desert of mine, I went to govern your island of Barataria, into which naked I entered, and naked have I come out: I neither win nor lose: whether I have governed well or ill, there are witnesses, who may say what they please. I have resolved doubts, tried causes, and pronounced sentences, and all the while have been ready to die with hunger, because Doctor Pedro Rezio, native of Tirteafuera, and physician in ordinary to the island and its governors, would have it so. We were attacked by enemies in the night, and though they put us in great danger, the people say they owe their deliverance, and obtained the victory, by

the valour of my arm. During my short administration I have weighed the cares and burdens that office brings with it, and find, by examining the account, that my shoulders cannot bear them, neither are they a proper girdle for my loins, nor fit arrows for my quiver; and therefore, lest the government should forsake me, I resolved to forsake the government. Yesterday morning I left the island as I found it, with the same streets, the same houses, and the same roofs, which it had before it was committed to my care. I borrowed nothing of any man, nor have I put so much as a penny into my purse; and though I thought to have made some wholesome laws, I made none, fearing they would not be observed, which is the same as if they were not enacted. In quitting the island, I took with me nobody but Dapple; and coming hither I fell into a pit, and went a weary length under ground, till this morning by the light of the sun I discovered a way out, though not so easy an one but that, if Heaven had not sent my master, Don Quixote, there I had stayed till the end of time. Here, then, my lord duke and lady duchess, behold your governor Sancho Panza, who, in the ten days that he held the reins of power, has gained the experience to know that he would not give a farthing to be governor, not of an island only, but even of the whole world. This, then, being the case, kissing your honour's feet, and imitating the boys at play, who cry, Leap and away, I give a leap out of the government, and again pass over to the service of my master, Don Quixote; for after all, though with him I eat my bread in bodily fear, at least I have enough: and all is one to me, whether it be with carrots or partridges."

Here Sancho ended his long speech, Don Quixote fearing all the while he would utter a thousand extravagances, and, seeing it brought to a close with so few, he could not help thanking Heaven in his heart. The duke embraced Sancho, and assured him that it grieved him to the soul he had left the government so soon, but that he would find for him some other employment in his territories of less trouble and more profit. The duchess also embraced her old friend, and ordered he should be taken great care of, for he seemed to be sorely bruised and in wretched plight.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

Of the prodigious and never seen battle between Don Quixote de la Mancha and the lacquey Tosilos, in defence of the duenna Donna Rodriguez's daughter.

THE duke and duchess did not repent of the jest put upon Sancho Panza in regard to the government they had given him, especially as the steward returned that very day, and gave them a circumstantial account of almost every word and action Sancho had said and done during his administration. He even exaggerated the assault of the island, with Sancho's fright and departure; and extreme were the

pleasure and satisfaction which his noble lord and lady derived from the narrative.

The history then relates, that the appointed day of combat came, and the duke having again and again instructed his lacquey Tosilos, how he should behave towards his adversary, so as to overcome him without killing or wounding him, commanded that the iron heads should be taken off their lances, telling Don Quixote that Christianity, upon which he valued himself, did not allow that this battle should be fought with so much peril and hazard of their lives; and though in opposition to the decree of the Holy Council, which prohibits such rencontres, he should give them free field-room in his territories, he would not push the affair to the utmost extremity. Don Quixote replied that his excellency might arrange matters as he pleased relative to this business, and whatever the arrangements might be, he would obey him in everything. The dreadful day having now more than dawned, and a spacious scaffold being erected before the court of the castle for the judges of the field, and the two duennas, mother and daughter, appellants; an infinite number of persons, from all the neighbouring towns and villages, flocked to see the novelty of this combat, the like having never before been seen or as much as heard of in these parts.

The first that made his entrance at the barriers was the marshal of the field, who came to survey the ground, and rode all over it, that there might be no foul play, nor private holes, nor contrivance to make one stumble or fall. After that entered the matron and her daughter, who seated themselves in their places, all in deep mourning, with no small demonstration of sorrow. Presently, at one end of the field, appeared the peerless champion, Don Quixote de la Mancha; awhile after, at the other, entered the grand lacquey, Tosilos, attended with a great number of trumpets, and mounted on a mighty steed, that shook the very earth. The valorous combatant came on, well tutored by the duke his master how to behave himself towards Don Quixote, being warned to spare his life by all means; and therefore, to avoid a shock in his first career, that might otherwise prove fatal, should he encounter him directly, Tosilos fetched a compass about the barrier, and at last made a stop right against the two women, casting a curious eye upon her that had demanded him in marriage. Then the marshal of the field called to Don Quixote, and, in presence of Tosilos, asked the mother and the daughter whether they consented that Don Quixote de la Mancha should vindicate their right, and whether they would stand or fall by the fortune of their champion. They said they did, and allowed of whatever he should do in their behalf as good and valid. The duke and duchess were now seated in a gallery that was over the barriers, which were surrounded by a vast throng of spectators, all waiting to see the terrible and unprecedented conflict. The conditions of the combat were these: That if Don Quixote were the conqueror, his opponent should marry Donna Rodriguez's daughter; but if the knight were overcome, then the victor should be discharged from his promise. Then the marshal of the field placed each of them on the spot whence he should start,

dividing equally between them the advantage of the ground, that neither of them might have the sun in his eyes. And now the drums beat, and the clangour of the trumpets resounded through the air; the earth shook under them, and the hearts of the numerous spectators were in suspense—some fearing, others expecting, the good or bad issue of the battle. Don Quixote, recommending himself to Heaven and his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, stood expecting when the precise signal for the onset should be given. But our lacquey's mind was otherwise employed, and all his thoughts were upon what I am going to tell you.

It seems, as he stood looking on his female enemy, she appeared to him the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his whole life; which being perceived by the little blind archer, to whom the world gives the name of Love, he took his advantage; and fond of improving his triumphs, though it were but over a lacquey, he came up to him softly, and without being perceived by any one, he shot an arrow two yards long into the poor footman's side, so smartly that his heart was pierced through and through—a thing which the mischievous boy could easily do, for love is invisible, and has free ingress or egress where he pleases, at a most unaccountable rate. You must know, then, that when the signal for the onset was given, our lacquey was in an ecstasy—transported with the thoughts of the beauty of his lovely enemy, insomuch that he took no manner of notice of the trumpet's sound; quite contrary to Don Quixote, who no sooner heard it than, clapping spurs to his horse, he began to make towards the enemy with Rozinante's best speed. Tosilos saw Don Quixote come towards him; yet, instead of taking his career to encounter him—without leaving the place—he called as loud as he could to the marshal of the field.

"Sir," said Tosilos, "is not this duel to be fought that I may marry yonder young lady or let it alone?"

"Yes," answered the marshal.

"Why, then," said the lacquey, "I feel a burden upon my conscience, and am sensible I should have a great deal to answer for, should I proceed any farther in this combat; and therefore I yield myself vanquished, and desire I may marry the lady this moment."

The marshal of the field was surprised; and as he was privy to the duke's contrivance of that business, the lacquey's unexpected submission put him to such a nonplus that he knew not what to answer. On the other side, Don Quixote stopped in the middle of his career, seeing his adversary did not put himself in a posture of defence. The duke could not imagine why the business of the field was at a stand; but the marshal having informed him, he was amazed, and in a great passion. In the meantime Tosilos, approaching Donna Rodriguez, "Madam," cried he, "I am willing to marry your daughter; there is no need of lawsuits nor of combats in the matter; I had rather make an end of it peaceably, and without the hazard of body and soul."

"Why, then," said the valorous Don Quixote, hearing this, "since it is so, I am discharged of my promise; let them even marry in God's name, and Heaven bless them and give them joy!"

At the same time the duke, coming down within the lists, and applying himself to Tosilos—

"Tell me, knight," said he, "is it true that you yield without fighting, and that at the instigation of your timorous conscience you are resolved to marry this damsel?"

"Yes, if it please your grace," answered Tosilos.

"Marry, and I think it the wisest course," quoth Sancho; "for what says the proverb? What the mouse would get, give the cat, and keep thyself out of trouble."

In the meanwhile Tosilos began to unlace his helmet, and called out that somebody might help him off with it quickly, as being so choked with his armour that he was scarce able to breathe. With that they took off his helmet with all speed, and then the lacquey's face was plainly discovered. Donna Rodriguez and her daughter perceiving it presently, "A cheat—a cheat!" cried they; "they have got Tosilos, my lord duke's lacquey, to counterfeit my lawful husband. Justice of Heaven and the king—this is a piece of malice and treachery not to be endured!"

"Ladies," said Don Quixote, "do not vex yourselves; there is neither malice nor treachery in the case; or if there be, the duke is not in fault. No; these evil-minded necromancers that persecute me are the traitors, who envying the glory I should have got by this combat, have transformed the face of my adversary into this, which you see is the duke's lacquey. But take my advice, madam," added he to the daughter, "and in spite of the baseness of my enemies, marry him; for I dare engage it is the very man you claim as your husband."

The duke, hearing this, angry as he was, could hardly forbear losing his indignation in laughter.

"Truly," said he, "so many extraordinary accidents every day befal the great Don Quixote, that I am inclined to believe this is not my lacquey, though he appears to be so. But for our better satisfaction, let us defer the marriage but a fortnight, and in the meanwhile keep in close custody this person that has put us into this confusion; perhaps by that time he may resume his former looks; for doubtless the malice of those mischievous magicians against the noble Don Quixote cannot last so long, especially when they find all these tricks and transformations of so little avail."

"Alack-a-day, sir!" quoth Sancho, "those plaguy imps are not so soon tired as you think; for where my master is concerned, they used to form and deform, and chop and change this into that, and that into the other. It is but a little while ago that they transmogrified the Knight of the Mirrors, whom he had overcome, into a special acquaintance of ours, the bachelor Samson Carrasco, of our village; and as for the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, our mistress, they have bewitched and bedevilled her into the shape of a mere country blouse; and so I verily think this saucy fellow here is likely to live a footman all the days of his life."

"Well," cried the daughter, "let him be what he will, if he will have me, I will have him. I ought to thank him; for I had rather

be a lacquey's wife than his that deluded me, who has proved himself no gentleman."

To be short, the sum of the matter was, that Tosilos should be confined, to see what his transformation would come to. Don Quixote was proclaimed victor by general consent; and the people went away, most of them very much out of humour because the combatants had not cut one another to pieces to make them sport, according to the custom of the young rabble, who are sorry when, after they have stayed in hopes to see a man hanged, he happens to be pardoned, either by the party he has wronged or the magistrate. The crowd being dispersed, the duke and duchess returned with Don Quixote into the castle; Tosilos was secured and kept close. As for Donna Rodriguez and her daughter, they were very well pleased to see, one way or another, that the business would end in marriage; and Tosilos flattered himself with the like expectation.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

How adventures crowded so thick on Don Quixote that they trod upon one another's heels.

Don Quixote thought it now time to leave the idle life he had led in the castle, believing it a mighty fault thus to shut himself up and indulge his appetite among the tempting varieties of dainties and delights which the lord and lady of the place provided for his entertainment as a knight-errant. Accordingly, one day he acquainted the duke and duchess with his sentiments, and begged their leave to depart. They both seemed very unwilling to part with him; but yet at last yielded to his entreaties. The duchess gave Sancho his wife's letters, which he could not hear read without weeping.

"Who would have thought," cried he, "that all the mighty hopes with which my wife swelled herself up at the news of my preferment, should come to this at last; and how I should be reduced again to trot after my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, in search of hunger and broken bones! However, I am glad to see my Teresa was like herself in sending the duchess the acorns, which if she had not done, she had showed herself ungrateful, and I should never have forgiven her. My comfort is, that no man can say the present was a bribe; for I had my government before she sent it; and it is fit those who have a kindness done them should show themselves grateful, though it be with a small matter."

Don Quixote, having taken his solemn leave of the duke and duchess overnight, left his apartment the next morning, and appeared in his armour in the courtyard—the galleries all round about being filled at the same time with the people of the house; the duke and duchess being also there to see him. Sancho was upon his Dapple, with his cloak-bag, his wallet, and his provision, very brisk and cheerful; for the steward that acted the part of Trifaldi had given him a purse, with two hundred crowns in gold, to defray expenses.

Don Quixote no sooner breathed the air in the open field, than he fancied himself in his own element; he felt the spirit of knight-errantry reviving in his breast; and turning to Sancho, "Liberty," said he, "friend Sancho, is one of the most valuable blessings that Heaven has bestowed upon mankind. Not all the treasures concealed in the bowels of the earth, nor those in the bosom of the sea, can be compared with it. For liberty a man may, nay ought, to hazard even his life, as well as for honour, accounting captivity the greatest misery he can endure. I tell thee this, my Sancho, because thou wert a witness of the good cheer and plenty which we met with in the castle. Yet, in the midst of those delicious feasts, among those tempting dishes, and those liquors cooled with snow, methought I suffered the extremity of hunger, because I did not enjoy them with that freedom as if they had been my own; for the obligations that lie upon us to make suitable returns for kindnesses received, are ties that will not let a generous mind be free. Happy the man whom Heaven has blest with bread, for which he is obliged to thank kind Heaven alone!"

"For all these fine words," quoth Sancho, "it is not proper for us to be unthankful for two good hundred crowns in gold, which the duke's steward gave me in a little purse, which I have here, and cherish in my bosom as a relic against necessity, and a comforting cordial, next my heart, against all accidents; for we are not like always to meet with castles where we shall be made much of."

As the knight and squire went on discoursing of this and other matters, they had not ridden much more than a league ere they espied about a dozen men, who looked like country fellows, sitting at their victuals, with their cloaks under them, on the green grass in the middle of a meadow. Near them they saw several white cloths or sheets, spread out and laid close to one another, that seemed to cover something. Don Quixote rode up to the people, and after he had civilly saluted them, asked what they had got under that linen.

"Sir," answered one of the company, "they are some carved images that are to be set up at an altar we are erecting in our town. We cover them lest they should be sullied, and carry them on our shoulders for fear they should be broken."

"If you please," said Don Quixote, "I should be glad to see them; for, considering the care you take of them, they should be pieces of value."

"Ay, marry are they," quoth another, "or else we are mistaken; for there is never an image among them that does not stand us more than fifty ducats; and that you may know I am no liar, do but stay, and you shall see with your own eyes."

With that, he took off the cover from one of the figures, that happened to be St. George on horseback, and under his feet a serpent coiled up, his throat transfixed with a lance, with the fierceness that is commonly represented in the piece; and all, as they used to say, spick and span new, and shining like beaten gold. Don Quixote having seen the image, "This," said he, "was one of the best knights-errant the Church militant ever had, his name was Don St. George,

and he was an extraordinary protector of damsels. What is the next?"

The fellow having uncovered it, it proved to be St. Martin on horseback.

"This knight too," said Don Quixote at the first sight, "was one of the Christian adventurers; and I am apt to think he was more liberal than valiant; and thou mayst perceive it, Sancho, by his dividing his cloak with a poor man: he gave him half, and doubtless it was winter time, or else he would have given it him whole, he was so charitable."

"Not so, neither, I fancy," quoth Sancho: "but I guess he stuck to the proverb, To give and keep what is fit, requires a share of wit."

Don Quixote smiled, and desired the men to show him the next image, which appeared to be that of the patron of Spain on horseback, with his sword bloody, trampling down Moors, and treading over heads.

"Ay, this is a knight indeed," cried Don Quixote, when he saw it; "he is called Don St. Jago Mata Moros, or Don St. James, the Moor-killer: and may be reckoned one of the most valorous saints and professors of chivalry that the earth then enjoyed, and Heaven now possesses."

Then they uncovered another piece, which showed St. Paul falling from his horse, with all the circumstances usually expressed in the story of his conversion; and represented so to the life, that he looked as if he had been answering the voice that spoke to him from Heaven.

"This," said Don Quixote, "was the greatest enemy the Church militant had once, and proved afterwards the greatest defender it will ever have; in his life a true knight-errant, and in death a steadfast saint; an indefatigable labourer in the vineyard of the Lord, a teacher of the Gentiles, who had Heaven for his school, and Christ himself for his master and instructor."

Then Don Quixote, perceiving there were no more images, desired the men to cover those he had seen; "And now, my good friends," said he to them, "I cannot but esteem the sight that I have had of these images as a happy omen; for these saints and knights were of the same profession that I follow, which is that of arms: the difference only lies in this point, that they were saints, and fought according to the rules of holy discipline; and I am a sinner, and fight after the manner of men."

All this while the men wondered at Don Quixote's figure, as well as his discourse, but could not understand one half of what he meant. So that, after they had made an end of their dinner, they got up their images, took their leave of Don Quixote, and continued their journey.

Sancho remained full of admiration, as if he had never known his master: he wondered how he should come to know all these things, and fancied there was not that history or adventure in the world but he had it at his fingers' ends. "Truly, master of mine," quoth he, "if what has happened to us to-day may be called an adventure, it is one of the sweetest and most pleasant we ever met with in all our

rambles; for we are come off without a basting, or the least bodily fear. We have not so much as laid our hands upon our weapons; but here we be safe and sound, neither dry nor hungry. Heaven be praised that I have seen all this with my own eyes!"

"Thou sayest well, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "but I must tell thee that seasons and times are not always the same, but often take a different course; and what the vulgar call forebodings and omens, for which there are no rational grounds in nature, ought only to be esteemed happy encounters by the wise. One of these superstitious fools, going out of his house betimes in the morning, meets a friar of the blessed order of St. Francis, and starts as if he had met a griffin, turns back, and runs home again. Another wiseacre happens to throw down the salt on the tablecloth, and thereupon is sadly cast down himself; as if nature were obliged to give tokens of ensuing disasters by such slight and inconsiderable accidents as these. A wise and truly religious man ought never to pry into the secrets of Heaven. Scipio, landing in Africa, stumbled and fell down as he leaped ashore. Presently his soldiers took this for an ill omen; but he, embracing the earth, cried, 'I have thee fast, Africa; thou shalt not escape me.'"

Thus discoursing, they got into a wood quite out of the road; and on a sudden Don Quixote, before he knew where he was, found himself entangled in some nets of green thread, that were spread across among the trees. Not being able to imagine what it was, "Certainly, Sancho," cried he, "this adventure of the nets must be one of the most unaccountable that can be imagined. Let me die, now, if this be not a stratagem of the evil-minded necromancers that haunt me, to stop my way." With that the knight put briskly forwards, resolving to break through; but in the very moment there sprung from behind the trees two most beautiful shepherdesses, at least they appeared to be so by their habits, only with this difference, that they were richly dressed in gold brocade. Their flowing hair hung down about their shoulders in curls as charming as the sun's golden rays, and circled on their brows with garlands of green bays and red-flower-gentle interwoven. As for their age, it seemed not less than fifteen, nor more than eighteen years. This unexpected vision dazzled and amazed Sancho, and surprised Don Quixote; till at last one of the shepherdesses opening her coral lips, "Hold, sir," she cried; "pray do not tear those nets which we have spread here, not to offend you, but to divert ourselves; and because it is likely you will inquire why they are spread here, and who we are, I shall tell you in few words.

"About two leagues from this place lies a village, where there are many people of quality and good estates; among these several have made up a company to come and take their diversion in this place, which is one of the most delightful in these parts. To this purpose we design to set up a new Arcadia. The young men have put on the habit of shepherds, and the ladies the dress of shepherdesses. We have got two eclogues by heart; one out of the famous Garcilasso, and the other out of Camoens, the most excellent Portuguese

poet; though we have not yet repeated them, for yesterday was but the first day of our coming hither. We have pitched some tents among the trees, near the banks of a large brook that waters all these meadows. And last night we spread these nets, to catch such simple birds as our calls should allure into the snare. Now, sir, if you please to afford us your company, you shall be made very welcome, and handsomely entertained; for we are all disposed to pass the time agreeably."

"Truly, fair lady," answered Don Quixote, "I applaud the design of your entertainment, and return you thanks for your obliging offers; assuring you, that if it lies in my power to serve you, you may depend on my obedience to your commands; for my profession is the very reverse of ingratitude, and aims at doing good to all persons, especially those of your merit and condition; so that were these nets spread over the surface of the whole earth, I would seek out a passage throughout new worlds, rather than I would break the smallest thread that conduces to your pastime: and that you may give some credit to this seeming exaggeration, know that he who makes this promise is no less than Don Quixote de la Mancha, if ever such a name has reached your ears."

"Oh, my dear," cried the other shepherdess, "what good fortune is this! You see this gentleman before us: I must tell you he is the most valiant, the most loving, and the most complaisant person in the world, if the history of his exploits, already in print, does not deceive us. I have read it, and I hold a wager, that honest fellow there by him is one Sancho Panza, his squire, the most comical creature that ever was."

"You have hit it," quoth Sancho, "I am that very squire you wot of; and there is my lord and master, the aforesaid Don Quixote de la Mancha."

"Oh pray, my dear," said the other, "let us entreat him to stay; our father and our brothers will be mighty glad of it. I have heard of his valour and his merit, as much as you now tell me; and what is more, they say he is the most constant and faithful lover in the world, and that his mistress, whom they call Dulcinea del Toboso, bears the prize from all the beauties in Spain."

"It is not without justice," said Don Quixote, "if your peerless charms do not dispute with her that glory. But, ladies, I beseech you do not endeavour to detain me; for the indispensable duties of my profession will not suffer me to rest in one place."

At the same time came the brother of one of the shepherdesses, clad like a shepherd, but in a dress as splendid and gay as those of the young ladies. They told him that the gentleman whom he saw with them was the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and that other Sancho Panza, his squire, of whom he had read the history. The gallant shepherd having saluted him, begged of him so earnestly to grant them his company to their tents, that Don Quixote was forced to comply and go with them.

About the same time the nets were drawn and filled with divers little birds, who being deceived by the colour of the snare, fell into

the danger they would have avoided. Above thirty persons, all gaily dressed like shepherds and shepherdesses, got together there, and being informed who Don Quixote and his squire were, they were not a little pleased, for they were already no strangers to his history. In short, they carried them to their tents, where they found a sumptuous entertainment ready. They obliged the knight to take the place of honour; and while they sat at table there was not one that did not gaze on him, and wonder at so strange a figure.

At last, the cloth being removed, Don Quixote, with a great deal of gravity, lifting up his voice, "Of all the sins that men commit," said he, "none, in my opinion, is so great as ingratitude, though some think pride a greater; and I ground my assertion on this, that hell is said to be full of the ungrateful. Ever since I had the use of reason I have employed my utmost endeavours to avoid this crime; and if I am not able to repay the benefits I receive in their kind, at least I am not wanting in real intentions of making suitable returns; and if that be not sufficient, I make my acknowledgments as public as I can: for he that proclaims the kindnesses he has received shows his disposition to repay them if he could; and those that receive are generally inferior to those that give. The Supreme Being, that is infinitely above all things, bestows his blessings on us so much beyond the capacity of all other benefactors, that all the acknowledgments we can make can never hold proportion with his goodness. However, a thankful mind in some measure supplies its want of power, with hearty desires and unfeigned expressions of a sense of gratitude and respect. I am in this condition as to the civilities I have been treated with here, for I am unable to make an acknowledgment equal to the kindnesses I have received. I shall, therefore, only offer you what is within the narrow limits of my own abilities, which is to maintain, for two whole days together, in the middle of the road that leads to Saragossa, that these ladies here, disguised in the habits of shepherdesses, are the fairest and most courteous damsels in the world, excepting only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of my thoughts; without offence to all that hear me be it spoken."

Here Sancho, who had all the while given ear to his master's compliment, thought fit to put in a word or two.

"Now, in the name of wonder," quoth he, "can there be anybody in the world so impudent as to say that this master of mine is a madman? Pray, tell me, ye gentlemen shepherds, did you ever know any of your country parsons, though never so wise, or so good scholars, that could deliver themselves so finely? Or is there any of your knights-errant, though never so famed for prowess, that can make such an offer as he has here done?"

Don Quixote turned towards Sancho, and, beholding him with eyes full of fiery indignation, "Can there be anybody in the world," cried he, "that can say thou art not an incorrigible blockhead, Sancho; a compound of folly and knavery, wherein malice also is no small ingredient? Who bids thee meddle with my concerns, or busy thyself with my folly or discretion? Make no reply; but go and saddle

Rozinante, if he is unsaddled, that I may immediately perform what I have offered; for in so noble and so just a cause, thou mayest reckon all those who shall presume to oppose me subdued and overthrown."

This said, up he started, with marks of anger in his looks, to the amazement of all the company, who were at a loss whether they should esteem him a madman or a man of sense. They endeavoured to prevail with him, however, to lay aside his challenge, telling him, they were sufficiently assured of his grateful nature, without exposing him to the danger of such demonstrations; and as for his valour, they were so well informed by the history of his numerous achievements, that there was no need of any new instance to convince them of it. But all these representations could not dissuade him from his purpose; and therefore, having mounted Rozinante, braced his shield and grasped his lance, he went and posted himself in the middle of the highway, not far from the verdant meadow, followed by Sancho on his Dapple, and all the pastoral society, who were desirous to see the event of that unaccountable defiance.

And now the champion, having taken his ground, made the neighbouring air ring with the following challenge: "O ye, whoever you are, knights, squires, on foot or on horseback, that now pass, or shall pass this road within these two days, know, that Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, stays here, to assert and maintain, that the nymphs who inhabit these groves and meadows, surpass, in beauty and courteous disposition, all those in the universe, setting aside the sovereign of my soul, the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. And he that dares uphold the contrary let him appear."

Twice he repeated these words, and twice they were repeated in vain. But fortune, that had a strange hand at managing his concerns, now showed him a merry sight; for by-and-by he discovered on the road a great number of people on horseback, many of them with lances in their hands, all trooping together very fast. The company that watched Don Quixote's motions no sooner spied such a squadron, driving the dust before them, than they got out of harm's way, not judging it safe to be so near danger; and as for Sancho, he sheltered himself behind Rozinante's crupper; only Don Quixote stood fixed with an undaunted courage. When the horsemen came near, one of the foremost, bawling to the champion, "Ho, ho!" cried he, "get out of the way, or these bulls will tread thee to pieces."

"Go to, you scoundrels!" answered Don Quixote, "none of your bulls are anything to me, though the fiercest that ever was fed on the banks of Xarama. Acknowledge, all in a body, what I have proclaimed here to be truth, or else stand combat with me."

But the herdsmen had not time to answer, neither had Don Quixote any to get out of the way, if he had been inclined to it; for the herd of wild bulls were presently upon him, and a huge company of drivers and people, that were going to a town where they were to be baited the next day. So, bearing all down before them, knight and squire, horse and man, they trampled them under foot at an unmerciful rate. There lay Sancho mauled, Don Quixote stunned, Dapple

bruised, and Rozinante in very indifferent circumstances. But for all this, after the whole rout of men and beasts were gone by, up started Don Quixote, ere he was thoroughly come to himself, and staggering and stumbling, falling and getting up again, as fast as he could, he began to run after them. "Stop, scoundrels, stop!" cried he aloud; "stay; it is a single knight defies you all, one who scorns the humour of making a golden bridge for a flying enemy."

But the hasty travellers did not stop, nor slacken their speed, for all his loud defiance; and minded it no more than the last year's snow.

At last, weariness stopped Don Quixote: so that, with all his anger, and no prospect of revenge, he was forced to sit down on the road till Sancho came up to him with Rozinante and Dapple. Then the master and man made a shift to remount; and, with more shame than satisfaction, hastened their journey, without taking leave of their friends of the new Arcadia.

CHAPTER XC.

Of an extraordinary accident that happened to Don Quixote, which may well pass for an adventure.

A CLEAR fountain, which Don Quixote and Sancho found among some verdant trees, served to refresh them, besmeared with dust, and tired as they were, after the rude encounter of the bulls. There, by the brink, leaving Rozinante and Dapple, unbridled and unhaltered, to their own liberty, the two forlorn adventurers sat down. The squire then went to the wallet, and having taken out of it what he used to call his stomach-sauce, laid it before the knight. But Don Quixote would eat nothing for pure vexation, and Sancho durst not begin for good manners, expecting that he would first show him the way. However, finding him so wrapped in his imaginations as to have no thoughts of lifting his hand to his mouth, the squire, without letting one word come out of his, laid aside all kind of good breeding, and made a fierce attack upon the bread and cheese before him.

"Eat, friend Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "repair the decays of nature, and sustain life, which thou hast more reason to cherish than I; leave me to die, abandoned to my sorrows, and the violence of my misfortunes. I was born, Sancho, to live dying, and thou to die eating."

"For my part," quoth Sancho, "I am not so simple yet as to kill myself. No, I am like the cobbler that stretches his leather with his teeth: I am for lengthening my life by eating; truly, master, there is no greater folly in the world than for a man to despair, and throw the helve after the hatchet. Therefore take my advice, and eat as I do; and when you have done, lie down and take a nap; the fresh grass here will do as well as a feather bed. I daresay by the time you awake you will find yourself better in body and mind."

Don Quixote followed Sancho's counsel, for he was convinced the squire spoke good philosophy at that time. However, in the meanwhile, a thought coming into his mind, "Ah! Sancho," said he, "if thou wouldst but do something that I am now going to desire thee, my cares would sit more easy on me, and my comfort would be more certain. It is only this: while, according to thy advice, I try to compose my thoughts with sleep, do but step aside a little, and take the reins of Rozinante's bridle, and give thyself some three or four hundred smart lashes, in part of the three thousand and odd thou art to receive to disenchant Dulcinea; for, in truth, it is a shame and very great pity that poor lady should remain enchanted all this while, through thy carelessness and neglect."

"There is a great deal to be said as to that," quoth Sancho, "but it may well keep; first let us go to sleep, and then come what will come. Let my lady Dulcinea have a little patience. There is nothing lost that comes at last; while there is life there is hope; which is as good as to say, I live with an intent to make good my promise."

Don Quixote gave him thanks, ate a little, and Sancho a great deal; and then both betook themselves to their rest; leaving those constant friends and companions, Rozinante and Dapple, to their own discretion, to repose or feed at random on the pasture that abounded in that meadow.

The day was now far gone, when the knight and the squire awoke. They mounted and held on their journey, making the best of their way to an inn, that seemed to be about a league distant. I call it an inn because Don Quixote himself called it so, contrary to his custom, it being a common thing with him to take inns for castles.

Being got thither, they asked the innkeeper whether he had got any lodgings?

"Yes," answered he; "and as good accommodation as you will find anywhere."

They alighted, and, after Sancho had seen Rozinante and Dapple well provided for in the stable, he went to wait on his master, whom he found sitting on a seat made in the wall—the squire blessing himself more than once that the knight had not taken the inn for a castle. Supper-time approaching, Don Quixote retired to his apartment, and Sancho, staying with his host, asked him what he had to give them for supper?

"What you will," answered he; "you may pick and choose—fish or flesh, butchers' meat or poultry, wild-fowl, and what not; whatever land, sea, and air afford for food, it is but ask and have: everything is to be had in this inn."

"There is no need of all this," quoth Sancho, "a couple of roasted chickens will do our business; for my master has a nice stomach, and eats but little; and, as for me, I am none of your unreasonable trenchermen."

"As for chickens," replied the innkeeper, "truly we have none, for the kites have devoured them."

"Why, then," quoth Sancho, "roast us a good handsome pullet, with eggs, so it be young and tender."

"A pullet, master!" answered the host; "I sent above fifty yesterday to the city to sell; but, setting aside pullets, you may have anything else."

"Why, then," quoth Sancho, "even give us a good joint of veal or kid."

"Cry you mercy!" replied the innkeeper, "now I remember me, we have none left in the house; the last company that went cleared me quite; but by next week we shall have enough, and to spare."

"We are in a fine case, indeed," quoth Sancho; "now will I hold a good wager that all these defects must be made up with a dish of eggs and bacon."

"Heyday!" cried the host, "my guest has a rare knack at guessing; I told him I had no hens nor pullets in the house, and yet he would have me to have eggs! Think on something else, I beseech you, and let us talk no more of that."

"Come, come," cried Sancho, "let us have something; tell me what thou hast, Mr. Landlord, and do not put me to trouble my brains any longer."

"Why, then, do you see," quoth the host, "to deal plainly with you, I have a delicate pair of cow-heels, that look like calves' feet, or a pair of calves' feet that look like cow-heels, dressed with onions, peas, and bacon—a dish for a prince; they are just ready to be taken off, and by this time they cry, 'Come eat me, come eat me.'"

"Cow-heels!" cried Sancho, "I set my mark on them; let nobody touch them: I will give more for them than any other shall. There is nothing I love better."

"Nobody else shall have them," answered the host; "you need not fear, for all the guests I have in the house, besides yourselves, are persons of quality, that carry their steward, their cook, and their provisions along with them."

"As for quality," quoth Sancho, "my master is a person of as good quality as the proudest of them all, if you go to that, but his profession allows of no larders nor butteries."

This was the discourse that passed betwixt Sancho and the innkeeper; for, as to the host's interrogatories concerning his master's profession, Sancho was not then at leisure to make him any answer.

In short, supper-time came, Don Quixote went to his room, the host brought the dish of cow-heels, such as it was, and set him down fairly to supper. But at the same time, in the next room, which was divided from that where they were by a slender partition, the knight overheard somebody talking.

"Dear Don Jeronimo," said the unseen person, "I beseech you, till supper is brought in, let us read another chapter of the Second Part of Don Quixote."

The champion no sooner heard himself named than up he started, and listened, with attentive ears, to what was said of him; and then he heard that Don Jeronimo answer, "Why would you have us read nonsense, Signor Don John? Methinks any one that has read the First Part of Don Quixote should take but little delight in reading the second."

"That may be," replied Don John; "however, it may not be amiss to read it; for there is no book so bad as not to have something that is good in it. What displeases me most in this part is, that it represents Don Quixote as no longer in love with Dulcinea del Toboso."

Upon these words, Don Quixote, burning with anger and indignation, cried out, "Whoever says that Don Quixote de la Mancha has forgotten, or can forget, Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him know, with equal arms, that he departs wholly from the truth; for the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso cannot be forgotten, nor can Don Quixote be guilty of forgetfulness. *Constancy* is his motto; and, to preserve his fidelity voluntarily, and without the least restraint, is his profession."

"Who is he that answers us?" cries one of those in the next room.

"Who should it be?" quoth Sancho, "but Don Quixote de la Mancha his own self, the same that will make good all he has said, and all he has to say, take my word for it; for a good paymaster never grudges to give security."

Sancho had no sooner made that answer than in came the two gentlemen (for they appeared to be no less), and one of them, throwing his arms about Don Quixote's neck, "Your presence, sir knight," said he, "does not belie your reputation, nor can your reputation fail to raise a respect for your presence. You are certainly the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the polar-star and luminary of chivalry-errant, in despite of him that has attempted to usurp your name as the author of this book,* which I here deliver into your hands, has presumed to do."

With that he took the book from his friend and gave it to Don Quixote. The knight took it, and, without saying a word, began to turn over the leaves; then, returning it awhile after, "In the little I have seen," said he, "I have found three things in this author deserving reprehension. First, I find fault with some words in his preface; in the second place, his language is Arragonian, for sometimes he writes without articles; and the third thing I have observed, which betrays most his ignorance, is, he is out of the way in one of the principal parts of the history; for there he says that the wife of my squire, Sancho Panza, is called Mary Gutierrez, which is not true, for her name is Teresa Panza: and he that errs in so considerable a passage, may well be suspected to have committed many gross errors through the whole history."

"A pretty impudent fellow is this same history-writer!" cried Sancho; "sure he knows much what belongs to our concerns, to call my wife Teresa Panza, Mary Guttierrez! Pray take the book again, if it like your worship, and see whether he says anything of me, and whether he has not changed my name too."

"Sure, by what you have said, honest man," said Don Jeronimo, "you should be Sancho Panza, squire to Signor Don Quixote."

"So I am," quoth Sancho, "and I am proud of the office."

* Some one had published a book which he called the *Second Part of Don Quixote*, before our author had printed this.

"Well," said the gentleman, "to tell you the truth, the last author does not treat you so civilly as you seem to deserve. He represents you as a glutton and a fool, without the least grain of wit or humour, and very different from the Sancho we have in the first part of your master's history."

"Heaven forgive him," quoth Sancho; "he might have left me where I was, without offering to meddle with me. Every man's nose will not make a shoeing horn. Let us leave the world as it is. St. Peter is very well at Rome."

Presently the two gentlemen invited Don Quixote to sup with them in their chamber, for they knew there was nothing to be got in the inn fit for his entertainment. Don Quixote, who was always very complaisant, could not deny their request, and went with them. Sancho stayed behind with the flesh-pot; he placed himself at the upper end of the table, with the innkeeper for his messmate; for he was no less a lover of cow-heels than the squire.

While Don Quixote was at supper with the gentlemen, Don John asked him when he had heard of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and whether she still retained a grateful sense of the love and constancy of Signor Don Quixote. "She does," answered Don Quixote, "and my thoughts are more fixed upon her than ever; our correspondence is after the old fashion, not frequent; and, alas, her beauty is transformed into the homely appearance of a female rustic."

And with that he repeated the story of her enchantment, with what had befallen him in the cavern of Montesinos, and the means that the sage Merlin had prescribed to free her from enchantment. The gentlemen were extremely pleased to hear from Don Quixote's own mouth the strange passages of his history: equally wondering at the nature of his extravagances and his elegant manner of relating them. One minute they looked upon him to be in his senses, and the next they thought he had lost them all; so that they could not resolve what degree to assign him between madness and sound judgment.

They then asked him which way he was travelling? He told them he was for Saragossa, to make one at the tournaments held in that city once a year for the prize of armour. Don John acquainted him, that the pretended second part of his history gave an account how Don Quixote, whoever he was, had been at Saragossa, at a public running at the ring, the description of which was wretched and defective in the contrivance, mean and low in the style and expression, and miserably poor in devices, all made up of foolish idle stuff.

"For that reason," said Don Quixote, "I will not set a foot in Saragossa; and so the world shall see what a notorious lie this new historian is guilty of, and all mankind shall perceive I am not the Don Quixote he speaks of."

"You do very well," said Don Jeronimo; "besides, there is another tournament at Barcelona, where you may signalize your valour."

"I design to do so," replied Don Quixote; "and so, gentlemen, give me leave to bid you good night, and permit me to go to bed, for it is time; and pray place me in the number of your best friends and most faithful servants."

Having taken leave of one another, Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their chamber, leaving the two strangers in admiration to think what a medley the knight had made of good sense and extravagance; but fully satisfied, however, that these two persons were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, and not those obtruded upon the public by the Arragonian author.

Early in the morning Don Quixote got up, and knocking at a thin wall that parted his chamber from that of the gentlemen, he took his leave of them. Sancho paid the host nobly, but advised him either to keep better provisions in his inn, or to commend it less.

CHAPTER XCI.

What happened to Don Quixote going to Barcelona.

THE morning was cool, and seemed to promise a temperate day, when Don Quixote left the inn, having first informed himself which was the readiest way to Barcelona; for he was resolved he would not so much as see Saragossa, that he might prove that new author a liar who, as he was told, had so much misrepresented him in the pretended second part of his history. For the space of six days they travelled without meeting any adventure worthy of memory; but the seventh, having lost their way, and being overtaken by the night, they were obliged to stop in a thicket of oaks or cork-trees. There both dismounted, and laying themselves down at the foot of the trees, Sancho, who had eaten heartily that day, easily resigned himself into the arms of sleep. But Don Quixote, whom his chimeras kept awake much more than hunger, could not so much as close his eyes, his working thoughts being hurried to a thousand several places. This time he fancied himself in Montesinos' cave; fancied he saw his Dulcinea, perverted as she was into a country hoyden, jump at a single leap upon her ass colt. The next moment he thought he heard the sage Merlin's voice in awful words relate the means required to effect her disenchantment. Presently a fit of despair seized him; he was enraged to think of Sancho's remissness and want of charity—the squire having not given himself above five lashes, a small and inconsiderable number in proportion to the number still behind. This reflection so aggravated his vexation that he could not forbear thinking on some extraordinary methods. If Alexander the Great, thought he, when he could not untie the Gordian knot, said it is the same thing to cut or to undo, and so slashed it asunder, and yet became the sovereign of the world, why may not I free Dulcinea from enchantment by lashing Sancho myself, whether he will or no? For, if the condition of this remedy consists in Sancho's receiving three thousand and odd lashes, what does it signify to me whether he gives himself those blows or another gives them him, since the stress lies upon his receiving them, by what means soever they are given? Full of that conceit he came up to

Sancho, having first taken the reins of Rozinante's bridle, and fitted them to his purpose of lashing him with them. Sancho, however, soon started out of his sleep, and was thoroughly awake in an instant.

"What is here?" cried he.

"It is I," answered Don Quixote, "I am come to repair thy negligence, and to seek the remedy of my torments. I am come to whip thee, Sancho, and to discharge, in part at least, that debt for which thou standest engaged. Dulcinea perishes, while thou livest careless of her fate, and therefore I am resolved, while we are here alone in this recess, to give thee at least two thousand stripes."

"Hold you there," quoth Sancho; "pray be quiet, will you? Let me alone, or I protest deaf men shall hear us! The strokes I am to give myself are to be voluntary, not forced; and at this time I have no mind to be whipped at all; let it suffice that I promise you to do so when the humour takes me."

"No, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "there is no trusting to thy courtesy, for thou art hard-hearted, and, though a peasant, of very tender flesh."

He then struggled with Sancho, upon which he jumped up, threw his arms about the Don, tripped up his heels, and laid him flat on his back, whereupon he held his hands down so fast that he could not stir and scarcely could breathe.

"How, traitor," exclaimed the knight, "dost thou rebel against thy natural lord?—dost thou raise thy hand against him who feeds thee?"

"I neither raise up nor pull down," answered Sancho; "I only defend myself, who am my own lord. If your worship will promise me to let me alone, and not talk about whipping at present, I will set you at liberty; if not, 'here thou diest, traitor, enemy to Donna Sancha.'"

Don Quixote gave him the promise he desired, and swore by the life of his best thoughts he would not touch a hair of his garment, but leave the whipping entirely to his own discretion.

Sancho now removed to another place; and as he was going to lay himself under another tree he thought something touched his head, and, reaching up his hands, he felt a couple of dangling feet, with hose and shoes. Trembling with fear, he moved on a little further, but was incommoded by other legs; upon which he called to his master for help. Don Quixote went up to him and asked him what was the matter, when Sancho told him that all the trees were full of men's feet and legs. Don Quixote felt them, and immediately guessed the cause; he said, "Be not afraid, Sancho; doubtless these are the legs of robbers and banditti who have been punished for their crimes; for here the officers of justice hang them by scores at a time when they can lay hold of them, and from this circumstance I conclude we are not far from Barcelona."

In truth, Don Quixote was right in his conjecture; for when day began to dawn they plainly saw that the legs they had felt in the dark belonged to the bodies of thieves.

But if they were alarmed at these dead banditti, how much more

were they disturbed at being suddenly surrounded by more than forty of their living comrades, who commanded them to stand, and not to move till their captain came up. Don Quixote was on foot, his horse unbridled, his lance leaning against a tree at some distance; in short, being defenceless, he thought it best to cross his hands, hang down his head, and reserve himself for better occasions. The robbers, however, were not idle, but immediately fell to work upon Dapple, and in a trice emptied both wallet and cloak-bag. Fortunately for Sancho, he had secured the crowns given him by the duke, with his other money, in a belt which he wore about his waist; nevertheless they would not have escaped the searching eyes of these good people, who spare not even what is hid between the flesh and the skin, had they not been checked by the arrival of their captain. His age seemed to be about four-and-thirty, his body was robust, his stature tall, his visage austere, and his complexion swarthy; he was mounted upon a powerful steed, clad in a coat of steel, and his belt was stuck round with pistols. Observing that his squires (for so they call men of their vocation) were about to rifle Sancho, he commanded them to forbear, and was instantly obeyed; and thus the girdle escaped. He wondered to see a lance standing against a tree, a target on the ground, and Don Quixote in armour and pensive, with the most sad and melancholy countenance that sadness itself could frame. Going up to the knight, he said, "Be not so dejected, good sir, for you are not fallen into the hands of a cruel Osiris, but into those of Roque Guinart, who has more of compassion in his nature than cruelty."

"My dejection," answered Don Quixote, "is not on account of having fallen into your hands, O valorous Roque, whose fame extends over the whole earth, but for my negligence in having suffered myself to be surprised by your soldiers, contrary to the bounden duty of a knight-errant, which requires that I should be continually on the alert, and, at all hours, my own sentinel; for, let me tell you, illustrious Roque, had they met me on horseback, with my lance and my target, they would have found it no very easy task to make me yield. Know, sir, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, he with whose exploits the whole globe resounds."

Roque Guinart presently perceived Don Quixote's infirmity, and that it had in it more of madness than valour; and, though he had sometimes heard his name mentioned, he always thought that what had been said of him was a fiction; conceiving that such a character could not exist; he was therefore delighted with this meeting, as he might now know, from his own observation, what degree of credit was really due to the reports in circulation.

"Be not concerned," said Roque, addressing himself to Don Quixote, "nor tax fortune with unkindness; by thus stumbling, you may chance to stand more firmly than ever: for Heaven, by strange and circuitous ways, incomprehensible to men, is wont to raise the fallen, and enrich the needy."

Don Quixote was about to return his thanks for this courteous reception, when suddenly a noise was heard near them, like the

trampling of many horses; but it was caused by one only, upon which came, at full speed, a youth, seemingly about twenty years of age, clad in green damask edged with gold lace, trousers, and a loose coat; his hat cocked in the Walloon fashion, with boots, spurs, dagger, and gold-hilted sword; a small carbine in his hand, and a brace of pistols by his side. Roque, hearing the noise of a horse, turned his head and observed this handsome youth advancing towards him: "Valiant Roque," said the cavalier, "you are the person I have been seeking; for with you I hope to find some comfort, though not a remedy, in my afflictions. Not to keep you in suspense, because I perceive that you do not know me, I will tell you who I am. I am Claudia Jeronima, daughter of Simon Forte, your intimate friend, and the particular enemy of Clauquel Torellas, who is also yours, being of the faction which is adverse to you. You know, too, that Torellas has a son, called Don Vincente de Torellas—at least so he was called not two hours ago. That son of his—to shorten the story of my misfortune—ah, what sorrow he has brought upon me! that son, I say, saw me, and courted me; I listened to him, and loved him, unknown to my father. In short, he promised to be my spouse, and I pledged myself to become his, without proceeding any farther. Yesterday I was informed that, forgetting his engagement to me, he was going to be married to another, and that this morning the ceremony was to be performed. The news confounded me, and I lost all patience. My father being out of town, I took the opportunity of equipping myself as you now see me, and by the speed of this horse, I overtook Don Vincente about a league hence, and, without stopping to reproach him, or hear his excuses, I fired at him, not only with this piece, but with both my pistols, and lodged, I believe, not a few balls in his body: thus washing away with blood the stains of my honour. I left him to his servants, who either dared not, or could not prevent the execution of my purpose; and am come to seek your assistance to get to France, where I have relations, with whom I may live; and to entreat you likewise to protect my father from any cruel revenge on the part of Don Vincente's numerous kindred."

Struck with the gallantry, cavalier appearance, admirable shape and strange adventure of the beautiful Claudia, Roque said in reply: "First, madam, let us see whether your enemy be really dead, and then we will consider what is best for you."

Our knight, who had listened attentively to what Claudia had said, and Roque had answered, here interfered, exclaiming: "Let no one trouble himself about the defence of this lady; for I take it upon myself: give me my horse and my arms, and wait for me here, while I go in quest of this perjured knight, and, dead or alive, oblige him to fulfil the promise he has made to so much beauty."

"Ay, and let nobody doubt my master will do it," quoth Sancho, "for he has a special hand at match-making: not many days ago, he obliged another person to marry, who denied the promise he had given to a maiden; but those plaguy enchanters, who persecute his worship, changed the shape of the lover into that of a lacquey."

Roque, who was more intent upon Claudia's business, than the reasoning of master or man, understood them not; but, commanding his squires to restore to Sancho all they had plundered from Dapple, and then to retire to the place where they had taken up their last night's quarters, he set out with Claudia, in great haste, to ascertain the real state of the wounded, dead or dying Don Vincente. Coming to the place where Claudia had discharged at him her artillery, they found nothing there but blood newly spilt; but on looking round, as far as they could extend their sight, they discovered a group of persons ascending a hill, and guessed, as indeed it proved, that it must be the unhappy youth and his servants, who were carrying him off, for the purpose of his cure, if alive, or, if dead, of his burial. They spurred their steeds, and soon overtook them; the group proceeding but slowly. They found Don Vincente in the arms of his servants, desiring them with a low and feeble voice to let him die there, for the anguish of his wounds would permit him to go no further. Claudia and Roque flung themselves from their horses, and joined them. As the servants were startled at the sight of Roque, so was Claudia at the melancholy situation of Don Vincente; and, divided betwixt tenderness and resentment, she took him by the hand, saying: "Had you given me this, according to our contract, you would not have been reduced to so sad an extremity."

The wounded cavalier opened his almost closed eyes, and recognising Claudia, he said, "I perceive, fair and mistaken lady, that it is to your hand I owe my death; a punishment unmerited by me, for neither in thought nor deed could I offend you."

"Is it not true, then," said Claudia, "that, this very morning, you were going to be married to Leonora, daughter of the rich Balvastro?"

"No, certainly," answered Don Vincente; "my evil fortune must have borne you that news, to excite your jealousy to bereave me of life; but since I leave it in your arms, I esteem myself happy; and, to assure you of this truth, take my hand, and, if you are willing, receive me for your husband; for I can now give you no other satisfaction for the injury which you imagine you have received."

Claudia pressed his hand, and such was the anguish of her heart that she swooned away upon the bloody bosom of Don Vincente, and at the same moment he was seized with a mortal paroxysm. Roque was confounded, and knew not what to do; the servants ran for water, with which they sprinkled their faces; Claudia recovered, but Don Vincente was left in the sleep of death. When Claudia was convinced that her beloved husband no longer breathed, she rent the air with her groans, and pierced the skies with her lamentations. She tore her hair, scattered it in the wind, and, with her own merciless hands, wounded and disfigured her face, with every other demonstration of grief, distraction, and despair.

"O rash and cruel woman!" she exclaimed, "with what facility wert thou moved to this evil deed! O maddening sting of jealousy, how deadly thy effects! O my dear husband, whose love for me hath given thee a cold grave!"

So piteous, indeed, were the lamentations of Claudia, that they forced tears even from the eyes of Roque, where they were seldom or never seen before. The servants wept and lamented; Claudia was recovered from one fainting fit, only to fall into another, and all around was a scene of sorrow. At length Roque Guinart ordered the attendants to take up the body of Don Vincente, and convey it to the town where his father dwelt, which was not far distant, that it might be there interred. Claudia told Roque that it was her determination to retire to a nunnery, of which her aunt was abbess; there to spend what remained of her wretched life, looking to heavenly nuptials and an eternal spouse. Roque applauded her good design, offering to conduct her wherever it was her desire to go, and to defend her father against the relatives of Don Vincente, or any one who should offer violence to him. Claudia expressed her thanks in the best manner she could, but declined his company; and, overwhelmed with affliction, took her leave of him. At the same time, Don Vincente's servants carried off his dead body; and Roque returned to his companions. Thus ended the amour of Claudia Jeronima; and no wonder that it was so calamitous, since it was brought about by the cruel and irresistible power of jealousy.

Roque Guinart found his band of desperadoes in the place he had appointed to meet them, and Don Quixote in the midst of them, endeavouring, in a formal speech, to persuade them to quit that kind of life, so prejudicial both to soul and body. But his auditors were chiefly Gascons, a wild and ungovernable race, and therefore his harangue made but little impression upon them. Roque having asked Sancho Panza whether they had restored to him all the property which had been taken from Dapple, he said they had returned all but three nightcaps, which were worth three cities.

"What does the fellow say?" quoth one of the party; "I have got them, and they are not worth three reals."

"That is true," quoth Don Quixote; "but my squire justly values the gift for the sake of the giver."

Roque Guinart insisted upon their being immediately restored: then, after commanding his men to draw up in a line before him, he caused all the clothes, jewels, and money, and, in short, all they had plundered since the last division to be brought out and spread before them; which being done, he made a short appraisement, reducing what could not be divided into money, and shared the whole among his company with the utmost exactness and impartiality. After sharing the booty in this manner, by which all were satisfied, Roque said to Don Quixote, "If I were not thus exact in dealing with these fellows, there would be no living with them."

"Well," quoth Sancho, "justice must needs be a good thing; for it is necessary, I see, even among thieves."

On hearing this, one of the squires raised the butt-end of his piece, and would surely have split poor Sancho's head, if Roque had not called out to him to forbear. Terrified at his narrow escape, Sancho resolved to seal up his lips while he remained in such company.

Just at this time, intelligence was brought by the scouts that, not

far distant, on the Barcelona road, a large body of people were seen coming that way.

"Can you discover," said Roque, "whether they are such as we look for, or such as look for us?"

"Such as we look for, sir."

"Away then," said Roque, "and bring them hither straight; and see that none escape."

The command was instantly obeyed; the band sallied forth, while Don Quixote and Sancho remained with the chief, anxious to see what would follow. In the meantime Roque conversed with the knight on his own way of living. "This life of ours must appear strange to you, Signor Don Quixote—new accidents, new adventures, in constant succession, and all full of danger and disquiet: it is a state, I confess, in which there is no respose either for body or mind. Injuries which I could not brook, and a thirst of revenge, first led me into it, contrary to my nature; for the savage asperity of my present behaviour is a disguise to my heart, which is gentle and humane. Yet, unnatural as it is, having plunged into it, I persevere; and, as one sin is followed by another, and mischief is added to mischief, my own resentments are now so linked with those of others, and I am so involved in wrongs, and factions, and engagements, that nothing but the hand of Providence can snatch me out of this entangled maze. Nevertheless, I despair not of coming, at last, into a safe and quiet harbour."

Don Quixote was surprised at these sober reflections, so different from what he should have expected from a banditti chief, whose occupation was robbery and murder.

"Signor Roque," said he, "the beginning of a cure consists in the knowledge of the distemper, and in the patient's willingness to take the medicines prescribed to him by his physician. You are sick; you know your malady; and God, our physician, is ready with medicines that, in time, will certainly effect a cure. Besides, sinners of good understanding are nearer to amendment than those who are devoid of it; and as your superior sense is manifest, be of good cheer, and hope for your entire recovery. If, in this desirable work, you would take the shortest way, and at once enter that of your salvation, come with me, and I will teach you to be knight-errant—a profession, it is true, full of labours and disasters, but which, being placed to the account of penance, will not fail to lead you to honour and felicity."

Roque smiled at Don Quixote's counsel; but, changing the discourse, he related to him the tragical adventure of Claudia Jeronima, which grieved Sancho to the heart; for he had been much captivated by the beauty, grace, and sprightliness of the young lady.

The party which had been despatched by Roque now returned with their captives, who consisted of two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, attended by six servants, some on foot and some on horseback, and also two muleteers belonging to the gentlemen. They were surrounded by the victors, who, as well as the vanquished, waited in profound silence

till the great Roque should declare his will. He first asked the gentlemen who they were, whither they were going, and what money they had?

"We are captains of infantry, sir," said one of them; "and are going to join our companies, which are at Naples, and, for that purpose, intend to embark at Barcelona, where, it is said, four galleys are about to sail for Sicily. Two or three hundred crowns is somewhere about the amount of our cash, and with that sum we accounted ourselves rich, considering that we are soldiers, whose purses are seldom overladen."

The pilgrims, being questioned in the same manner, said their intention was to embark for Rome, and that they had about them some threescore reals.

The coach now came under examination; and Roque was informed by one of the attendants that the persons within were the Lady Donna Guiomar de Quinones, wife of the regent of the vicarship of Naples, her young daughter, a waiting-maid, and a duenna; that six servants accompanied them, and their money amounted to six hundred crowns."

"It appears, then," said Roque Guinart, "that we have here nine hundred crowns, and sixty reals: my soldiers are sixty in number; see how much falls to the share of each; for I am myself but an indifferent accountant."

His armed ruffians, on hearing this, cried out, "Long live Roque Guinart, in spite of the dogs that seek his ruin!"

But the officers looked chapfallen, the lady-regent much dejected, and the pilgrims nothing pleased at witnessing this confiscation of their effects. Roque held them awhile in suspense, and, turning to the captains, he said, "Pray, gentlemen, do me the favour to lend me sixty crowns; and you, lady-regent, fourscore, as a slight perquisite which these honest gentlemen of mine expect: for 'the abbot must eat that sings for his meat;' and you may then depart, and prosecute your journey without molestation, being secured by a pass which I will give you, in case of your meeting with any other of my people, who are dispersed about this part of the country; for it is not a practice with me to molest soldiers; and I should be loth, madam, to be found wanting in respect to the fair sex—especially to ladies of your quality."

The captains were liberal in their acknowledgments to Roque for his courtesy and moderation in having generously left them a part of their money; and Donna Guiomar de Quinones would have thrown herself out of the coach to kiss the feet and hands of the great Roque, but he would not suffer it, and entreated her pardon for the injury he was forced to do them, in compliance with the duties of an office which his evil fortune had imposed on him. The lady then ordered the fourscore crowns to be immediately paid to him, as her share of the assessment; the captains had already disbursed their quota, and the pilgrims were proceeding to offer their little all, when Roque told them to wait; then, turning to his men, he said, "Of these crowns, two fall to each man's share, and twenty remain; let ten be given to

these pilgrims, and the other ten to this honest squire, that, in relating his travels, he may have cause to speak well of us."

Then, producing his writing implements, with which he was always provided, he gave them a pass, directed to the chiefs of his several parties: and, taking his leave, he dismissed them, all admiring his generosity, his gallantry, and extraordinary conduct, and looking upon him rather as an Alexander the Great than a notorious robber.

On the departure of the travellers, one of Roque's men seemed disposed to murmur, saying, in his Catalonian dialect, "This captain of ours is wondrous charitable, and would do better among friars than with those of our trade: but, if he must be giving, let it be with his own."

The wretch spoke not so low but that Roque overheard him, and drawing his sword, he almost cleft his head in two, saying, "Thus I chastise the mutinous."

The rest were silent and overawed, such was their obedience to his authority. Roque then withdrew a little, and wrote a letter to a friend at Barcelona, to inform him that he had with him the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom so much had been reported, and that being on his way to Barcelona, he might be sure to see him there on the approaching festival of St. John the Baptist, parading the strand, armed at all points, mounted on his steed Rozinante, and attended by his squire Sancho Panza, upon an ass; adding that he had found him wonderfully sagacious and entertaining. He also desired him to give notice of this to his friends the Niarra, that they might be diverted with the knight, and enjoy a pleasure which he thought too good for his enemies the Cadells; though he feared it was impossible to prevent their coming in for a share of what all the world must know and be delighted with. He despatched this epistle by one of his troop, who, changing the habit of his vocation for that of a peasant, entered the city, and delivered it as directed.

Three days and three nights Don Quixote sojourned with the great Roque; and, had he remained with him three hundred years, in such a mode of life he might still have found new matter for observation and wonder. Here they sleep, there they eat; sometimes flying from they know not what, at others lying in wait for they know not whom; often forced to steal their nap standing, and every moment liable to be roused. Roque passed the nights apart from his followers, making no man privy to his lodgings: for the numerous proclamations which the Viceroy of Barcelona had published against him, setting a price upon his head, kept him in continual apprehension of surprise, and even of the treachery of his own followers; making his life irksome and wretched beyond measure.

Roque, Don Quixote, and Sancho, attended by six squires, set out for Barcelona; and taking the most secret and unfrequented ways, at night reached the strand on the eve of St. John. Roque now embraced the knight and the squire, giving to Sancho the promised ten crowns, and thus they parted, with many friendly expressions and a thousand offers of service on both sides.

Roque returned back, and Don Quixote remained there on horseback, waiting for daybreak; and it was not long before the beautiful Aurora appeared in the golden balconies of the east, cheering the flowery fields, while, at the same time, the ears were regaled with the sound of numerous kettledrums and jingling morrice-bells, mixed with the noise of horsemen coming out of the city. Aurora now retired, and the glorious sun gradually rising, at length appeared broad as an ample shield on the verge of the horizon. Don Quixote and Sancho now beheld the sea, which, to them, was a wondrous novelty, and seemed so boundless and so vast that the lakes of Ruydera, which they had seen in La Mancha, could not be compared to it. They saw the galleys, too, lying at anchor near the shore, which, on removing their awnings, appeared covered with flags and pennants, all flickering in the wind, and kissing the surface of the water. Within them was heard the sound of trumpets, hautboys, and other martial instruments, that filled the air with sweet and cheering harmony. Presently the vessels were put in motion, and on the calm sea began a counterfeit engagement; at the same time a numerous body of cavaliers in gorgeous liveries and nobly mounted, issued from the city and performed corresponding movements on shore. Cannon were discharged on board the galleys, which were answered by those on the ramparts; and thus the air was rent by mimic thunder. The cheerful sea, the serene sky, only now and then obscured by the smoke of the artillery, seemed to exhilarate and gladden every heart.

Sancho wondered that the bulky monsters which he saw moving on the water should have so many legs: and while his master stood in silent astonishment at the marvellous scene before him, the body of gay cavaliers came galloping up towards him, shouting in the Moorish manner; and one of them, the person to whom Roque had written, came forward and said, "Welcome to our city, the mirror, the beacon, and polar-star of knight-errantry! Welcome, I say, O valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, not the spurious, the fictitious, the apocryphal one, lately sent amongst us in lying histories, but the true, the legitimate, the genuine Quixote of Cid Hamet Benengeli, the flower of historians!"

Don Quixote answered not a word, nor did the cavaliers wait for any answer, but wheeling round with all their followers, they began to curvet in a circle about Don Quixote, who, turning to Sancho, said, "These people seem to know us well, Sancho: I dare engage they have read our history, and even that of the Arragonese lately printed."

The gentleman who spoke to Don Quixote, again addressed him, saying, "Be pleased, Signor Don Quixote, to accompany us; for we are all the intimate and devoted friends of Roque Guinart."

To which Don Quixote replied, "If courtesy beget courtesy, yours, good sir, springs from that of the great Roque; conduct me whither you please, for I am wholly at your disposal."

The gentleman answered in expressions no less polite, and enclosing him in the midst of them, they all proceeded to the sound of martial

music towards the city, until they reached their conductor's house, which was large and handsome, declaring the owner to be a man of wealth and consideration.

CHAPTER XCII.

Of the adventure of the Enchanted Head; with other trifling matters that must not be omitted.

THE name of Don Quixote's present host was Don Antonio Moreno; he was rich, sensible, and good-humoured; and being cheerfully disposed, with such an inmate he soon began to consider how he might extract amusement from his whimsical infirmity, but without offence to his guest; for the jest that gives pain is no jest, nor is that lawful pastime which inflicts an injury. Having prevailed upon the knight to take off his armour, he led him to a balcony at the front of his house, and there in his straight chamois doublet (which has already been mentioned) exposed him to the populace, who stood gazing at him as if he had been some strange baboon. The gay cavaliers again appeared and paraded before him, as in compliment to him alone, and not in honour of that day's festival. Sancho was highly delighted to find so unexpectedly what he fancied to be another Camacho's wedding, another house like that of Don Diego de Mirando, and another duke's castle.

On that day several of Don Antonio's friends dined with him, all paying homage and respect to Don Quixote as a knight-errant; with which his vanity was so flattered that he could scarcely conceal the delight which it gave him. And such was the power of Sancho's wit that every servant of the house, and indeed all who heard him, hung as it were upon his lips. While sitting at table, Don Antonio said to him, "We are told here, honest Sancho, that you are so great a lover of capons and sausages, that when you have crammed your belly, you stuff your pockets with the fragments for another day."

"'Tis not true, an't please your worship; I am not so filthy, nor am I a glutton, as my master Don Quixote here present can bear witness; for he knows we have often lived day after day, ay, a whole week together, upon a handful of acorns or hazel-nuts. It is true, I own, that if they give me a heifer, I make haste with a halter; my way is, to take things as I find them, and eat what comes to hand; and whoever has said that I am given to greediness, take my word for it, he is very much out; and I would tell my mind in another manner, but for the respect due to the honourable beards here at table."

"In truth, gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "the frugality of my squire and his cleanliness in eating deserve to be recorded on plates of brass, to remain an eternal memorial for ages to come. I confess that, when in great want of food, he may appear somewhat ravenous, eating fast and chewing on both sides of his mouth; but as for cleanliness, he is therein most punctilious; and when he was a governor

such was his nicety in eating that he would take up grapes, and even the grains of a pomegranate, with the point of a fork."

"How!" quoth Don Antonio, "has Sancho been a governor?"

"Yes, I have," replied Sancho, "and of an island called Barataria. Ten days I governed it at my own will and pleasure; but I paid for it in sleepless nights, and learned to hate with all my heart the trade of governing; and made such haste to leave it, that I fell into a pit, which I thought would be my grave, but I escaped alive out of it by a miracle."

Hereupon Don Quixote related minutely all the circumstances of Sancho's government; to the great entertainment of the hearers.

The dinner being ended, Don Quixote was led by his host into a distant apartment, in which there was no other furniture than a small table, apparently of jasper, supported by a pillar of the same; and upon it was placed a bust, seemingly of bronze, the effigy of some high personage. After taking a turn or two in the room, Don Antonio said, "Signor Don Quixote, now that we are alone, I will make known to you one of the most extraordinary circumstances, or rather I should say, one of the greatest wonders imaginable, upon condition that what I shall communicate be deposited in the inmost recesses of secrecy."

"It shall be there buried," answered Don Quixote; "and to be more secure, I will cover it with a tombstone; besides I would have you know, Signor Don Antonio (for by this time he had learned his name), that you are addressing one who, though he has ears to hear, has no tongue to betray: so that if it please you to deposit it in my breast, be assured it is plunged into the abyss of silence."

"I am satisfied," said Don Antonio; "and confiding in your promise, I will at once raise your astonishment, and disburden my own breast of a secret which I have long borne with pain, from the want of some person worthy to be made a confidant in matters which are not to be revealed to everybody."

Thus having, by his long preamble, strongly excited Don Quixote's curiosity, Don Antonio made him examine carefully the brazen head, the table, and the jasper pedestal upon which it stood; he then said, "Know, Signor Don Quixote, that this extraordinary bust is the production of one of the greatest enchanters or wizards that ever existed. He was, I believe, a Polander, and a disciple of the famous Escotillo, of whom so many wonders are related. He was here in my house, and for the reward of a thousand crowns fabricated this head for me, which has the virtue and property of answering to every question that is put to it. After much study and labour, drawing figures, erecting schemes, and frequent observation of the stars, he completed his work. To-day being Friday, it is mute; but to-morrow, Signor, you shall surely witness its marvellous powers. In the meantime, you may prepare your questions, for you may rely on hearing the truth."

Don Quixote was much astonished at what he heard, and could scarcely credit Don Antonio's relation; but, considering how soon he should be satisfied, he was content to suspend his opinion, and ex-

pressed his acknowledgments to Don Antonio for so great a proof of his favour. Then leaving the chamber, and carefully locking the door, they both returned to the saloon, where the rest of the company were diverting themselves with Sancho's account of his master's adventures.

The same evening they carried Don Quixote abroad to take the air, mounted on a large easy-paced mule, with handsome furniture, himself unarmed, and with a long wrapping coat of tawny-coloured cloth, so warm that it would have put even frost into a sweat. They had given private orders to the servants to find amusement for Sancho so as to prevent his leaving the house, as they had secretly fixed on the back of Don Quixote's coat a parchment, on which was written in capital letters—"This is Don Quixote de la Mancha." They had no sooner set out than the parchment attracted the eyes of the passengers: and the inscription being read aloud, Don Quixote heard his name so frequently repeated, that turning to Don Antonio with much complacency, he said, "How great the prerogative of knight-errantry, since its professors are known and renowned over the whole earth! Observe, Signor Don Antonio; even the very boys of this city know me, although they never could have seen me before!"

"It is very true, Signor Don Quixote," answered Don Antonio; "for as fire is discovered by its own light, so is virtue by its own excellence; and no renown equals in splendour that which is acquired by the profession of arms."

As Don Quixote thus rode along amidst the applause of the people, a Castilian, who had read the label on his back, exclaimed, "What! Don Quixote de la Mancha! How hast thou got here alive after the many drubbings and bastings thou hast received? Mad indeed thou art! Had thy folly been confined to thyself, the mischief had been less; but thou hast the property of converting into fools and madmen all that keep thee company—witness these gentlemen here, thy present associates. Get home, blockhead, to thy wife and children; look after thy house, and leave these fooleries that eat into thy brain and skim off the cream of thy understanding!"

"Go, friend," said Don Antonio, "look after your own business, and give your advice where it is required; Signor Don Quixote is wise, and we his friends know what we are doing. Virtue demands our homage wherever it is found; begone, therefore, in an evil hour, nor meddle where you are not called."

"Truly," answered the Castilian, "your worship is in the right; for to give that lunatic advice, is to kick against the pricks. Yet am I grieved that the good sense which he is said to have, should run to waste, and be lost in the mire of knight-errantry. And may the evil hour, as your worship said, overtake me and all my generation, if ever you catch me giving advice again to anybody, asked or not asked, though I were to live to the age of Methuselah."

So saying, the adviser went his way; but the rabble still pressing upon them to read the inscription, Don Antonio contrived to have it removed, that they might proceed without interruption.

The next day, Don Antonio determined to make experiment of the enchanted head; and for that purpose, the knight and squire, two mischievous ladies (who had been invited by Don Antonio's lady to sleep there that night), and two other friends, were conducted to the chamber in which the head was placed. After locking the door, Don Antonio proceeded to explain to them the properties of the miraculous bust, of which, he said, he should for the first time make trial, but laid them all under an injunction of secrecy. The artifice was known only to the two gentlemen, who, had they not been apprised of it, would have been no less astonished than the rest at so ingenious a contrivance. The first who approached the head was Don Antonio himself, who whispered in its ear, not so low but he was overheard by all: "Tell me," said he, "thou wondrous head, by the virtue inherent in thee, what are my present thoughts."

The head, in a distinct and intelligible voice, though without moving the lips, answered, "I am no judge of thoughts."

They were all astonished at the voice, being sensible nobody was in the room to answer.

"How many of us are there in the room?" said Don Antonio again.

The voice answered, in the same key, "Thou, and thy wife, two of thy friends, and two of hers; a famous knight, called Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his squire Sancho Panza."

Now their astonishment was greater than before; and the hair of some of them stood on end with amazement.

"It is enough," said Don Antonio, stepping aside, "I am convinced it was no impostor sold thee to me, sage, miraculous head! Now, let somebody else try their fortunes."

As women are generally most curious and inquisitive, one of the ladies, venturing up to it, "Tell me, head," said she, "what shall I do to be truly beautiful?"

"Be honest," answered the head.

"I have done," replied the lady.

Her companion then came on, and with the same curiosity, "I would know," said she, "whether my husband loves me or no."

The head answered, "Observe his usage, and that will tell thee."

"Truly," said the married lady to herself, as she withdrew, "that question was needless; for, indeed, a man's actions are the surest tokens of the dispositions of his mind."

Don Antonio's lady asked the next question.

"I do not well know what to ask thee," said she; "only tell me whether I shall long enjoy the company of my dear husband."

"Thou shalt," answered the head; "for his healthy constitution and temperance promise length of days, while those who live too fast are not like to live long."

Next came Don Quixote. "Tell me, thou oracle," said he, "was what I reported of my adventures in Montesinos' cave a dream or reality? will Sancho my squire fulfil his promise, and scourge himself effectually? and shall Dulcinea be disenchanted?"

"As for the adventures in the cave," answered the head, "there is

much to be said—they have something of both; Sancho's whipping shall go on but leisurely; however, Dulcinea shall at last be really freed from enchantment."

"That is all I desire to know," said Don Quixote: "for the whole stress of my good fortune depends on Dulcinea's disenchantment."

Then Sancho made the last application. "If it please you, Mr. Head," quoth he, "shall I chance to have another government?—shall I ever get clear of this starving squire-erranting?—and shall I ever see my own fireside again?"

The head answered, "Thou shalt be a governor in thine own house; if thou goest home, thou mayest see thy own fireside again; and if thou leavest off thy service, thou shalt get clear of thy squireship."

"That is a very good one," cried Sancho; "a horse-head, I vow, might have told all this; I could have prophesied thus much myself."

"How now!" said Don Quixote; "what answers wouldst thou have but what are pertinent to thy questions?"

"Nay," quoth Sancho, "since you will have it so, it shall be so; I only wish Mr. Head would have told me a little more concerning the matter."

Thus the questions proposed, and the answers returned, were brought to a period; but the amazement continued among all the company, except Don Antonio's two friends, who understood the device.

The manner of it was thus: the table, and the frame on which it stood, the feet of which resembled four eagles' claws, were of wood, painted and varnished like jasper. The head, which looked like the bust of a Roman emperor, and of a brass colour, was all hollow, and so were the feet of the table, which answered exactly to the neck and breast of the head, the whole so artificially fixed that it seemed to be all of a piece; through this cavity ran a tin pipe, conveyed into it by a passage through the ceiling of the room under the table. He that was to answer, set his ear to the end of the pipe in the chamber underneath, and by the hollowness of the trunk, received their questions, and delivered his answers in clear and articulate words; so that the imposture could scarcely be discovered. The oracle was managed by a young, ingenious gentleman, Don Antonio's nephew; who having his instructions beforehand from his uncle, was able to answer, readily and directly, to the first questions; and by conjectures or evasions make a return handsomely to the rest, with the help of his ingenuity.

In complaisance to Don Antonio, and for the better entertainment of Don Quixote, as well as to give him an opportunity of discovering his amusing follies, the gentlemen of the town appointed a running at the ring, which was to be performed in six days; but was frustrated by an accident that will be told hereafter. Meanwhile Don Quixote expressed a wish to view the town, without ceremony, and on foot; apprehending, if he went on horseback, that he should be persecuted again by the boys and the populace; accordingly, he and Sancho, with two servants assigned him by Don Antonio, walked out to make the tour; and as they perambulated the streets, it happened

that our knight, lifting up his eyes, saw written over a door in large letters, "Here books are printed." The circumstance delighted him much, for he had never seen printing, and had often been desirous of knowing how it was performed. In therefore he went, with his retinue, and saw the sheets working off in one place, correcting in another, composing in a third, revising in a fourth—in short, the whole economy of a large printing-house. Don Quixote going up to one of the boxes, asked the person at work what he had in hand, and being told, he expressed his admiration, and passed on to another, where making the same inquiry, the workman replied, "Sir, that gentleman," pointing to a person of a grave but prepossessing appearance, "has translated an Italian book into our Castilian language, and I am composing it for the press."

"What title has the book?" said Don Quixote.

To which the author himself answered, "The book, sir, in Italian is called 'Le Bagatelle.'"

"And what answers to Bagatelle in our Castilian?" quoth Don Quixote.

"The meaning of 'Le Bagatelle,'" said the author, "is Trifles. But though its title be insignificant, the book contains much good and substantial matter."

Quoth Don Quixote, "I know a little of the Tuscan language, and value myself upon singing some stanzas of Ariosto; but pray tell me, good sir—and what I am going to ask is with no design to examine your skill, but merely to satisfy my own curiosity—in the course of your studies have you ever met with the word Pignata?"

"Yes, often," replied the author.

"And how do you translate it in Castilian?" quoth Don Quixote.

"How should I translate it," replied the other, "but by the word Olla?"

"Body of me," said the knight, "what progress your worship has made in the Tuscan language! I would wager a good round sum that where the Tuscan says Piace, you say, in Castilian, Plaze; and where it says Più, you say Mas; and Su, you translate Arriba, and Giù by Abaxo."

"I do so, most certainly," said the author; "for these are their proper renderings."

"And yet, with all your learning, I dare swear," quoth Don Quixote, "that you are scarcely known in the world, which is little disposed to patronize florid wits, or remunerate laudable studies. What talents are lost, what abilities and genius cooped up, what virtues undervalued in this degenerate age! At the same time I cannot but be of opinion that translating out of one language into another, unless it be from those queens of the languages, Greek and Latin, is like presenting to view the wrong side of a piece of tapestry, where, though the figures are seen, they are obscured by ends and threads, and have none of the pleasing smoothness and even texture which the right side exhibits. And to translate from easy languages implies neither genius nor elocution, and requires no more capacity than transcribing from one paper to another. I would not, however,

from hence infer that translating is not a laudable exercise; for a man may be employed in things of less consequence, and less advantage; and I except the two celebrated translators, Doctor Christopher di Figueroa, in his 'Pastor Fido,' and Don Jon de Xaurigui, in his 'Aminta,' which are executed with so rare a felicity as to render it doubtful which is the translation and which the original. But as to this book of yours, pray, sir, are you printing it on your own account, or have you sold the copy to some bookseller?"

"I print it on my own account," said the author, "and I expect to get a thousand ducats by this first impression, of which there will be two thousand copies, that will go off, at six reals a set, in a trice."

"Mighty well, sir," answered Don Quixote; "it is plain you know but little of the turns and doubles of booksellers, and the combination that exists among them. Take my word for it, when you find the weight of two thousand volumes upon your back, you will be sorely depressed, both in body and mind, especially if the book be deficient in sprightliness."

"What, sir!" quoth the author, "would you have me make over my right to the bookseller, who would perhaps give me three maravedis, and think he had obliged me by his liberality? I print no more books, sir, to purchase fame, being already sufficiently known by my works. What I seek is profit, without which fame is not worth a farthing."

"God speed you!" answered Don Quixote; and, going to another box, he saw a work in hand, entitled "The Light of the Soul." "Ay," said he, "these are the books that ought to be printed, though there are a great many of them in the world already; but there are also a great many sinners, persons benighted, who stand in need of every light that can be given them."

Proceeding on, he saw another book correcting, and, asking the title, was told that it was called "The Second Part of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha," the author of which was an inhabitant of Tordeillas.

"I know something of that book," quoth Don Quixote, "and truly, on my conscience, I thought it had been burnt long since, and reduced to ashes, for its impertinence; but its Martinmas will as surely come, for fabulous productions are only so far good and entertaining as they come near the truth, or the resemblance of it; and history itself is so much the better the more authentic and veritable it be."

And, so saying, he quitted the printing-house in apparent disgust; and that same day Don Antonio proposed to take him to see the four galleys which lay in the road—a proposal that rejoiced the heart of Sancho, who had never seen the inside of a galley in the course of his life. Don Antonio accordingly gave notice to the commodore that he would wait upon him in the afternoon, with his guest, the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, with whose name and person he was already acquainted, as also was almost every inhabitant of the city; but what befel our knight during this visit shall be reserved for the next chapter.

CHAPTER XCIII.

Of the unlucky accident which befel Sancho Panza in visiting the galleys, and the strange adventure of the beautiful Morisco.

MANY and profound were the reflections of Don Quixote upon the answers of the enchanted head, not one suggesting the slightest hint of any trick being put upon him, but all centring in the promise, which he looked upon as certain, of the disenchantment of Dulcinea. This was the sole object of his wishes, and he exulted in the assurance of seeing it speedily accomplished. As for Sancho, though, as we have already observed, he abhorred being a governor, he had still an itching to command again and be obeyed, such being the unfortunate effect of power once enjoyed, though but in mockery. In short, that very evening, Don Antonio and his two friends, with Don Quixote and Sancho, set out for the galleys. The commodore, who had notice of the coming of the two famous personages, Don Quixote and Sancho, no sooner perceived them approach the shore, than he ordered all the galleys to strike their awnings, and the band to play; and immediately despatched the pinnace, covered with rich carpets and furnished with cushions of crimson velvet. The moment the knight entered it, the captain-galley discharged her forecastle guns, and the other galleys followed the example; and, as he mounted the ladder on the starboard-side, the whole crew saluted him with three cheers, that being the customary reception of a person of rank and distinction. The general, for so we shall call him, who was a gentleman of quality of Valencia, giving Don Quixote his hand, and embracing him, said, "This day will I mark with a white stone, as one of the happiest of my life, in affording me an opportunity of being acquainted with Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, in whom is concentred and abridged the whole worth of knight-errantry."

To this complimentary reception Don Quixote answered in terms no less courteous, overjoyed to find himself treated with such lordly respect. All the company having now ascended the poop, which was richly ornamented, and seated themselves upon the benches, the boatswain passed along the middle gangway, and gave the signal with his whistle for the slaves to strip, which was done in an instant. Sancho was terrified, and his terror increased when he saw them spreading an awning so swiftly over the galley, that he thought all the devils in hell must have been engaged in the work.

Sancho was seated near the stern, close to the hindmost rower on the starboard-side, who, being instructed what to do, laid hold of the squire, and lifted him up in his arms. Then the whole crew of slaves, standing up, tossed him from hand to hand, and from bank to bank, so swiftly, that poor Sancho lost the very sight of his eyes, and verily thought the devils themselves were carrying him away; nor did they desist from the sport till, completing the circuit, they had brought him round by the larboard-side, and replaced him at his original station, where the poor wretch remained bruised and out of breath

without being able to conceive what had befallen him. Don Quixote, seeing Sancho fly in this manner without wings, asked the general if the ceremony extended to every person upon first coming aboard; for if it did he must beg to be exempted from any such exercise, and he vowed to God if any man presumed to lay hold of him for the purpose of tossing him, he would kick the soul of such man out of his body; and he stood up as he said this, and laid his hand upon his sword. At that instant the awning was struck, and the mainyard lowered from the top of the mast to the bottom with so loud a noise, that Sancho thought the sky was falling off its hinges and tumbling upon his head, which he actually placed between his legs from fright; nor did our knight well know what to think, for he too quaked, shrugged his shoulders, and changed countenance. The slaves having hoisted the mainyard with the same swiftness and noise with which they had lowered it, without in either manœuvre speaking a word, as if they had neither voice nor breath, the boatswain piped all hands for weighing anchor, and, jumping into the middle of the forecastle, with his leather-thong he began to fly-flap the shoulders of the slaves at the oar, and the galley by little and little stood out to sea. Sancho, seeing so many red feet, for such he took the oars to be, move altogether, said to himself, "Ay, this is enchantment indeed, very different from what my master talks of; but what have these unhappy wretches done to be whipped in this manner? and how has this one man who goes whistling up and down the hardihood to chastise so many? Surely this must be hell, or purgatory at least."

Don Quixote, perceiving with what attention Sancho observed everything that passed, said: "Ah, my friend, how quickly and at how cheap a rate mightest thou, if thou wouldst strip to the waist, and placing thyself among these gentlemen, put an end to the enchantment of Dulcinea! for, having so many companions in pain, thou wouldst feel but little of thy own; and perhaps the sage Merlin would take every lash, coming from so good a hand, for ten of those which thou must one day inflict on thyself."

The general was about to ask to what lashes he referred, and what he meant by the disenchantment of Dulcinea, when a mariner informed him that the fort of Montjoy made a signal of a vessel with oars on the western coast being in sight. Hearing this the general leaped upon the middle gangway, and cried, "Pull away, my lads, let her not escape: for it must certainly be some plundering brigantine from Algiers that the fort has descried."

Instantly three other galleys were on the alert to receive his orders, and the general commanded that two of them should stand out to sea as fast as they could, whilst he with the other would keep along shore, that escape might be impossible. The crew plied the oars so stoutly, and impelled the galleys with such violence, that they seemed to fly. Those that stood out to sea discovered a sail, about two miles off, which they judged to carry about fourteen or fifteen banks; and so it eventually proved. The vessel, discovering the galleys, set all sail, with the hope to get away by her swiftness; but unfortunately for her, the admiral's galley happened to be one of still greater speed,

and therefore gained upon her so fast, that the corsairs saw they could not escape; accordingly the master ordered his men to drop their oars and surrender, that they might not incur a worse fate by their obstinacy. Fortune, however, seemed to have ordered matters otherwise, for even after the admiral was within hearing, and had called to the corsairs to strike, two Toraquis—that is to say, two drunken Turks—that were in the brigantine with twelve others, discharged each a musket, and killed two of our soldiers upon the prow; which the general no sooner perceived, than he swore not to leave a man in the vessel alive: but proceeding in his fury to board her, she slipped away under the oars of the galley, which, by its own force, ran ahead to a considerable distance. The corsairs, seeing their case was desperate, made all the way they could while the galley was tacking, plying every oar and hoisting every sail. But their diligence did them less good than their presumption did them harm; for the galley, overtaking them after a chase of little more than half a mile, grappled, and took the whole crew prisoners.

The two other galleys now came up, and the whole returned with their prize to the strand, where a vast concourse of people had assembled, anxious to know of what it consisted. The general cast anchor near the shore, and understanding that the viceroy was among the spectators, he ordered out the boat to bring him on board, and commanded the mainyard to be let down immediately, for the purpose of hanging the master of the vessel and his gang, consisting of about six-and-thirty persons, most of them Turkish musqueteers. The general inquired which was the master of the brigantine, and one of the captives, who afterwards appeared to be a Spanish renegado, answered in Castilian: "This youth, sir, whom you see before you, is our master," pointing to one of the handsomest and most graceful young men that the human imagination could form to itself: his age, in appearance, not exceeding twenty years.

"Ill-advised dog!" said the general, "tell me what moved you to fire upon my soldiers, when you saw it was impossible to escape? Is this the respect you pay to our galleys? Know, sir, that temerity is not valour, and that doubtful hope, though it might make men daring, should not make them rash."

The youth would have replied; but the general left him, to receive the viceroy, who was just entering the galley, with several of his servants, and some gentlemen of the town.

"You have had a fine chase, Signor General," said the viceroy.

"So fine," answered the general, "that your excellency shall presently see the result hoisted at the yardarm."

"Why so?" replied the viceroy.

"Because," replied the general, "against all law, all reason, and the custom of war, they have shot two of the best soldiers belonging to the galleys, and I have sworn to hang every man of them, and especially this beardless villain, who is master of the brigantine," pointing to the youth, who had his hands already tied, and a rope about his neck, and stood expecting death every instant.

The viceroy, surveying this unhappy prisoner, was so struck with

his beauty, his graceful appearance, and humble demeanour, which served at the instant as a letter of recommendation, that he was desirous of saving him, and therefore asked the youth, "Tell me, sir, are you a Turk, a Moor, or a renegado?"

To which the youth answered in the Castilian tongue: "I am no one of these."

"What then are you?" replied the viceroy.

"A Christian woman," answered the youth.

"A Christian woman in such a dress, and such circumstances!" said the viceroy, "this is rather to be wondered at than believed."

"Gentlemen," said the youth, "be so good as to suspend the execution of my fate till I have recounted the story of my life; an indulgence that will not long delay the accomplishment of your revenge."

What heart could be so hard as not to relent at this petition, so far at least as to hear what the depressed and afflicted youth had to say? The general bid him relate what he pleased, but expect no pardon of his daring offence; and with this licence the youth began his story in the following manner:—

"I was born of parents belonging to that nation, more unfortunate than wise, so lately overwhelmed by a sea of troubles. In the current of their distress, I was borne away by two of my uncles into Barbary, it availing me nothing to affirm that I was a Christian, as I am; not in word and appearance only, but in deed and in truth. The disclosure had no influence on those who were charged with our unhappy banishment; nor would my uncles believe it, but deemed it rather a stratagem, by which I hoped to be permitted to remain in the country in which I was born; and it was by force rather than my own goodwill that I was hurried out of it. My mother was a Christian, and so was my father, and a man besides of exemplary prudence. I may thus be said to have sucked in the Catholic religion with my first nutriment, and having been piously educated, I am not aware, either in language or behaviour, of having given the slightest indication of a contrary faith or practice. My beauty, such as it is, as I grew up, kept pace with these virtues; for virtues I believe them to be; and, though my modesty and reserve were great, I could not avoid being seen by a young gentleman, of the name of Don Gaspar Gregorio, eldest son of a person of distinction, whose estate joins to our town. How we met and conversed together, how he was distracted for me, and I scarcely less so for him, would be tedious to relate, especially at a time when I am under apprehension that the cruel cord, which threatens me, may interpose between my tongue and my throat, and cut short my narrative. I will therefore only observe, that he resolved to bear me company in our banishment, and mingling with the Moors, who joined us from other places, he passed for one, as he spoke the language perfectly. In the course of the journey he contracted an intimacy with my two uncles, who had the charge of me: for my father, always prudent and provident, no sooner read the first edict for our banishment, than he left the town, and repaired to seek some place of refuge for his family in a foreign kingdom. On his departure he buried a great number of valuable pearls and precious stones, as

well as a quantity of crusadoes and pistoles of gold, in a place which he disclosed to me only, commanding me at the same time to leave the treasure untouched, even though the banishment should take place before he returned. I obeyed him in this, and, passing over into Barbary with my uncles and other relations and acquaintance, as I have already said, we settled in Algiers. A report of my beauty and supposed wealth, which afterwards turned to my advantage, having reached the ears of the king, he sent for me and asked me from what part of Spain I had come, and what money and jewels I had brought with me. I informed him of the town in which I had resided, and of the jewels and money I had left concealed there, adding that the treasure might easily be brought off, if I were myself to return to Spain for the purpose. This I told him as a bait to his covetousness, hoping thereby to divert his thoughts from my person.

"While he was thus questioning me, information was given that one of the handsomest youths imaginable had come from Spain with me. I instantly understood that the person meant could be no other than Don Gaspar Gregorio, whose beauty is beyond the possibility of exaggera tion. The king ordered him to be brought forthwith into his presence that he might see him; then, turning to me, he asked if what was said of the youth were true. As if inspired by Heaven, I answered that it was; but it was my duty to inform his majesty that he was not a man, but one of my own sex; and I requested permission to go and dress her in proper attire, that she might shine in full beauty, and appear in his presence with the less embarrassment. He said I might go in a good hour, and that he would the next day consider in what way I might most conveniently return to Spain to bring back the hidden treasure. I flew to consult with Don Gaspar: I represented to him the danger he would incur by appearing as a man; and, dressing him like a Moorish lady, I introduced him as such that very afternoon to the king, who was seized with admiration, and determined to reserve so extraordinary a beauty for a present to the grand signor; and, to prevent the risk which might arise if so fair a creature were left in the seraglio among his own wives, he ordered her to be lodged in the house of a Moorish lady of quality, whither she was instantly conveyed. What were our mutual regrets at so cruel a separation I leave to the consideration of those who have loved another and been obliged to part. The king, shortly after, gave orders for my returning to Spain in this brigantine, accompanied by two Turks, the very persons who killed your soldiers. There came with me also this Spanish renegado (pointing to him who spoke first), whom I know to be a Christian in his heart, and to have a greater desire to stay in Spain than to return to Barbary. The rest are the ship's crew, whose sole business is to row at the oar. The orders given to the two drunken and insolent Turks were to set me and the renegado on shore, in the habit of Christians, with which we were provided, on the nearest Spanish land: but, instead of this, they would scour the coast, to make, if they could, some prize, fearing, if they should land us first, we might be compelled by some accident to discover that such a vessel was at sea, and thus cause her to be

taken. Last night we made this shore, and, ignorant of these galleys being abroad, were ourselves discovered, pursued, and taken, as you know. In short, while Don Gregorio remains in Algiers, in female attire, and on the brink perhaps of destruction, here am I, with my hands bound, fearing, or rather expecting, to lose that life of which I am already weary. This, sir, is my lamentable story, as true as it is unfortunate; and all I have now to beg is, that you will suffer me to die like a Christian, since, as I have told you, no share of the guilt belongs to me which has been imputed to my unhappy country."

Here she ceased speaking, her eyes filled with tears, as were those also of many of the bystanders; and the viceroy, being of a tender and compassionate disposition, without uttering a word, went and with his own hands unbound the cord, and released those of the beautiful Moor.

While the Moorish Christian was relating her strange story, a venerable pilgrim, who had come aboard with the attendants of the viceroy, riveted his eyes on her, and scarcely had she ended it than, throwing himself at her feet, and embracing them, he exclaimed in accents interrupted by a thousand sobs and sighs, "O my child! my Anna Felix! my unhappy daughter! behold thy father, Ricote, returned to seek thee, not being able to live without her who is the idol of his soul."

Hearing this, Sancho opened his eyes and lifted up his head, which he had hung down, ruminating upon his late disgrace; and looking at the pilgrim, he instantly knew him to be the very Ricote he had met upon the road the day he quitted his government, and he also knew the damsel to be his daughter; who, being now free, embraced her father, mingling her tears with his. The old man, addressing himself to the general and the viceroy, then said, "Noble sirs, this is indeed my daughter, less happy in the incidents of her life than in her name, which is Anna Felix, with the surname of Ricote, as famous for her beauty as for the reputed wealth of her father. I left my native country to seek in foreign kingdoms a shelter and safe retreat for her and myself, and, having found one in Germany, I returned, in this pilgrim's weed, hoping to find my daughter, and with her bring away the property I left buried in the earth. My daughter I found not; but the hidden treasure I have in my possession; and now, by the strange turn of fortune which you have witnessed, my better treasure —that which most enriches me—is recovered also. If our innocence and her tears can prevail on your integrity and justice to open the gates of mercy, let us partake of it, who never had a thought of offending you, or conspired in the slightest degree with the designs of our people, who have been justly banished."

Here Sancho could not help lending a hand: "I know Ricote very well," said he, "and am sure that what he says of Anna Felix being his daughter is true; but as for the rhodomontade of his going and coming, and of his having good or bad intentions, with them I meddle not."

Not a soul present could help being struck with admiration at so strange an incident; and the general said, "Every tear you shed, fair lady, pleads against my oath: live, therefore, all the years that

Heaven may allot you, and let the daring and the insolent undergo the punishment which their crime merits."

And he ordered that the two Turks who had killed his soldiers should be immediately hanged at the yardarm; but the viceroy interceded, entreating their lives might be spared, their fault appearing to be the effect of mad inebriety rather than of deliberate design; and the general yielded, finding besides that it is no easy matter to execute revenge in cold blood. A consultation was then held how to deliver Don Gaspar Gregorio from the danger in which he was left at Algiers, and Ricote offered the value of two thousand ducats, in pearls and jewels, which he had about him, towards the youth's deliverance. Several expedients were proposed, but none so likely to succeed as that of the fore-mentioned Spanish renegado, who offered to return to Algiers in a small bark of about eight banks, armed with Christian rowers; for he knew where, how, and when he might safely land, and was well acquainted with the house in which Don Gaspar was detained. The general and the viceroy were scrupulous of trusting the renegado with Christian rowers; but Anna Felix expressing her confidence in his integrity, and her father Ricote saying he would be answerable for the ransom of the Christians should they be betrayed, they consented; and, matters being thus settled, the viceroy went ashore, recommending to Don Antonio Moreno, who had invited the father and daughter to his house, to treat his guests in the best possible manner, offering, on his own part, whatever his palace afforded for their entertainment; so great was the kindness and charity that the beauty of Anna Felix had infused into his heart.

CHAPTER XCIV.

Treating of the adventure which gave Don Quixote more sorrow than any which had hitherto befallen him.

THE history relates that the wife of Don Antonio Moreno took great pleasure in receiving Anna Felix under her roof, and gave her the kindest welcome, delighted with her discretion as well as her beauty; for the Moor excelled in both: and the respectable inhabitants of the city came in crowds to see her, as if they had been called together by toll of bell. As for Don Quixote, he took an opportunity of more than hinting to Don Antonio, that the method they had resolved upon, for the redemption of Don Gregorio, was a very mistaken one, being accompanied with more danger than probability of success; and that it would have been better that he himself should have landed, with his horse and arms, in Barbary; as he would have brought the youth off in spite of the whole Moorish race, as Don Gayferos had done by his spouse Melisendra. Sancho, hearing this, observed: "Take notice, sir, that Signor Don Gayferos rescued his spouse on firm land, and carried her through high roads and other beaten paths into France: but here, if, peradventure, we should rescue

the young man, we have no way to bring him into Spain, the sea coming between."

"For all things, death excepted, there is a remedy," replied Don Quixote; "for, let but a vessel come to the seaside, and we can embark in it, though the whole world should oppose our endeavours."

"Your worship," quoth Sancho, "is an admirable contriver, and can make the most difficult matter easy: but, Between the saying and the fact is a very large tract: and I stick to the renegado, who seems to me a very honest and good sort of man."

Don Antonio put an end to the conversation by observing that if the renegado should miscarry in the business it would be time enough to put in practice the generous offer of the great Don Quixote; and two days after the renegado set sail in a small bark of six oars on a side, manned with a stout and chosen crew, and, two days subsequently, the galleys departed for the Levant, the viceroy having promised to give the general an account of all that should happen respecting the captive's deliverance, and the fortune and fate of his fair inamorata.

Don Quixote, riding out one morning to take the air on the strand, armed at all points, as usual, for, as he was wont to say, his arms were his splendour, and fighting his recreation, he perceived advancing toward him a knight, armed in like manner, with a bright moon blazoned on his shield, who, coming within hearing, called out to him, "Illustrious Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, whose incredible achievements perhaps have reached thy ears. Lo! I am come to enter into combat with thee, and to compel thee, by dint of sword, to own and acknowledge my mistress, by whatever name and dignity she be distinguished, to be, without any degree of comparison, more beautiful than thy Dulcinea del Toboso. Now if thou wilt fairly confess this truth, thou freest thyself from certain death, and me from the trouble of taking or giving thee thy life. If not, the conditions of our combat are these: If victory be on my side, thou shalt be obliged immediately to forsake thy arms and the quest of adventures, and to return to thy own house, where thou shalt engage to live quietly and peaceably for the space of one whole year, without laying hand on thy sword, to the improvement of thy estate, and the salvation of thy soul. But, if thou comest off conqueror, my life is at thy mercy, my horse and arms shall be thy trophy, and the fame of all my former exploits, by the lineal descent of conquest, be vested in thee as victor. Consider what thou hast to do, and let thy answer be quick, for my despatch is limited to this very day."

Don Quixote was amazed and surprised, as much at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon's challenge, as at the subject of it; so, with a composed and solemn address, he replied, "Knight of the White Moon, whose achievements have as yet been kept from my knowledge, it is more than probable that you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for had you viewed her perfections, you had found arguments enough to convince you, that no beauty, past, present, or to come, can parallel hers; and therefore I tell you, knight,

you are mistaken; and this position I will maintain, by accepting your challenge on your own conditions, except that article of your exploits descending to me; for, not knowing what character your actions bear, I shall rest satisfied with the fame of my own, by which, such as they are, I am willing to abide. And since your time is so limited, choose your ground, and begin your career as soon as you will, and expect a fair field and no favour."

While the two knights were adjusting the preliminaries of combat, the viceroy, who had been informed of the Knight of the White Moon's appearance near the city walls, and his parleying with Don Quixote, hastened to the scene of battle, not suspecting it to be anything but some new device of Don Antonio Moreno, or somebody else. Several gentlemen, and Don Antonio among the rest, accompanied him thither. They arrived just as Don Quixote was wheeling Rozinante to fetch his career, and seeing them both ready for the onset, he interposed, desiring to know the cause of the sudden combat. The Knight of the White Moon told him there was a lady in the case; and briefly repeated to his excellency what passed between him and Don Quixote. The viceroy whispered Don Antonio, and asked him whether he knew that Knight of the White Moon, and whether their combat was not some jocular device to impose upon Don Quixote? Don Antonio answered positively, that he neither knew the knight, nor whether the combat were in jest or earnest. This put the viceroy to some doubt whether he should not prevent their engagement; but being at last persuaded that it must be a jest at the bottom, he withdrew.

"Valorous knights," said he, "if there be no medium between confession and death, but Don Quixote be still resolved to deny, and you, the Knight of the White Moon, as obstinately to urge, I have no more to say; the field is free, and so proceed."

The knights made their compliments to the viceroy; and Don Quixote, making some short ejaculations to Heaven and his lady, as he always used upon these occasions, began his career, without either sound of trumpet or any other signal. His adversary was no less forward; for setting spurs to his horse, which was much the swifter he met Don Quixote so forcibly, before he had run half his career, that without making use of his lance, which it is thought he lifted up on purpose, he overthrew the Knight of La Mancha and Roziuante, both coming to the ground with a terrible fall.

The Knight of the White Moon got immediately upon him; and clapping the point of his lance to his face: "Knight," cried he, "you are vanquished and a dead man, unless you immediately fulfil the conditions of your combat."

Don Quixote, bruised and stunned with his fall, without lifting up his beaver, answered in a faint hollow voice, as if he had spoken out of a tomb, "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight upon the earth. It were unjust that such perfection should suffer through my weakness. No, pierce my body with thy lance, knight, and let my life expire with my honour."

"Not so rigorous neither," replied the conqueror; "let the fame of the Lady Dulcinea remain entire and unblemished; provided the great Don Quixote return home for a year, as we agreed before the combat, I am satisfied."

The viceroy and Don Antonio, with many other gentlemen, were witnesses to all these passages, and particularly to this prosposal; to which Don Quixote answered, that upon condition he should be enjoined nothing to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would, upon the faith of a true knight, be punctual in the performance of everything else. This acknowledgment being made, the Knight of the White Moon turned about his horse, and saluting the viceroy, rode at a hand-gallop into the city, whither Don Antonio followed him, at the viceroy's request, to find out who he was, if possible.

Don Quixote was lifted up, and, upon taking off his helmet, they found him pale, and in a cold sweat. As for Rozinante, he was in so sad a plight, that he could not stir for the present. Then, as for Sancho, he was in so heavy a taking, that he knew not what to do, nor what to say: he was sometimes persuaded he was in a dream, sometimes he fancied this rueful adventure was all witchcraft and enchantment. In short, he found his master discomfited in the face of the world, and bound to good behaviour and to lay aside his arms for a whole year. Now he thought his glory eclipsed, his hopes of greatness vanished into smoke, and his master's promises, like his bones, put out of joint by that terrible fall, which he was afraid had at once crippled Rozinante and his master. At last, the vanquished knight was put into a chair, which the viceroy had sent for that purpose. and they carried him into town, accompanied likewise by the viceroy, who had a great curiosity to know who this Knight of the White Moon was, that had left Don Quixote in so sad a condition.

CHAPTER XCV.

Wherein is given an account of the Knight of the White Moon; with other matters.

Don Antonio Moreno followed the Knight of the White Moon to his inn, whither he was attended by a rabble of boys. The knight being got to his chamber, where his squire waited to take off his armour, Don Antonio came in, declaring he would not be shaken off till he had discovered who he was. The knight finding that the gentleman would not leave him, "Sir," said he, "since I lie under no obligation of concealing myself, if you please, while my man disarms me, you shall hear the whole truth of the story.

"You must know, sir, I am called the Bachelor Carrasco: I live in the same town with this Don Quixote, whose unaccountable frenzy has moved all his neighbours, and me among the rest, to endeavour by some means to cure his madness; in order to which, believing that rest and ease would prove the surest remedy, I bethought myself of

this present stratagem; and, about three months ago, in the equipage of a knight-errant, under the title of the Knight of the Mirrors, I met him on the road, fixed a quarrel upon him, and the conditions of our combat were as you have heard already. But fortune then declared for him, for he unhorsed and vanquished me; and so I was disappointed: he prosecuted his adventures, and I returned home very much hurt with my fall. But willing to retrieve my credit, I have made this second attempt, and now have succeeded; for I know him to be so nicely punctual in whatever his word and honour is engaged for, that he will undoubtedly perform his promise. This, sir, is the sum of the whole story; and I beg the favour of you to conceal me from Don Quixote, that my project may not be ruined a second time, and that the honest gentleman, who is naturally a man of good parts, may recover his understanding."

"Oh, sir," replied Don Antonio, "what have you to answer for, in robbing the world of the most diverting folly that ever was exposed among mankind! Consider, sir, that his cure can never benefit the public half so much as his distemper. But I am apt to believe, Sir Bachelor, that his madness is too firmly fixed for your art to remove; and, indeed, I cannot forbear wishing it may be so; for by Don Quixote's cure, we not only lose his good company, but the drolleries and comical humours of Sancho Panza too, which are enough to cure melancholy itself of the spleen. However, I promise to say nothing of the matter; though I confidently believe, sir, your pains will be to no purpose."

Carrasco told him, that having succeeded so far, he was obliged to cherish better hopes; and asking Don Antonio if he had any farther service to command him, he took his leave; and packing up his armour on a carriage-mule, presently mounted his charging horse, and leaving the city that very day, posted homewards, meeting no adventure on the road worthy a place in this faithful history.

Don Antonio gave an account of the discourse he had had with Carrasco to the viceroy, who was vexed to think that so much pleasant diversion was like to be lost to all those that were acquainted with the Don's exploits.

Six days did Don Quixote keep his bed, very dejected, and full of severe and dismal reflections on his fatal overthrow. Sancho was his comforter; and among his other crumbs of comfort, "My dear master," quoth he, "cheer up; come, pluck up a good heart, and be thankful for coming off no worse. Why, a man has broken his neck with a less fall, and you have not so much as a broken rib. Consider, sir, that they that game must sometimes lose; we must not always look for bacon where we see the hooks. Come, sir, cry a fig for the doctor, since you will not need him this bout; let us jog home fair and softly, without thinking any more of sauntering up and down, nobody knows whither, in quest of adventures and bloody noses. Why, sir, I am the greatest loser, if you go to that, though it is you that are in the worst pickle. It is true, I was weary of being a governor, and gave over all thoughts that way; but yet I never parted with my inclination of being an earl; and now, if you miss being a king, by

casting off your knight-errantry, poor I may go whistle for my earldom."

"No more of that, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "I shall only retire for a year, and then reassume my honourable profession, which will undoubtedly secure me a kingdom, and thee an earldom."

"Heaven grant it may," quoth Sancho, "and no mischief betide us; hope well and have well, says the proverb."

Whilst they were thus administering comfort to each other, Don Antonio entered the chamber with signs of joy, exclaiming: "My reward, Signor Don Quixote, for the good news I bring! Don Gregorio and the renegado, who undertook his deliverance, are in the harbour—in the harbour! they are by this time in the viceroy's palace, and will be here in an instant."

Don Quixote was a little revived at this intelligence, and replied: "In truth, I was going to say, I should have been glad if it had fallen out quite otherwise, that I might have been obliged to cross the sea to Barbary, where, by the force of my arm, I would have given liberty not to Don Gregorio only, but to every Christian captive in that abominable country. But what am I saying? wretch that I am! Am I not vanquished? am I not overthrown? am I not deprived of the power of bearing arms for a whole twelvemonth? Why then do I promise? Why do I vaunt, when I am fitter to handle a distaff than a sword?"

"No more of this, pray, dear sir," quoth Sancho; "to-day for you, and to-morrow for me: and for these matters of encounters and bangs, never trouble your head about them; for, He that falls to-day may rise to-morrow, unless he is resolved to lie abed in despondency, instead of endeavouring to recover fresh spirits for fresh encounters. Get up, therefore, I beseech your worship, get up, and welcome the happy young man, who, from the great bustle in the house, I have no doubt is arrived."

And arrived he was; for the moment he and the renegado had given the viceroy an account of the expedition, impatient to see his beloved Anna Felix, he had hastened with his deliverer to the house in which he knew she was kindly entertained. Though when he made his escape from Algiers, he was in a woman's dress, he had exchanged it in the bark for that of a captive, who had escaped with him; but, however attired, he would have been deemed worthy to be loved, served, and esteemed; for he was above measure beautiful, and apparently not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter met him, the one with tears, the other with modest reserve. The young couple did not embrace, for true love shrinks from observation, instead of indulging in such freedoms. The beauty of each surprised every beholder, while Silence spoke the joyful and modest sentiments of the two lovers, their eyes making manifest what their tongues dared not proclaim. The renegado acquainted the company with the means and artifices he had employed to effect the deliverance of the youth, who in turn recounted the dangers and difficulties to which he was reduced among the women to whose care he had been consigned, not in a tedious narrative, but in few and appre-

priate words, by which he showed that his discretion outstripped his years. In short, Ricote generously paid for their services those that rowed at the oar, as well as the renegado, who was restored to the bosom of the Church, and, from a rotten member, became living, through penance and repentance.

Two days after, the viceroy and Don Antonio consulted together about the means of obtaining permission for Anna Felix and Ricote to remain in the kingdom, believing that no inconvenience could result from such an indulgence to a daughter so much a Christian, and a father so well inclined. Don Antonio offered to solicit the affair at court, where, he said, business of his own called him, and where, by favour and bribes, matters of much greater difficulty are often brought about.

"Alas!" replied Ricote, who was present at the discourse, "nothing is to be expected from such means: for with the great Bernardino de Velasco, count of Salazar, to whom his majesty has confided the charge of our expulsion, neither entreaties, promises, presents, not pity are of any avail: true it is, he tempers justice with mercy, yet, as he sees the whole body of our nation contaminated, he applies burning caustics rather than mollifying ointments; and by prudence, sagacity, diligence, and terror, has supported on his able shoulders the weight of this great machine, and brought it to operate so effectually, that our artifices, stratagems, diligence, and policies have not been able to blind his Argus' eyes, which are continually upon the watch to see that none of us stay or lurk behind, like a concealed root, to spring up hereafter and spread venomous fruit through Spain, now freed from the fears in which it was kept by the vast number of Moors that had obtained footing in the kingdom—a most heroic resolution of the great Philip, to be equalled only by his wisdom in committing this charge to so firm and inflexible a character!"

"While at court, however," said Don Antonio, "I will use all my best diligence in the matter, and leave the rest to Heaven. Don Gregorio shall go with me, to comfort his parents under the affliction they must necessarily be in for his absence: Anna Felix shall stay with my wife, or be placed, if she prefer it, in a monastery; and I am sure the viceroy will be glad to receive honest Ricote, till the success of my negotiation be known."

The viceroy consented to all that was proposed: but Don Gregorio, unwilling to quit his beloved mistress, was a little refractory, till he recollected, that by visiting his parents, he should be able to concert the means of returning for her: accordingly, everything was settled as had been agreed upon; Anna Felix remaining with Don Antonio's lady, and Ricote taking up his abode in the palace of the viceroy.

The day of Don Antonio's departure came, and two days after, that of our knight and his squire, the effect of the knight's fall not permitting him to travel sooner. The parting of the lovers was attended with tears, sighs, sobs, and swoonings. Ricote offered the youth a thousand crowns, but he would accept only of five, and that as a loan from Don Antonio, to be repaid when they met at court. With this they took their leave; as, at the time we have mentioned, did

Don Quixote and Sancho; the knight unarmed, and in a travelling dress, and Sancho on foot, Dapple being loaded with the armour.

In leaving Barcelona, Don Quixote could not help turning round to survey the spot, which had been the unfortunate scene of his overthrow, and as he did it, he exclaimed: "There stood Troy! there my evil destiny, not my cowardice, despoiled me of my glory: there fortune in her fickleness deserted me; there was the lustre of my exploits obscured; and lastly, there fell my happiness, never to rise again!"

Which Sancho hearing, he said: "It is as much the part of valiant minds, dear sir, to be patient under misfortunes as to rejoice in prosperity: and this I judge by myself: for as, when a governor, I was merry, now that I am a squire on foot, I am not sad. Besides I have often heard, that the dame called Fortune is a capricious jade, and so blind withal, that she does not see what she is about, does not know whom she casts down, or whom she exalts."

"Thou art much of a philosopher, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and hast spoken discreetly: though I know not how thy discretion has been acquired. I must however set thee right in one point, which is, that there is no such thing in the world as Fortune, nor do the events which happen in it, be they good or bad, happen by chance, but by the particular appointment of Heaven; and hence the saying, that every man is the maker of his own fortune. I have been so of mine, but not with all the necessary prudence; and my presumption has been punished accordingly: for I ought to have considered, that Rozinante's feebleness was no match for the ponderous bulk of the steed bestrode by the Knight of the White Moon. In short, I adventured; I did my best; I was overthrown, and thereby lost my honour: but I neither did nor could lose my integrity. When I was a knight-errant, daring and valiant, by my deeds I gained credit to my exploits; and, now that I am reduced to a mere walking squire, I will gain reputation to my words, by faithfully performing my promise. March on, therefore, friend Sancho, and let us pass at home in quiet the year of our novitiate; a retreat by which we shall acquire fresh vigour, to return to the never-by-me-to-be-forgotten exercise of arms."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "trudging on foot is no such pleasant thing, as to encourage or incite one to speed; let us leave this armour dangling like a malefactor upon some tree; and when I am mounted upon Dapple, with my feet from the ground, I will proceed at whatever rate your worship may please; but to think, that I am to foot it, and make long and quick stages, is to expect what cannot be performed."

"Thou art right, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and, as I approve thy suggestion, hang up my armour for a trophy without delay; and underneath, or round about it, shall be carved, what was written on the trophy of Orlando's arms:—

'Let none presume these arms to move,
Who Roldan's fury dares not prove.'"

"Excellent, i'faith!" quoth Sancho, "and, were it not that we should feel the want of him upon the road, it would not be amiss to leave Rozinante dangling too."

"Neither of them," replied Don Quixote, "will I suffer to incur so degrading a fate, that it may not be said, For good service, bad recompense."

"Your worship is right again," quoth Sancho; "for, according to the wise proverb, The ass's fault should not be laid upon the pack-saddle: and since your worship alone is to blame in this business, let your worship's fury fall where it ought, and not spend itself upon the already shattered and bloody armour, nor upon the gentleness of Rozinante, nor upon my feet, making them travel more than they can bear."

The whole day, and even four more, passed in reasonings and discourses like these, without our travellers encountering anything to put them out of their way: but on the fifth, as they entered a village, they saw a great number of people, solacing themselves at the door of an inn, for it was a holiday.

As Don Quixote approached, a peasant said aloud: "One of these two gentlemen, who are coming, and who know not the parties, shall decide our wager."

"That will I do," answered Don Quixote, "most impartially, when I am made acquainted with it."

"The business, good sir," quoth the peasant, "is this; an inhabitant of the village, who is so corpulent, that he weighs twenty-three stone, has challenged a neighbour, who weighs only ten and a half, to run with him a hundred yards, upon condition of his carrying equal weight; and being asked how the weight should be made equal, he says, that the man he has challenged must carry thirteen stone of iron about him, and that the lean and the fat racer being thus of the same weight, the match would be fair."

"Now my opinion," quoth Sancho, before Don Quixote could answer a word, "is very different; and to me, who have so lately been a governor and a judge, as all the world knows, it belongs to resolve such doubts, and decide in every controversy."

"Decide then in this, in a good hour, I beseech thee, friend Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "for so disturbed and turned topsy-turvy is my brain, that I am not fit to feed a cat."

With this licence, Sancho, addressing the countrymen, who crowded about him, with open mouths expecting his decision, said, "Brothers! the fat man's proportion is beyond all reason disproportionate, nor is there the least shadow of justice in it: and if what is commonly said be true, that the challenged has the choice of weapons, why should the other choose for him such as will hinder and obstruct his coming off conqueror? My sentence therefore is, that corpulence, the challenger, do pare away, slice off, or cut out, thirteen stone of his flesh, from whatever part or parts of him he may think best; and so, being reduced to ten stone and a half, he will match his adversary exactly, and they may race it upon even terms."

"I vow," quoth one of the peasants, who had listened to Sancho's

logic, "this gentleman has spoken like a saint, and given judgment like a canon; but I warrant the fat fellow will have no mind to part with a single ounce of his choice flesh, much less with thirteen stone."

"A better way still," answered another, "will be, not to race it at all, that lean may not break his back with the weight, nor fat lose flesh by running; and let half the wager be spent in wine, and let us take these gentlemen to that tavern which has the best, and, Give me the cloak when it rains."

"I thank you, gentlemen," answered Don Quixote, "for your kind intention, but I cannot stay a moment; for melancholy thoughts and disastrous circumstances, obliging me to travel faster than ordinary, I must begone, though it may appear uncivil."

And clapping spurs to Rozinante, he went on, leaving them in admiration, both at the strangeness of his figure, and the sagacity of him whom they took to be his servant; and another of the peasants said: "If the man be so discreet, what must the master be? I will lay a wager, if they go to study at Salamanca, they will come to be udges in a trice, for nothing is easier; it is but studying hard, and having favour and good luck, and when a man least thinks of it, he finds himself with a white wand in his hand, or a mitre on his head."

That night master and man passed in the middle of the fields, under the roof of the open sky; and the next day, as they were on their journey, they saw coming towards them a man on foot, with a wallet about his neck, and a javelin or dart in his hand, just like a foot-post. The man mended his pace when he came near Don Quixote, and almost running, came with a great deal of joy in his looks, and embraced Don Quixote's right thigh, for he could reach no higher.

"My Lord Don Quixote de la Mancha," cried he, "oh, how heartily glad my lord duke will be when he understands you are coming again to his castle, for there he is still with my lady duchess."

"I do not know you, friend," answered Don Quixote; "nor can I imagine who you should be, unless you tell me yourself."

"My name is Tosilos, if it please your honour; I am my lord duke's footman, the same who would not fight with you about Donna Rodriguez's daughter."

"Bless me!" cried Don Quixote, "is it possible you should be the man whom those enemies of mine, the magicians, transformed into a lacquey, to deprive me of the honour of that combat?"

"Softly, good sir," replied the footman; "there was neither enchantment nor transformation in the case. I was as much a footman when I entered the lists as when I came out; and it was because I had a mind to marry the young gentlewoman that I refused to fight. But I was sadly disappointed; for, when you were gone, my lord duke had me soundly banged for not doing as he ordered me in that matter; and the upshot was this, Donna Rodriguez is packed away to seek her fortune, and the daughter is shut up in a nunnery. As for me, I am going to Barcelona, with a parcel of letters from my

lord to the viceroy. However, sir, if you please to take a sip, I have here a calabash full of the best, with some excellent cheese, that will make it go down, I warrant you."

"I take you at your word," quoth Sancho; "I am no proud man, and so let us drink, honest Tosilos, in spite of all the enchanters in the Indies."

"Well, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou art certainly the veriest glutton that ever was, and the silliest blockhead in the world, else thou wouldst consider that this man thou seest here is enchanted, and a sham lacquey. Stay with him, if thou thinkest fit, and gratify thy voracious appetite; for my part, I will ride softly on before."

Tosilos smiled, and laying his bottle and his cheese upon the grass, he and Sancho sat down there, and, like sociable messmates, never stirred till they had quite cleared the wallet.

While they were thus employed, "Friend Sancho," quoth Tosilos, "I know not what to make of this master of yours; doubtless he ought to be reckoned a madman."

"Why ought?" replied Sancho; "he owes nothing to anybody, for he pays for everything, especially where madness is current; there he might be the richest man in the kingdom, he has such a stock of it. I see it full well, and full well I tell him of it; but what boots it, especially now that he is all in the dumps, for having been worsted by the Knight of the White Moon?"

Tosilos begged of Sancho to tell him that story; but Sancho said it would not be handsome to let his master stay for him, but that next time they met he would tell him the whole matter. With that they got up; and, after the squire had brushed his clothes, and put himself to rights, he drove Dapple along, and with a good-by-to-ye, left Tosilos, in order to overtake his master, who stayed for him under the cover of a tree.

CHAPTER XCVI.

How Don Quixote resolved to turn shepherd, and lead a rural life for the year's time he was obliged not to bear arms; with other passages truly good and diverting.

THEY travelled on conversing together till they came near the place where the bulls had run over them; and Don Quixote knowing it again, "Sancho," said he, "yonder is that meadow where we met the fine shepherdesses, and the gallant shepherds, who had a mind to renew or imitate the pastoral Arcadia. It was certainly a new and ingenious conceit. If thou thinkest well of it, we will follow their example, and turn shepherds too, at least for the time I am to lay aside the profession of arms. I will buy a flock of sheep and everything that is fit for a pastoral life; and so calling myself the shepherd Quixotis, and thee the shepherd Pansino, we will range the woods, the hills, and meadows, singing and versifying. We will drink the liquid crystal, sometimes out of the fountains, and sometimes from

the purling brooks and swift-gliding streams. The oaks, the cork-trees, and chestnut-trees, will afford us both lodging and diet, the willows will yield us their shade, the roses present us their inoffensive sweets, and the spacious meads will be our carpets, diversified with colours of all sorts; blessed with the purest air, and unconfined alike, we shall breathe that, and freedom. The moon and stars, our tapers of the night, shall light our evening walks. Light hearts will make us merry, and mirth will make us sing. Love will inspire us with a theme and with wit, and Apollo with harmonious lays. So shall we become famous, not only while we live, but we shall make our loves eternal as our songs."

"Sure enough," quoth Sancho, "this sort of life suits me to a hair; and I fancy that, if the bachelor Samson Carrasco and Master Nicholas have but once a glimpse of it, they will even turn shepherds too; nay, it is well if the curate does not put in for one among the rest, for he is a notable joker, and merrily inclined."

"That was well thought on," said Don Quixote; "and then, if the bachelor will make one among us, as I doubt not but he will, he may call himself the shepherd Samsonino, or Carrascon; and Master Nicholas, Niculoso. For the curate I do not well know what name we shall give him, unless we should call him the shepherd Curiambro. As for the shepherdesses with whom we must fall in love, we cannot be at a loss to find them names, there are enough for us to pick and choose; and, since my lady's name is not improper for a shepherdess, any more than for a princess, I will not trouble myself to get a better; thou mayest call thine as thou pleasest."

"For my part," quoth Sancho, "I do not think of any other name for mine than Teresona; that will fit her full well, and is taken from her Christian name too. So, when I come to mention her in my verses, everybody will know her to be my wife, and commend my honesty as being contented with my own."

"Bless me!" said Don Quixote, "what a life shall we lead! What a melody of oaten reeds and Zamora pipes shall we have resounding in the air! What intermixture of tabors, morrice-bells, and fiddles! And if to all the different instruments we add the albogues, we shall have all manner of pastoral music."

"What are the albogues?" quoth Sancho; "for I do not remember to have seen or ever heard of them in my life."

"They are," said Don Quixote, "a sort of instruments made of brass plates, rounded like candlesticks: the one shutting into the other, there rises through the holes or stops, and the trunk or hollow, an odd sound, which, if not very grateful or harmonious, is, however, not altogether disagreeable, but does well enough with the rusticity of the bagpipe or tabor. You must know the word is Moorish, as indeed are all those in our Spanish that begin with *al*, as Almoasa, Almorsar, Alhombra, Alguasil, Alucema, Almacen, Alcanzia, and the like, which are not very many. And we have also but three Moorish words in our tongue that end in *i*; and they are Borcequi, Zaquicami, and Maravedi; for as to Alheli and Alfaqui, they are as well known to be Arabic by their beginning with *al*, as their ending in *i*. I could

not forbear telling thee so much by-the-bye, thy query about albogue having brought it into my head. There is one thing more that will go a great way towards making us complete in our new kind of life, and that is poetry. Thou knowest I am somewhat given that way, and the bachelor Carrasco is a most accomplished poet, to say nothing of the curate, though I will hold a wager he is a dabbler in it too; and so is Master Nicholas, I daresay; for all your barbers are notable scrapers and songsters. For my part, I will complain of absence; thou shalt celebrate thy own loyalty and constancy; the shepherd Carrascon shall expostulate on his shepherdess's disdain; and the pastor Curiambro choose what subject he likes best; and so all will be managed to our heart's content. But no more at this time—it grows late—let us leave the road a little, and take up our quarters yonder in the fields; to-morrow will be a new day."

They did accordingly, and made a slender meal, as little to Sancho's liking as his hard lodging, which brought the hardships of knight-erranting fresh into his thoughts, and made him wish for the better entertainment he had sometimes found, as at Don Diego's, Camacho's, and Don Antonio's houses. But he considered, after all, that it could not be always fair weather, nor was it always foul; so he betook himself to his rest till morning, and his master to the usual exercise of his roving imaginations.

Don Quixote, after his first sleep, thought nature sufficiently refreshed, and would not yield to the temptations of a second. Sancho, indeed, did not enjoy a second, but from a different reason; for he usually made but one nap of the whole night, which was owing to the soundness of his constitution, and his inexperience of cares, that lay so heavy upon Don Quixote.

"Sancho," said the knight, after he had pulled the squire till he had waked him too, "I am amazed at the insensibility of thy temper. Thou art certainly made of marble or brass, thou liest so without either motion or feeling. Thou sleepest while I wake: thou singest while I mourn; and while I am ready to faint for want of sustenance, thou art lazy and unwieldy with mere gluttony. It is the part of a good servant to share in the afflictions of his master. Observe the stillness of the night, and the solitary place we are in. It is a pity such an opportunity should be lost in sloth and inactive rest; rouse for shame, step a little aside, and with a good grace and a cheerful heart score me up some three or four hundred lashes upon thy back, towards the disenchanting of Dulcinea. This I make my earnest request, being resolved never to be rough with thee again upon this account; for I must confess thou canst lay a heavy hand on a man upon occasion. When that performance is over, we will pass the remainder of the night in chanting, I of absence, and thou of constancy, and so begin those pastoral exercises which are to be our employment at home."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "do you take me for a monk or a friar, that I should start up in the middle of the night, and discipline myself at this rate? Or do you think it such an easy matter to scourge myself one moment and fall a-singing the next? Look you, sir; say not a word more of this whipping; if the bare brushing of my coat

would do you any good you should not have it, much less the currying of my hide; and so let me go to sleep again."

"O obdurate heart!" cried Don Quixote; "O nourishment and favours ill bestowed! Is this my reward for having got thee a government, and my good intentions to get thee an earldom, or an equivalent at least, which I dare engage to do when this year of our obscurity is elapsed? for, in short, *post tenebras spero lucem.*"

"That I do not understand," quoth Sancho; "I only know that while I am in the arms of sleep I have neither fear nor hope, neither trouble nor glory. Blessed be he that invented sleep: it wraps us round like a mantle. It is the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that tempers cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly, the general coin that can purchase all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise. One only evil has it, as I have heard which is that it resembles death; for between a man asleep and a man dead the difference is little."

"I never heard thee, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "talk so eloquently; whence I perceive the truth of the proverb thou art so often applying, Not with whom we are bred, but with whom we are fed."

"Dear master of mine," replied Sancho, "it is not I that am stringing of proverbs now; they come from your worship's mouth in couples, faster than from mine; with this difference only, that your worship's are always seasonable, and mine out of season; but they are all proverbs still."

They were thus colloquially employed when they heard a kind of deaf noise, a harsh and confused sound, that extended through the valley. Don Quixote started up, and laid his hand to his sword; while Sancho squatted down under Dapple, placing, as a guard, the bundle of armour on one side of him, and the ass's pannel on the other, and trembling no less with fear than his master with surprise. The noise increased by degrees as it came nearer to the two tremblers, or one rather, for the other's courage is already sufficiently known. Now the case was this: some dealers were driving above six hundred hogs to a fair, and time pressing, were upon the road with them at that early hour; and so great was the din made by the grunting, squeaking, and blowing of so numerous a herd, that it deafened the ears of Don Quixote and Sancho, who could not guess the occasion of it. This far-spreading and noisy host of unclean animals, as they came crowding on, without the least respect to the authority of the knight or his squire, trampled over them both, demolishing Sancho's entrenchment, and overthrowing not only Don Quixote, but Rozinante and Dapple to boot. Sancho got up as well as he could, and desired his master to lend him his sword, swearing he would kill half a dozen at least of those unmannerly gentlemen swine, for such by this time he knew them to be. But said Don Quixote to him, "Let them alone, friend; for the affront is a punishment for my sin; and it is a just judgment of Heaven that wild dogs should devour wasps sting, and hogs trample upon, a vanquished knight-errant."

"It is also, I suppose, a judgment of Heaven," answered Sancho, "that the squires of vanquished knights-errant should be stung by flies and besieged by hunger. If we squires were the sons of the knights we serve, or near akin to them, it would be no wonder, if the punishment of their faults should overtake us to the fourth generation; but in blood what have the Panzas to do with the Quixotes? Well, let us to our nest again, and sleep out the little remainder of the night, and God will send us a new day, and we shall have better luck."

"Sleep thou, Sancho, if thou wilt," answered Don Quixote; "for thou wert born to sleep; whilst I, who was born to watch, will, in the short space between this and day, give the reins to my thoughts, and cool their heat in a little madrigal which, in the solitude of the night, unknown to thee, I have composed in my mind."

"Methinks," quoth Sancho, "the thoughts which give way to madrigal or couplet making cannot be many or grievous. However, couple it away as much as your worship pleases, and I will sleep as much as I can."

Then taking the necessary ground, he bundled himself up, and fell quickly into a sound sleep, neither suretyship, nor debts, nor troubles of any kind disturbing him. Don Quixote, leaning against a beech or cork-tree—for Cid Hamet Benengeli does not tell us what tree it was—to the music of his own sighs, sung as follows—

O Love, when sick of heartfelt grief,
I sigh, and drag thy cruel chain,
To Death I fly, the sure relief
Of those who groan in ling'ring pain.

"But coming to the fatal gates,
The port in this my sea of woe,
The joy I feel new life creates,
And bids my spirits brisker flow.

"Thus dying every hour I live,
And living, I resign my breath:
Strange power of love, that thus can give
A dying life and living death!"

He accompanied each stanza with a multitude of sighs, and not a few tears, as if his heart were pierced through by the grief of being vanquished, and the absence of Dulcinea. Now the day appeared, and the sun darting his beams in Sancho's eyes he awoke, stretched his lazy limbs, got up and shook himself, and beholding the havoc which the hogs had made in his cupboard, he cursed the drove, and somebody else besides.

They set forward on their journey without delay; and, towards the decline of the afternoon, perceived about half a score men on horseback, and four or five on foot, advancing toward them. Don Quixote's heart leaped with surprise and Sancho's with fear; for the men had spears and targets, and advanced in very warlike array. Turning to the squire, our knight said: "Ah, Sancho, if my promise had not tied up my hands, and I were at liberty to use the weapons

of warfare, I would make no more of this squadron than I would of so many tarts and cheesecakes. But it may be something else than what we apprehend." This was scarcely said, when the horsemen came up; and without speaking a word, they surrounded Don Quixote, directing the points of their spears to his back and breast, as if threatening to kill him. One of those on foot, putting his finger to his mouth, to enjoin silence on the knight, took hold of Rozinante's bridle, and drew him out of the road; while the others on foot, drove on Sancho and Dapple, following the steps of him who led Don Quixote. Several times the knight was about to ask whither they were conducting him, or what they would have; but his lips were scarcely opened, when the points of their spears were ready to close them again; and so it fared with Sancho, if his voice were heard, he was pricked with a goad by the footguard; nor did poor Dapple, as if he had a mind to talk too, escape these prickings. As it drew towards night, they mended their pace; the fear of the two prisoners increasing, especially when they heard their conductors ever and anon crying to them: "On, on, ye Troglodytes; peace, ye barbarous slaves; now shall you be repaid, ye Anthropophagi; complain not, ye Scythians; open not your eyes, ye murdering Polyphemuses, ye butcherly lions!" and other names of similar import, with which they tormented the ears of the miserable pair, master and man.

Sancho went along muttering to himself: "We Ortolans? we Barber's slaves? we Andrew popinjays? we Citadels? we Polly famouses? Pleasant names i'faith! this is a bad wind for winnowing our corn; the mischief comes upon us all at once, like kicks to a cur; and would to God this disventurous adventure, that threatens us, may end in nothing worse!"

As for Don Quixote, he was perfectly confounded, being wholly unable to conjecture, in whatever way he turned the matter, why such reproachful appellations should be bestowed upon them; and could only infer, that no good was to be expected, and much harm to be feared. In this condition, about an hour after it was dark, they arrived at a castle, which Don Quixote presently knew to be the duke's, where he had so lately been entertained.

"God defend me!" said he, as soon as he knew the place, "in what will this end? In this mansion all is courtesy and kind usage: but to the vanquished, good is converted into bad, and bad into worse."

On entering the principal court of the castle, they found it decorated and set out in a manner that increased their admiration and redoubled their fears. The men on horseback had no sooner alighted, than, with the aid of those on foot, they took the knight and squire forcibly in their arms, and carried them farther into the court, round which nearly a hundred torches were placed, besides upwards of five hundred other lights distributed through the galleries, yielding so splendid a blaze, that, in spite of the night, which was none of the brightest, there seemed to be no want of the day. In the middle of the court was erected a tomb, about six feet from the ground, with a

spacious canopy of black velvet over it, and upon its steps, above a hundred wax tapers were burning in silver candlesticks. On the tomb was the corpse of a damsel so beautiful, that compared with her death itself appeared lovely. Her head was raised upon a cushion of gold brocade, crowned with a garland of various odoriferous flowers, while between her hands, which were crossed upon her breast, was a branch of never-fading victorious palm. On one side of the court was erected a theatre, on which were seated in chairs two personages, with crowns and sceptres, denoting them to be kings, either real or feigned. On the side of the theatre, to which the ascent was by steps, stood two other chairs; upon which the persons who brought in the prisoners, seated Don Quixote and Sancho, still observing the most profound silence, and by signs giving them to understand they must be silent too; but they required no bidding; for the astonishment they were in at what they beheld effectually tied up their tongues. Now ascended the theatre with a numerous retinue, two noble personages, whom Don Quixote presently knew to be the duke and duchess, whose guest he had been. They seated themselves in two chairs of state, close by those with crowns and sceptres. Who would not have wondered at all this, considering besides that Don Quixote had now discovered, that the corpse upon the tomb was that of the fair Altisidora? As the duke and duchess ascended the theatre, Don Quixote and Sancho rose, and made them a profound reverence, which their grandeurs returned by a slight inclination of the head. At this juncture, an officer crossed the stage, and coming to Sancho, threw over him a robe of black buckram, painted with flames, and taking off his cap, put on his head a pasteboard mitre three feet high, like those used by the penitents of the Inquisition; bidding him in his ear not to unsew his lips, lest if he did, they should clap a gag in his mouth, or kill him outright. Sancho viewed himself from top to toe, and saw himself all in flames; but finding they did not burn him, he cared not two farthings. He took off his mitre, and found it painted all over with devils: and as he put it on again, he said to himself: "Well enough yet, these do not burn me, nor those carry me away."

Don Quixote also surveyed him, and, though fear suspended his senses, he could not help smiling at his ludicrous appearance.

And now, from beneath the tomb, issued a low and pleasing sound of flutes, which no human voice interrupting, for Silence herself kept silence, awakened impressions both soft and amorous. Then, by the cushion of the seemingly dead body, suddenly appeared a beautiful youth in a Roman habit, who, in a sweet and clear voice, to the accompaniment of a harp, which he touched himself, sung the two following stanzas:

"Till heaven, in pity to the weeping world,
Shall give Altisidora back to day,
By Quixote's scorn to realms of Pluto hurl'd,
Her every charm to cruel death a prey;
While matrons throw their gorgeous robes away,
To mourn a nymph by cold disdain betray'd;
To the complaining lyre's enchanting lay,

I'll sing the praises of this hapless maid,
In sweeter notes than Thracian Orpheus ever play'd.

"Nor shall my numbers with my life expire,
Or this world's light confine the boundless song:
To thee, bright maid! in death I'll touch the lyre,
And to my soul the theme shall still belong.
When freed from clay, the flitting ghosts among,
My spirit glides the Stygian shores around,
Though the cold hand of Death has seal'd my tongue,
Thy praise th' infernal caverns shall rebound,
And Lethe's sluggish waves move slower to the sound."

"Enough," said one of the supposed kings, "enough, divine chanter! for endless would be the task to describe to us the death and graces of the peerless Altisidora; not dead, as the ignorant world supposes, but alive in the mouth of Fame, and in the penance which Sancho Panza here present must undergo, to restore her to the lost light; and therefore, O Rhadamanthus, who with me sittest in judgment in the dark caverns of Pluto, since thou knowest all that is decreed by the inscrutable destinies, touching the revival of this damsel, speak and declare it instantly, that the happiness expected by mortals from beholding her again may not be delayed."

Scarcely had Minos said this when Rhadamanthus, rising up, cried, "Ho, there, ye ministers of this household, high and low, great and small, haste one after another, and mark Sancho's face with four-and-twenty twitches, and his arms and sides with twelve pinches and six pricks of a pin; for in the performance of this ceremony consists the restoration of Altisidora."

Sancho Panza hearing this sentence, let loose his tongue, and exclaimed: "I vow to God, I will no more let my face be marked, nor my flesh be handled, than I will turn Turk. Body of me! what has handling my visage to do with the resurrection of this damsel? Dulcinea is enchanted, and I must be whipped to disenchant her; and now Altisidora dies, of some distemper which it has pleased God to send her, and she must be brought to life again by giving me four-and-twenty twitches, and making a sieve of my body by pinking it with pins, and pinching my arms black and blue. Put these jests upon a brother-in-law: I am an old dog, and tus, tus, will not do with me."

"Thou shalt die, then," cried Rhadamanthus, in a loud voice: "Relent, thou tiger; humble thyself, thou proud Nimrod; suffer, and be silent; no impossibilities are required of thee: therefore pretend not to examine the difficulties of this business: twitched thou shalt be, pricked thou shalt see thyself, and pinching shalt thou endure even to groaning. Ho, I say, officers, execute my command, or upon the faith of an honest man, you shall see to what fate you were born."

Instantly there appeared, in procession along the court, six duennas, four of them with spectacles, and all with their right hands lifted up, and four fingers' breadth of their wrists naked, that the hand may seem the longer, according to the fashion. Scarcely had

Sancho's eyes descried them than, bellowing like a bull, he said: "I might, perhaps, let all the world besides handle me; but that duennas shall touch me, I will by no means consent. Let my face be cat-clawed, as my master was served in this very castle; let my body be pierced through with the points of the sharpest daggers; let my flesh be torn off with red-hot pincers; and I will endure it patiently, to serve these noble persons: but no single duenna shall touch my flesh, or even a hair of my beard."

Don Quixote also found his tongue, and addressing Sancho, said: "Be patient, son; oblige our noble friends, and give many thanks to Heaven, for having infused such virtue into thy person, that, by its martyrdom, thou wilt disenchant the enchanted, and raise the dead."

By this time the duennas had surrounded Sancho, who, being softened and persuaded, seated himself firmly in his chair, and held out his face and beard to the first, who gave him a lusty twitch, and then dropped a profound curtsey.

"Less complaisance, if you please, and less daubing, mistress duenna," quoth Sancho. In short, all the duennas twitched and pinched him, as did several others of the household, and he bore it all with patience; but when the pricking of the pins commenced, his fortitude failed him; and starting up in a rage, he seized a lighted torch, and laid about him with it so alertly, that he put the duennas and all his executioners to flight, crying: "Avaunt, ye infernal ministers! think you I am made of brass, and cannot feel your hellish torments?"

At this instant Altisidora, who could not but be tired with lying so long upon her back, turned herself on one side, which the by-standers observing, they cried out with one voice: "Look! she lives! she lives! Altisidora lives!"

Upon which Rhadamanthus bid Sancho lay aside his wrath, since the desired end was already attained. Don Quixote no sooner saw the damsel stir than he went to Sancho, and, kneeling down before him, said: "Now is the time, dear son of my heart, rather than my squire, to give thyself some of those lashes to which thou art pledged, for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. Now that thy virtue is seasoned, and of efficacy to operate the good expected from thee."

To which Sancho replied: "This seems to me to be reel upon reel, and not honey upon fritters: a good jest indeed, that twitches, pinches, and pin-prickings must be followed by lashes: but take a great stone, sir, at once, and tie it about my neck, and toss me into a well: it will not grieve me much if, for the cure of other folks' ailments, I must still be the wedding-heifer. But meddle no more with me; all shall out!"

Altisidora had now seated herself upright on the tomb, and at the same instant the musicians struck up, accompanied by flutes and the voices of the whole assembly, crying, as in chorus: "Live! live Altisidora, Altisidora live!"

The duke and duchess, and their majesties Minos and Rhadamanthus, with Don Quixote and Sancho, descended from the stage, and went to receive the resuscitated lady, and help her down from the

tomb. Counterfeiting a person fainting, she feebly inclined her head to the duke and duchess, and to the kings, and, looking askance at Don Quixote, said: "God forgive thee, unrelenting knight, through whose cruelty I have been doomed to remain in the other world, to my thinking, above a thousand years: and for thee, O most compassionate squire of all the globe contains, accept my thanks for the life which by thy kindness I re-enjoy. From this day, friend Sancho, enough of my linen is at thy service, to be made into six shirts for thyself." Sancho, with his mitre in his hand, and his knee on the ground, kissed her hand. The duke ordered him to be divested of his trappings, and his cap to be returned to him; but Sancho begged to be allowed to keep the mitre and the robe, that he might carry them to his own country, in token and memory of this unheard-of adventure; and the duchess replied he should have them, for he knew how much she was his friend. By command of the duke the court was then cleared, everybody retired, and Don Quixote and Sancho were conducted to the apartments which they had before occupied in the castle.

CHAPTER XCVII.

Which treats of matters indispensably necessary to the perspicuity of this history.

SANCHO lay that night on a truckle-bed, in the same chamber with Don Quixote, which he would gladly have avoided if he could; well knowing that his master would disturb his sleep with questions and answers, and he was in no humour to talk, for the smart of his past sufferings was still present to his mind, obstructing the free use of his tongue; and he would rather have slept in the poorest hovel alone than in the richest apartment of the castle, thus accompanied. His fear proved so well founded and his suspicion so just, that, scarcely was his master in bed, when he said: "What thinkest thou, Sancho, of this night's adventure? Great and mighty is the force of rejected love, as thy own eyes can testify, which saw Altisidora dead; killed by no dart, no sword, no warlike instrument, nor by any deadly poison, but merely by the rigour and disdain with which I always treated her passion."

"She might have died in good hour, and where and how she pleased," answered Sancho, "had she left me in my own house, since I never treated her either with love or disdain in my whole life. I know not, nor can I imagine how it can be, that the recovery of a damsel, more whimsical than discreet, should have anything to do with the torturing of Sancho Panza's flesh. Now I plainly perceive, there are enchanters and enchantments in the world, from which Heaven deliver me, since I am unable to deliver myself. But, for the present, I beseech your worship to ask me no more questions, but to let me sleep, unless you have a mind I should throw myself out of the window."

"Sleep, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "thou hast my free permission, if the pin-prickings, pinchings, and twitchings, thou hast received, will give thee leave."

"No smart," replied Sancho, "came up to the affront of the twitches, and for no other reason, but because they were given by duennas, confound them! but once more I beseech your worship to let me drown the remembrance in sleep; for sleep is the relief of those who are uneasy awake."

"Be it so, then," quoth Don Quixote, "and God be with thee."

They were soon both wrapt in forgetfulness, and Cid Hamet, author of this grand history, embraces the opportunity of explaining the motives that had induced the duke and duchess to raise the edifice of the afore-mentioned contrivance; and says, that the bachelor Samson Carrasco, not forgetting how, when knight of the looking-glasses, he was vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote, a defeat and overthrow which baffled and put a stop to all his designs, had a mind to try his hand again, hoping for better success than the past instance. Accordingly, learning from the page, who brought the letter and presents to Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, where his adversary was, he procured fresh armour and a horse, and painted a white moon on his shield, and sallied forth, carrying the whole magazine upon a he-mule, and conducted by a peasant, not Thomas Cecial, his former squire, lest Sancho Panza or Don Quixote should know him. He arrived at the duke's castle, who informed him what way and route Don Quixote had taken to be present at the tournaments of Saragossa. He also related to him the jests that had been put upon the knight, with the contrivance for the disenchantment of Dulcinea, at the expense of Sancho, and the manner in which Sancho had imposed upon his master, making him believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and transformed into a country wench; and how the duchess had persuaded the squire, that he himself was deceived, and that Dulcinea was really in the state in which he wished his master to believe her to be. The account amused the bachelor much, and raised his wonder not a little, when he considered these fresh instances of the acuteness and simplicity of Sancho, and the extreme madness of Don Quixote. The duke desired, if he found the knight, whether he overcame him or not, to return that way, and acquaint him with the event. The bachelor promised he would, and departed in search of him; and, not finding him at Saragossa, proceeded to Barcelona, where that befel him which the reader has already heard. On his return, the bachelor called at the castle, and recounted the whole story to the duke, with the conditions of the combat; adding that Don Quixote was now actually on his way home, like a true knight-errant, to perform his promise of living retired in his village for a twelvemonth, during which, as the bachelor hoped, he might be cured of his infirmity. This, he said, was the sole motive of the disguises he had assumed, deeming it a great pity that a gentleman of so good an understanding as Don Quixote should be permitted thus madly to roam. He then took leave of the duke, and hastened to the place from which he had set out, expecting Don Quixote would be there almost as soon as himself.

These were circumstances which induced the duke to resume his pranks, so great was the pleasure he took in everything relating to Don Quixote and Sancho. Accordingly, he sent a number of his servants, some on horseback, and some on foot, in every direction, by which the knight was likely to pass, with orders, if they met with him, to bring him, with or against his will, to the castle. They met with him; they gave notice to the duke; and immediately the court was lighted up, the scenery adjusted, and Altisidora placed upon the tomb; and so natural was the whole representation, so true to the life, that between it and reality there was scarcely a shade of difference. And here Cid Hamet observes, that, in his opinion, the mockers were as mad as the mocked; and the duke and duchess within two finger-breadths of insanity themselves, since they took so much pains to make a jest of two confirmed madmen: one of whom the new day found sleeping at full-swing, and the other waking with his disjointed thoughts, and no desire of further indulgence; for our knight, whether conquered or conqueror, never took pleasure in the downy bed of sloth.

In the present instance, he was just about to quit his bed, when Altisidora (in his opinion, just returned from death to life), carrying on the humour of the duke and duchess, entered the chamber, crowned with the same garland she had worn on the tomb, clad in a robe of white taffeta flowered with gold, her hair dishevelled, and supporting her weakness by means of a staff of polished ebony. Don Quixote was so amazed and confounded at the sight, that he shrunk down, and covered himself almost head and ears with the sheet and quilt, his tongue mute, and with no inclination in his heart to show the unwelcome apparition any civility. She sat down in a chair by his bed's head, and, after fetching a profound sigh, with a tender and enfeebled voice, said: "When women of distinction, and reserved maidens, trample upon honour, and, giving a loose to the tongue, violate every law of decorum, by openly declaring the secrets of their heart, their condition must be desperate indeed. I, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, am one of these distressed, vanquished, and enamoured persons; yet patient, long-suffering, and modest, to such a degree, that my very soul burst through my silence, and I lost my life. It is now two days since, by reflection on your rigour, O flinty knight, harder than any marble to my complaints, I have been dead, or at least judged to be so, by those that saw me; and had not love, taking pity on me, placed my recovery in the sufferings of this good squire, I had remained for ever in the other world."

Altisidora was about to proceed with her complainings against our knight's obduracy, when he said to her: "I have often, madam, expressed my sorrow that you should have placed your affections on one from whom you can expect no return but thanks. I was born for Dulcinea del Toboso; to her the fates, if fates there be, have devoted me; and to think that any other beauty shall occupy the place she possesses in my soul, is to think what is impossible. This may suffice to convince you of your unfortunate error, and prevail

with you to retreat within the limits of your own modesty, since no creature is bound to the performance of that which exceeds his powers."

Upon this declaration, Altisidora, assuming an air of rage and fury, exclaimed: "Soul of a mortar, stone of a date, more obdurate and obstinate than a courted clown, if I come at you, I will tear your very eyes out! Think you, Don Vanquished, Don Cudgelled, that for you I died? Monster! all that you have seen this night has been but a fiction; for I am not a woman to let even the black of my nail ache for such camels, much less die for them."

"In that I agree with you," quoth Sancho; "for the business of dying for love is a jest; folks may talk of it; but for doing it, on my conscience, I believe it to be all Judas."

While they were engaged in this conversation, the musician, singer, and poet, who had sung the two stanzas to his own accompaniment on the harp in the court of the castle, entered, and making a profound reverence to Don Quixote, said: "Be pleased, Sir Knight, to look upon and reckon me in the number of your most humble servants; for I have been most affectionately so for a long time, both on account of your heroic fame, and more heroic exploits."

"Be so good, sir, as to tell me who you are," quoth the knight, "that my civility may correspond with your merits."

The young man answered, that he was the musician and panegyrist of the preceding night.

"Then," replied Don Quixote, "you have an excellent voice: but what you sung did not appear to me to be much to the purpose; for what have the stanzas of Garcilasso to do with the death of this gentlewoman?"

"Wonder not at that, sir," answered the musician; "for, among the upstart poets of the day, it is the fashion for every one to write as he pleases, and to steal from whom he pleases, be it to the purpose or not; and there is no silly thing sung or written, that does not find its apology in poetical licence."

Don Quixote would have replied; but the duke and duchess entering to pay him a visit, he was prevented; and a long and delicious conversation ensued, in which Sancho said so many pleasant and waggish things, that their grandeurs admired afresh, as well at his simplicity as his acuteness. Don Quixote besought them to permit him to depart that very day, for it was not becoming such vanquished knights as he to dwell in a royal palace. His request was readily granted, and the duchess asked him whether Altisidora had advanced at all in his good graces.

"Your ladyship must know," said he, "dear madam, that this damsel's distemper proceeds wholly from idleness, for which there is no remedy, but some honest and constant employment. I would recommend her sticking to lace-making; for, while her fingers are employed in managing the bobbins, the image or images of what she loves will be less busy in her imagination. This I believe to be the truth, and it is therefore my opinion and advice."

"And mine too," added Sancho; "for I never in my life saw a

maker of lace that died for love; for your damsels that are busied have their thoughts more intent upon performing their tasks than upon their swains. I know it by myself; for, while I am digging, I never think of my dearee; I mean my Teresa Panza, whom I love more than my very eyelids."

"You say very well, Sancho," quoth the duchess, "and I will take care that my Altisidora shall henceforward be employed in needle-work, at which she is very expert."

"There is no need, madam," answered Altisidora, "of this remedy, since the consideration of the cruel treatment I have received from this ruffian and monster will blot him out of my memory, without any other expedient; and, with your grandeur's leave, I will withdraw, that I may no longer have before my eyes, I will not say, his rueful figure, but his abominable and hideous aspect."

"I wish," quoth the duke, "this may not prove like the saying, A lover railing is not far from forgiving."

Altisidora, making show of wiping the tears from her eyes with a handkerchief, dropped a low curtsey to her lord and lady, and quitted the room.

"Poor damsel!" cried Sancho, "I forebode thee ill luck, since thou hast to do with a heart of matweed, and a soul of oak."

The conversation ended here; Don Quixote dressed himself, dined with the duke and duchess, and departed in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XCVIII.

Of what befel Don Quixote with his squire Sancho in the way to his village.

The vanquished and forlorn Don Quixote travelled homeward, exceedingly pensive on the one hand, and very joyful on the other. His sadness was occasioned by his defeat, and his joy by considering that the disenchantment of Dulcinea was likely to be effected by the virtue inherent in Sancho, of which he had just given a manifest proof in the resurrection of Altisidora; though he could not readily bring himself to believe that the enamoured damsel had been really dead. Sancho went on, not at all pleased to find that the lady had not been as good as her word in giving him the linen: and, revolving it in his mind, he said to his master: "Truly, sir, I am the most unfortunate physician in the world, in which your doctors, though they kill the patient they have under cure, are yet paid for their trouble, which is no more than signing a little scroll of a recipe, made up by the apothecary, not by him: while poor I, though another's cure costs me drops of blood, twitches, pinchings, pinprickings, and lashes, got not a doit. But I vow to God, if ever any sick body fall into my hands again, he shall grease them well before I perform the cure; for, The abbot must eat that sings for his meat;

and I cannot believe Heaven has endued me with this wonderful virtue that I should communicate it to others for nothing."

"Thou art in the right, friend Sancho, in that respect," answered Don Quixote, "and Altisidora has acted in a very unbecoming manner in not giving thee the promised linen; though the virtue, remember, was given thee gratis, without any previous study on thy part, more than how to receive a little pain in thy person. For my part, had you demanded your fees for disenchanting Dulcinea, you should have received them already; but I am afraid there can be no gratuity proportionable to the greatness of the cure; and therefore I would not have the remedy depend upon a reward; for who knows whether my proffering it, or thy acceptance of it, might hinder the effect of the penance? However, since we have gone so far, we will put it to a trial: come, Sancho, name your price, and begin. First scourge yourself, then pay yourself out of the money of mine that you have in your custody."

Sancho, opening his eyes and ears above a foot wide at this fair offer, leaped presently at the proposal.

"Ay, ay, sir, now, now you say something," quoth he; "I will do it with a jerk now, since you speak so feelingly: I have a wife and children to maintain, sir, and I must mind the main chance. Come, then, how much will you give me by the lash?"

"Were your payment," said Don Quixote, "to be answerable to the greatness and merits of the cure, not all the wealth of Venice, nor the Indian mines, were sufficient to reward thee. But see what cash you have of mine in your hands, and set what price you will on every stripe."

"The lashes," quoth Sancho, "are in all three thousand three hundred and odd, of which I have had five; the rest are to come. Let these five go for the odd ones, and let us come to the three thousand three hundred. At a quartillo, or three-halfpence apiece (and I will not bate a farthing, if it were to my brother), they will make three thousand three hundred three-halfpences. Three thousand three-halfpences make fifteen hundred threepences, which amounts to seven hundred and fifty reals, or sixpences. Now the three hundred remaining three-halfpences make an hundred and fifty threepences, and threescore and fifteen sixpences; put that together, and it comes just to eight hundred and twenty-five reals, or sixpences, to a farthing. This money, sir, if you please, I will deduct from yours that I have in my hands; and then I will reckon myself well paid for my jerking, and go home well pleased, though well whipped. But that is nothing; for he must not think to catch fish who is afraid to wet his feet. I need say no more."

"Now, blessings on thy heart, dearest Sancho!" cried Don Quixote; "O my friend, how shall Dulcinea and I be bound to pray for thee, and serve thee while it shall please Heaven to continue us on earth! If she recover her former shape and beauty, as now she infallibly must, her misfortune will turn to her felicity, and I shall triumph in my defeat. Speak, dear Sancho; when wilt thou enter upon thy task? and a hundred reals more shall be at thy service as a gratuity for thy being expeditious."

"I will begin this very night," answered Sancho; "do you but order it so that we may lie in the fields, and you shall see how I will lay about me."

Don Quixote longed for night so impatiently, that, like all eager expecting lovers, he fancied Phœbus had broken his chariot-wheels, which made the day of so unusual a length; but at last it grew dark, and they went out of the road into a shady wood, where they both alighted, and, being sat down upon the grass, they went to supper upon such provisions as Sancho's wallet afforded.

And now having satisfied himself, he thought it time to satisfy his master, and earn his money. To which purpose he made himself a whip of Dapple's halter; and having stripped himself to the waist, retired farther up into the wood at a small distance from his master. Don Quixote, observing his readiness and resolution, could not forbear calling after him; "Dear Sancho," cried he, "be not too cruel to thyself neither; have a care, do not hack thyself to pieces; make no more haste than good speed; go gently to work, soft and fair goes farthest; I mean, I would not have thee kill thyself before thou gettest to the end of the tally; and that the reckoning may be fair on both sides, I will stand at a distance and keep an account of the strokes by the help of my beads; and so Heaven prosper thy pious undertaking!"

"He is an honest man," quoth Sancho, "who pays to a farthing; I only mean to give myself a handsome whipping; for do not think I need kill myself to work miracles."

With that he began to exercise the instrument of punishment, and Don Quixote to tell the strokes. But by the time Sancho had struck seven or eight lashes, he felt the jest bite so smartly, that he began to repent him of his bargain. Whereupon, after a short pause, he called to his master, and told him that he would be off with him; for such lashes as these were modestly worth threepence apiece of any man's money; and truly he could not afford to go on at three-halfpence a lash.

"Go on, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "take courage and proceed; I will double thy pay, if that be all."

"Say you so?" quoth Sancho; "then have at all. I will lay it on thick and threefold. Do but listen."

With that slap went the scourge; but the cunning knave left persecuting his own skin, and fell foul of the trees, fetching such dismal groans every now and then, that one would have thought he had been dying. Don Quixote, who was naturally tender-hearted, fearing he might make an end of himself before he could finish his penance, and so disappoint the happy effects of it—

"Hold," cried he, "hold, my friend; as thou lovest thy life, hold, I conjure thee: no more at this time. This seems to be a very sharp sort of physic. Therefore, pray do not take it all at once, make two doses of it. Come, come, all in good time; Rome was not built in a day. If I have told right, thou hast given thyself above a thousand stripes; that is enough for one beating; for to use a homely phrase,

the ass will carry his load, but not a double load; ride not a free horse to death."

"No, no," quoth Sancho, "it shall never be said of me, the eaten bread is forgotten; or that I thought it working for a dead horse, because I am paid beforehand. Therefore, stand off, I beseech you, get out of the reach of my whip, and let me lay on the other thousand, and then the back of the work will be broken: such another flogging bout, and the job will be over."

"Since thou art in the humour," replied Don Quixote, "I will withdraw, and Heaven strengthen and reward thee!"

With that Sancho fell to work afresh, and beginning upon a new score, he lashed the trees at so unconscionable a rate, that he fetched off their skins most unmercifully. At length, raising his voice, seemingly resolved to give himself a settling blow, he lets drive at a beech-tree with might and main: "There!" cried he, "down with thee, Samson, and all that are about thee!"

This dismal cry, with the sound of the dreadful strokes that attended it, made Don Quixote run presently to his squire, and laying fast hold on the halter, "Hold," cried he, "friend Sancho, stay the fury of thy arm. Dost thou think I will have thy death, and the ruin of thy wife and children to be laid at my door? Forbid it, Fate! Let Dulcinea stay awhile, till a better opportunity offer itself. I myself will be contented to live in hopes, that when thou hast recovered new strength, the business may be accomplished to everybody's satisfaction."

"Well, sir," quoth Sancho, "if it be your worship's will and pleasure it should be so, so let it be, quoth I. But, for goodness' sake, do so much as throw your cloak over my shoulders, for I have no mind to catch cold; we novices are somewhat in danger of that when we first undergo the discipline of flogging."

With that Don Quixote took off his cloak from his own shoulders, and putting it over those of Sancho, chose to remain in his doublet; and the crafty squire, being lapped up warm, fell fast asleep, and never stirred till the sun waked him.

In the morning they went on their journey, and after three hours' riding alighted at an inn; for it was allowed by Don Quixote himself to be an inn, and not a castle, with moats, towers, portcullises, and drawbridges, as he commonly fancied; for now the knight was mightily off the romantic pin to what he used to be, as shall be shown presently at large. He was lodged in a ground-room, which, instead of tapestry, was hung with a coarse painted stuff, such as is often seen in villages. One of the pieces had the story of Helen of Troy, when Paris stole her away from her husband Menelaus; but scrawled out after a bungling rate by some wretched dauber or other. Another had the story of Dido and Æneas—the lady on the top of a turret, waving a sheet to her fugitive guest, who was in a ship at sea, crowding all the sail he could to get from her. Don Quixote made this observation upon the two stories, that Helen was not at all displeased at the force put upon her, but rather smiled upon her lover;

whereas, on the other side, the fair Dido showed her grief by her tears, which, because they should be seen, the painter had made as big as walnuts.

"How unfortunate," said Don Quixote, "were these two ladies, that they lived not in this age; or rather, how much more unhappy am I, for not having lived in theirs! I would have met and stopped those gentlemen, and saved both Troy and Carthage from destruction; nay, by the death of Paris alone, all these miseries had been prevented."

"I will lay you a wager," quoth Sancho, "that before we be much older, there will not be an inn, a hedge-tavern, a blind victualling-house, nor a barber's shop in the country, but will have the story of our lives and deeds pasted and painted along the walls. But I could wish with all my heart, though, that they may be done by a better hand than the bungling fellow that drew these."

"Thou art in the right, Sancho; for the fellow that drew these puts me in mind of Orbaneja, the painter of Uveda, who, as he sat at work, being asked what he was about, made answer, anything that comes uppermost; and if he chanced to draw a cock, he underwrote, This is a cock, lest the people should take it for a fox. Just such a one was he that painted, or that wrote (for they are much the same) the history of this new Don Quixote that has lately peeped out, and ventured to go a-strolling; for his painting or writing is all at random, and anything that comes uppermost. But to come to our own affairs. Hast thou an inclination to have the other brush to-night? what think you of a warm house? would it not be better for that service than the open air?"

"Why, truly," quoth Sancho, "a whipping is but a whipping, either abroad or within doors; and I could like a close warm place well enough, so it were among trees; for I love trees hugely, do you see; methinks they bear me company, and have a sort of fellow-feeling of my sufferings."

"Now I think on it," said Don Quixote, "it shall not be to-night honest Sancho; you shall have more time to recover, and we will let the rest alone till we get home; it will not be above two days at most."

"Even as your worship pleases," answered Sancho; "but if I might have my will, it were best making an end of the job, now my hand is in and my blood up. There is nothing like striking while the iron is hot; for delay breeds danger. It is best grinding at the mill before the water is past. Ever take while you may have it."

"No more proverbs, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "for, methinks, thou art going back to Sicut erat. Speak plainly, and without flourishes, as I have often advised thee, and thou wilt find it a loaf per cent. in thy way."

"I know not how I came to be so unlucky," answered Sancho, "but so it is, I cannot give a reason without a proverb, nor utter a proverb which does not seem to me to be a reason; but I will mend if I can:" and thus ended the conversation for that time.

CHAPTER XCIX.

How Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at their village.

Don Quixote and Sancho stayed all the day at the inn, waiting for night: the one to finish his discipline in the fields, the other to witness an event on which depended the accomplishment of his wishes. In the interval a traveller on horseback came to the inn, with three or four servants, one of whom said to him who seemed to be the master, "Here, Signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worship may pass the heat of the day; for the lodging seems to be cool and cleanly." Don Quixote, hearing this, said to Sancho, "I am mistaken, Sancho, if, when I turned over the second part of my history, I had not a glimpse of this Don Alvaro Tarfe."

"It may be so," answered Sancho: "let him first alight, and then we will question him."

The gentleman alighted, and the landlady showed him into a room opposite to that of Don Quixote, and hung like his with painted serge. This new-arrived cavalier undressed and equipped himself for coolness, and stepping to the porch, which was airy and spacious, where Don Quixote was walking backwards and forwards, he said to him, "Pray, sir, may I ask your worship whither you are bound?"

"To a village not far off, in which I was born," Don Quixote answered; and added, "Allow me, sir, to ask, in return, which way may you be going?"

"I, sir," answered the gentleman, "am going to Granada, which is my native country."

"And a good country it is," replied Don Quixote. "But pray, sir, oblige me with your name, which it imports me more to know than I can well express."

"My name is Don Alvaro Tarfe," answered the new guest.

To which Don Quixote replied, "Then I presume your worship is the person mentioned in the second part of the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, lately printed and published by a modern author."

"The very same," answered the gentleman. "Don Quixote, the nero of that history, was a very intimate friend of mine. I was the person who drew him from his native village; at least, I prevailed upon him to be present at certain jousts and tournaments held at Saragossa, whither I was myself going: and, in truth, I did him a great many kindnesses, and saved his back from being well scored by the public executioner for being too bold and arrogant."

"Pray, Signor Don Alvaro," quoth Don Quixote, "do I at all resemble the Don Quixote you speak of?"

"No, truly," answered the guest, "not in the least."

"And had this Don Quixote," said ours, "a squire with him called Sancho Panza?"

"He had," answered Don Alvaro; "and he bore the reputation of

being a very pleasant fellow, though I never heard a word from his mouth that could justify it."

"That I verily believe," quoth Sancho, joining in the conversation; "for it is not everybody's talent to say pleasant things; and the Sancho your worship speaks of, Signor Gentleman, besides his dulness, must be a very great rascal, idiot, and knave into the bargain; for the true Sancho Panza am I, who have more witty conceits than there are drops in a shower. Try but the experiment, sir; keep me company for a year, and you will find that they fall from me at every step, and are so many and so pleasant, that, without knowing what I say, I make everybody laugh that hears me: and the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the renowned, valiant, discreet, enamoured, the undoer of injuries, the defender of pupils and orphans, the protector of widows, the murderer of damsels, he who has the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso for his sole mistress, is this gentleman here present, my master; and any other Don Quixote whatever, and any other Sancho Panza, are all mockery and a dream."

"By St. Jago, I believe it," answered Don Alvaro; "for you have said more good things, friend, in four words than I ever heard your namesake utter, and I have heard him prate a great deal too; but he was more a glutton than a wit, and more stupid than humorous; and I have no doubt that the enchanters who persecute the good Don Quixote have, out of spite, sent the bad one to persecute me: yet I know not what to say; for I can take my oath I left one Don Quixote under the surgeon's hands, in the house of the nuncio of Toledo, and now up starts another of a very different character and complexion."

"I know not," quoth Don Quixote, "whether I may call myself the good one; but I can say I am not the bad one; and as a proof of this, you must know, dear Signor Alvaro Tarfe, that I never was in Saragossa in my life: on the contrary, having been told that this impostor was at the tournaments of that city, I purposely avoided going thither, that I might proclaim him a liar in the face of all the world; and proceeded directly to Barcelona, that register of courtesy, that asylum of strangers, that hospital of the poor, that birthplace of the valiant, that judgment-seat of the injured, that pleasant abode of steady friendship, and, for situation and beauty, unrivalled upon earth. And, though what befel me there contributed much to my sorrow instead of my satisfaction, I am the better able to bear it, from having seen that glorious city. In a word, Signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, so well known to fame, and not that unhappy wretch who would usurp my name, and arrogate to himself the honour of my exploits. And therefore I conjure you, sir, as you are a gentleman, to make attestation before the magistrate of this town that you never saw me before in your life, and that I am not the Don Quixote printed in the second part, nor this Sancho Panza, my squire, the Sancho Panza you knew."

"That will I do with all my heart," answered Don Alvaro; "and so greatly does it astonish me to see two Don Quixotes and two Sanchos, as different in action as alike in name, that I now doubt

whether I have seen what I have seen, or that has happened to me which I supposed had really happened."

"Certainly," quoth Sancho, "your worship must be enchanted, like my lady Dulcinea del Toboso: and would to Heaven your disenchantment depended upon my giving myself another three thousand and odd lashes, as I do for her; for I would lay them on bravely without fee or reward."

"I do not understand this business of lashes," quoth Don Alvaro; and Sancho replied that it was too long a story to relate at present, but he would not fail to give him an account of every particular if they happened to travel the same road.

Dinner being announced, Don Quixote and Don Alvaro sat down together. By chance the magistrate of the town came into the inn, accompanied by a notary; and Don Quixote required him to take in form the deposition of Don Alvaro Tarfe, the gentleman there present, that he did not know Don Quixote de la Mancha, there present also, and that he was not the man handed about in a printed history, entitled "The Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by one De Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas." The magistrate complied, and the deposition was worded as strongly as the case would admit; at which Don Quixote and Sancho were as much overjoyed as if the circumstances had been of the greatest importance to them, and the difference between the two knights, and the two squires, was not sufficiently evident from their words and actions, without an oath. Many compliments and offers of service passed between Don Alvaro and our hero, in which the great Manchegan showed such discretion, that Don Alvaro Tarfe was convinced of his error, and persuaded himself that he must needs be enchanted, since he had touched with his hand two such contrary Don Quixotes.

In the evening they departed from the inn, and had travelled about half a league, when the road branched into two; one leading to Don Quixote's village, and the other to the place to which Don Alvaro was going. In this short distance our knight had contrived to relate the misfortune of his defeat, and the enchantment and cure of Dulcinea, which was new cause of admiration to Don Alvaro, who, embracing his companions, went on his way, as they did on theirs.

They passed the night again among trees, to give Sancho an opportunity of renewing his discipline, which he did as on the preceding night, at the expense of the bark of the beeches, not of his back, of which he was so careful, that the lashes he gave it would not have brushed off a fly. The deceived Don Quixote was exact in counting the strokes, and found that, added to those given before, they amounted to three thousand and twenty-nine. One would have thought the sun himself had risen earlier than usual to behold the sacrifice, and by favour of his light, they resumed their journey, discoursing together of Don Alvaro's mistake, and how prudently they had contrived to obtain his deposition before a magistrate, and in so authentic a form.

The whole of this new day, and of the night appended to it, passed without any occurrence worth relating, unless it be that when it

was dark, Sancho finished his task, to the unspeakable joy of Don Quixote, who waited impatiently for the morning, in the hope of meeting his disenchanted mistress; and, continuing his journey, he looked narrowly at every woman he met, to ascertain if she were Dulcinea del Toboso, deeming it impossible that the sage Merlin's promises should not be accomplished. With these thoughts and desires, they ascended a little eminence, whence they discovered their own village; which Sancho no sooner beheld, than he kneeled down, and said: "Open thine eyes, O desired country, and behold thy son Sancho Panza, returning to thee again, if not rich, yet well-whipped! Open thine arms, and receive also thy son Don Quixote, who, if he come conquered by another's hand, yet is at the same time a conqueror of himself, which, as I have heard him say, is the greatest victory that can be achieved. Money I have; and if my body have suffered, I have come off like a gentleman."

"Leave those fooleries, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "and let us speed to our village and our home, where we will give full scope to our imaginations, and settle the plan of our pastoral life."

Accordingly, they descended the hill, and proceeded straight forward to the village.

At the entrance into the village, as Cid Hamet relates, Don Quixote observed two boys quarrelling in a barn, and heard one say to the other: "Trouble not yourself, Periquillo; for you shall never see it more while you live." On which Don Quixote, addressing himself to Sancho, said: "Didst thou notice that, friend Sancho? didst thou hear what that boy said, 'You shall never see it more while you live?'"

"Well," answered Sancho, "what of that? what if the boy did say so?"

"What!" replied Don Quixote, "dost thou not perceive that, applying these words to myself, the meaning is, I shall never more behold Dulcinea?"

Sancho would have replied, but was prevented by seeing a hare in full speed coming across the field, pursued by a number of dogs and sportsmen; and, seeking shelter, it squatted, in its fright, between Dapple's feet. Immediately Sancho laid hold of her without difficulty, and presented her to Don Quixote: but he, with a dejected look, refusing the present, cried out aloud, "An ill omen—an ill omen; a hare runs away, hounds pursue her, and Dulcinea appears not!"

"You are a strange man," quoth Sancho, "to regard such trumperies; nay, I have heard you yourself, my dear master, say that all such Christians as troubled their heads with these fortune-telling follies were neither better nor worse than downright numskulls; so let us even leave these things as we found them, and get home as fast as we can."

By this time the sportsmen were come up, and demanding their game, Don Quixote delivered them their hare. They passed on, and just at their coming into the town they perceived the curate and the r Carrasco, repeating their breviary in a small field adjoining.

The curate and the bachelor, presently knowing their old friends, ran to meet them with open arms; and while Don Quixote alighted and returned their embraces, the boys, who are ever so quick-sighted that nothing can escape their eyes, presently spying the ass, came running and flocking about them: "Oh!" cried they to one another, "look you here, boys; here is Gaffer Sancho Panza's ass as fine as a lady; and Don Quixote's beast leaner than ever!" With that, they ran whooping and holloaing about them through the town; while the two adventurers, attended by the curate and the bachelor, moved towards Don Quixote's house, where they were received at the door by his housekeeper and his niece, who had already notice of their arrival. The news having also reached Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, she came running half naked, with her hair about her ears, to see him; leading by the hand all the way her daughter Sanchica, who hardly wanted to be tugged along. But when she found that her husband looked a little short of the state of a governor, "Mercy on me!" quoth she, "what is the meaning of this, husband? You look as though you had come all the way on foot, and tired off your legs too! Why, you come liker a shark than a governor."

"Mum, Teresa," quoth Sancho, "it is not all gold that glitters; and every man was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. First let us go home, and then I will tell thee wonders. I have taken care of the main chance. Money I have, and I came honestly by it, without wronging anybody."

"Hast got money, old boy? Nay, then, it is well enough, no matter which way; let it come by hook or by crook, it is but what your betters have done before you."

At the same time Sanchica, hugging her father, asked him what he had brought her home; for she had longed for him as the flowers do for the dew in May. Thus Sancho, leading Dapple by the halter on one side, his wife taking him by the arm on the other, away they went together to his cottage, leaving Don Quixote at his own house, under the care of his niece and housekeeper, with the curate and bachelor to keep him company.

Don Quixote took the two last aside at once, and, without mincing the matter, gave them an account of his defeat, and the obligation he lay under of being confined to his village for a year, which, like a true knight-errant, he was resolved punctually to observe. He added, that he intended to pass that interval of time in the innocent functions of a pastoral life; and therefore he would immediately commence shepherd, and entertain himself solitarily in fields and woods; and begged, if business of greater importance were not an obstruction, that they would both please to be his companions, assuring them he would furnish them with such a number of sheep as might entitle them to such a profession. He also told them that he had already in a manner fitted them for the undertaking; for he had provided them all with names the most pastoral in the world.

They were struck with amazement at this new strain of folly; but considering it might be a means of keeping him at home, and hoping at the same time that, within the year, he might be cured of

his knight-errantry, they came into his pastoral scheme, and, greatly applauding it, freely offered their company in the design.

"We shall live the most pleasant life imaginable," said Samson Carrasco; "for, as everybody knows, I am a most celebrated poet, and I will write pastorals in abundance. Sometimes, too, I may raise my strain, as occasion offers, to divert us as we range the groves and plains. But one thing, gentlemen, we must not forget: it is absolutely necessary that each of us choose a name for the shepherdess he means to celebrate in his lays; nor must we forget the ceremony used by the shepherds, of writing, carving, notching, or engraving on every tree the names of such shepherdesses, though the bark be ever so hard."

"You are very much in the right," replied Don Quixote; "though, for my part, I need not be at the trouble of devising a name for any imaginary shepherdess, being already captivated by the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso—the nymph of these streams, the ornament of these meads, the primrose of beauty, the cream of gentleness, and, in short, the proper subject of all the praises that hyperbolical eloquence can bestow."

"We grant all this," said the curate; "but we, who cannot pretend to such perfections, must make it our business to find out some shepherdesses of a lower stamp, and be content."

"We shall find enough, I will warrant you," replied Carrasco; "and though we meet with none, yet will we give those very names we find in books—such as Phyllis, Amaryllis, Chloe, Diana, Florinda, Chloris, Galatea, and a thousand more, which are to be disposed of publicly in the open market; and when we have purchased them, they are our own. Besides, if my shepherdess be called Anne, I will name her in my verses Anarda; if Frances, I will call her Francenia; and if Lucy be her name, then Lucinda shall be my shepherdess: and so forth. And, if Sancho Panza will make one of our fraternity, he may celebrate his wife Teresa by the name of Teresania."

Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the turn given to that name. The curate again applauded his laudable resolution, and repeated his offer of bearing him company all the time that his other employment would allow him; and then they took their leave, giving him all the good advice that they thought might conduce to his health and welfare.

No sooner were the curate and the bachelor gone, than the housekeeper and niece, who, according to custom, had been listening to all their discourse, came both upon Don Quixote. "Bless me, uncle," cried the niece, "what is here to do! What new maggot is got into your head! When we thought you were come to stay at home, and live like a sober, honest gentleman in your own house, are you hankering after new inventions, and running a wool-gathering after sheep, forsooth! By my troth, sir, you are somewhat of the latest. The corn is too old to make oaten pipes of."

"Ah! sir," quoth the housekeeper, "how will your worship be able to endure the summer's sun and the winter's frost in the open fields? And then the howlings of the wolves, Heaven bless us! Pray, good

sir, do not think of it; it is a business fit for nobody but those that are bred and born to it, and as strong as horses. Let the worst come to the worst, better be a knight-errant still than a keeper of sheep. Be ruled by me; stay at home, look after your concerns, go often to confession, do good to the poor; and, if aught goes ill with you, let it lie at my door."

"Good girls," said Don Quixote, "hold your prating; I know best what I have to do. Do not trouble your heads; whether I be a knight-errant or an errant-shepherd, you shall always find that I will provide for you."

The niece and maid, who, without doubt, were good-natured creatures, made no answer, but brought him something to eat, and tended him with all imaginable care.

CHAPTER C.

How Don Quixote fell sick, made his last will, and died.

As all human things, especially the lives of men, are transitory, their very beginnings being but steps to their dissolution; so Don Quixote, who was no way exempted from the common fate, was snatched away by death when he least expected it. He was seized with a violent fever that confined him to his bed for six days, during all which time his good friends, the curate, bachelor, and barber, came often to see him, and his trusty squire Sancho Panza never stirred from his bedside.

They conjectured that his sickness proceeded only from the regret of his defeat, and his being disappointed of Dulcinea's disenchantment; and accordingly they left nothing unessayed to divert him. The bachelor begged him to pluck up a good heart and rise, that they might begin their pastoral life; telling him, that he had already written an eclogue to that purpose, not inferior to those of Sanazaro; and that he had bought, with his own money, of a shepherd of Quintanar, two famous dogs to watch their flock, the one called Barcino, and the other Butron; but this had no effect on Don Quixote, for he still continued dejected. A physician was sent for, who, upon feeling his pulse, did not very well like it; and therefore desired him of all things to provide for his soul's health, for that of his body was in a dangerous condition. Don Quixote heard this much more calmly than those about him; for his niece, his housekeeper, and his squire, fell a-weeping as bitterly as if he had been laid out already. The physician was of opinion that mere melancholy and vexation had brought him to his approaching end. Don Quixote desired them to leave him a little, because he found himself inclined to rest; they retired, and he had a hearty sleep of about six hours, which the maid and niece were afraid would have been his last.

At length he awaked, and with a loud voice, "Praised be the

Almighty," cried he, "for this great benefit he has vouchsafed to me!"

The niece, hearkening very attentively to these words of her uncle, and finding more sense in them than there was in his usual talk, at least since he had fallen ill: "What do you say, sir?" said she; "has anything extraordinary happened? What mercies are these you mention?"

"Mercies," answered he, "that Heaven has this moment vouchsafed to show me, in spite of all my iniquities. My judgment is returned, clear and undisturbed, and that cloud of ignorance is now removed which the continual reading of those books of knight-errantry had cast over my understanding. I am only sorry the discovery happens so late, when I want time to make amends by those studies that should enlighten my soul, and prepare me for futurity. I find, niece, my end approaches; but I would have it such, that though my life has got me the character of a madman, I may deserve a better at my death. Dear child," continued he, "send for my honest friend the curate, the bachelor Carrasco, and Master Nicholas, the barber; for I intend to make my confession and my will."

His niece was saved the trouble of sending, for presently they all three came in; which Don Quixote perceiving, "My good friends," said he, "I have happy news to tell you; I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonzo Quixano, the same whom the world, for his fair behaviour, has been formerly pleased to call *The Good*. I now declare myself an enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and his whole generation; all foolish stories of knight-errantry I detest. I have a true sense of the danger of reading them, and of all my past follies; and, through Heaven's mercy and my own experience, I abhor them."

His three friends were not a little surprised to hear him talk at this rate, and concluded some new frenzy had possessed him.

"What now?" said Samson to him: "what is all this to the purpose, Signor Don Quixote? We have just had the news that the lady Dulcinea is disenchanted; and now we are upon the point of turning shepherds, to sing, and live like princes, you are dwindled down to a hermit!"

"No more of that, I beseech you," replied Don Quixote; "all the use I shall make of these follies at present is to heighten my repentance; and though they have hitherto proved prejudicial, yet, by the assistance of Heaven, they may turn to my advantage at my death: I find it comes fast upon me; therefore pray, gentlemen, let us be serious. I want a priest to receive my confession, and a scrivener to draw up my will. There is no trifling at a time like this; and therefore, pray let the scrivener be sent for, while Mr. Curate prepares me by confession."

Don Quixote's words put them all into such wonder, that they stood gazing upon one another; they thought they had reason to doubt of the return of his understanding, and yet they could not help believing him. They were also apprehensive he

was near the point of death, considering the sudden recovery of his intellects; and he delivered himself after that with so much sense, discretion, and piety, and showed himself so resigned to the will of Heaven, that they made no scruple to believe him restored to his perfect judgment at last. The curate thereupon cleared the room of all the company but himself and Don Quixote, and then confessed him. In the meantime the bachelor ran for the scrivener, and presently brought him with him; and Sancho Panza, being informed by the bachelor how ill his master was, and finding his niece and housekeeper all in tears, began to make a sad face and fall a-crying. The curate, having heard the sick man's confession, came out and told them that the good Alonzo Quixano was very near his end, and certainly in his senses; and therefore they had best go in that he might make his will. These dismal tidings opened the sluices of the housekeeper's, the niece's, and the good squire's swollen eyes, so that a whole inundation of tears burst out of those flood-gates, and a thousand sighs from their hearts; for indeed, either as Alonzo Quixano, or as Don Quixote de la Mancha, as it has been observed, the sick gentleman had always showed himself such a good-natured man, and of so agreeable a behaviour, that he was not only beloved by his family, but by every one that knew him.

The scrivener, with the rest of the company, then went into the chamber; and the preamble and former part of the will being drawn, and the testator having recommended his soul to Heaven, and bequeathed his body to the earth, according to custom, he came to the legacies, as follows:—

"Item, I give and bequeath to Sancho Panza, whom in my madness I made my squire, whatever money he has or may have of mine in his hands: and whereas there are reckonings and accounts to be adjusted between us, for what he has received and disbursed, my will and pleasure is, that whatever may remain due to me, which can be but small, be enjoyed by him as my free gift, without any let or molestation; and much good may it do him. And as he was, through my means, made governor of an island, I would now, in my right senses, give him the government of a kingdom, were it in my power, in consideration of his integrity and faithfulness. And now, my friend," said he, turning to Sancho, "pardon me that I have brought upon thee, as well as myself, the scandal of madness, by drawing thee into my own errors, and persuading thee that there have been, and still are, knights-errant in the world."

"Woe's me, my dear master's worship!" cried Sancho, all in tears, "do not die this time, but even take my counsel, and live on many years. For shame, sir, do not give way to sluggishness, but get out of your doleful dumps, and rise. Is this a time to lie groaning a-bed, when we should be in the fields, in our shepherd's clothing, as we had resolved? Ten to one but behind some bush, or under some hedge, we may find the Lady Madam Dulcinea stripped of her enchanted rags, and as fine as a queen. Mayhaps you take it to heart that you were unhorsed and a little scratched the other day; but if that be

all, lay the blame upon me, and say it was my fault in not girthing Rozinante tight enough. You know, too, there is nothing more common in your errantry-books than for the knights to be every foot jostled out of the saddle. There is nothing but ups and downs in this world, and he that is down to-day may be up to-morrow."

"Even so," said Samson; "honest Sancho has a right notion of the matter."

"Soft and fair, gentlemen," replied Don Quixote; "never look for birds of this year in the nests of the last. I was mad, but now I am in my right senses; I was once Don Quixote de la Mancha, but I am now (as I said before) the plain Alonzo Quixano; and I hope the sincerity of my words, and my repentance, may restore me to the same esteem you have had for me before; and so, Mr. Scrivener, pray go on."

"Item, I constitute and appoint Antonia Quixano, my niece here present, sole heiress of all my estate, real and personal, after all my just debts and legacies, bequeathed by these presents, shall have been paid, satisfied, and deducted out of the best of my goods and chattels; and the first of that kind to be discharged shall be the salary due to my housekeeper, together with twenty ducats over and above her wages, which said sum I leave and bequeath her to buy her mourning.

"Item, I appoint Mr. Curate, and Mr. Samson Carrasco, the bachelor, here present, to be the executors of this my last will and testament.

"Item, It is my will, that if my niece Antonia Quixano be inclinable to marry, it be with none but a person who, upon strict inquiry, shall be found never to have read a book of knight-errantry in his life; and in case it appears that he has been conversant in such books, and that she persists in her resolution to marry him, she is then to forfeit all right and title to my bequest, which, in such case, my executors are hereby empowered to dispose of to pious uses, as they shall think most proper."

Having finished the will, he fell into a swooning fit. All the company were troubled and alarmed, and ran to his assistance. However he came to himself at last, but relapsed into the like fits almost every hour, for the space of three days that he lived after he had made his will.

In short, Don Quixote's last day came, after he had made those preparations for death which good Christians ought to do; and by many fresh and weighty arguments, showed his abhorrence of books of knight-errantry. The scrivener, who was by, protested he had never read in any books of that kind of any knight-errant who ever died in his bed so quietly, and like a good Christian, as Don Quixote did. When the curate perceived that he was dead, he desired the scrivener to give him a certificate how Alonzo Quixano commonly called *The Good*, and sometimes known by the name of Don Quixote de la Mancha, was departed out of this life into another, and died a natural death. This he desired, lest any other author but Cid Hamet Benengeli should take occasion to raise him from the

dead, and presume to write endless histories of his pretended adventures.

Thus died that ingenious gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose native place Cid Hamet has not thought fit directly to mention, with design that all the towns and villages in La Mancha should contend for the honour of giving him birth, as the seven cities of Greece did for Homer. We shall omit Sancho's lamentations, and those of the niece and the housekeeper, as also several epitaphs that were made for his tomb, and will only give you this, which the bachelor Carrasco caused to be put over it—

"The body of a knight lies here,
So brave that, to his latest breath,
Immortal glory was his care,
And made him triumph over death.

"Nor has his death the world deceived
Less than his wondrous life surprised;
For if he like a madman lived,
At least he like a wise one died."

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