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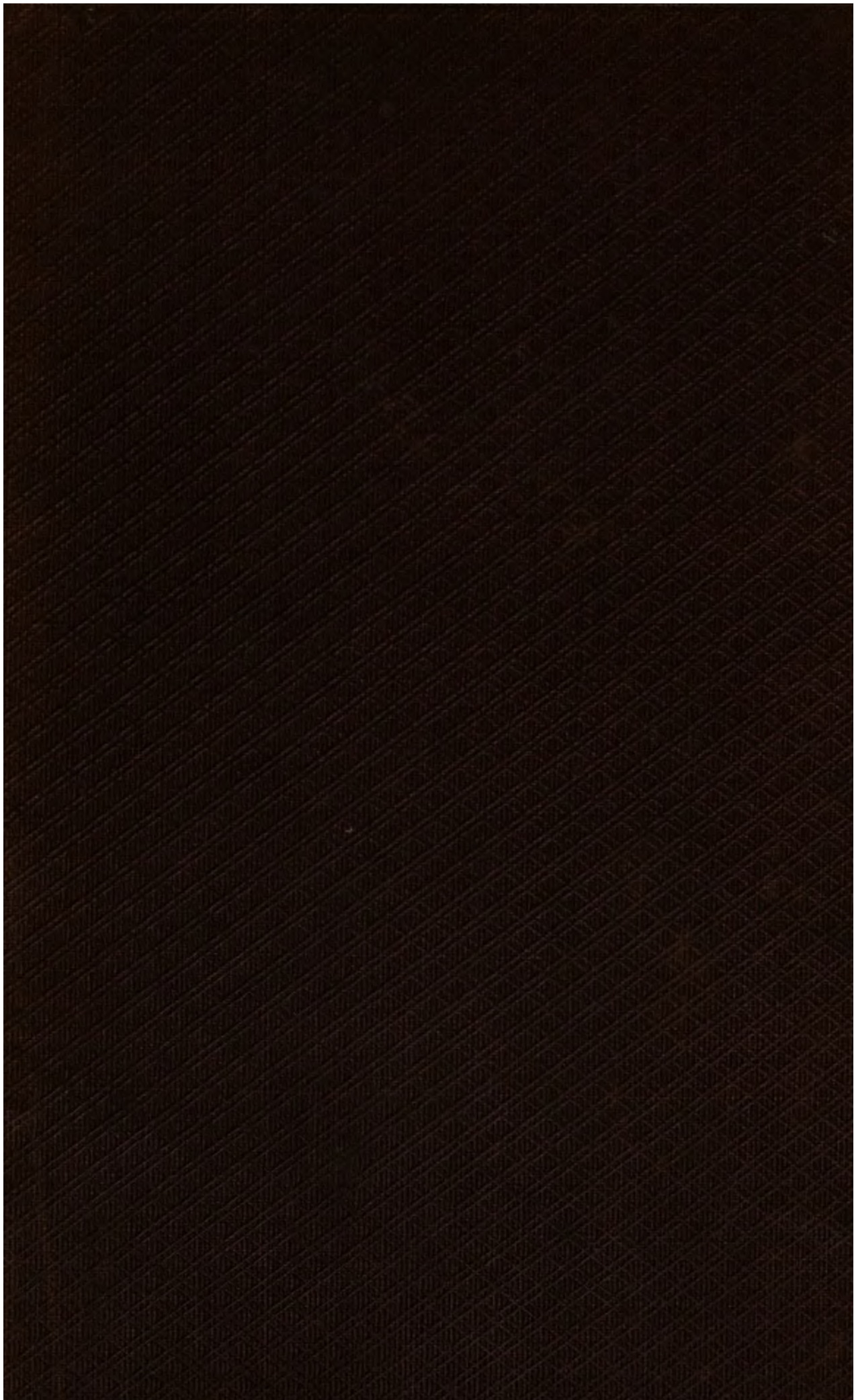
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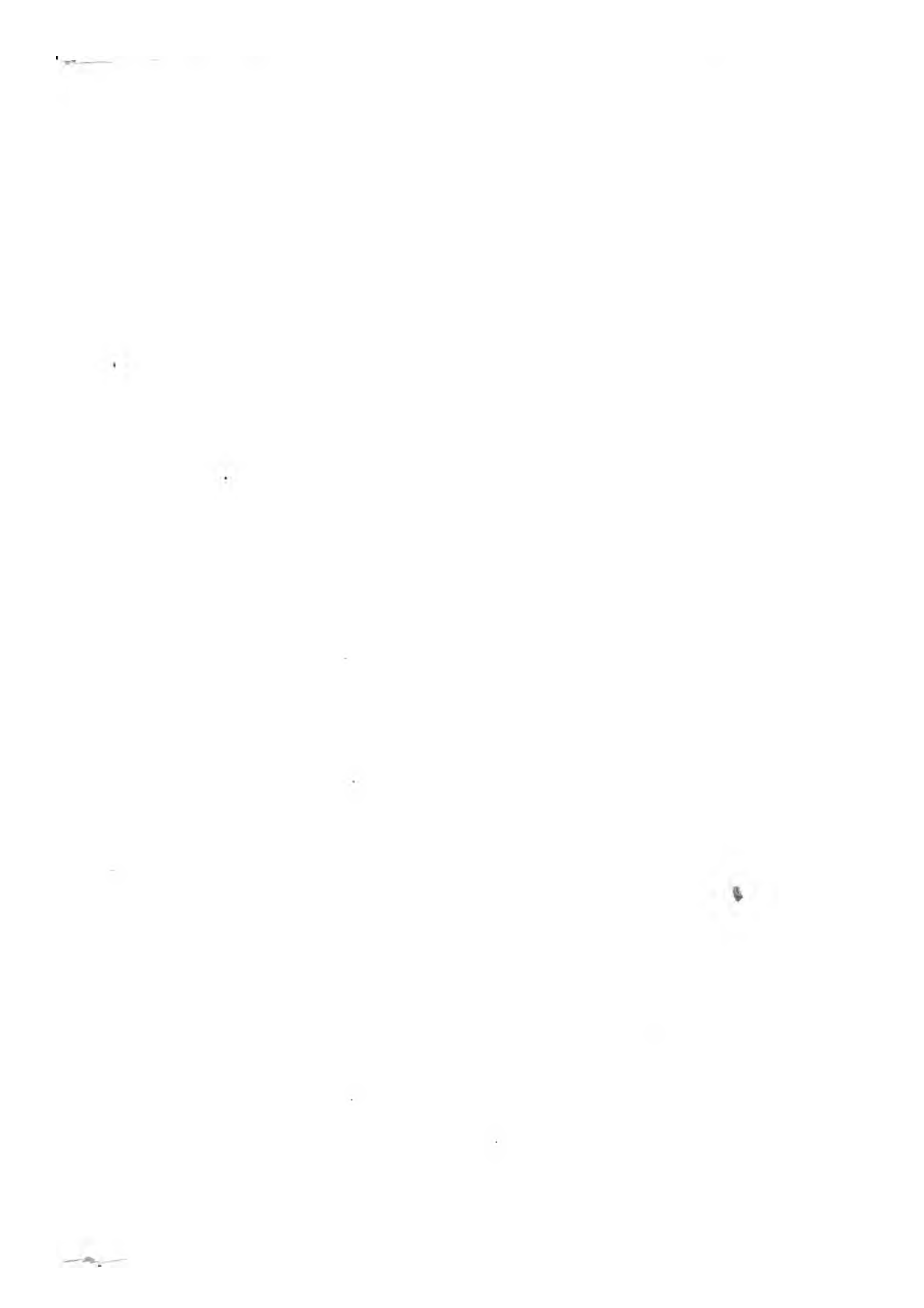


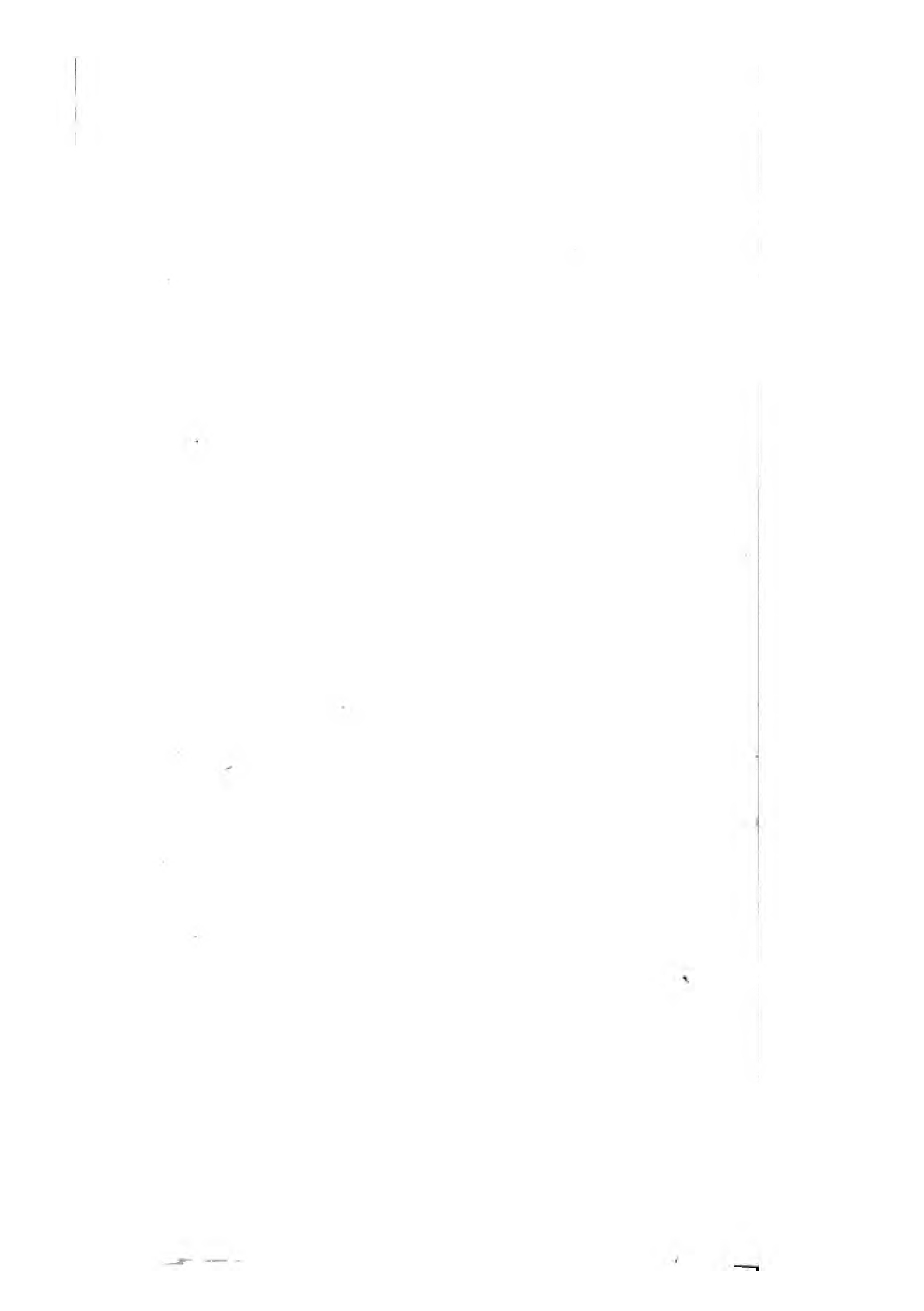


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DON QUIXOTE.

VOL. IV.



Page 171.

LONDON;

Published by Hurst, Robinson & Co. 90 Cheapside.

1820.



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THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

A NEW EDITION:
WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM DESIGNS
BY RICHARD WESTALL, R. A.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.
CHEAPSIDE.

1820.



LONDON:
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DON QUIXOTE.

PART II. BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Of the relishing conversation, which passed between the duchess, her damsels, and Sancho Panza; worthy to be read and remarked.

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 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, returning 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 or emotion, 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 Satan 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 any thing, 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 in a story of a cock and a bull." 1

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 Sancho Panza his squire knows it, and yet 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 being really the case, it will turn to bad account, my lady duchess, 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 any thing but the sexton's spade and shovel should part us : and 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 gray ; 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 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 : and there-

fore 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; and I have heard say, The devil lurks behind the cross; and, 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, in the part by which I sinned most!' 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 story 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*,² 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, 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 ; and of this there can be no more doubt, than of things we never saw : for signor Sancho Panza, if he does not know, 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’s 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 Sampson 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 Verino³ 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," an-

swered 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 casing 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; though it would be more proper and natural for duennas⁴ to dress asses, than to set off drawing-rooms. God help me! how sadly did a gentleman of our town agree with these madams!" "Gentleman, indeed! he was some country clown, I have no doubt," quoth Donna Rodriguez; "for, had he been a gentleman, well born, and well bred, he would have placed them above the horns of the moon." "Enough," quoth the duchess; "let us have no more of this; peace, Donna Rodriguez, and you, signor Panza, be under no apprehension, but 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 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." ⁵ " Think not, my lady duchess, there would be any thing 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.

CHAP. II.

Giving an account of the method prescribed for disenchanting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso ; which is one of the most famous adventures of this 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's cave, to dress up a famous one ; choosing that subject, from what the duchess, to her astonishment, had discovered of the simplicity of Sancho, who now believed for certain, that Dulcinea del Toboso was really enchanted, though he himself had been the sole contriver and impostor in that business. Accordingly, having instructed their servants how they were to behave, they, six days after, engaged Don Quixote in the chase, with a train of hunters and spearmen, scarcely inferior to that of a crowned head. They presented him on this occasion with a superb hunting suit, and gave Sancho another, of the finest green cloth : but the knight would not accept or put on his, observing, that he must shortly return to the severe exercise of arms, and could not carry with him wardrobes and sumpters. But Sancho took what was given him, with design to sell it the first opportunity that should offer.

The expected day being arrived, Don Quixote armed himself, and Sancho put on his new suit, and mounting Dapple, whom he would not quit, though they offered him a horse, thrust himself amidst the troop of hunters. The duchess issued forth, most magnificently dressed, and Don Quixote, out of pure politeness and civility, would have held the reins of her palfrey, but the duke would not consent to it. At last they came to a wood, between two very high mountains, where the necessary arrangements being made, the toils pitched, and the company at their different stands, the hunt began with so great a hallooing and noise, that with the additional cry of the hounds, and the winding of the horns, it was impossible to hear one another. The duchess alighted, and, with a boar-spear in her hand, took her stand in a place where she knew wild boars were accustomed to pass. The duke and Don Quixote alighted also, and placed themselves by her side. Sancho planted himself in the rear, without alighting from Dapple, whom he durst not quit, lest some mischance should befall him. Scarcely were they thus on foot, and ranged in order, with several of their servants round them, when an enormous boar, pursued by the dogs, and followed by the hunters, made towards them, grinding his teeth and tusks, and furiously tossing foam from his mouth. Don Quixote, seeing him, braced his shield, and drawing his sword, stepped before the rest to receive him: the duke did the same, with his javelin: and the gallant duchess

would have outstepped them both, if the duke had not prevented her. Sancho only, at sight of the fierce animal, quitted Dapple, and retreated as well as he could, endeavouring to climb a tall oak, but was unable to succeed: for when arrived about half way up, holding by a bough, and striving to mount higher, the bough unfortunately broke, and, in tumbling down, he remained in the air, suspended by a stump of the tree, without coming to the ground: and, finding himself in this situation, and that the green loose coat was tearing, and considering, that if the fierce animal came that way, he should be within his reach, he began to bawl so loud, and call for help so violently, that all who heard, and did not see him, thought verily he was between the teeth of some wild beast. The tusked boar was quickly laid at his length by the points of the many spears levelled at him; and Don Quixote, turning his head at Sancho's cries, by which he knew him, saw him hanging from the oak with his head downward, and close by him Dapple, who deserted him not in his calamity: and Cid Hamet Benengeli says, that he seldom saw Sancho Panza without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho, such was the amity and cordial love maintained between them. Don Quixote hastened to disengage his squire, who, finding himself freed and upon the ground, instantly examined the rent in the hunting suit, and was grieved to the soul; for he fancied he possessed in that suit an inheritance in fee-simple.

The mighty boar was laid across a sumpter-mule,

and, covered with branches of rosemary and myrtle, was carried, as the spoils of victory, to a large field-tent, erected in the middle of the wood ; where tables were ranged in such order, and dinner set out in so grand and sumptuous a style, that the greatness and magnificence of the donor were manifest. Sancho, exhibiting the wounds of his torn garment to the duchess, said: " Had this sport been hare or bird hunting, my coat had been safe from the sad extremity it is now in: I do not understand what pleasure there can be, in waiting for a beast, who, should he reach you with a tusk, may rob you of life. I remember hearing an old ballad sung to this purpose:—

May Fabila's sad doom be thine,
And hungry bears upon thee dine."

" He was a Gothic king," quoth Don Quixote, " who, in hunting wild beasts, was devoured by a bear." " What I mean," answered Sancho, " is, that I would not have princes and kings run themselves into such dangers, merely for their pleasure ; which methinks ought not to be deemed pleasure, since it consists in killing a creature that has committed no fault." " You are mistaken, Sancho, in your opinion of the chase of wild beasts," answered the duke ; " for the exercise is of all others the most proper and necessary for kings and princes. Hunting is an image of war : like war it has its stratagems, artifices, and ambuscades, by which to overcome the enemy without personal hazard : you endure in it

pinching cold, and intolerable heat ; idleness and sleep are contemned ; natural vigour is strengthened, and the members of the body are rendered more active : in short, it is an exercise, which may be used with pleasure to many, and without injury to any one ; and, to crown the whole, it is not for every body's pleasure, as are all other country sports, except hawking, which is also a diversion for kings and great persons only. Therefore, Sancho, change your opinion, and, when you are a governor, habituate yourself to the chase, and you will find your account in it."

"Not so," answered Sancho ; "the good governor should keep at home, as if he had a broken leg. It would be fine indeed for people, who come fatigued about business, to seek him, while he is in the mountains following his recreations : at that rate the government might go to wreck. By my troth, great sir, hunting and pastimes are rather for your idle companions, than for governors.¹ What I design to divert myself with, shall be playing at brag at Easter, and bowls on Sundays and holidays : as for your huntings, they neither befit my condition, nor agree with my conscience." "God grant you may prove as good as you say : but saying and doing are often at a wide distance from each other," quoth the duke.

"Be it so," replied Sancho : "The good paymaster needs no pawn ; and, God's help is better than rising early ; and, The belly is carried by the legs, and not the legs by the belly : I mean, that, with the help of God, and a good intention, I shall doubtless govern

better than a goss-hawk. Ay, ay, let them put their finger in my mouth, and they shall see whether I can bite or no." "The curse of God and of all his saints light on thee, accursed Sancho!" quoth Don Quixote: "when will the day come, as I have often said, that I shall hear thee utter a single current and coherent sentence without proverbs? I beseech your grandeurs, to let this blockhead alone: he will grind your souls to death, not between two, but between two thousand proverbs, introduced as much to the purpose, and as well timed, as I wish God may grant him health, or me, if I desire to hear them." "Sancho Panza's proverbs," quoth the duchess, "though they exceed in number those of the Greek commentator,² yet are they not to be less valued for sententious brevity. For my part, I own, they give me more pleasure than would any others, though better timed and better applied."

Dinner passed quickly with these and similar entertaining discourses; and being ended, the company left the tent, and went again into the wood, to visit the toils and nets, and renew their pastime. The day was soon spent, and night came on less clear and less calm than from the season of the year, which was the midst of summer, might have been expected: it was a kind of *clair obscur*, which greatly contributed to help forward the duke and duchess's design. No sooner was it set in, than the wood on a sudden seemed on fire from all the four quarters; and

presently was heard, on every side, an infinite number of cornets and other instruments of war, as if a vast body of horse were passing through it. By the blaze of the fire, and the sound of the warlike instruments, the eyes and ears of the by-standers, and even of all that were in the wood, were nearly blinded and stunned. To this succeeded a burst of Lelilies,³ like the cry of the Moors when about to rush into battle: trumpets and clarions sounded, drums beat, fifes played, and so loud and so incessant was this concert of many instruments and many voices, that he must have had no sense, who had not lost it in so confused and horrible a din. The duke was astonished, the duchess in a fright, Don Quixote in amaze, and Sancho Panza in a fit of trembling: in short, even they who were in the secret, were terrified, and consternation held them all in silence. A post-boy, habited like a demon, passed before them, winding, instead of a cornet, a tremendous horn, which yielded a hoarse and terrific sound. "So ho! brother courier," cried the duke, "who are you? whither are you posting? and what soldiers are those, who seem to be crossing the wood?" To which the courier answered, in a deep and hollow voice: "I am the devil, going in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha: those you inquire about are six troops of enchanters, conducting, in a triumphal chariot, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; who is accompanied by the gallant Frenchman Montesinos, by whom Don Quixote will be informed, how that same lady is to be released

from the power of enchantment." "If you were the devil, as you say, and your figure denotes," replied the duke, "you would have known that same knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, who stands here before you." "Before God, and upon my conscience," replied the devil, "I did not see him; for my thoughts are distracted with so many things, that I forgot my principal errand." "Doubtless," quoth Sancho, "this devil must be an honest fellow, and a good Christian; or he would not have sworn by God and his conscience: and, for my part, I verily believe there are some good folks in hell itself." The devil then, without alighting, directing his eyes to Don Quixote, said: "To you, knight of the lions, and may I see you between their paws! the unfortunate, but valiant knight, Montesinos, sends me, with orders to tell you from him, to wait his coming in the place where I might chance to meet you; for he brings her with him, whom they call Dulcinea del Toboso, and will instruct you, how you may disenchant her: and this being all I came for, I must stay no longer. Devils like me be with you, and good angels with this lord and lady!" And blowing his monstrous horn, he turned instantly back, and posted away, without waiting for an answer from any one. Admiration was renewed in all present by this event, and especially in Sancho and Don Quixote; in Sancho, to see how, in spite of truth, Dulcinea must be enchanted; and in Don Quixote, for the doubts he had entertained of what had happened to him in the

cave of Montesinos. While he stood wrapped in these cogitations, the duke said to him: "Does your worship, signor Don Quixote, mean to wait?" "Wait! why not?" answered he: "Yes, here will I wait, intrepid and courageous, though all hell should come to assault me." "Now, for my part," quoth Sancho, "I will no more stay here, to see another devil, and hear such another horn, than I would stay in Flanders."

The night now growing darker, numberless lights began to flit about the wood, like those dry exhalations of the earth, which, glancing along the sky, appear like shooting stars. A dreadful noise was heard likewise, like that occasioned by the ponderous wheels of a waggon, from the harsh and continued creaking of which wolves and bears are said to fly away, if there chance to be any within hearing. To this was added another, which increased the uproar, rendering it still more terrible; for it seemed, as if all at once, there were four engagements, or battles, at the four corners of the wood: here resounded the dreadful noise of artillery; there repeated vollies of small shot; the shouts of the combatants appeared to be near at hand; and the Moorish Lelilies were more heart-rending. In short, the cornets, horns, clarions, trumpets, drums, cannon, muskets, shouts, yells, and, above all, the frightful creaking of the waggons, formed together so confused and horrid a din, that Don Quixote had need of all his courage to be able to bear it. But Sancho's quite failed him, and he

fell in a swoon upon the train of the duchess's robe ; who ordered cold water to be thrown in his face, and he recovered his senses, at the instant one of the creaking waggons arrived at the place where they stood. It was drawn by four lazy oxen, covered with black palls, and having besides a large burning torch fastened to each of their horns. In the waggon was raised a seat or throne, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard whiter than snow, and of so enormous a length, that it reached below his girdle. His vestment was a long gown of black buckram : for the waggon was so illuminated, that every thing in it might easily be distinguished. The drivers were two ugly devils, habited in similar buckram, and of such hideous aspect, that Sancho, having once seen them, shut his eyes close, that he might not be blessed with a second vision. When the waggon arrived, it stopped for a moment, while the venerable sire, rising from his lofty seat, with a loud voice said : " I am the sage Lirgandeo : " and then went forward without another word being uttered. A second passed in the same manner, with another old man enthroned ; who, making it stop, with a voice as solemn as that of his predecessor, said : " I am the sage Alquife, the great friend to Urganda the unknown : " and the waggon passed on. Then advanced a third, with the same parade : but he, who was seated on the throne, instead of being an old man, like the two former, was a robust and ill-favoured youth ; he stood up, as the rest had done, but exclaimed, with

a voice more hoarse and diabolical: "I am the enchanter Arcalaus, the mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul and all his race:" and on he went. The three waggons halting at a little distance, the dismal jarring of their wheels ceased; and there were heard other and different sounds, composed of sweet and regular music; which relieved the heart of Sancho, who took it for a favourable omen; and he said to the duchess, from whom he had not stirred an inch: "Where there is music, madam, there can be no harm." "Nor where there are lights and brightness," answered the duchess. To which Sancho replied: "Fire may give light, and bonfires may be bright, as we see by those around us, and yet we may chance to be burnt by them: but music is always a sign of feasting and merriment." "That we shall see presently," said Don Quixote, who listened to all that passed; and he said right, as will be found in the following chapter.

CHAP. III.

In which is continued the account of the method prescribed to Don Quixote for disenchanting Dulcinea; with other wonderful events.

KEEPING exact time with the delectable music, one of those cars called triumphal advanced, drawn by six grey mules, covered with white linen; upon each of which was mounted a penitent of light,¹

clothed also in white, with a large lighted torch of wax in his hand. The size of the car was three times that of the waggons, and was occupied by twelve other penitents, in like manner as white as snow, and with lighted torches; a sight, which at once caused surprise and terror. Upon an elevated throne sat a nymph, attired in veils of silver tissue, bespangled with numberless flowers and leaves of gold tinsel; which gave her, if not a rich, at least a very gorgeous appearance. Her face was covered with a transparent delicate tiffany; so that, without impediment from its threads or plaits, the face of a very beautiful damsel might be discovered; and the multitude of lights gave an opportunity of distinguishing her age as well as her beauty, which seemed between seventeen and twenty. By her side sat a figure, in a gown like a robe of state, loose, and reaching to the feet, his head concealed by a black veil. This vast machine had no sooner arrived opposite to where the duke and duchess and Don Quixote stood, than the music of the waits, as well as of the harps and lutes within the car, ceasing, the figure in the gown stood up, and, throwing open his robe, and taking the veil from his face, discovered the skeleton image of Death, so perfect and so hideous, that Don Quixote was startled, Sancho appalled, and the duke and duchess made affected show of timorous apprehension. This living Death, standing bolt upright, with a heavy sluggish voice, and corresponding articulation,

as if not quite awake, muttered the following address:—

Merlin I am, miscall'd the devil's son
 In lying annals, authorised by time;
 Monarch supreme and great depositary
 Of magic art and Zoroastrie skill;
 Rival of envious ages, that would hide
 The glorious deeds of errant cavaliers,
 Favour'd 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 wo, her metamorphos'd form,
 From high-born beauty in a palace graced,
 To the loath'd features of a cottage wench.
 With sympathising 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 case their limbs
 In polish'd steel, and fenceful adamant,
 Light, beacon, polar star, and glorious guide
 Of all, who, starting from the lazy down,
 Banish ignoble sleep, for the rude toil,
 And hardy exercise of errant arms;
 Spain's boasted pride, La Mancha's matchless knight,

Whose valiant deeds outstrip pursuing fame!
Wouldst thou to beauty's pristine state restore
Th' enchanted dame, Sancho, thy faithful squire,
Must to his brawny buttocks, bare exposed,
Three thousand and three hundred stripes apply,
Such as may sting, and give him smarting pain.
The authors of her change have thus decreed,
And this is Merlin's errand from the shades.

“ I vow to God,” quoth Sancho at this period, “ I will as soon give myself three stabs with a dagger, as three lashes only, much less three thousand ; the devil take such ways of disenchanting. I cannot see what my buttocks have to do with such things. Before God, if signor Merlin can find out no other way to disenchant the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, enchanted she may go to her grave for me.” “ Thou scoundrel, thou peasant stuffed with garlic !” cried Don Quixote, “ I will take thee and tie thee to a tree, naked as thy mother bore thee, and not three thousand and three hundred, but six thousand six hundred lashes will I give thee, and those so well laid on, that thou shalt not be able to escape at thrice three thousand three hundred hard tugs : so answer me not a word ; for I will tear out thy very soul.” Merlin hearing this, said : “ It must not be so, sir knight ; for the lashes, that honest Sancho is to receive, must be with his own good-will, and not by force, and also whenever he pleases ; for there is no time prescribed : and farther, he is allowed to save himself the pain of one half of this flogging, by suffering the other half to be laid on by another hand, provided that hand be

weighty." "Neither another hand, nor my own, nor one weighty, nor to be weighed, shall touch me," quoth Sancho. "Was it I that brought the lady Dulcinea del Toboso into the world, that my posteriors must pay for the transgressions of her eyes? My master, indeed, who is part of her, since at every step he is calling her his life, his soul, his support, and stay, can, and ought to scourge his body, and take all the necessary measures for her disenchantment: but for me to whip myself, I pronounce² it."

Scarcely had Sancho said this, when the silvered nymph, who sat by the shade of Merlin, standing up, threw aside her thin veil, and discovering a face, in every one's opinion, passing beautiful, with masculine assurance, and no very bewitching voice, addressed herself in these words directly to Sancho Panza: "O unseemly squire, soul of a pitcher, heart of a cork-tree, and bowels of gravel and flints! hadst thou been bidden, nose-slitting thief, to throw thyself headlong from a lofty tower; hadst thou been desired, enemy of human kind, to eat a dozen toads, twice the number of lizards, and three dozen snakes; hadst thou been urged to kill thy wife and children with a sharp and murderous scimitar; no wonder if thou hadst betrayed unwillingness and aversion: but to be squeamish about three thousand three hundred lashes, which every puny school-boy receives every month, it amazes, stupefies, and affrights the tender bowels of all who hear it, as it will of all those to whom it shall hereafter be told! Turn, miserable

and hard-hearted animal, turn, I say, those huge goggle³ eyes of thine upon these brilliant balls of mine, that vie with glittering stars, and thou wilt see them weep, drop after drop, and stream after stream,⁴ making furrows, tracks, and paths down the beauteous fields of my cheeks! Relent, subtle and malicious monster, relent at sight of my blooming youth, still in its teens (for I am past nineteen, and not quite twenty), pining and withering under the coarse bark of a country-wench: such being my hard fate, though at this moment I appear otherwise, by the particular favour of signor Merlin, that my charms may soften thee; 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 cross-bow." "What say you to that, Sancho?" quoth the duchess. "I say, madam," answered Sancho, "what I said before, that, as to the whipping, I pronounce it." "Renounce, you should say, Sancho," quoth the duke, "and not pronounce." "Please, your grandeur, to let me alone," answered Sancho; "for, at present, I cannot regard niceties, or stand to a letter more or less; for these lashes, which are to be given me, or which I must give myself, so disturb my mind, that I know not what I say, or what I do. But one thing I would fain know from the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and that is, where she learned her strange way of entreaty. She comes to desire me to tear my flesh with stripes, and at the same time calls me soul of a pitcher, and untamed beast; with such a bead-roll of ill-names, that the devil may bear them for me. Does she think my flesh is made of brass? What is it to me, whether she be disenchanted, or not? Where's the temptation? Instead of a basket of fine linen, shirts, night-caps, and socks (though I wear none), to mollify me, she brings nothing but reproach upon reproach, when she might have known the common proverb, that An ass loaded with gold mounts nimbly up the hill; and, Presents break rocks; and, Pray to God devoutly, and hammer on stoutly; and, One take is worth two I'll give thees. Then my master, instead of wheedling and coaxing me, to make myself of wool and carded cotton, says, if he take me in hand, he will tie me naked with a rope to a tree, and double me the

dose of stripes. Besides, these compassionate gentlefolks ought to consider, that they not only desire to have a squire whipped, but a governor, as if it were a thing of course, like drinking after cherries. Let them learn, let them learn, in an ill hour, how to ask and entreat, and to have breeding; for all times are not alike, nor are men always in a good humour. I am at this moment just ready to burst with grief, to see my green coat thus miserably torn; and people come to desire me to whip myself, of my own good will too, I having as little mind to it as to turn Turk.”

“In truth, friend Sancho,” quoth the duke, “if you do not relent, and become softer than a ripe fig, you finger no government of mine. It were good indeed, that I should send my islanders a cruel flinty-hearted creature; one who melts not at the tears of afflicted damsels, nor is to be won by the entreaties of wise, awful, and ancient enchanters, and sages. In fine, Sancho, either you must whip yourself, or let others whip you, or, no whipping no promotion.”

“My lord,” answered Sancho, “may I not be allowed two days to consider what is best for me to do?”

“No, in no wise,” quoth Merlin: “here, at this instant, and upon this spot, must the business be settled; or Dulcinea must return to Montesinos’s cave, and her late condition of a country-wench; or else be carried in her present form to the Elysian fields, there to wait till the number of the lashes be fulfilled.”

“Come, honest Sancho,” quoth the duchess, “be of good cheer, and show your gratitude for the bread you

have eaten of your master Don Quixote's, whom we are all bound to serve for his generous nature, and his high chivalries. Say, yes, son, to this flagellation, and the devil take the devil, and let the wretched fear; for, A good heart breaks bad fortune, as you well know."

Sancho made no reply to this exhortation, but with his usual extravagance, addressing himself to Merlin, said: "List a moment, signor Merlin; the courier-devil, who came hither, delivered my master a message from signor Montesinos, bidding him wait for him here, for he was coming to give directions about the disenchantment of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and to this hour we have neither seen Montesinos, nor any likeness of him: pray, where is he?" To which Merlin answered: "That courier-devil, friend Sancho, is a blockhead, and a very great rascal: I sent him in quest of your master, with a message from myself, not from Montesinos: for Montesinos is still in his cave, plotting, or rather expecting, his disenchantment; for the worst is still behind.⁵ If he owe you ought, or you have any business with him, I will bring him before you, when and where you think fit: and therefore come to a conclusion, and consent to this discipline; and, believe me, it will be for the good of your soul, as well as of your body; of your soul, from the charity with which you will perform it; of your body, because I know you to be of a sanguine complexion, and letting out a little blood can be productive of no harm." "What a host

of doctors does the world contain ! the very enchanters are of the tribe !” replied Sancho. “ But since every body tells me so, though I see no reason for it myself, I am contented 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 numbers ; and I will endeavour to get out of debt with as much expedition as I can, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, since, contrary to what I thought, it seems she is really beautiful. I article likewise, that I shall not be bound to draw blood, and if some lashes happen only to fly-flap, they shall be taken into the account. Item, if I should mistake in the reckoning, signor Merlin, who knows every thing, shall keep the account, and give me notice how many I want, or may have exceeded.” “ As for the exceedings, no account will be necessary,” answered Merlin ; “ for, as soon as you arrive at the complete number, the lady Dulcinea del Toboso will be instantly disenchanted, and will come, in a most grateful manner, to seek honest Sancho, to thank, and even reward him, for the good deed he will have done. So there need be no scruple about the surpluses or deficiencies ; and Heaven forbid I should cheat any one of so much as a hair of his head.” “ Go to, then, in God’s name,” quoth Sancho ; “ I submit to my ill fortune ; and accept of the penance upon the conditions stipulated.”

Scarcely had Sancho uttered these words, when

the music of the waits struck up, and a world of muskets were again discharged; and Don Quixote clung about his neck, giving him a thousand kisses on the forehead and cheeks. The duke and duchess, and all the by-standers, gave signs also of being mightily pleased, and the car began to move on; and, in passing by, the fair Dulcinea bowed her head to the duke and duchess, and made a low courtesy to Sancho.

And now the cheerful and joyous dawn advanced: the flowerets of the field expanded their fragrant bosoms, and erected their heads; and the liquid crystals of the brooks, murmuring through the white and gray pebbles, went in haste to pay their tribute to the rivers that expected their coming. The earth rejoiced, the sky was clear, and the air serene; each singly, and all together, giving manifest tokens, that the day, which trod upon Aurora's heels, would be bright and fair. The duke and duchess, having executed their design so ingeniously and so happily, satisfied with the sport, returned to their castle, intending a sequel to their jest; since nothing real could have afforded them more delight than these mock chivalries.

CHAP. IV.

In which is related the strange and inconceivable adventure of the afflicted matron, alias the countess of Trifaldi; with a letter written by Sancho Panza to his wife Tereza Panza.

THE duke's steward was a man of a ready, pleasant, and facetious wit. It was he represented Merlin, composed the verses, taught a page to act the part of Dulcinea, and contrived the whole apparatus of the late adventure. And now, with the duke and duchess's leave, he prepared another scene, of the strangest and most pleasant contrivance imaginable.

The next day, the duchess asked Sancho, whether he had begun the penance he had so kindly undertaken for the disenchantment of his lady Dulcinea. He said, he had, by giving himself five lashes in the night. The duchess desired to know, with what instrument he had given them. He answered, with the palm of his hand. "That," replied the duchess, is rather clapping than whipping, and I am of opinion signor Merlin will hardly be satisfied. Honest Sancho must get a rod of briars, or a scourge of whipcord, that the lashes may be felt; for letters written in blood stand good, and the liberty of so great a lady as Dulcinea is not to be purchased so easily, or at so low a price. And take notice, Sancho, that works of charity, faintly and coldly performed, lose their merit,

and signify nothing." To which Sancho answered: "Give me, then, madam, some convenient rod or bough, and I will whip myself lustily with it, provided it do not occasion too much smart; for I would have your ladyship know, that, though I am a clown, my flesh has more of the cotton than of the rush, and there is no reason I should hurt myself for other folks' good." "What you say is reasonable," answered the duchess; "and to-morrow I will 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." "And now," said Sancho, "your highness must know, dear lady of my soul, that I have written a letter to my wife Tereza Panza, giving her an account of all that has befallen me, since I parted from her: here it is in my bosom, and wants nothing but the superscription. I wish your discretion would read it: for methinks it smacks of the governor, I mean, is written 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?" answered Sancho. "And did you write it also?" 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 no doubt you display in it the quality and sufficiency of your genius." Sancho pulled an open letter out of his bosom, and the duchess, taking it, found the contents to be as follow.

Sancho Panza's letter to his wife Teresa Panza.

“ If I have been finely lashed, I have been finely mounted: if I have got a good government, it has cost me a power of good lashes. This, my dear Teresa, you will not understand at present; another time you will. You must know, Teresa, that I am determined you shall ride in your coach, which is somewhat to the purpose; for all other ways of going are creeping upon all four, like a cat. You shall be a governor's wife: see then whether any body will tread on your heels. I here send you 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, my master Don Quixote is a sensible madman, and a pleasant fool, and that I am not a whit short of him. We have been in Montesinos's cave, and the sage Merlin has pitched upon me to disenchant the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, in your parts, is called Aldonza Lorenzo; and with three thousand three hundred stripes, lacking five, that I am to give myself, she will be as much disenchanted as the mother that bore her. Say nothing of this to any body; for, go to seek counsel about what is your own, and one will cry, it is white, another, it is black. A few days hence I shall depart for the government, whither I go with an eager desire to make money; and I am told, all new governors have the self-same feeling. When I have felt its pulse, I will send you word,

whether you shall come and be with me, or no. Dapple is well, and sends his hearty service to you: I do not intend to leave him behind, though I were to be made the great Turk. The duchess, my mistress, kisses your hands a thousand times: return her two thousand; for, as my master says, nothing costs less, or is cheaper, than compliments of civility. God has not been pleased to bless me with another portmanteau, and another hundred crowns, as once before: but be in no pain, my dear Teresa; for he is safe that has the repique in hand, and all will out in the bucking of the government. Only one thing troubles me: for I am told, if I once try it, I shall eat my very fingers after it; and, if so, it would be no very good bargain; though the crippled and maimed enjoy a sort of petty-canonry in the alms they receive: so that, by one means or another, you are sure to be rich and happy. God make you so, as he easily can, and keep me to serve you.

Your 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 given him on account of the lashes he is to inflict on himself; whereas he knows, and cannot deny it, that, when my lord duke promised it him, nobody dreamed of whipping: the other

is, that he shows himself in it very covetous ; and I would not have him be griping ; for, Avarice bursts the bag, and The covetous governor does very un-governed justice." " That is not my meaning, madam," answered Sancho ; " and, if your ladyship thinks this letter does not run as it should do, it is but tearing it, and writing a new one, and perhaps it may prove a worse, if it be left to my noddle." " No, no," replied the duchess, " the letter is a very good one, and I will have the duke see it."

They then went to a garden, where they were to dine, and the duchess put the letter into the duke's hands, who was highly diverted with it. Having dined, and the cloth being taken away, while they were entertaining themselves with Sancho's relishing conversation, the dismal sound of a fife, and that of a hoarse and unbraced drum were heard. Considerable agitation at the confused, martial, and doleful harmony, was evinced by the company ; and especially by Don Quixote, who could hardly contain himself in his seat through pure emotion. As for Sancho, it is sufficient to say, that fear drove him to his usual refuge, which was the duchess's side, or the skirts of her petticoat : and it must be confessed the sounds were really of a heart-sinking description. While they were thus in suspense and terror, two men entered the garden, in mourning robes, so large and long, that they trailed upon the ground. Each beat an enormous drum, covered also with black, and by their side came the fife, black and frightful like them-

selves. A personage of gigantic stature followed this trio, braced rather than dressed with a robe of the blackest dye, the train of which was of a monstrous length. Over this he was girded with a broad black belt, at which hung an immeasurable scimitar in a black scabbard. His face was covered with a transparent black veil, through which appeared a beard prodigious both in breadth and length, and as white as snow ; and he marched to the sound of the drums, with great gravity and composure. In short, his huge bulk, his height, his stateliness, his melancholy dress, and his attendants, might well surprise, as they did, all who beheld him, and were not in the secret. With the state and appearance described, he came and kneeled before the duke, who, with the rest of the company, received him standing. But the duke would not suffer him to speak, till he rose up. Accordingly the monstrous spectre rose, and, as soon as he was upon his feet, lifting up his veil, he exposed to view his horrid mass of beard, the longest, whitest, and thickest, that human eyes till then had ever beheld. Looking stedfastly at the duke, he sent forth, from his broad and ample chest, a voice grave and sonorous ; and said ; “ Most high and puissant sir, I am Trifaldin of the white beard ; squire to the countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Afflicted Matron, from whom I bear a message to your excellence, requesting, that your magnificence would be pleased to give her permission and leave to enter, and make known her calamity, which is of so novel and wonderful a

nature, that the most distressed thought in the world could never have imagined it. But, first, she desires to know, if the valorous and invincible Don Quixote de la Mancha be at present in your castle; in quest of whom she is come on foot, and without breaking her fast, from the kingdom of Candaya to this your territory; a thing, which may and must be considered as a miracle, or ascribed to the force of enchantment. She is now at the door of this fortress, or country-house, and only waits your good pleasure to come in." Having said this, he hemmed, and stroked his beard from top to bottom with both his hands, and with much tranquillity stood expecting the duke's answer, which was this: "Many days have elapsed, honest Trifaldin of the white beard, since we had notice of the misfortune of my lady the countess Trifaldi, whom the enchanters have occasioned, with such lamentable propriety, to be called the afflicted matron. Tell her, stupendous squire, she may enter, and that the valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha is here, from whose generous disposition she may safely promise herself every kind of aid and assistance. Tell her also from me, that if my favour be necessary, it shall not be wanting, since I am bound to grant it by my quality of knight; for to such it particularly belongs to protect all women, and especially injured and afflicted matrons, like her ladyship." Trifaldin bent a knee to the ground, on hearing this, and, making a sign to the fife and drums to play, stalked out of the garden to

the same tune, and with the same solemnity as he entered, leaving every one astonished at his figure and deportment.

The duke then, turning to Don Quixote, said: "You see, renowned knight, that neither the clouds of malice, nor those of ignorance, can hide or obscure the light of valour and virtue. I am led to make this observation, because it is hardly six days since you deigned to honour this castle with your presence, and behold, the sorrowful and afflicted are already come in quest of you, from far distant and remote countries, not in coaches, or upon dromedaries, but on foot, and fasting, trusting they shall find, in that strenuous arm of yours, a remedy for their troubles and distresses: thanks to your grand exploits, which, with rapid strides, spread themselves over the whole face of the earth." "I wish, my lord duke," answered Don Quixote, "that same pious ecclesiastic, who the other day expressed so much ill-will, and bore so great a grudge to knights-errant, were now here, that he might see with his own eyes, whether or not such knights are necessary in the world: at least he would be made sensible, that the uncommonly afflicted and disconsolate, in extraordinary cases, and in enormous mishaps, do not fly to the houses of scholars for redress, nor to parish-priests, nor to the gentleman cavalier, who never dreams of stirring from his own domain, nor to the lazy courtiers, who would rather inquire after news, that they may have the pleasure to tell again, than endeavour

to perform actions and exploits for others to relate or record of their valour. Remedy for distress, relief in necessity, protection of damsels, and consolation of widows, are nowhere so readily to be found, as among knights-errant; and that I am one, I give infinite thanks to Heaven, and shall not repine at any hardship or trouble that may befall me in the exercise of so honourable a calling. Let this afflicted matron therefore come, and make what request she pleases: I will commit her cause to the force of my arm, and the intrepid resolution of my courageous spirit."

CHAP. V.

In which is continued the famous adventure of the afflicted matron.¹

THE duke and duchess were extremely delighted to see how well Don Quixote's humour answered their expectation: but Sancho here interposing, said: "I hope to God this madam duenna will not 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, Where duennas have to do, no good thing can e'er ensue. Odds my life! what an enemy to them was that barber-surgeon! and since all duennas, of whatever quality or condition, are troublesome and impertinent, what must the afflicted be, as they say this same countess

Three-skirts or Three-tails is? ² for, in my country, skirts and tails, and tails and skirts, are the same thing." "Be at peace, friend 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 whom thy apothecary has in his list. Besides, this is a countess; and, when countesses serve as duennas, it must be as attendants upon queens and empresses; and such have houses of their own, in which they command, and are served by other duennas." 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." "For all that," replied Sancho, "there is still so much about your duennas to be sheared, as my barber tells me, that It is better not to stir the rice, though it burn to the pot." "These squires," quoth Donna Rodriguez, "are always our enemies; and, as they are a kind of fairies that haunt anti-chambers, and spy us at every turn, the hours they are not at their beads, which are many, they employ in speaking ill of us, unburying our bones, and burying our reputations. But let me tell these moving blocks, that, in spite of their teeth,

we will live in the world, and in the best families too, though we starve for it, and cover our delicate or not delicate bodies with black weeds, as dunghills are covered with tapestry on a procession day. In faith, if I might venture, and had time, I would make all here present, and all the world besides, know, that there is no kind of virtue, that is not to be found in a duenna." "I am of opinion," quoth the duchess, "that my good Donna Rodriguez is not only in the right, but very much so: yet must she wait for a fit opportunity to stand up for herself, and the rest of the sisterhood, to confound the ill opinion of that wicked apothecary, and root out that, which the great Sancho also harbours in his breast." To which Sancho answered: "Ever since the fumes of government got into my head, I have lost the megrims of squireship, and do not care a fig for all the duennas in the world."

This dialogue about duennas would have continued, had not the drum and fife been heard again; by which it was understood, that the afflicted matron was just entering. The duchess asked the duke, whether it would not be proper, since she was a countess, and a person of quality, to go and meet her. "As she is a countess," said Sancho, before the duke could reply, "it is fitting your grandeurs should advance to receive her; but, as she is a duenna, I am of opinion you ought not to stir a step." "And who bid thee intermeddle in this matter, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Who, sir?" answered Sancho: "I my-

self, in right of my quality as a squire, having learned the rules of courtesy in the school of your worship, who is the best bred knight courtesy ever produced: and in these matters, as I have heard your worship say, one may as well lose the game by a card too much as a card too little; and a word to the wise." "It is even as Sancho says," quoth the duke: "and as we shall soon see what kind of a countess this is, we will then judge what courtesy is due to her." And now the drums and fife entered, as in the former instance. But here the author ended this short chapter, and began another with the continuation of the same adventure, which is one of the most notable in the whole history.

CHAP. VI.

In which an account is given of the afflicted matron's misfortune.

AT the heels of the doleful musicians twelve duennas, divided into two files, entered the garden, all clad in large mourning robes, seemingly of milled serge, but the white veils of thin muslin which covered them, extended so low, that only the borders of the robes were seen. After these came the countess Trifaldi, led by her squire Trifaldin of the white beard.¹ She was clothed in a robe of the finest serge; which, had it been napped, each grain would have been of the size of a good ronceval-pea. The train,

or tail, or skirt, call it which you will, was divided into three parts, each supported by a page, clad also in mourning, and making together a sightly and mathematical figure, with the three acute angles, formed by the three divisions; from which all that saw the train concluded she was from thence called the countess Trifaldi, meaning the countess of the three skirts: indeed Benengeli says, that such was the fact, and that her right title was the countess Lobuna, from that earldom producing abundance of wolves*; and that, had it produced foxes† instead of wolves, she would have been styled the countess Zoruna; it being the custom in that part of the world for great persons to take their titles from the thing or things, with which the domain belonging to them most abounds. But this countess, in favour of the new-cut of her train, quitted the name of Lobuna, and assumed that of Trifaldi.

The twelve duennas, with their lady, advanced a procession pace, their faces covered with black veils, not transparent like Trifaldin's, but of so close a texture, that nothing could be seen through them. Upon the appearance of this solemn squadron, the duke, duchess, Don Quixote, and all who beheld the grand procession, rose from their seats, and the twelve duennas halting, formed a passage, through which the Afflicted advanced, without Trifaldin's letting go her hand; upon which the duke, duchess, and Don Quixote, stepped a few paces forward to

* Lobos.

† Zorras.

receive her. Kneeling on the ground, with a voice rather coarse and harsh, than feminine and delicate, she said: "May it please your grandeurs to spare such condescending courtesy to this your valet; I mean your handmaid: for such is my affliction, that, thus honoured, I shall not be able to answer as I ought, my strange and unheard-of misfortune having carried away my understanding, I know not whither; but sure I am it must be a vast way off, since the more I seek it, the less able am I to find it." "He would be greatly deficient in understanding, lady countess," quoth the duke, "who could not judge of your worth by your person, which, as may be seen at a glance, merits the very cream of courtesy, and the whole flower of well-bred ceremonies:" and, raising her by the hand, he led her to a chair by the side of the duchess, who also received her with much politeness. Don Quixote opened not his lips, and Sancho was ready to burst with impatience to see the face of the Trifaldi, or some one of her many duennas: but it was not possible, till of their own accord they chose to unveil.

Now all was expectation, and scarcely a breath interrupted the silence, when the afflicted matron began her address in these words: "Confident I am, most mighty lord, most beautiful lady, and most discreet by-standers, that my most miserable miserable-ness will find a protection, no less placid, than generous and dolorous, in your most valorous breasts: for sufficiently afflictive is it, to mollify marbles,

soften diamonds, and melt the steel of the hardest hearts. But, before it ventures on the public stage of your hearing, not to say of your ears, I should be glad to be informed, whether the refinedissimo knight, Don Quixote de la Manchissima, and his squirrissimo Panza, be in this bosom, circle, or company.”² Before any one else could answer, Sancho cried out, “Panza is here, and also Don Quixotissimo; and therefore, most mournful matronissima, say what you have a mindissima; for we are all ready and promptissimes to be your servitorissimos.”³ Upon this Don Quixote stood up, and directing his discourse to the countess, said: “If your distresses, unhappy lady, can promise themselves any remedy from the valour or fortitude of a knight-errant, behold mine, which, though weak and scanty, shall all be employed in your service. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose function it is to succour the distressed of every degree; and this being the case, you need not, madam, trouble yourself to bespeak good-will, nor have recourse to preambles, but plainly, and without circumlocution, tell your griefs; for you are in the hearing of those, who know how to compassionate, if not to redress them.” On hearing this, the afflicted matron attempted to throw herself at Don Quixote’s feet, and actually did so, and, struggling to kiss them, exclaimed: “I prostrate myself, O invincible knight, before these feet and legs, as the basis and pillars of knight-errantry: these feet will I kiss, on whose steps hangs and depends the whole

remedy of my misfortune. O valorous errant, whose true exploits outstrip and obscure the fabulous ones of all the Amadis, Esplandians, and Belianises that ever lived." Then turning from Don Quixote, and taking Sancho Panza by the hand, she said to him, "And, O thou, the most trusty squire, in the present or past ages, that ever served knight-errant, whose goodness exceeds in length and breadth even the beard of this my companion and squire, Trifaldin, well mayst thou boast, that in serving Don Quixote, thou servest in miniature the whole tribe of knights that ever handled arms in the world! I conjure thee, by what thou owest to thy own fidelity and goodness, to become an importunate intercessor with thy lord, that he would instantly favour the humblest and most unhappy of countesses, with his redoubtable aid." To which Sancho replied, "Whether my goodness, madam, be, or be not, as long and as broad as the beard of your squire, signifies little to me: so that my soul be bearded and whiskered, when it departs this life, I care little or nothing for beards here below: but, without these wheedlings and beseechings, I will desire my master, who I know has a kindness for me, especially now that he wants me for a certain business, to favour and assist your ladyship in whatever he can. So unbundle your griefs, madam, and let us into the particulars; and leave us alone to manage, when we understand your case."

It was real pain to the duke and duchess to be obliged to govern their laughter at all this; for they

knew the drift of the adventure, and commended in their thoughts, the smartness and dissimulation of the Trifaldi, who, returning to her seat, thus begun her lamentable story.

“ Of the famous kingdom of Candaya, which lies between the great Taprobana and the South Sea, two leagues from Cape Camorin, Donna Maguncia, widow of king Archipiela, her lord and husband, was queen. The fruit of their marriage was the infanta Antonomasia, heiress of the kingdom ; which infanta Antonomasia was educated under my care and instruction, I being the most ancient duenna, and of the best quality, of the many that waited upon her mother. Now, in process of time, the young Antonomasia arrived to the age of fourteen, with such perfection of beauty, that nature could not raise it a pitch higher : and, what is more, discretion itself was but a child to her ; for she was as discreet as she was fair, and she was the fairest creature in the world, and is so still, if envious fates and hard-hearted destinies have not cut short her thread of life. But surely they have not ; for Heaven would never permit, that so much injury should be done to the earth, as to tear off, while unripe, the fairest cluster that ever adorned it as a vine. Of this beauty, which can never be adequately extolled by my feeble tongue, an infinite number of princes, as well natives as foreigners, became enamoured. Among them, a private gentleman of the court dared to raise his thoughts

to the heaven of so much beauty, confiding in his youth, his genteel address, his many abilities and graces, and the facility and felicity of his wit ; for I must tell your grandeurs, if it be no offence, that he touched a guitar so as to make it speak ; and was, besides, a poet, and a fine dancer, and could make bird-cages so well, that he might gain his living by it, if reduced to want. So many qualifications and endowments were sufficient to overturn a mountain, much more a tender and delicate virgin. But all his gentility, graceful behaviour, and fine accomplishments, would have signified little or nothing towards the conquest of my royal pupil's fortress, if the robber and ruffian had not artfully contrived to reduce me first. The assassin and barbarous vagabond began with endeavouring to obtain my good will, and suborn my inclination, that I might, like a treacherous keeper as I was, deliver up to him the keys of the fort I guarded. In short, he imposed upon my understanding, and obtained my consent, by means of I know not what toys and trinkets, that he presented me with. But what chiefly overpowered my faculties, and brought me to the ground, was a stanza, which I heard him sing one night, through a grate that looked into an alley where he stood ; and, if I remember right, the lines 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 this stanza seemed to me to be pearls, and his voice barley-sugar ; and many a time since have I thought, considering the mishap I fell into, that poets, at least the lascivious, ought, as Plato advised, to be banished from all good and well-regulated commonwealths ; because the couplets they write are not like those of the marquis of Mantua, which divert, and make both women and children weep, but such pointed things, that, like smooth thorns, they pierce the soul, and wound like lightning, leaving the garment whole and unsinged. Another time he sung,—

Come, Death, with gently-stealing pace,
 And take me, unperceived, away ;
 Nor let me see thy wish'd-for face,
 Lest joy my fleeting life should stay.

and other similar ditties, which surprise when written, and enchant when sung : for, when poets condescend to compose a kind of verse in fashion in Candaya, called roundelays, a dancing of the soul, a tickling of the fancy, a perpetual agitation of the body, and, lastly, a kind of quicksilver movement of all the senses is excited by them. And therefore I say again, most noble auditors, that such versifiers deserve to be banished to the isle of Lizards : yet, in truth they are not so much to blame, as the simpletons who commend, and the ideots who believe them : and, had I been the honest duenna I ought to have been, such nightly serenades had not moved me, nor had I listened to absurdities like these ; ‘ Dying I live ; in

ice I burn ; I shiver in flames ; in despair I hope ; I go, yet stay ;' with other impossibilities of the same stamp, of which such writings are full. Then when they promise us the phoenix of Arabia, the crown of Ariadne, the ringlets of Apollo, the pearls of the South Sea, the gold of Tiber, and the balsam of Pancaya ; they give the most liberal scope to their pens, knowing, that what they promise, they never intend, nor are able to perform. But, wo is me, unhappy wretch ! whither do I stray ? what folly or what madness hurries me to recount the faults of others, having so many of my own to relate ? Wo is me again, unhappy creature ! for not by his verses, but by my own simplicity, was I vanquished : it was not the music, but my extreme levity, my great ignorance, and my little caution, that melted me down, opened the way, and smoothed the passage for Don Clavijo ; which is the name of the enamoured cavalier : and I being the go-between, he was often in the chamber of the, not by him but me, betrayed Antonomasia, under the title of her lawful husband : for, sinner as I am, I would never have consented, without his being her 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, the disparity between them ; Don Clavijo being but a private gentleman, and the infanta Antonomasia heiress, as I have already said, of the kingdom. For some time this intrigue lay concealed

and wrapped up in the sagacity of my cautious management; but at length I perceived, that it began to show itself in a certain bodily enlargement of the princess, and, apprehensive of a discovery, we laid our three heads together; the result of which was, that, before the unhappy slip should come to light, Don Clavijo should demand Antonomasia in marriage before the vicar, in virtue of a contract signed and given him by the infanta, to be his wife, worded by my wit, and in such strong terms, that the force of a Sampson was not able to break through it. The plan was put in execution; the vicar saw the contract, and took the lady's confession: she acknowledged the whole, and was ordered into the custody of an honest alguazil * of the court." Here Sancho could not help exclaiming: "What! besides poets, and roundelays, are there court-alguazils also in Candaya as well as in Spain? I swear, I think, the world is the same every where: but, madam Trifaldi, pray make haste; for it grows late, and I die to hear the end of this very long story." "That I will do," answered the countess.

* A sort of bailiff or sergeant.

CHAP. VII.

In which Trifaldi continues her stupendous and memorable history.

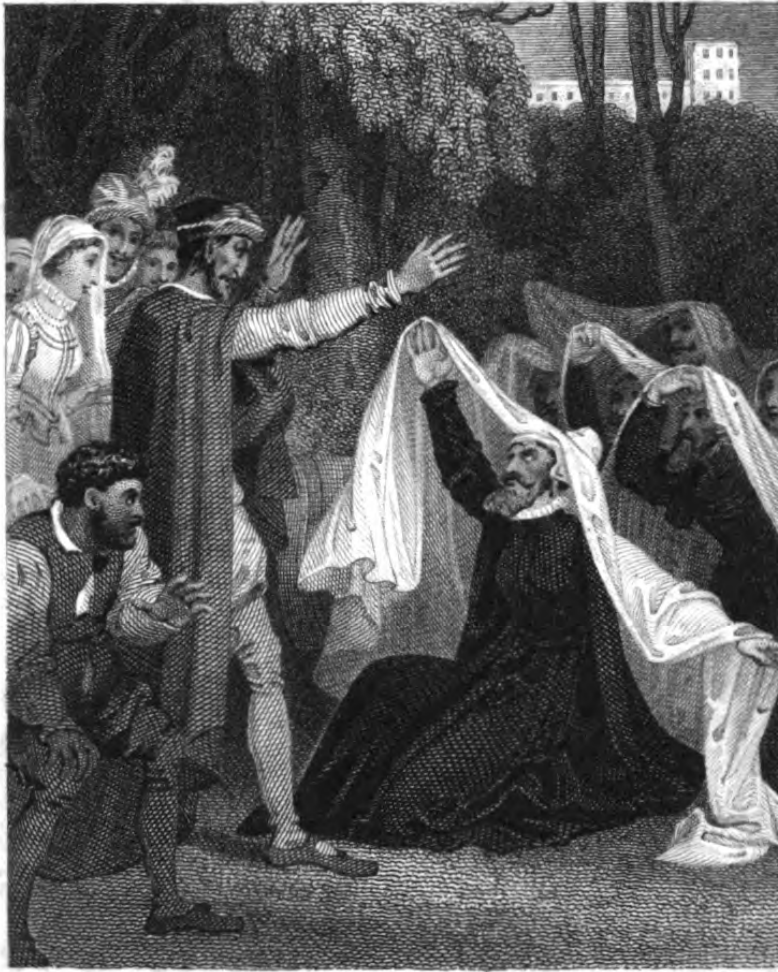
AT every word which Sancho spoke, the duchess was in as high delight, as Don Quixote was at his wit's end, who having commanded him to hold his peace, the Afflicted went on, saying: "In short, after many pros and cons, the infanta, standing stiffly to her engagement, without departing a hair's breadth from her first declaration, the vicar pronounced sentence in favour of Don Clavijo, and the lovers were declared man and wife: which so deeply affected the queen, Donna Maguncia, mother to the infanta Antonomasia, that we buried her three days after." "She died, then, I suppose," quoth Sancho. "Most assuredly," answered Trifaldin; "for in Candaya they do not bury the living, but the dead." "Yet, master squire," replied Sancho, "it has happened ere now, that a person in a swoon has been buried for dead; and, in my opinion, queen Maguncia ought to have swooned away rather than have died; for, while there is life there is hope; and the infanta's transgression was not so great, that she should lay it so much to heart. Had the lady married one of her pages, or any other servant of the family, as I have heard many infantas have done, the mischief had been without remedy; but, having made choice of a cavalier, so much a gentleman, and of such parts, as

he is here painted to us, verily, though perhaps it was foolish, it was not so very much so as some people may think; for, according to the rules of my master, who is here present, and will not let me lie, as bishops are made out of learned men, so kings and emperors may be made out of cavaliers, especially if they are errant." "Thou art not far from the truth, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for a knight-errant, give him but two inches of good luck, is next oars to being the greatest lord in the world. But let the Afflicted proceed; for I fancy the bitter part of this hitherto sweet story is still behind." "The bitter behind!" answered the countess: "ay, truly is it, 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 strewed the earth over her remains, and pronounced the last farewell, when, 'Quis talio fando temperet à lachrymis?' upon her sepulchre appeared, mounted on a wooden horse, the giant Malambruno, her cousin-german, who, besides being of a cruel disposition, is an enchanter also; and in revenge of his cousin's death, and in chastisement of the presumption of Don Clavijo, and the folly of Antonomasia, he fixed them both by his art in a state of enchantment, upon the very sepulchre itself; converting her into a monkey of brass, and him into a fearful crocodile, of an unknown metal; placing between them a plate of metal likewise, with an inscription in the Syriac language,

which, being rendered into the Candayan, and now into the Castilian tongue, runs thus: 'These two presumptuous lovers shall not recover their pristine form, till the valorous Manchegan shall engage with me in single combat: the destinies reserving this unheard-of adventure for his great valour alone.' This wickedness finished, he turned to me, and, drawing out of its scabbard a broad and unmeasurable scimitar, and twisting his left hand in my hair, made a flourish with his right, as if he would cut my throat, or whip off my head at a blow. I was terrified to death, and my voice stuck in my throat: nevertheless, recovering myself as well as I could, with a trembling and doleful utterance, I poured forth such a volley of entreaties, that he was prevailed upon to suspend the execution of so rigorous a fate. Then he sent for all the duennas of the palace, which were those unhappy beings here present, and, after having exaggerated our fault, and inveighed against the general qualities of such personages, their wicked plots, and worse intrigues, and charging my companions with all the blame which I alone deserved, he said, he would not punish us by depriving us instantly of life, but would inflict a more lengthened penalty, which should put us to a kind of civil and perpetual death: and before he had done speaking, we felt the pores of our faces open, and such pricking pains, as if they were pierced all over with needles; and upon applying our hands, we found ourselves in the condition you shall now see."





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DON QUIXOTE.

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The Afflicted, and the rest of the duennas, then lifting up their veils, which had hitherto concealed their features, exhibited faces planted with every kind of beard, some red, some black, some white, and some pye-bald; and no small bustle was occasioned by the feigned wonder of the duke and duchess, the real amazement of Don Quixote and Sancho, and the surprise of the rest of the company. After a pause, the Trifaldi proceeded: "Thus did that wicked and evil-minded felon Malambruno punish us, covering the silky smoothness of our skin with the ruggedness of these bristles: would to Heaven he had struck off our heads with his unmeasurable scimitar, rather than have obscured the light of our countenances with these shaggy masks! for, noble lords and lady, if it be rightly considered—and what I am now going to say I would accompany with rivers of tears, but that the seas, which our eyes have already wept for our misfortune, keep them without moisture, and dry as beards of corn; and therefore must I speak it without tears—whither, I say, can a duenna with a beard go? what father or what mother will bewail her? who will take her in? who succour her? for, even when the grain of her hide is the smoothest, and her face tortured with a thousand washes and ointments, scarcely can she find kindness any where; and what must she do, when her face is thus become a wood? O ye wretched duennas, my dear companions and friends, in an unlucky hour were we

born, and in an evil minute did our fathers beget us!" and here, as if a sense of her misfortune overpowered her faculties, she seemed to faint away.

CHAP. VIII.

*Of matters relating and appertaining to this adventure,
and to this memorable history.*

REALLY and truly, ought all, who delight in such histories as that we are relating, to be thankful to its original author, Cid Hamet, for his extraordinary exactness in recording the minutest circumstances, bringing every thing distinctly to light, without omitting even an idea however trifling. He embodies thoughts, discloses imaginations, replies to silence, clears doubts, resolves arguments; and, lastly, exhibits to view the smallest atoms of the most inquisitive desire. O eternally renowned author! O happy Don Quixote! O famous Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho Panza! Live, each and all of you, jointly and severally! live, through infinite ages, for the general pleasure and pastime of the world!

The story relates, that, when Sancho saw the Afflicted faint away, he said: "Upon the faith of an honest man, and by the blood of all my ancestors, the Panzas, 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 or my thoughts. A thousand

devils take thee—I never curse any body—for an enchanter, and a giant, thou wicked Malambruno! couldst thou find no other punishment to inflict upon these fair sinners, but that of bearding them? Had it not been better—I am sure it had been better for them—to have whipt off half their noses, though they had snuffled for it, than to have clapped bristles on their chins? I will lay a wager, they have not wherewith to pay for shaving.” “That is true, sir,” answered one of the twelve; “and as we have not wherewithal to satisfy a barber, to shift as well as we can, we are obliged to resort to sticking plasters of pitch; which being applied to the face, and pulled off with a jerk, leaves it as sleek and smooth as the bottom of a stone mortar: for, though there are women in Candaya, who go from house to house, to take off the superfluous hair of the body, shape the eyebrows, and do other delicate jobs for females, we, who are my lady’s duennas, would never have any thing to do with them; for most of them smell of the procuress, having long ceased to be otherwise serviceable: ¹ and if we are not relieved by signor Don Quixote, with beards shall we be carried to our graves!” “I will suffer mine,” quoth Don Quixote, “to be plucked off in the country of the Moors, rather than fail to deliver you from yours.”

“O valiant knight!” cried the Trifaldi, then coming to herself, “the murmuring sound of that promise reached my ears, and, quickening my lost senses, restored me to life, in the midst of my swoon.

Once again, therefore, I beseech, illustrious errant, and invincible sir, that your gracious promises may be converted into deeds." "The business shall not slumber in my bosom," answered Don Quixote; "only inform me, madam, what I am to do; and action shall follow inclination, which is fully disposed to serve you." "The case," answered the Afflicted, "is, that, from hence to the kingdom of Candaya, if you go by land, it is five thousand leagues, a league or two more or less; but if you pass through the air in a direct line, it is no more than three thousand, two hundred, and twenty-seven. You must farther understand, that Malambruno told me, that, when fortune should furnish me with the knight our deliverer, he would send him a steed, admirably fitted for the occasion, and one that should have fewer vicious tricks than a jaded post-hack after a long stage; for it should be that very wooden horse, upon which the valiant Peter of Provence carried off the fair Magalona. Instead of a bridle, he is guided by a pin in his forehead; and he flies through the air with such swiftness, that one would think the devil himself drove him. According to ancient tradition, he was the cunning workmanship of the sage Merlin, who lent him to Peter, Peter being his friend; and this hero performed upon his back the most incredible journies, and stole, as I have observed, the fair Magalona, carrying her behind him through the air, leaving all, that beheld him from the earth, staring with astonishment. None but particular favourites,

or such as paid a handsome price, were allowed to use this noble steed, and since the grand Peter it is not known that any body has crossed his back, except Malambruno, who procured him by his art, keeps him in his power, and by means of him transports himself in an instant to divers parts of the world ; to-day being 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 ambles in such a manner through the air, without wings, that his rider may carry in his hand a cup full of water, without spilling a drop, so smooth and easy is his motion : which made the fair Magalona take great delight in riding him."

"For smooth and easy goings, commend me to my Dapple," said Sancho, "though he does not go through the air ; but I will match him by land against all the amblers in the world." This set the company a laughing, but the matron, without regarding it, proceeded. "Now this horse, if Malambruno be sincere in wishing to put an end to our misfortune, will be here within half an hour after it is dark ; for he told me, that the sign, by which I might be assured of having found the knight I sought after, should be his sending me the horse with all convenient speed to the very place where the renowned champion might then happen to be." "And, pray," quoth Sancho, "how many persons can ride upon this same horse?" "Two," answered the Afflicted ; "one in the saddle, and the other behind on the

crupper, and generally these two are the knight and his squire, when there is no stolen damsel in the case." "I should be glad to know farther, madam Afflicted," quoth Sancho, "what this horse's name is." "His name," answered the Afflicted, "is not Pegasus, which was given to the horse of Bellerophon; nor 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 Rogero's; nor is it Böotes or Pyrois, names given to the horses of the sun; neither is he called Orelia, the steed which the unfortunate Roderigo, the last king of the Goths in Spain, mounted, in that battle, in which he lost his kingdom and his life." "I will venture a wager," quoth Sancho, "since they have given him none of those famous and well known names, neither have they called him by that of my master's horse, Rozinante, which in propriety exceeds all that have been hitherto invented." "True," answered the bearded countess, "but his name notwithstanding suits him to a tittle: for he is called Clavileno² the winged; which answers to his formation of wood, to the peg in his forehead, and to the swiftness of his motion; so that, for propriety of title, he may stand in competition with the renowned Rozinante himself." "I do not dislike the name," replied Sancho: "but with what bridle, or 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 or that, can make him go, either aloft in the air; or else sweeping, and, as it were, brushing the earth; or in the middle region, which is the course generally aimed at, and pursued in all well-ordered enterprises."

"I have an itching desire to see him," answered Sancho; "but to think that I will venture, 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 mounting upon a crupper of boards, without either pillow or cushion: in faith, I do not intend to flay myself, to take off the beard of the best skin that ever wore one; let every one shave as he likes best; for my part, I shall not bear my master company in so long a journey: besides, I am out of the question; for I can be of no service towards the shaving these beards, whatever I may be towards the disenchanting of my lady Dulcinea." "Indeed but you can, friend," answered the Trifaldi, "and of so much service, that, without you, nothing effectual can be done." "In the king's name," quoth Sancho, "what have squires to do with their master's adventures? Must we undergo the fatigue, and they run away with all the fame? Body of me! did the historians but record, 'Such a knight achieved such and such an adventure, with the help of such an one, his squire,' without whom the devil a bit could he have finished it, it were something; but you shall have them drily

write thus ; ‘ Don Paralipomenon of the three stars, achieved the mighty adventure of the six goblins :’ and his squire, who was present all the while, and perhaps in the thickest of the fray, is no more noticed, than if there had been no such person in the world. I say again, good my lord and lady, my master may go by himself, and much good may it do him ; for I will stay here by my lady duchess : and, perhaps, when he comes back, he may find madam Dulcinea’s business pretty forward ;³ for I intend, at idle and leisures whiles, to give myself such a whipping, that not a hair shall be left to interpose.”

“ For all that, honest Sancho,” quoth the duchess, “ you must bear him company, if need be, and thus entreated, you cannot refrain ; for piteous would it be, that the faces of these good ladies should remain in this deplorable state through your groundless apprehensions.” “ In the king’s name, once more,” replied Sancho, “ were this piece of charity undertaken for modest, sober damsels, or poor innocent hospital-girls, a man might venture upon some pains-taking ; but to endure it all to rid duennas of their beards, with a murrain to them ! I had rather see them all bearded, from the highest to the lowest, and from the nicest to the most slatternly.” “ You are upon very ill terms with duennas, friend Sancho,” quoth the duchess, “ and much of the Toledan apothecary’s mind : but in truth you are in the wrong ; for I have duennas in my family, who might serve as patterns to their betters : and here stands

Donna Rodriguez, who will not contradict me.”
“Your excellency may say what you please,” quoth Rodriguez; “for God knows the truth of every thing, and, good or bad, bearded or smooth, such as we are, our mothers brought us forth, like other women; and since God cast us into the world, he knows for what purpose; and I rely upon his mercy, and not upon any body’s beard whatever.”

“Enough, mistress Rodriguez,” quoth Don Quixote, “and, for you, madam Trifaldi, and your sisters, Heaven, I trust, will look upon your distresses with an eye of goodness; and as for Sancho, he shall do what I command him. I wish Clavileno were once come, and that Malambruno and I were at it; for I am confident, no razor would more easily shave your ladyships’ beards, than my sword shall shave his head from his shoulders; for, though God permits the wicked to prosper, it is but for a time.” “Ah! valorous knight,” quoth the Afflicted, “may all the stars of the celestial regions behold your worship with eyes of benignity, and infuse all prosperity and courage into your heart, to be the shield and refuge of our reviled and dejected order, abominated by apothecaries, murmured at by squires, and taunted by pages. Ill betide the wretch, who, in the flower of her age, would not rather profess herself a nun, than become a duenna! Unfortunate race that we are! though descended in a direct male line from Hector of Troy, our mistresses would never forbear

to thee and thou us, were they to be made queens for it. O giant Malambruno, who, though an enchanter, art punctual in thy promises, now send us the incomparable Clavileno, that our misfortune may have an end; for, if the heats come on, and these beards of ours continue, wo, wo be to us!" The Trifaldi uttered this with so deep a concern, that she brought tears into the eyes of all the by-standers, and even made Sancho's overflow; so that he resolved in his heart to accompany his master to the farthest limits of the world, if on that depended the shearing those venerable faces of their wool.

CHAP. IX.

Of the arrival of Clavileno, with the conclusion of this prolix adventure.

NIGHT at length came on, and with it the point of time fixed for the arrival of the famous Clavileno; whose delay greatly troubled Don Quixote, as he inferred from it, either, that he was not the knight for whom this adventure was reserved, or that Malambruno durst not encounter him in single combat. But, lo, on a sudden, four savages, clad in green ivy, enter the garden, bearing on their shoulders a large wooden horse. Having placed the horse upon his legs on the ground, one of the savages said: "Let the knight who has the courage, mount this machine." "No mounting for me," quoth Sancho; "for I have

neither courage, nor am I a knight." But the savage proceeded, saying ; " and let the squire, if he have one, get up behind, and trust for safety to the valorous Malambruno ; for except that giant's sword, no other steel or malice shall hurt him. There is nothing to do, but to turn the pin in the forehead of Clavileno, and he will bear his riders through the air to the place where Malambruno expects them : but, lest the height and sublimity of the way should make their heads swim, let their eyes be covered till the horse neighs, which he will do the moment he is at the end of his journey." And leaving the machine, the savages returned, with courteous demeanour, by the way they came.

As soon as the Afflicted espied the horse, she said to Don Quixote, almost with tears : " Valorous knight, behold, Malambruno has kept his word ; here is the expected steed ; our beards are increasing, and therefore do every one of us, with every hair of them, beseech you to mount, since nothing more is requisite, with your squire behind you, and so give a happy beginning to your journey, that we may be shaven and shorn." " That I will do, with all my heart, and with the utmost good will, madam Trifaldi," quoth Don Quixote, " and without staying to procure a cushion, or put on my spurs, to avoid delay ; so great is my desire to see your ladyship, and all these duennas, with clean and smooth faces." " But that will not I," quoth Sancho, " with a bad will, or a good will, or any will ; and, if this shaving

cannot be performed without my riding behind, let my master seek some other squire to bear him company, and these madams some other way of smoothing their faces; for I am no wizard to delight in travelling through the clouds: besides, what will my islanders say, when they hear, that their governor is taking the air upon the wings of the wind? And another thing; it being three thousand leagues from hence to Candaya, if the horse should tire, or the giant be out of humour, we shall be half a dozen years in coming back, and by that time the devil of an island or islander will there be in the world, that will know me: and, since it is a common saying, that, Delay breeds danger, and, When they give you a heifer, make haste with the halter, these gentlewomen's beards must excuse me; saint Peter is well at Rome; I mean, I am very well in this house, where they make much of me, and where I expect, from the master, the great benefit to be made a governor." To which the duke answered, "Friend Sancho, the island I have promised is not a floating one, nor will it run away; but is so fast rooted in the abyss of the earth, that three good lugs would not pluck it up, nor stir it from the place where it is: and since, as you know, there is no office of any considerable value, but is procured by some kind of bribe, greater or less, what I expect for this government, is, that you go with your master Don Quixote, to accomplish and put an end to this memorable adventure; and, whether you return upon Clavileno

with the expedition his speed promises, or a contrary fortune betide you, and you come back, like a pilgrim, on foot, begging from house to house, and from inn to inn, return when you will, you will find your island where you left it, and your islanders with the same desire to receive you for their governor; and my good will shall be always the same: and to doubt this truth, signor Sancho, would be doing a notorious injury to the inclination I have shown to serve you."

"No more, good sir," quoth Sancho; "I am a poor squire, and cannot carry such a load of courtesy upon my back; let my master mount; let these eyes of mine be hoodwinked, and commend me to God; and when we are in our altitudes, pray tell me, may I not pray to him, and invoke the angels to protect me?" To which the Trifaldi answered: "You may pray to God, signor, or to whom you please; for, though Malambruno be an enchanter, he is a Christian, and performs his enchantments with much sagacity, great precaution, and without disturbing any body." "Come on then," quoth Sancho; "God and the most holy trinity of Gaeta¹ help me!" "Since the memorable adventure of the fulling-mills," said Don Quixote, "I never saw Sancho in so much fear as now; and, were I as much addicted to superstition as some people are, his pusillanimity would a little discourage me: but, come hither, Sancho; for, with the leave of these noble persons, I would have a word or two with thee in private."

Then going aside with Sancho among some trees in

the garden, and taking hold of both his hands, he said to him: "Thou seest, brother Sancho, the long journey we are about to undertake, and God knows when we shall return, or what convenience and leisure the business we are going upon will afford us; and therefore my desire is, that thou wouldst retire to thy chamber, as if to fetch something necessary for us on the road, and, in a twinkling, give thyself, if it be but five hundred lashes, in part of the three thousand and three hundred for which thou art pledged; remembering, that well begun is half done." "Before God," quoth Sancho, "your worship is stark mad: now that I am just going to sit down upon a bare board, would you have me flay my posteriors? this is just like the saying, You see I am in haste, and you charge me with a maidenhead. Verily, verily, your worship is in the wrong; let us first go and trim these duennas, and, at my return, I promise you I will make such despatch to get out of debt, that your worship shall be contented, and I will say no more." Don Quixote answered: "With this promise, then, honest Sancho, I will comfort myself, believing thou wilt perform it; for, though thou art not over wise, thou art true blue." "I am not blue, but brown," quoth Sancho; "but though I were a mixture of both, I would make good my promise."

This private dialogue at an end, they came back, in order to mount Clavileno; and Don Quixote said to his squire, "Sancho, hoodwink thyself, and get

up, Sancho; for whoever he be that sends for us from countries so remote, he cannot surely intend to deceive us, considering the little honour he would acquire by tricking those who confide in him: but, suppose the very reverse of our expectations should happen, no malice can obscure the glory of having attempted the exploit." "Let us be gone, sir," quoth Sancho; "for the beards and tears of these ladies have pierced my heart, and I shall not eat a bit that will do me good, till I see them restored to their former smoothness. Mount, sir, and hoodwink first; for, if I am to ride behind, it is plain, he, who is to be in the saddle, must have precedence." "That is true," replied Don Quixote; and, taking a handkerchief out of his pocket, he desired the Afflicted to cover his eyes close with it: which, however, was no sooner done, than he took it off again, and said: "If I remember right, I have read a story in Virgil of the Palladium of Troy, which was a wooden horse, dedicated by the Greeks to the goddess Pallas, and it was filled with armed knights, who afterwards proved the final destruction of the city; and therefore it will not be amiss to examine, before we proceed, what Clavileno has in his belly." "There is no need of that," said the Afflicted; "for I am confident that Malambruno has nothing either of the trickster or traitor in him: your worship, signor Don Quixote, may mount without fear, and upon my head be the harm, if any harm happen to you." Don Quixote considering, that to talk more of his security would

be a reflection upon his courage, without farther contest, bestrided Clavileno, and tried the pin, which turned easily: but having no stirrups, and his legs dangling down, he looked like a figure in a Roman triumph, painted or woven in some antique piece of Flemish tapestry.

With snail-like pace, and much against his will, Sancho got up behind, adjusting himself in the best manner he could upon the crupper; which finding not over soft, he begged the duke, if it were possible, to accommodate him with some pillow or cushion, though it were from the duchess's state sofa, or one of the page's beds; observing, that the crupper seemed rather to be made of marble than of wood. To this the Trifaldi replied, that Clavileno would not endure any kind of furniture upon his back; but that he might sit sideways like a woman, and then he would not be so sensible of the hardness. Sancho did so, and, bidding adieu, suffered himself to be blindfolded. But, presently putting by the bandage, and looking sorrowfully and with tears upon all the people in the garden, he besought them to assist him, in so imminent a danger, with a couple of pater-nosters, and as many ave-maries, as they wished God might provide somebody to do the same good office for them in the like extremity. Hearing this, Don Quixote said: "Thief, art thou upon the gallows, or at the last gasp, that thou hast recourse to such doleful orisons? Art thou not, poor-spirited and dastardly creature, in the place which the fair Magalona oc-

cupied, and from which she descended, not to the grave, but to be queen of France, if histories lie not? And I, who sit by thee, may I not vie with the valorous Peter, who pressed this very seat that my body now presses? Cover, heartless animal, cover thine eyes, and suffer not fear to escape out of thy mouth, at least in my presence." "Hoodwink me then," answered Sancho, "and, since you have no mind I should commend myself to God, or that others should do it for me, what wonder if I am afraid some legion of devils may be lurking about, to hang us first, and try us afterwards." 2

Being now both mounted and blinded, Don Quixote, finding himself fixed firmly in his seat, began to apply his fingers to the peg, and scarcely had he turned it, when the duennas and the standers-by lifting up their voices, exclaimed; "Heaven guide you, valorous knight! God be with you, intrepid squire! Now, now, you ascend, cutting the air with more swiftness than an arrow! Now do all who behold you from the earth, gape with surprise and astonishment! Hold fast, valorous Sancho; for you totter: beware lest you fall; for, from such a height, worse will be your fall than that of the daring youth, who aspired to rule the chariot of his father the sun!" Sancho heard the exclamation, and, nestling closer to his master, and embracing him with his arms, said: "How, sir, can they say, we are so high, when their voices as distinctly reach us, as if they were talking by our side?" "Never regard that, Sancho," quoth Don

Quixote, "for, as these matters and flights are out of the ordinary course of things, it is not uncommon to see and hear what passes at the distance of a thousand leagues: but do not squeeze me so hard; or thou wilt tumble me down: and, for my part, I do not see what should disturb, and frighten thee so; for I can safely swear, I never was upon the back of an easier-paced steed in all the days of my life: methinks we do not so much as stir from our place. Banish fear, friend, and be assured, the business goes on swimmingly, for we have the wind in our poop." "That is true," answered Sancho; "for, behind here, it blows so strong, that it seems as if a thousand pair of bellows were fanning me." And he was not far from the truth; for they were airing him with several pair of immense size; and so well was this adventure concerted by the duke, the duchess, and the steward, that nothing was wanting to make it complete. Don Quixote, feeling the wind in his turn, said: "Without doubt, Sancho, we must now have reached the second region of the air, where the hail and snows are formed: in the third region, thunder and lightning are engendered; and, if we go on mounting at this rate, we shall soon reach the region of fire; and, I vow, I know not how to manage this peg, so as to prevent our ascending where we shall be scorched."

While they were talking thus, some flax, set on fire at the end of a long cane, and held near them, began to warm their faces. Sancho, feeling the heat, said: "May I be hanged, if we are not already at

that same fire-place, or at no great distance ; for it has singed a great part of my beard. I have a great mind, sir, just to peep out, and see whereabouts we are." "By no means," answered Don Quixote: "remember the true story of the licentiate Torralva, whom the devils carried through the air, riding on a cane, with his eyes shut; and in twelve hours he arrived at Rome, and alighted on the tower of Nona, which is a street of that city, and saw the whole tumult, 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. He said, however, that, during his passage through the air, the devil bid him open his eyes; and he did so, and found himself, to his thinking, so near the body of the moon, that he could have laid hold of it with his hand; and that he durst not look down towards the earth, for fear of being giddy. So that, Sancho, we must not uncover our eyes; he, in whose charge we are, will give an account of us; and perhaps we are now making a point, and soaring to a certain elevation, that we may come sowsse down upon the kingdom of Candaya, like a hawk upon a heron. And though to us it does not seem more than half an hour since we left the garden, believe me, we must have made a great deal of way." "I know nothing as to that," answered Sancho Panza; "I can only say, that, if madam Magallanes or Magalona was contented to ride upon this crupper, her flesh could have been none of the tenderest."

All this discourse of the two heroes was overheard by the duke and duchess, and by all that were in the garden ; and extremely were they delighted : at length being willing to put an end to this strange and well-concerted adventure, with a whisp of lighted flax they set fire to Clavileno's tail ; and he, being full of squibs and crackers, instantly blew up with a strange noise, and threw Don Quixote and Sancho, more than half singed, to the ground. Meanwhile the Trifaldi, with the whole bearded squadron of duennas, vanished ; but the rest of the company remained, having thrown themselves flat upon the grass, counterfeiting a trance. Don Quixote and Sancho presently got upon their legs, but in very indifferent plight, and, looking about on all sides, were amazed to find themselves in the same place from whence they had set out, and to see so many persons prostrate around. But their wonder increased, when, looking a little farther, they perceived in a corner a huge lance sticking in the earth, and appended to it by two green silken strings, a smooth piece of white parchment, upon which was written in large letters of gold, the following inscription.

“ The renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha has finished and achieved the adventure of the countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Afflicted Matron, and her companions, only by attempting it. Malambruno is satisfied, and appeased : the chins of the duennas are smooth and clean ; Don Clavijo and Antonomasia

have recovered their pristine estate; and when the squirely whipping shall be accomplished, the white dove shall be delivered from the cruel pounces of the hawks that pursue her, and shall find herself sheltered in the arms of her beloved turtle: for so is it ordained by the sage Merlin, the prince of enchanters."

Don Quixote, having read the inscription, was at no loss to understand, that it spoke of the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and, giving a thousand thanks to Heaven for his having achieved so great an exploit, with so little danger, and reduced thereby the venerable faces of so many duennas to their former complexion, he went to the place where the duke and duchess still lay entranced; and, pulling the duke by the arm, he said: "Courage, courage, my good lord; the adventure is over without damage to the bars, as lo, yon record plainly tells!" The duke, by little and little, like one awaking out of a sound sleep, came to himself, as did the duchess also, and all that were prostrate in the garden, exhibiting at the same time such tokens of wonder and affright, that what they had so well acted in jest, seemed almost to themselves to have happened in earnest. The duke read the scroll with his eyes half shut, and presently, with open arms, embraced Don Quixote, assuring him he was the bravest knight that ever lived. Sancho looked every where around for the Afflicted, to see what kind of face she had now she was beardless, and whether she was as handsome without it, as

her gallant presence seemed to promise: but he was told, that as Clavileno came tumbling down in flames through the air, the Trifaldi, with the whole squadron of duennas, disappeared, their beards having vanished, root, branch, and all.

The duchess now inquired of Sancho, how it fared with him in his long aerial voyage; and he answered: "I perceived, madam, as my master told me, that we were passing through the region of fire, and I had a mighty mind to take a peep; and, though my master, whose leave I asked, would not consent to it, I, who have a sad spice of curiosity, and a strange desire of knowing what is forbidden and denied me, softly, and without being perceived, shoved up the handkerchief a little, and looking down towards the earth, methought it was as small as a grain of mustard-seed, and the men that walked upon it scarcely bigger than hazel-nuts: so you may guess, madam, at what an immense height we must have been at that moment." To this the duchess replied: "Take heed, friend Sancho, what you say; for it is plain you did not see the earth, but the men only that walked upon it; for, if the earth appeared but like a grain of mustard-seed, and every man like a hazel-nut, one man alone must have covered the whole earth." "That is true," answered Sancho, "but, for all that, I had a side view of it, and saw it all." "Take heed again, Sancho," said the duchess; "for, by a side view, we cannot see the whole of what we look at." "I do not understand these kind of views,"

replied Sancho: "I only know, and it is fit your ladyship should understand, that, since we flew by enchantment, by enchantment I might see the whole earth, and all the men, whichever way I looked: and if you do not believe this, neither will your ladyship believe me, when I tell you, that, thrusting the handkerchief a little higher still, I found myself so near to heaven, that it was not above a span and half from me; and I can take my oath, madam, that it is hugeous big: and it so fell out, that we passed by where the seven little she-goats are;³ and, upon my conscience and soul, having been in my childhood a goatherd in my own country, I no sooner saw them, but I had a longing desire to divert myself with them for a while, and, had I not done it, I verily think I should have burst. Well, then, what do I do? why, without saying a word to any body, not even to my master, down I slip, fairly and softly, from Clavileno, and play with those she-goats, which are like so many violets, for the space of three-quarters of an hour; and all the while Clavileno did not move from the place nor stir a foot."⁴ "And, while honest Sancho was diverting himself with the goats," said the duke, "how did signor Don Quixote amuse himself?" To which the knight himself answered: "As incidents like these are out of the order of nature, what Sancho says is not so much to be wondered at: for my own part, I can only say, I neither looked up nor down, I saw neither heaven, nor earth, nor sea, nor sands: it is true, I was sen-

sible that I passed through the region of the air, and even touched upon that of fire; but that we soared beyond it, I cannot believe: for the fiery region being between the sphere of the moon, and the utmost region of the air, we could not reach that heaven, 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 those same goats, and then judge whether I speak the truth or not." "Let us hear Sancho," quoth the duchess. "Well, then," replied Sancho, "two of them are green, two carnation, two blue, and one variegated." "A new kind indeed," quoth the duke: "in this our region of earth we have no such colours, I mean, no goats of such colours." "The reason is plain," said Sancho: "there must needs be a difference between the goats of heaven, and those of earth." "Pr'ythee, Sancho," said the duke, "was there ever a he-goat⁵ among them?" "No, sir," answered Sancho; "for, they told me, none were suffered to pass beyond the horns of the moon."

Here the duke and duchess ceased interrogating Sancho about his journey, for they perceived he was in a humour to ramble over the whole heavens, and give an account of what passed there, though he had not quitted the garden:⁶ and thus ended the adventure of the afflicted matron, which furnished the noble hosts with matter of laughter, not only at the

time, but for their whole lives, and Sancho something to relate for ages, had he lived so long. As they quitted the garden, Don Quixote, beckoning Sancho, whispered him in the ear, saying: "Sancho, since thou wouldst have us believe all thou hast told us of heaven, I expect the same credence as to what I saw in the cave of Montesinos:—I say no more."

CHAP. X.

Of the instructions Don Quixote gave Sancho Panza, before he went to govern the island; with other matters well considered.

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 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? ¹ 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, for God has reserved the disposal of those favours and graces to himself. 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 every thing!" 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:² 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, art 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 ;³ 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 swine-herd in thy own country will be, to thy lofty station on the wheel of fortune, like the peacock’s ugly feet.”⁴ “ It is true,” answered Sancho ; “ when I was a boy, I kept swine ; 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 the loins of 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, a thing 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 :⁵ 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.

“ When equity can, it ought to take place, and therefore lay not the whole rigour of the law upon the delinquent ; for the reputation of a severe judge is not better than that of a compassionate one.

“ If the rod of justice be at any time warped a little, 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 grand-children.

“ 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.”

CHAP. XI.

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 delivered of the

pregnancy of his government ; and Don Quixote proceeded thus.

“ With respect to the management of thy person and family, Sancho, in the first place, I enjoin thee to be cleanly, and to pare thy nails, and not let them grow, as some do, who ignorantly believe, that long nails beautify the hands ; as if an excrement and excrescence could be deemed a nail, when it rather resembles the talon of a lizard-hunting kestrel : it is a beastly and monstrous abuse !

“ 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 vain-glorious 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 in

the forge of the stomach, is the health of the whole body tempered.

“ Be temperate in drinking, considering, that excess of wine neither keeps secrets, nor performs promises.

“ Be careful, Sancho, not to chew on both sides of thy mouth at once, nor to eruct before company.” “ I do not understand what it is to eruct,” quoth Sancho. “ To eruct,” said Don Quixote, “ means, to belch, a filthy, though very significant word ; and therefore your nice people have recourse to the Latin, and say, instead of to belch, to eruct, and, instead of belchings, eructations: and though some may not understand these terms, it is of little importance; for, by use, they will come to be understood hereafter ; and this is to enrich language,¹ over which the vulgar and custom have great sway.” “ Truly, Sir,” quoth Sancho, “ this counsel and instruction, of not belching, I must store up in my memory ; for it is a fault I am greatly prone to.” “ Eructing, Sancho, and not belching,” quoth Don Quixote. “ Eructing it shall be henceforward, and, in faith, I will never forget it.”

“ Also take heed, Sancho, not to intermix in thy discourse such a mess of proverbs as thou art wont to do: for, though proverbs are short sentences, thou dost often so drag them in by the head and shoulders, that they seem rather cross readings, than apt sayings.” “ God alone can remedy that,” quoth Sancho ; “ for I know more proverbs than will 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.² 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.

“The last article of advice I shall at this time give, though it concerns not the adorning of the body, yet I would have thee bear it carefully in mind ; for it will be of as much use to thee as any I have mentioned. It is this : never take upon thyself to decide contests about families, at least by comparing the descent of one man with that of another, since of necessity one must have the advantage ; and he who is humbled will hate thee, while he who is preferred will not reward thee.

“Let thy dress consist of breeches and stockings, a long coat,³ and a cloak⁴ somewhat longer ; but for trowsers⁵ or trunk-hose, do not think of them ; for they become neither cavaliers nor governors.

“This is all that occurs to me at present, in the way of advice ; but as time proceeds, and opportunities offer, suitable instructions shall not be wanting, provided thou art mindful to inform me of the state of thy affairs.” “Sir,” answered Sancho, “I perceive very plainly, that all your worship has been saying, is good, righteous, and profitable : but what good will it do me, if I remember nothing of it ? It is true, I shall not forget what you have said about not letting my nails grow, and about marrying again if opportunity may serve : but for your other gallimawfries, quirks, and quillets, I neither remember them now, nor shall ever remember any more of them than of last year’s clouds ; and therefore it will be necessary for me to have them fairly penned ; for, though I can neither read nor write, I will give them

to my confessor, that he may inculcate them upon me, whenever there shall be need." "Ah! sinner that I am!" exclaimed Don Quixote; "how scurvily does it look in a governor not to be able to read or write! for I must tell thee, O Sancho, that for a man not to know how to read, or to be left-handed, implies one of two things; either that he sprung from very mean parents, or that he was so untoward and perverse, that no good could be beaten into him. In this ignorance, thou wilt carry with thee a very great defect, and therefore I would have thee, by all means, learn to write thy name, if possible." "I can sign my name very well," answered Sancho; "for, when I was steward of the brotherhood in our village, I learned to make certain characters, like the marks upon a wool-pack, 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 every thing but death; and having the command of the staff, I can do as I please. Besides, he whose father is mayor, &c. you know,⁶ and I, being a governor, am surely something more than mayor. Let them come, and play at bo-peep. Ay, ay, let them slight and back-bite 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 your-

self 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 ! God's curse light on thee," 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 rack⁷ 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 the devil 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 :⁸ but I will not produce them ; for, To keep silence well is Sancho."⁹ " 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 in no replying; which is like, Get out of my house, what business have you with my wife? Then, as to the stone and the pitcher, a blind man may see how that applies. So that he, who discovers a moat in another man's eye, should first look to the beam in his own; that it may not be said of him, The dead woman was afraid of her that was flayed: 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; for knowledge is not a structure to be erected upon so shallow a foundation as folly. But here let the matter rest: if thou governest ill, thine will be the fault, but the shame will be mine. I comfort myself, however, that in advising thee as seriously and discreetly as I possibly could, I have done my duty; and so am acquitted both of my obligation and my promise. God speed thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from

a suspicion I have, that thou wilt turn the whole island topsy-turvy : which I might prevent, by letting the duke know what thou art, and telling him, that all that paunch-gut, and little carcass of thine, is nothing but a sackful of proverbs and impertinences.”

“ Sir,” replied Sancho, “ if your worship thinks I am not fit for this government, I renounce it from this moment ; for I love the little nail of my soul better than my whole body, and plain Sancho can live as well upon bread and onion, as governor Sancho upon capon and partridge. Besides, while we are asleep, the great and the small, the poor and the rich, are all equal. And if your worship reflects, you will find, it was your worship that put me upon the scent of governing ; for I know no more of the government of islands than a bustard : and, if you fancy the devil will have me, if I am a governor, I had rather go Sancho to heaven, than a governor to hell.”

“ Before God, Sancho,” quoth Don Quixote, “ for these last words of thine, I think thou deservest to be governor of a thousand islands. Thou hast a good natural disposition, without which no knowledge is of any value. Pray to God, and endeavour not to err in thy intention ; I mean, always take care to have a firm purpose and design of doing right in whatever business occurs ; for a good intention Heaven constantly favours. And so let us to dinner ; for I believe the lord and lady wait for us.”



CHAP. XII.

How Sancho Panza was carried to his government, and of the strange adventure which befell Don Quixote in the castle.

WE are told, that the translation differs from the original in the beginning of this chapter, the interpreter having given a summary of the meaning, instead of a literal version of what was written by Cid Hamet Benengeli; who bewailed his fate, in having undertaken so dry and confined a history as that of Don Quixote, thinking he must be always talking of him and Sancho, without daring to lanch into digressions and episodes of more weight and entertainment. And he said, that to have his invention, his hand, and his pen, always tied down to write upon one subject only, and to speak by the mouths of few characters, was an insupportable toil, and of no advantage to the author; and that, to avoid this inconvenience, he had, in the first part, made use of the artifice of introducing novels, such as the Curious Impertinent, and the Captive; which are in a manner detached from the history; though many particulars of what is related, are accidents which happened to Don Quixote himself, and could not be omitted. He also thought, as he tells us, that many readers, carried away by their attention to the knight's exploits, could afford none to the novels, and would either run them over in haste, or with disgust, not

considering how fine and artificial they were in themselves, as would have been evident, had they been published separately, without being tacked to the extravagancies of Don Quixote and the simplicities of Sancho. He resolved, therefore, to introduce, in this second part, no loose or unconnected narratives; but only a few episodes, in a manner resembling them, but flowing naturally from such events as the truth offers; and even these, with great limitation, and in no more words than are sufficient to express them: and, since he thus, with much restraint, confines himself within the narrow limits of the history, though possessing ability, genius, and understanding, sufficient to treat of the whole universe, he desires his labour may not be undervalued, but that he may receive applause, not for what he writes, but what he has omitted to write. Such is the substance of his preamble; which ended, he goes on with his history thus.

In the evening of the day that Don Quixote gave the instructions to Sancho, he furnished him with a copy of them in writing, that, as occasion required, he might get somebody to read them to him; but scarcely were they in his possession, than he had the carelessness to lose them, and they fell into the hands of the duke, who communicated them to the duchess; and they admired afresh the sound as well as the unsound intellect of the knight: but proceeding with their jest, they despatched Sancho that very evening, with a large retinue, to the place

which to him was to be an island. The person, who had the management of the business, was a steward of the duke's, a person both of pleasantry and discretion—for without discretion there can be no true pleasantry,—who had personated the countess Trifaldi, with the humour already related; and with these qualifications, and the instructions of his lord and lady how to behave towards the squire, he performed his part to admiration. Now it happened, that Sancho no sooner cast his eyes on the steward, than he fancied he saw in his face the very features of the Trifaldi; and, turning to his master, he said: “Sir, either the devil shall run away with me from the place where I stand, as an honest man and a believer, or your worship shall confess to me, that the countenance of the duke's steward standing there, is the very same with that of the Afflicted Matron.” Don Quixote looked, and having viewed him attentively, said to Sancho: “There is no need of the devil's running away with thee, Sancho, either as an honest man, or a believer; for, though I do not understand thee, I see plainly that the steward's face is the same as that of the Afflicted, and yet the steward is not the Afflicted; for that would imply a palpable contradiction. But this is no time to enter into these inquiries, which would involve us in an intricate labyrinth. Believe me, friend, we ought earnestly to beseech the Lord to deliver us from wicked wizards and enchanters.” “Truly, sir, it is no jesting matter,” replied Sancho; “for I heard

him speak just now, and methought the Trifaldi's voice sounded in my ears. Well, I say no more at present ; but I will keep a strict watch henceforward, to see whether I can discover any other sign, by which to confirm or remove my suspicion." " Do so, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, " and give me advice of all thou shalt discover in this affair, and all that happens to thee in thy government."

At length Sancho set out, with a numerous train of followers. He was dressed like one of the gown, with a long cloak of murry-coloured camlet, and a cap of the same ; and was mounted upon a mule, *a la gineta*,* Dapple, by the duke's order, being led close behind him, equipped with ass-like furniture, but all of fine flaming silk. Sancho turned his head every now and then, to look at his ass, with whose company he was so delighted, that he would not have changed conditions with the emperor of Germany himself.

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. Now, loving reader, let honest Sancho depart in peace, and in a good hour, and expect hereafter two bushels of laughter from the account of how he demeaned himself in his employment ; and, in the mean time, attend to what befell his master that very night ; which, if it do not make thee laugh, thou wilt at least open thy lips with the grin

* With short stirrups.

of a monkey; for the adventures of Don Quixote must be celebrated either with admiration or merriment.

It is related then, that Sancho was no sooner gone, than Don Quixote began to regret his own solitary condition, and, had it been possible to have recalled the commission, and taken the government from him, he would certainly have done so. The duchess, perceiving his melancholy, asked him the cause, observing, that if it proceeded from the absence of Sancho, there were squires, duennas, and damsels enough in her house, ready to serve him to his heart's content. "It is true, madam," answered Don Quixote, "that I am concerned for Sancho's absence: but that is not the principal cause of my seeming sadness; and, of all your excellency's kind offers, I can accept and choose that only, of the good will with which they are tendered; for the rest, I humbly beseech your excellency, that you would be pleased to consent and permit, that I may wait upon myself in my own apartment."¹ "Truly, sir knight," quoth the duchess, "it must not be; you shall be served by four of my damsels, all beautiful as flowers." "To me," answered Don Quixote, they will not be flowers, but thorns, pricking me to the very soul: they shall no more come into my chamber, nor any thing like it, than they shall fly. If your grandeur would continue your favours to me, undeserving as I am, suffer me to be alone, and let me serve myself within my own doors, that I may keep a wall betwixt my

passions and my modesty; a practice I would not forego for all your highness's liberality. In short, I will sooner sleep in my clothes, than consent to let any body help to undress me." "Enough, enough, signor Don Quixote," replied the duchess: "I promise you, I will give orders, that not so much as a fly shall enter your chamber, much less a damsel. I would by no means be accessory to the violation of signor Don Quixote's decency; for, by what I can perceive, the most conspicuous of his many virtues is his modesty. Your worship, sir, may undress and dress by yourself, in your own way, and when, and how you please: for nobody shall hinder you, and in your chamber you will find every necessary utensil; so that you may sleep with the door locked, and no natural want need oblige you to open it. A thousand ages live the grand Dulcinea del Toboso, and be her name extended over the whole globe of the earth, for meriting the love of so valiant and so chaste a knight; and may indulgent Heaven infuse into the heart of Sancho Panza, our governor, a disposition to finish his whipping speedily, that the world may again enjoy the beauty of so great a lady!" To which Don Quixote said: "Your highness has spoken like yourself, and from the mouth of so good a personage, nothing but what is good can proceed: and Dulcinea will be more happy, and better known in the world, by the praises your grandeur bestows upon her, than by those of the most eloquent orators on earth." "Signor Don Quixote," replied the duchess, "the hour of

supper draws nigh, and the duke may be waiting for us: come, sir, let us sup, and to bed betimes; for your yesterday's journey from Candaya was not so short, but it must have fatigued you a little." "Not at all, madam," answered Don Quixote; "for I can safely swear to your excellency, that in all my life I never crossed a soberer beast, nor one of easier pace, than Clavileno; and I cannot imagine what could possess Malambruno to deprive himself of so swift and gentle a steed, by burning him as he did, without scruple or hesitation." "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 gave thanks afresh to the duchess, and, when he had supped, he retired to his chamber alone, not consenting to let any one enter to wait upon him; so afraid was he of meeting with temptations, to move or force him to transgress the chastity he had inviolately preserved towards his lady Dulcinea, bearing always in mind the immaculate purity of Amadis, the flower and mirror of knights-errant.

Having shut the door after him, by the light of two wax candles he undressed himself, when, lo! on stripping off his stockings, (O mishap unworthy of such a personage!) there burst forth, not sighs, nor any thing else that might discredit the cleanliness of the knight, but some two dozen stitches in one of his stockings, giving it the appearance of a lattice-window: a misfortune that extremely afflicted the good gentleman; and willingly would he have given an ounce of silver for a drachm of green silk: I mention green, because such was the colour of his stockings.

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 every body sees, a league off, the patch upon his shoe, his greasy hat, his thread-bare cloak, and even the cravings of his stomach!”

All these melancholy reflections recurred to Don Quixote's thoughts upon the rent in his stocking:² 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. He listened

attentively; and, those below purposely raising their voices, he could distinguish these words: "Press me not, O Emerencia, to sing; for you know, since this stranger entered the castle, and my eyes unfortunately beheld him, I can do nothing but weep. Besides, my lady does not sleep sound, and I would not that she should find us here, for all the treasure of the world. But, suppose she should be asleep, what will my singing avail, if this new Æneas, who is arrived in my territories to leave me forlorn, should not be awake to hear me?" "Do not fancy so, dear Altisidora," answered the other; "for though the duchess, and every body else in the house, be asleep, I know that the master of your heart, and disturber of your repose, has not yet closed his eyes; for even just now I heard him open his casement. Sing, then, my afflicted creature, in a low and sweet voice, to the sound of your harp; and, if the duchess should hear us, we will plead the excessive heat of the weather." "That is not the point, O Emerencia," answered Altisidora, "what I fear is, that my song should betray my affections, and so I may be taken, by those who are unacquainted with the powerful effects of love, for a light longing hussy. But come what will; better a blush in the face, than a blot in the heart." And she touched a harp so sweetly, that Don Quixote hearing it, was both delighted and surprised. Instantly came into his mind an infinite number of similar adventures, of casements, grates, and gardens, serenades, courtships, and faintings, of which he had

read in his idle books of chivalry, and he had no doubt, that one of the damsels of the duchess had fallen in love with him, and that modesty obliged her to conceal her passion. Though a little afraid of being captivated, yet, resolving in his own thoughts not to yield, and commending himself, body and soul, to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, he determined to listen to the music ; and, to let them partly know he was there, he gave a feigned sneeze ; at which the damsels were not a little glad, as they desired nothing more than that Don Quixote should hear them. Accordingly the harp being tuned, after a note or two of prelude, Altisidora began the following song.

SONG.

Gentle knight, La Mancha's glory,
Famed in never-dying story ;
Of a purer, finer, mould,
Than Arabia's finest gold :
Thou that, in thy downy bed,
Wrapt in Holland sheets, art laid,
And with out-stretch'd legs art yawning,
Or, asleep till morrow's dawning ;—
Hear a woful maid complaining,
Who must die by thy disdain,
Since thy eyes have scorch'd her soul,
And have burnt it to a coal ;
If the aim of thy adventures
In relieving damsels centres,
Canst thou wound a tender maid,
And refuse thy wonted aid ?
Tell, O tell me, I conjure thee,
So may heav'nly help secure thee,

Wert thou born where lions roar
On remotest Afric's shore?
Wert thou some bleak mountain's care,
And didst suck, thy nurse, a bear?
Fair Dulcinny, tall and slender,
Well may boast thy heart's surrender,
Since those charms must stand confess'd,
That could tame a tiger's breast:
And henceforth she shall be known
From the Tagus to the Rhone.
Could I take Dulcinny's place,
And but swap with hers my face,
O! I'd give my Sunday's suit,
And fringed petticoat to boot.
Happy she that, in those arms
Clasp'd, enjoys thy manly charms,
Or but, sitting by thy bed,
Chafes thy feet, or rubs thy head!
Ah! I wish and ask too much:
Let me but thy great toe touch;
'Twere to humble me a blessing,
And reward beyond expressing.
Oh! how I would lavish riches,
Satin vests and damask breeches,
To adorn and dress my dear!
Oh! what night-caps he should wear!
I'm a virgin, neat and clean,
And, in faith, not quite fifteen;
Tall and straight, and very sound,
And my ringlets brush the ground.
Though my mouth be somewhat wide,
In my coral teeth I pride;
And the flatness of my nose
Here for finish'd beauty goes.
How I sing, I need not say,
If perchance thou hear'st this lay:—

These, and twenty graces more-a,
Court thee to Altisidora.

Here the song of the sore-wounded Altisidora ended, and the alarm of the thus courted Don Quixote began, who, fetching a deep sigh, said within himself: "Why am I so unhappy a knight-errant, that no damsel can see me, but she must fall in love with me? Why is the peerless Dulcinea so unlucky, that she must not be suffered singly to enjoy this my incomparable constancy? Queens, what would ye have with her? Empresses, why do ye persecute her? Damsels, from fourteen to fifteen, why rob her of her joys? Leave, leave the poor creature; let her triumph, glory, and plume herself in the lot, which love has bestowed upon her in the conquest of my heart, and the surrender of my soul. Notice, ye enamoured tribe, that to her I am paste and sugar, and to all others flint: to her honey, and to the rest of ye aloes. In my eyes, Dulcinea alone is beautiful, discreet, lively, modest, and well-born; and her whole sex besides, foul, foolish, fickle, and illegitimate. To be hers, and hers alone, nature threw me into the world. Let Altisidora weep or sing; let the lady, on whose account I was buffeted in the castle of the enchanted Moor,³ despair. Boiled or roasted, Dulcinea's I will be, clean, chaste, and well-bred, in spite of all the necromantic powers upon earth." And saying this, he hastily shut the casement, and, in despite and sorrow, as if some great misfortune had befallen him, threw himself upon his bed; where,

at present, we will leave him, to attend the great Sancho Panza, who is impatient to begin his famous government.

CHAP. XIII.

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 tempter to wine-cooling bottles;¹ here Thymbræus; there Phœbus; here archer; there physician; father of poesy; inventor 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.

Know then, that Sancho, with all his attendants, arrived at a town, that contained about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best under the duke's authority. He was given to understand, that it was called the island of Barataria, either because it was really the name of the place, or that he obtained the government of it at so cheap a rate.² On his arrival at the gates of the town, which was walled round,

the magistrates, in their formalities, came out to receive him ; the bells rung, and the people gave demonstrations of general joy, and, with much pomp, he was conducted to the great church to give thanks to God. Presently the keys of the town were presented to him, with certain ridiculous ceremonies, and he was admitted perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. The garb, beard, corpulence, and shortness of stature of the new governor, held in admiration all that were not in the secret, and even those that were, who were not a few. As soon as they had conducted him out of the church, they attended him to the tribunal of justice, and, having placed him in the chair, the duke's steward said to him : " It is an ancient custom here, my lord governor, that he, who comes to take possession of this famous island, must have some intricate and difficult question put to him, that by his answer, the people may be enabled to feel the pulse of their new governor's understanding, and judge, whether they ought to be glad or sorry for his coming."

While the steward was addressing him, Sancho's eyes were fixed on some large letters on the wall opposite to his chair, and, as he could not read, he asked what that painting on the wall meant. The steward answered, " Sir, it is there recorded, on what day your honour took possession of this island ; and the inscription runs thus : ' This day, (mentioning the day, month, and year) signor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, and long may he enjoy

it.” “And, pray,” quoth he, “who is it they call Don Sancho Panza?” “Your lordship,” replied the steward; “for no other Panza, besides him now in the seat of judgment, ever came into this island.” “Take notice, brother,” quoth Sancho, “the Don does not belong to me, nor did it ever belong to any of my family: I am plain Sancho Panza; my father was a Sancho, and my grandfather a Sancho, and they were all Panzas, without any addition of Dons or Donnas. I am inclined to believe, there are more Donships than stones in this island: but enough; God knows my meaning, and perhaps, if my government lasts four days, I may weed out these gentry, that over-run the country, and, by their numbers, are as troublesome as gnats.⁹ But on with your question, master steward, and I will answer the best I can, let the people be sorry, or not sorry.”

At that instant two men came into the court, the one dressed like a rustic, and the other like a tailor, having a pair of shears in his hand; and the tailor said: “My lord governor, I, and this countryman, appear before your worship, by reason this honest man came yesterday to my shop (for, saving your presence, I am a tailor, and have passed my examination, God be thanked), and, putting a piece of cloth into my hands, asked me: ‘Sir, is there enough of this to make me a cap?’ I, measuring the piece, answered, Yes. Now he imagining, as I imagined, and I imagined right, that doubtless I had a mind to

cabbage some of the cloth, grounding his conceit upon his own knavery, and the ill opinion entertained of tailors, bid me look at it again, and see if there was not enough for two. I guessed his drift, and told him there was. My gentleman, persisting in his knavish intention, went on increasing the number of caps, and I adding to the number of affirmatives, till we came to five caps; and just now he came for them. I offered them to him, and he refuses to pay for the making, and says I shall either return him his cloth, or pay him for it." "Is all this so, brother?" demanded Sancho. "Yes," answered the rustic: "but pray, my lord, make him show the five caps he has made me." "With all my heart," said the tailor, and thrusting out his hand from under his cloak, he exhibited the caps on the ends of his fingers and thumb, saying: "Here are the five caps this honest man would have me make, and, on my soul and conscience, not a shred of the cloth is left, and I am willing to submit the work to the inspection of any master of the trade." All that were present laughed at the diminutiveness of the caps, and the novelty of the suit. Sancho, considering a little, said: "I am of opinion, this business needs no great delay, but may be decided very equitably off hand; and therefore I pronounce, that the tailor lose the making, and the countryman the stuff, and that the caps be confiscated to the use of the poor; and there is an end of that." If the sentence he afterwards passed on the purse of the herdsman caused the admiration of

all the by-standers, this excited their merriment. In short, what the governor commanded was executed.

The next that presented themselves before him were two old men, the one with a cane in his hand for a staff, and the other without a staff; and he without a staff said: "My lord, some time ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold, to oblige and serve him, upon condition he should return them on demand. I let him alone a good while, without asking for them, fearing I might put him to a greater strait to pay me, than he^e was in when I lent them. But at length, thinking he was negligent of the matter, I asked him, more than once or twice, for my money, and he not only refuses payment, but denies the debt, and says, I never lent him any such sum, and, if I did, that he is sure he has returned it; and I having no witnesses of the loan, nor he any of the payment, I entreat your worship to put him to his oath; and, if he will swear he has returned the money, I acquit him from this minute before God and the world." "What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?" quoth Sancho. To which the old fellow replied: "I confess, my lord, he did lend me the money; and, if your worship will be pleased to hold down your wand of justice, since he leaves it to my oath, I will swear I have really and truly repaid him." The governor held down the wand, and the old fellow gave the staff to his creditor to hold, while he was swearing, pretending it encumbered him; and laying

his hand upon the cross of the wand, he said, that it was true indeed, his friend had lent him the ten crowns ; but that he had repaid him, and had actually given the money into his own hand ; but, he supposed, he had forgotten it, for he was every moment dunning him. The great governor then asked the creditor, if he had any thing to reply to what his antagonist had alleged. The creditor said, that he had not, that he did not doubt his debtor had spoken the truth ; for he took him to be an honest man, and a good Christian ; and as he himself must have forgotten when, and where, the money was paid, he would attribute the blame to his memory, and thenceforward would never ask him for it again. Upon this the debtor took back his staff, and, bowing to the governor, went out of court. Sancho noticing his conduct, and observing also the patience of the creditor, he inclined his head upon his breast, and, laying the forefinger of his right hand upon his eyebrows and nose, continued, for a short space, full of thought ; then, lifting up his head, he ordered the old man with the staff to be called back. Accordingly he was brought into court, and Sancho said to him : “ Honest friend, give me that staff ; I have occasion for it.” “ With all my heart,” answered the old fellow ; and it was handed to the governor, who no sooner received it, than he gave it to the other old man, saying : “ Now go about thy business, in God’s name, for thou art truly paid !” “ Paid, my lord ?” answered the old man ; “ what ! is this cane

worth ten golden crowns?" "Yes," quoth the governor, "or I am the greatest dunce in the world; and now it shall appear whether I have a head to govern a whole kingdom." He then commanded the cane to be broken, and it being done, there were found in the hollow of it just ten crowns in gold; which struck all the spectators with admiration, and they took their new governor for a second Solomon. Being asked, how he had discovered that the crowns were in the cane, he answered, that, upon seeing the old man give the cane to his adversary, before he took the oath, and immediately swearing that he had really and truly returned them into his own hands, and that when he had sworn he asked for the cane again, it came into his imagination, that the money in dispute must be secreted in it. Whence it may be gathered, that God Almighty often directs the judgments of those who govern, though otherwise mere blockheads: besides, he had heard the priest of his parish relate a similar case; and, were it not that he was so unlucky as to forget all he had a mind to remember, his memory was so good, there would not have been a better in the whole island. At length, both the old men marched off, the one ashamed, and the other satisfied; while the by-standers were surprised, and the secretary, who minuted the words, actions, and behaviour of Sancho Panza, could not determine with himself, whether he should set him down for a wise man or a fool.

This cause was no sooner ended, than a woman

came into court, having fast hold of a man in her gripe, who, by his dress, looked like a substantial herdsman. She cried aloud: "Justice, my lord governor, justice! If I cannot find it on earth, I will seek it in heaven. Dear lord governor of my soul, this wicked man surprised me in the middle of a field, and made use of my body, as if it had been a dishclout, and, wo is me, has robbed me of what I have kept above these three and twenty years, defending it against Moors and Christians, natives and foreigners! I have been as hard as a cork-tree, and preserved myself as entire as a salamander in the fire, or as wool among briars, and that this honest man should come with his clean hands to handle me!" "It remains to be examined," quoth Sancho, "whether this gallant's hands be clean, or no;" and, turning to the man, he asked him, what he had to say, and what answer to make to this woman's complaint. The man, all in confusion, replied: "Sir, I am a poor herdsman, and deal in swine, and this morning I sold in the town, under correction be it spoken, four hogs, but what with dues and exactions of one kind and another, the officers took from me nearly all they were worth: and as I was returning home, I lighted by the way upon this good dame, and the devil, the author of all mischief, yoked us together. I paid her handsomely; but she, not contented, laid hold of me, and never let me go till she dragged me to this place. She says, I forced her; but, by the oath I have taken, or am to take, she lies: and this

is the whole truth." The governor then asked him, if he had any silver money about him; and when he said, that he had about twenty ducats in a leathern purse in his bosom, he ordered him to produce it, and deliver it just as it was to the plaintiff. The man did so, trembling, and the woman received it, and making a thousand curtsies, after the Moorish manner, and praying to God for the life and health of the lord governor, who took such care of poor orphans and maidens, hastened out of court, holding the purse with both hands: but first she looked to see if the money, that was in it, was silver. She was scarcely gone, when Sancho said to the herdsman, who was in tears, and whose eyes and heart were with his purse: "Honest man, follow that woman, and take the purse from her, whether she will or no, and come back with it hither." This was not said to the deaf or the stupid; for instantly he flew after her like lightning, and went in earnest about what he was bidden. All present were in great suspense, expecting the issue of this suit; and presently after came in the man and the woman, clinging together still closer than in the preceding instance, she with her petticoat tucked up, and the purse lapped in it, and the man struggling to take it from her, but in vain, so tightly did she defend it, crying out: "Justice from God and the world! see, my lord governor, the impudence and want of fear of this varlet, who, in the very midst of the town, and in the open street, would take from me the purse your worship commanded to be given me."

“And has he got it?” demanded the governor. “Got it?” answered the woman, “no, I would sooner let him take away my life than my purse. A pretty baby I should be, indeed: otherguise cats must claw my beard, and not such pitiful, sneaking tools: pincers and hammers, crows and chisels, shall not get it out of my clutches, nor even the paws of a lion; my soul and body shall sooner part.” “It is true,” quoth the man, “and I yield myself worsted and spent, and confess I have not strength enough to take it from her:” and he quitted his hold. Then said the governor to the woman: “Give me that purse, virtuous virago.” She delivered it, and the governor returning it to the man, said, to the forceful, but not forced, damsel: “Sister of mine, had you shown the same, or but half as much courage and resolution, in defending your chastity, as you have done in defending your purse, the strength of Hercules could not have violated you. Be gone, in God’s name, and in an ill hour, and be not found in all this island, nor in six leagues round it, upon pain of two hundred stripes: be gone instantly, I say, thou prating, shameless, cheating hussy!” The woman was confounded, and went away, hanging down her head and discontented; and the governor said to the man: “Honest man, go home, in the name of God, with your money, and from henceforward, unless you have a mind to lose it, take care not to yoke with any body.” The countryman thanked him as clownishly as he could, and went his way; and the whole court were in fresh

admiration at the decisions and sentences of their new governor. All which, being noted down by his historiographer, was immediately transmitted to the duke, who waited for it with longing impatience. And here let us leave honest Sancho ; for his master, greatly disturbed at Altisidora's music, calls for us in haste.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the dreadful, bell-ringing and cattish¹ consternation Don Quixote was put into in the progress of the enamoured Altisidora's amour.

WE left the great Don Quixote wrapped up in the reflections occasioned by the music of the enamoured damsel Altisidora. He carried them to his bed with him ; and, as if they had been fleas, they would not suffer him to sleep, or take the least rest. To these disturbers of his quiet, was added the disaster of the stocking. But as time is swift, and no bar can stop him in his course, on he came riding upon the hours, and soon ushered in the morning ; which Don Quixote perceiving, he forsook his downy pillow, and in haste put on his shamois doublet, and his travelling boots, to conceal the misfortune of the rent in his hose. He also threw his scarlet mantle over his shoulders, put a green velvet cap, trimmed with silver lace, on his head, hung his trusty trenchant blade in his shoulder-belt,² decorated his wrist with a large rosary,³

which he always wore, and then with great state and solemnity proceeded towards the anti-chamber, where the duke and duchess, already risen, were expecting him : but as he passed through a gallery, he was met by Altisidora, and the other damsel, her friend, purposely posted there, to wait his appearance. As soon as they perceived him, Altisidora pretended to faint away, and was caught in her fall by her companion, who, as if alarmed, began in a hurried manner to unlace her stays. Don Quixote, observing the accident, drew near, and said : “ I very well know, whence these faintings of the young lady proceed.” “ Indeed ! it is more than I do,” answered her friend ; “ for she is the healthiest damsel in all the family ; and I have never heard so much as a word of complaint, or even a sigh, escape her. Ill-betide every knight-errant in the world, if they are all so ungrateful. Leave this place, signor Don Quixote ; for the poor girl will never come to herself so long as your worship is here.” To which Don Quixote answered : “ Be pleased, madam, to order a lute to be left in my chamber to-night, and I will comfort this unhappy maiden as well as I am able : for, in a beginning love, to be early undeceived is the readiest cure.” And so saying, he went away, to avoid being seen in such parley, and scarcely was he gone, when Altisidora, recovering from her swoon, said to her companion : “ By all means let him have the lute ; for doubtless he intends us a treat of music, which must needs be precious, if he be the performer.” They

then quitted the gallery to give an account of what had passed, to the duchess, taking care not to omit the lute ; and she, being exceedingly rejoiced thereat, concerted with the duke and her damsels how they might play him some trick, which would be more merry than mischievous : and having contrived one that pleased them, they waited for night, which came on as fast as the day had done, having been spent in relishing conversation with Don Quixote. In the course of the day, the duchess despatched one of her pages, he who in the wood had personated the figure of the enchanted Dulcinea, to Teresa Panza, with a letter from her husband Sancho Panza, and a bundle he had left to be sent, charging him to bring back an exact account of all that should pass. This done, and eleven o'clock at night being come, Don Quixote, on retiring, found in his chamber a lute. He touched it ; he opened his casement, and perceived that persons were walking in the garden : again he ran over the strings of the instrument, and having tuned it as well as he could, he hemmed, cleared his pipes, and then, with a hoarse, though not unmusical voice, sung the following song, which he had that very day composed.

THE SONG.

Love with idleness its friend,
O'er a maiden gains its end ;
But let business and employment
Fill up ev'ry careful moment,

These an antidote will prove
 'Gainst the pois'nous arts of love.
 Maidens, that aspire to marry,
 In their looks reserve should carry;
 Modesty their price should raise,
 And be herald of their praise.
 Knights, whom toils of arms employ,
 With the free may laugh and toy;
 But the modest only choose,
 When they tie the nuptial noose.
 Love, that rises with the sun,
 With his setting beams is gone;
 Love, that guest-like visits hearts,
 When the banquet's o'er, departs;
 And the love that comes to-day,
 And to-morrow wings its way,
 Leaves no traces on the soul,
 Its affections to control.
 Where a sovereign beauty reigns,
 Fruitless are a rival's pains.
 O'er a finish'd picture who
 E'er a second picture drew?
 Fair Dulcinea, queen of beauty,
 Rules my heart and claims its duty:
 Nothing there can take her place;
 Nought her image can erase.
 Whether fortune smile or frown,
 Constancy's the lover's crown;
 And, its force divine to prove,
 Miracles performs in love.

Thus far Don Quixote had proceeded in his song, to which stood attentive the duke and duchess, Al-tisidora, and almost all the inmates of the castle, when, on a sudden, from an open gallery directly

over Don Quixote's window, a rope was let down, to which above a hundred sheep bells were fastened; and immediately after them was emptied a sackful of cats, which had smaller bells tied to their tails. The noise occasioned by the jangling of the bells, and the mewling of the cats, was so great, that the duke and duchess, though the inventors of the jest, were a little alarmed, while Don Quixote himself was in a perfect panic: and fortune so ordered it, that two or three of the cats entering at the casement of his chamber, scoured about the room, as if a legion of devils had broke loose in it, and in their endeavours to get out again, extinguished the lights. Meanwhile, the cord, to which the bells were fastened, being let down and pulled up incessantly, all who were not in the secret were held in strange suspense and admiration. Don Quixote started up, and, laying hold of his sword, began to thrust at the casement, crying aloud at the same time: "Avaunt, ye malicious enchanters! ye rabble of wizards, avaunt! for know, that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, against whom your wicked arts are of no avail." Then turning to the cats, who were running about the room, he made at them with his sword; but they took to the window, and escaped, all but one, which, finding itself hard pressed by the knight, flew at his face, and seized him by the nose with its claws and teeth; the pain occasioned by which made him fairly roar; which the duke and duchess hearing, and guessing the cause, they hastened to his chamber, and,

opening it with a master-key, found the poor gentleman, when the lights entered, striving with all his might to disengage the cat from his face. Seeing how unequal was the combat, the duke attempted to part the fray ; but Don Quixote cried out : “ Let no one take him off ; leave me to battle it with this demon, this wizard, this enchanter ; for I will teach him the difference betwixt him and me, and let him know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is.” But the enraged animal, not regarding these menaces, growled on, and kept its hold ; and it was with some difficulty the duke at length forced open its claws, and threw the enemy out at the window.

Though the face of our knight was like a sieve, and his nose in no very sound condition, he was greatly dissatisfied, at not being permitted to finish the combat he had so toughly maintained against that caitiff enchanter. Some oil of Aparicio being procured, Altisidora herself, with her lily-white hands, bound up his wounds ; and, while she was so employed, she said to him in a low voice : “ All these misadventures befall you, hard-hearted knight, for the sin of your stubborn disdain : and God grant that Sancho your squire may forget to whip himself, that this same beloved Dulcinea of yours may never be released from her enchantment, nor you ever enjoy her, or approach her nuptial bed, at least while I live, who adore you.” To all this Don Quixote returned no answer, but heaving a profound sigh, stretched himself at full length upon his bed, humbly thanking the

duke and duchess for their assistance ; not as being afraid of that cattish, bell-ringing, necromantic crew, but from a sense of their good intention by their readiness to succour him. As for the duke and duchess, they left him to his repose, and went away, not a little concerned at the ill success of their joke ; for they had no idea that the adventure would have fallen so heavy and so hard upon Don Quixote, as to have cost him, which it did, five days confinement to his bed ; where another befell him, more relishing than the former, but which his historian will not relate at present, that he may attend Sancho Panza, who went on very busily and very pleasantly with his government.

CHAP. XV.

Giving a farther account of Sancho's behaviour in his government.

THE history relates, that from the court of judicature, Sancho Panza was conducted to a sumptuous palace, where, in a spacious hall, an elegant and splendid table was spread. As soon as Sancho entered, the waits struck up, and in came four pages with water for his hands, which he received with great gravity. The music having ceased, he sat down at the upper end of the table alone ; for there was but that one chair, and no other napkin or plate. A personage, who afterwards proved to be a physician,

placed himself on one side of him, standing with a whalebone rod in his hand. A fine white cloth, which covered several kinds of fruit, and a great variety of meats, being removed, a person who looked like a student said grace, and a page put a laced bib under Sancho's chin. Another, who played the sewer's part, set a plate of fruit before him :¹ but scarcely had he tasted it, when, he of the wand touching the dish with it, a page snatched it away in great haste. The sewer then set in its place a dish of meat, of the goodness of which Sancho was about to make trial, but before he could succeed, the wand was at it, and a page whipped that away also, with as much speed as he had done the fruit. Sancho was surprised at these proceedings, and, looking about him, asked, if this repast was to be eaten like that of a juggler, by sleight of hand? To which he of the wand replied :
“ My lord governor, there must be no kind of eating here, but such as is usual and customary in other islands, where there are governors. I, sir, am a physician, and have an appointed salary in this island, for serving in that capacity whoever may be the governor of it. I consult his health much more than my own, studying night and day, sounding his constitution, the better to know how to cure him when he is sick : but my principal business is, to attend at his meals, suffering him to eat only what I think is most proper for him, and removing what I imagine will do him harm, or be hurtful to his stomach. Therefore it was I ordered the dish of fruit to be

taken away, as being too moist; and the dish of meat as being too hot, and having in it too much spice, which increases thirst: for he, who drinks much, destroys and consumes the radical moisture in which life consists." "Well then," quoth Sancho; "yon plate of roasted partridges, which seem to me to be very well seasoned, will they do me any harm?" To which the doctor answered: "My lord governor shall not eat a bit of them while I have life." "And pray, why not?" quoth Sancho. The physician answered: "Because our master Hippocrates, the north-star, and luminary of medicine, in one of his aphorisms says, 'Omnis saturatio mala, perdricis autem pessima;' that is to say, All repletion is bad, but that of partridges the worst of all." "If it be so," quoth Sancho, "pray see, signor doctor, of all the dishes upon this table, which will do me most good, and which least harm, and let me eat of it, without your conjuring it away with your wand: for, by the life of the governor, and as God shall preserve it, I am dying with hunger; and to deny me victuals, though their use be against the grain of signor doctor, and he should say as much more against it, as he has said already, in my opinion is rather the way to shorten my life, than to lengthen it." "Your worship is in the right, my lord governor," answered the physician, "and therefore I would not have you touch those stewed rabbits, because they are a sharp-haired food: of that veal, perhaps, you might pick a

bit, were it not a-la-dobed ; but, as it is, not a morsel.” Said Sancho : “ That great dish smoking yonder, I take to be an olla-podrida,* and, amidst the diversity of things contained in it, surely I may light upon something that is both wholesome and toothsome.” “ Absit,” quoth the doctor ; “ far be such a thought from us : there is not worse nutriment in the world than your olla-podridas : leave them to prebends, rectors of colleges, and country-weddings ; but let them never be seen on the tables of governors, where nothing but neatness and delicacy ought to preside. The reason is plain : simple medicines are more esteemed, by all persons, and in all places, than compound ; for in simples there can be no mistake, but in compounds there may, by the proportion of the ingredients not being duly attended to. Therefore, what I would advise at present for signor governor’s eating, to preserve and corroborate his health, is, a hundred or so of rolled up wafers, and some thin slices of preserved quince, that may sit easy upon the stomach, and help digestion.” Sancho, at this recommendation, threw himself back in his chair, and, surveying the doctor from head to foot, with a grave voice, asked him his name, and where he had studied : and the physician answered ; “ My lord governor, I am called doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero : I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera, lying on the right hand, between Caraquel and Almoddobar del Campo, and have taken my degree in the uni-

* Variety of meats stewed together.

versity of Ossuna."² To which Sancho, burning with rage, replied: "Why then, signor doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero,³ native of Tirteafuera, lying on the right hand as we go from Caraquel to Almoddobar del Campo, graduate in Ossuna, get out of my sight this instant, or, by the sun, I will take a cudgel, and, beginning with you, will so lay about me, that there shall not be left one physician in the whole island, at least of those I find to be ignorant: as for those that are learned, prudent, and discreet, I shall respect and honour them as if they were so many divinities. And I say again, let Pedro Rezio quit my presence, or I shall take this chair I sit upon, and fling it at his head; and, if I am called to an account for it before the judge, when I am out of office, I will justify myself by saying, I did God service in killing a bad physician, the hangman of the public. And give me to eat, or take back your government; for an office, that will not find a man in victuals, is not worth two beans."

The physician seeing the governor so choleric, was alarmed, and would have taken himself⁴ out of the hall, had not the sound of a post-horn that instant been heard in the street. The sewer, going to the window, and looking out, said: "A courier is arrived from my lord duke, and has brought apparently despatches of importance." The courier entered sweating and in a hurry, and, pulling a packet out of his bosom, delivered it to the governor, who gave it to the steward, bidding him read the superscription, 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." Which Sancho hearing, he said: "Which is my secretary here?" One of the persons present answered: "I am he, sir; for I can read and write, and am a Biscayner." "With that addition," quoth Sancho, "you may very well be secretary to the emperor himself: open the packet, and see what it contains." The new-born secretary did so, and, having cast his eye over the contents, he said, it was a business which required privacy. Sancho commanded the hall to be cleared, and that none but the steward and the sewer should stay: accordingly the rest, with the physician, having withdrawn, the secretary read the following letter:

"It has just come to my knowledge, signor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine, and of the island, intend shortly to assault it furiously in the night. You must be watchful and diligent therefore, that they may not attack you unprepared. I am informed also, by trusty spies, that four persons in disguise have gained admission into the island, and intend to take away your life, from a dread of the great extent of your abilities. Have your eyes about you, and scrutinize thoroughly whoever is admitted to speak to you; and be sure to eat nothing that is sent you as a present. If you are in any want of assistance, I will take care to send it you; having at the same time no doubt, that you will act

agreeably to the good opinion I have formed of your judgment.

Your friend, the Duke."

From this place, the 16th of August,
at four in the morning.

Sancho was astonished, and those about him seemed to be so too; and, turning to the steward, he said: "The first thing to be done, is, to clap doctor Rezio into prison; for if any body have a design to kill me, it is he, and that by the worst and most lingering of all deaths, hunger." Said the steward: "It is my opinion, that your honour would do well to abstain from eating any of the various meats now upon the table; for they were all presented by nuns; and it is a saying, The devil lurks behind the cross." "That is certain," quoth Sancho, "and, for the present, give me a piece of bread only, and some four pounds of grapes: no poison can be conveyed in them. To live without food is impossible: and, if we must be ready for these wars that threaten, it will be necessary we should be well victualled; for the guts uphold the heart, and not the heart the guts. And you, Mr. Secretary, answer my lord duke, and tell him, his commands shall be punctually obeyed, just as he gives them; and present my humble service to my lady duchess, and beg her not to forget sending my letter and the bundle, by a special messenger, to my wife Teresa Panza, which I shall look upon as a particular favour, and will be her humble servant to

the utmost of my power. And, by the way, you may put in a service to my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see I am grateful bread; ⁵ and, like a good secretary, and a stanch Biscayner, you may add what you please, or what will best turn to account; and, pray take away the cloth, and give me something to eat; and then I shall know well enough how to deal with all the spies, murderers, and enchanters, that shall attack me, or my island."

A page now came in, and said: "Here is a countryman without, who would speak with your lordship concerning some business, as he says, of great importance." "It is very strange," quoth Sancho, "that your men of business should be so silly, as not to see, that such hours as these are not the proper ones for transacting it! What! belike, we, who govern, and are judges, are not flesh and bones, like other men? Are we made of marble stone, that we must not refresh, at times, when necessity requires it? Before God, and upon my conscience, if my government last, as I have a glimmering it will not, I shall hamper more than one of these men of business. For this once, however, bid this honest man come in; but first see, that he is not one of the spies or murderers." "No, my lord," answered the page; "he looks like a pitcher-souled fellow; and either I know little, or he is as harmless as a piece of bread." "You need not fear," quoth the steward, "while we are present." "Is it not possible, sewer," quoth Sancho, "now that the doctor Pedro Rezio de Agüero

is not here, for me to have something of substance and weight to eat, though it were but a loaf and an onion?" "At night," quoth the sewer, "supper shall make amends for the defects of dinner, and your lordship shall have no cause to complain." "God grant it," answered Sancho.

Then came in the countryman, who was of so goodly a presence, that it might be seen he was an honest soul at the distance of a thousand leagues. The first thing he said, was: "Which is the lord governor here?" "Which should it be?" answered the secretary, "but he who is seated in the chair?" "I humble myself in his presence," quoth the countryman, kneeling down, and begging his hand to kiss. But Sancho refused to give it, and commanded him to rise, and to tell his business. Accordingly getting up, he said: "My lord, I am a countryman, a native of Miguel Turra, two leagues from Ciudad Real." "What! another Tirteafuera?" quoth Sancho: "say on, brother; for let me tell you, I know Miguel Turra very well: it is not far from our village." "The business is this, sir," proceeded the peasant: "by the mercy of God I was married in peace, and in the face of the holy catholic Roman church, and I have two sons, bred scholars: the younger studies for bachelor, and the elder for licentiate. I am a widower; for my wife died, or rather a wicked physician killed her, by purging her when she was with child; and, if it had been God's will that the child had been born, and had proved a son, I would have

put him to study for doctor, that he might not envy his two brothers, the bachelor and licentiate." "So that," quoth Sancho, "if your wife had not died, or had not been killed, you had not now been a widower!" "No, certainly, my lord," answered the peasant. "We are much the nearer," replied Sancho; "go on, brother; for this is an hour rather for bed than business." "I say then," quoth the countryman, "that this son of mine, who is to be the bachelor, fell in love, in the same village, with a damsel called Clara Perlerina, daughter of Andres Perlerino, a very rich farmer; and this name of Perlerino came not to them by lineal, or any other descent, but because all of that race are subject to the palsy;* and, to mend the name, they call them Perlerinos; though, to say the truth, the damsel is like any oriental pearl, and, looked at on the right side, seems a very flower of the field: but on the left, she is not quite so fair; for, on that side, she wants an eye, which she lost by the small-pox: and, though the pits in her face are many and deep, her admirers say, they are not pits, but sepulchres, wherein the hearts of her lovers are buried. Then she is so cleanly, that to prevent her face from being defiled, she carries her nose so crooked up, that it seems to be flying from her mouth: and for all that she looks extremely well; for she has a large mouth: and, did she not lack half a score or a dozen teeth and grinders, she might pass, and make a figure, among ladies of the best fashion. I say

* "Perlaticos."

nothing of her lips ; for they are so thin and slender, that, were it the fashion to reel lips, as they do yarn, one might make a skein of them : but, being of a different colour from what is usual in lips, they have a marvellous appearance ; for they are mottled, blue, green, and orange-tawny. Pardon me, my lord governor, for painting so minutely the parts of her, who, after all, is to be my daughter ; for I love her, and like her mightily.” “Paint what you will,” quoth Sancho ; “for I am hugely taken with the picture ; and, had I but dined, I would not desire a better dessert.” “It shall be always at your service,” answered the peasant ; “and the time may come when we may be acquainted, though we are not so now ; and, I assure you, my lord, if I could but describe her genteel person, and her tall stature, you would admire her still more : but that cannot be, because she is crooked, and crumpled up together, and her knees touch her chin ; though, for all that, you may see plainly, that, could she but stand upright, her head would be within a hair’s breadth of the ceiling. And she would ere now have given her hand to my bachelor, to be his wife, but that she cannot stretch it out, it is so shrunk : nevertheless her long guttered nails clearly evince the beauty of its form and texture.”

“So far, so good,” quoth Sancho ; “and now, brother, make account that you have painted her from head to foot ; and tell me, what is it you would be at ? Come to the point, without so many windings

and turnings, so many fetches and digressions.” “What I desire, my lord,” answered the countryman, “is, that your lordship would do me the favour to give me a letter of recommendation to her father, begging his consent to the match, since we are pretty equal in our fortunes and natural endowments: for, to say the truth, my lord governor, my son is possessed, and there is scarcely a day, in which the evil spirits do not torment him three or four times; and, by having fallen once into the fire, his face is as shrivelled as a piece of scorched parchment, and his eyes are bleared and running; but he is an angel in temper; and, did he not cuff and buffet himself continually, would be a very saint.” “Would you have any thing else, honest friend?” replied Sancho. “One thing more I would fain ask,” quoth the peasant, “but that I dare not: yet out it shall; for, in short, it shall not rot in my breast, come of it what will. I say then, my lord, I could be glad your worship would give me three or six hundred ducats towards the fortune of my bachelor; I mean, towards the furnishing his house; for, in short, they are to live by themselves, without being subject to the impertinencies of their fathers-in-law.” “Well,” quoth Sancho, “and is that all? if there be any thing behind, be not ashamed to tell it.” “No, for certain, there is nothing else,” answered the peasant: and scarcely had he uttered the words, when the governor, getting up, and, laying hold of the chair on which he had been sitting, said: “I

vow to God, don lubberly, saucy bumpkin, if thou dost not get thee gone, and instantly avoid my presence, with this chair will I crack thy skull: son of a whore, rascal, painter for the devil himself! at this time of day to come and ask me for six hundred ducats! Where should I have them, stinkard? And, if I had them, why should I give them to thee, jibing fool? What care I for Miguel Turra, or for the whole race of the Perlerinos? Begone, I say, or, by the life of my lord duke, I will be as good as my word. Thou art no native of Miguel Turra, but some scoffer sent from hell to tempt me. Impudent scoundrel! I have not yet had the government a day and half, and thou wouldst have me have six hundred ducats!" The sewer made signs to the countryman to quit the hall, which he did, hanging down his head, seemingly afraid, lest the governor should execute his threat; for the knave very well knew how to play his part.

But let us leave Sancho in his passion, and peace be with him and company: and let us turn to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bound up, for the cure of his cattish wounds, that were not quite healed in the space of eight days, in one of which there befell him what Cid Hamet promises to relate, with the punctuality and truth with which he relates every thing appertaining to this history, however minute it may be.

CHAP. XVI.

Of what befell Don Quixote with Donna Rodriguez, the duchess's duenna; together with other incidents worthy to be written, and had in eternal remembrance.

ABOVE measure discontented and melancholy was the sore-wounded Don Quixote, with his face bound up, and marked, not by the hand of his Maker, but by the claws of a cat: disasters incident to knight-errantry. For six days he did not appear in public; on one night of which, as he lay awake and restless, meditating on his misfortunes, and the persecution he suffered from Altisidora, he heard a key turning in the lock of his chamber door, and he instantly imagined, that the enamoured damsel was entering, to assault his chastity, and expose him to the temptation of failing in the fidelity he owed to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Believing what he fancied, he said, so loud as to be overheard, "No, not the greatest beauty upon earth shall prevail upon me to cease adoring her, who is engraven and imprinted in the very bottom of my heart, and the inmost recesses of my bowels! Whether, my dearest lady, you are now transformed into a garlic-eating country wench; or, as a nymph of the golden Tagus, you are weaving splendid webs with gold and silken twist; or are in the power of Merlin or Montesinos: wherever you are, you are mine, and wherever I am, yours





Drawn by R. Westall R.A.

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DON QUIXOTE.

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I have been, and yours I will unalterably remain." 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 mustachios bound up; his face, because of its scratches, and his mustachios, 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.¹ 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: "Jesus! 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 wouldest 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 then, signora Donna Rodriguez," quoth Don Quixote, "does your ladyship, peradventure, come in quality of go-between? If you do, I give you to understand, that I am fit for nobody's turn, thanks to the peerless beauty of my mistress Dulcinea del Toboso. In short, signora Donna Rodriguez, on condition that you wave all amorous messages, tending to amorous excitements, you may go and light

your candle, and return hither, and we will discourse of whatever you may please to command, except as before excepted." "I bring messages, good sir!" answered the duenna: "your worship mistakes me very much: I am not yet so stricken in years, to be forced to betake myself to so low an employment; for, God be praised, my soul is still in my body, and all my teeth in my head, a few excepted usurped from me by catarrhs, so common in this country of Arragon. But a moment's patience, good sir, till I have procured a light, when I will relate my grievance to your worship, as to the redresser of all the grievances in the world." And, without staying for an answer, she went out of the room, leaving Don Quixote in expectation of her return.

Straight a thousand thoughts crowded into his mind, touching this new adventure, and he was of opinion, he had done ill, and judged worse, in exposing himself to the hazard of breaking his plighted troth to his lady, and he said to himself: "Who knows but the devil, who is subtle and designing, means to delude me now with a duenna, though he has not been able to effect it with empresses, queens, duchesses, marchionesses, or countesses? For I have often heard those who are no fools say, that the devil, if it will serve his turn, will sooner tempt a man with a flat-nosed, than a hawk-nosed, woman;² and who knows, but this solitude, opportunity, and silence, may awaken desires, which are now asleep, and, in my declining years, make me fall where I never yet

stumbled? In such cases, it is better to fly, than stand the battle. But surely I am not in my right senses, to talk so idly: for it is impossible, that a long, lank, white-veiled, and spectacled duenna should awaken, or excite a wanton thought in the lewdest breast in the world. Is there a duenna in nature, that has tolerable flesh and blood? Does the whole globe contain one, that is not wrinkled, loathsome, and impertinent? Avaunt then, ye duennean rabble, useless to any human pleasure! O how rightly did that lady act, of whom it is said, that, at the foot of her state sofa, she had a couple of statues of duennas, with their spectacles on, and their bobbin-cushions in their lap, as if they were at work; which served every whit as well for the dignity of her apartment, as if they had been real!" And saying this, he jumped off the bed, designing to lock his door, and not let signora Rodriguez enter. But, before he could effect his purpose, signora Rodriguez had returned, with a lighted taper of white wax; and, seeing him so near, wrapped up in his quilt, with his bandages, and night-cap, she was again terrified, and, retreating two or three steps, she said: "Sir knight, am I safe? for I take it to be no very good sign of modesty, that your worship is out of bed." "I should rather ask you that question, madam," answered Don Quixote, "and therefore I do ask, if I am safe from assault and ravishment?" "Of whom, and from whom, sir knight, do you ask that security?" answered the duenna. "Of you, and from you," replied Don

Quixote: "for I am not made of marble, nor you, I suppose, of brass; nor is it ten o'clock in the morning, but midnight, and something later, if I am not mistaken; and we are in a room closer and more secret than the cave, in which the bold and traitorous Æneas enjoyed the beautiful and tender-hearted Dido. Yet, give me your hand, madam; for I desire no greater security than my own continence and reserve, besides what that most reverend veil inspires." And so saying, he kissed his right hand, and with it took hold of hers, which she gave him with the same ceremony.

Here Cid Hamet makes a parenthesis, and swears by Mahomet, he would have given the better of his two vests, to have seen these two walking from the door to the bed-side, handing and handed thus ceremoniously.

Don Quixote crept into bed, and Donna Rodriguez 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 a while, he was the first who broke silence: "Now, signora Donna Rodriguez," said he, "you may unrip and unbosom all that is in your careful heart and piteous bowels: for you shall be heard by me with chaste ears, and assisted by compassionate deeds." "I believe it," answered the duenna; "for none but so christian an

answer could be expected from your worship's gentle and pleasing presence.

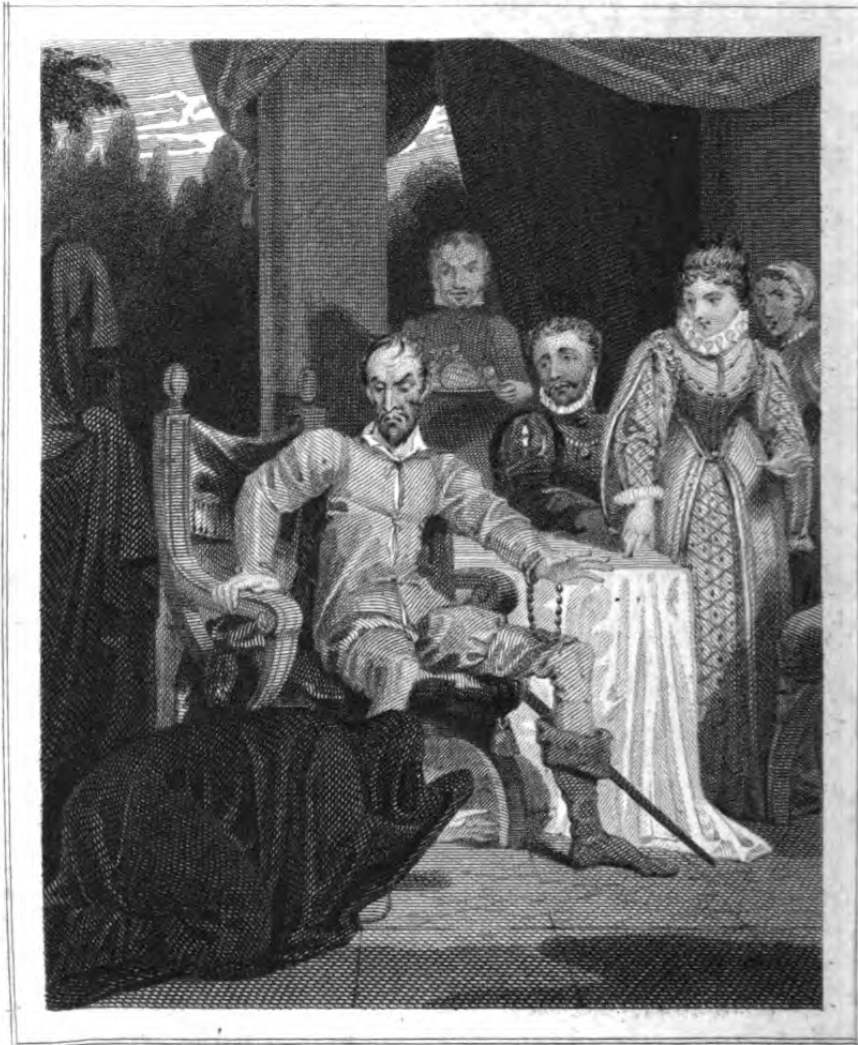
“The business then is, signor Don Quixote, that, though your worship sees me sitting in this chair, in the midst of the kingdom of Arragon, and in the garb of a poor persecuted duenna, I was born in the Asturias of Oviedo, and of a family allied to some of the best in that province. But my hard fortune, and the negligence of my parents, which reduced them, I know not which way, to untimely poverty, drove me to the court of Madrid, where, for peace sake, and to prevent greater inconveniences, my parents placed me in the service of a great lady: and I would have your worship know, that, in making needle-cases and plain-work, I was never out-done by any body in all my life. My parents left me in service, and returned to their own country; and, in a few years after, went, I believe, to heaven; for they were very good catholic christians. I remained an orphan, stinted to the miserable wages, and short commons, usually given in great houses to such kind of servants. About that time, without any encouragement on my part, a gentleman-usher of the family fell in love with me; a man in years, with a fine beard, and a comely person, and above all, as good a gentleman as the king himself; for he was a Highlander. We did not carry on our amour so secretly, but that it came to the notice of my lady, who, without more ado, had us married in peace, and in the face of our holy mother

the catholic Roman church: from which marriage sprung a daughter, to finish my good fortune, if any I had; not that I died in child-bed, for I went my full time, and was safely delivered; but because my husband died soon after of a certain fright he took; and had I but time to tell the manner of it, your worship, I am sure, would wonder."

Here she began to weep most tenderly, and said: "Pardon me, good signor Don Quixote, that I cannot command myself; but as often as I call to mind my unhappy spouse, my eyes are brimful. God aid me! with what stateliness did he use to carry my lady behind him, on a puissant mule, black as the very jet: for in those days coaches and side-saddles were not in fashion, as it is said they are now, and the ladies rode behind their squires. I cannot help telling you the following story, that you may see how well-bred, and how punctilious my good husband was. At the entrance into saint James's-street in Madrid, which is very narrow, it happened, that a judge of one of the courts was coming out, preceded by two of his officers, and, as soon as my good squire saw him, he turned his mule, with the design to wait upon him. My lady, who was behind him, said to him in a low voice: 'What are you doing, blockhead? am not I here?' The judge civilly stopped his horse, and said: 'Keep on your way, sir; for it is my business rather to wait upon my lady Donna Casilda;' which was my mistress's name. My husband persisted, cap in hand, in his intention to wait upon the

judge, and my lady perceiving it, full of choler and indignation, she pulled out a great pin, or rather, I believe, a bodkin, and stuck it into his back: whereupon my husband bawled out, and, writhing his body, down he came with his lady to the ground. Two of her footmen ran to help her up, as did the judge and his officers. The gate of Guadalajara, I mean the idle people that stood there, were all in an uproar. My mistress was forced to walk home on foot, and my husband went to a barber-surgeon's, telling him he was run quite through and through the bowels. The courteousness and breeding of my spouse was rumoured abroad, insomuch that the boys got hold of it, and teased him with it in the streets; and, upon this account, and because he was a little shortsighted, 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 work-woman 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 her 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





Drawn by R. Westall R.A.

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Engraved by Chas. Heath.

DON QUIXOTE.

VOL. IV.

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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: I know not how it came about, but they got together, and, under promise of being her husband, he has fooled my daughter, and now refuses to perform his promise. 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 gentleness, 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 gracefulest 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: besides, she is none of the soundest; for her breath is so strong, there is no enduring to be a moment near her. 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, which discharge all the bad humours, of which the physicians say she is full.” “Holy Virgin!” quoth Don Quixote, “is it possible my lady duchess has such drains: I should never have believed it, had the bare-footed friars themselves told it me; but, since madam Donna Rodriguez says it, it must needs be so. But from such issues, and in such places, surely nothing but liquid amber can distil: verily I am now convinced, that this issue making is a matter of great consequence to health.”

Scarcely had Don Quixote said this, when, with

a sudden bounce, the chamber door flew open ; the surprise occasioned by which made the duenna let fall her candle, and the room remained as dark as a wolf's mouth,³ as the saying is ; and presently she found herself griped so fast by the throat with two hands, that she could not cry out, while another person, without speaking a word, nimbly whipped up her petticoats, and with a slipper, as it seemed, gave her bare hinder parts so many slaps, that it would have moved one's pity ; as it did that of the knight, though he stirred not from the bed ; for, ignorant of the meaning of all this, he lay still, fearing lest the round and sound flogging should next come to his turn. And his fear proved not a false one ; for the dumb executioners, quitting the well curried duenna, who durst not complain, advanced to our hero ; and, turning down the bed-clothes, pinched him so repeatedly and so hard, that he could not forbear going to fisty-cuffs in his own defence, and all this in marvellous silence. The battle lasted some half an hour ; when the phantoms vanished : Donna Rodriguez also having adjusted her petticoats, sneaked away, moaning and groaning under her misfortune, without saying a word to Don Quixote, who, sad and sore, confused and pensive, remained alone in his chamber : where we will leave him, burning with impatience to learn who the perverse enchanter was, that had handled him so roughly. But that shall be told in its proper place : for Sancho Panza calls upon us, and

the method of the history requires, that we obey the summons.

CHAP. XVII.

Of what befell Sancho Panza as he was going the round of 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; but Sancho, maugre his ignorance, rudeness, and insufficiency, held them all at tack, and addressing himself to those about him, and particularly to doctor Pedro Rezio, who, when the secret of the duke's letter was over, had come back into the hall: "I now plainly perceive," said he, "that judges and governors must or ought to be made of brass, to be insensible to the importunities of your men of business, who, intent upon their own affairs alone, regardless of consequences, at all hours, and at all times, will needs be heard and despatched; and if the poor judge do not hear and despatch them, either because he cannot, or because it is not the proper time for giving audience, presently they murmur and traduce him, gnawing his very bones, and calumniating him and his family. Foolish man of business, impertinent man of business, be not in such haste; wait for the proper season and conjuncture:

come not at dinner, nor at bed-time ; for judges are made of flesh and blood, and must give to their nature what their nature requires ; my unhappy self excepted, thanks to signor Pedro Rezio Tirteafuera here present, who would have me die of hunger, and affirms, that this kind of dying is the best way to live : God grant the same life to him and the whole of his tribe ; I mean, bad physicians ; for good ones deserve palms and laurels." All, who knew Sancho Panza, were in admiration to hear him talk so elegantly, and at a loss to what to ascribe his improvement, unless that offices and weighty employments quicken and enliven some understandings, as they confound and stupefy others. In short, he so wrought upon the bowels of doctor Pedro Rezio Aguero de Tirteafuera, that he promised he should sup that night, though it were contrary to all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this the governor was satisfied, and expected with great impatience the coming of the night, and the hour of supper ; and though time, to his thinking, stood stock-still, yet at length the wished-for hour came, and they gave him some cow-beef, hashed with onions, and calves feet, somewhat of the stalest, boiled. However, he set to, with more relish, than if they had served up Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, veal of Sorrento, partridges of Moron, or geese of Lavajos ; and, in the midst of supper, turning to the doctor, he said : " Look you, master doctor, henceforward take no care to provide me your nice things to eat, nor your tit-bits ; for it

will be throwing my stomach quite off the hinges, which is accustomed to goats-flesh, cow-beef, and bacon, with turnips and onions; and if perchance you give it court kickshaws, it will receive them with squeamishness, and sometimes with loathing. What I would have master sewer here do, is, to get me some of those dishes you call your olla-podridas,¹ and the stronger they are the better: and you may insert and stuff in them whatever you will: for so it be wholesome, I shall take it kindly, and will one day make you amends: and let nobody play upon me; for either we are, or we are not: and let us all live and eat together in peace and good friendship; for when God sends daylight, it is day for every body. I will govern this island, without losing my own right, or taking away another man's, and let every one keep a good look-out, and mind each his own business: for I would have them to know, the devil is in the wind,² and, if they put me upon it, they shall see wonders. Ay, ay, make yourselves honey, and the wasps will devour you." "Certainly, my lord governor," quoth the sewer, "there is reason in all your worship says, and I dare engage in the name of all the islanders of this island, that they will serve your worship with all punctuality, love, and good-will; for your sweet way of governing from the very first leaves us no room to do, or to think any thing, that may redound to your worship's disservice." "I believe it," answered Sancho, "and they would be fools, if they acted,

or thought otherwise. And I say again, let care be taken to provide proper sustenance, both for me and my Dapple, which is a very important point in this business: and when the hour comes, we will go the round; for it is my intention to clear this island of all manner of filth, such as vagabonds, idlers, and sharpers. For you must understand, friends, that the idle and lazy in a commonwealth are the same as drones in a hive, which devour the honey that the industrious bees lay up in store. My design is to protect the peasants, preserve to the gentry their privileges, reward ingenious artists, and above all to regard the interests of religion, and honour its ministers. What think ye of this, my friends? Do I say something, or do I rack my brains to no purpose?" "My lord governor," quoth the steward, "speaks so well, that I wonder to hear a man, so void of learning as your worship, who, I believe, cannot so much as read, say such and so many things, and all so sententious and instructive, and so far beyond all that could be expected from your worship's former understanding by those who sent us, and by us, who are come hither. But every day produces something new; jests turn into earnest, and the biters are bit."

Night came, and, the governor having supped with the licence of signor doctor Rezio, they prepared for going the round, and he set out with the secretary, the steward, the sewer, the historiographer, who had the care of recording his actions, and serjeants and notaries, enough to have formed a middling battalion.

In the midst of the posse marched Sancho, with his white rod of office ; and having traversed a few streets, they heard the clashing of swords. They hastened to the place, and found two men fighting ; who, seeing the officers, desisted, and one of them bawled out : “ Help, in God’s name and the king’s ! Is it permitted in this town to rob folks, and set upon them in the streets ? ” “ Hold, honest man,” quoth Sancho, “ and tell me the occasion of this fray ; for I am the governor.” The antagonist of him who had called for help then said : “ My lord governor, I will briefly relate the matter : your honour must understand, that this gentleman is just come from winning, in that gaming-house over the way, above a thousand reals, and God knows how ; and I, being present, gave judgment in his favour, in many a doubtful point, against the dictates of my conscience : and, when I expected he would have given me a crown at least, by way of present, as is the usage and custom among gentlemen of distinction, such as I am, who stand by, ready at all adventures to back unreasonable demands, and to prevent quarrels, he pocketed his money, and got up and left the house. I, in dudgeon at this, followed him, and, with good words, and civil expressions, desired him to indulge me though it were but with a piece of eight, since he knows I am a man of honour, and have neither office nor benefice, my parents having brought me up to nothing and left me nothing : and this knave, as great a thief as Cacus, and as arrant a sharper as Andradilla,

would give me but four reals. Judge, my lord governor, of the little shame and conscience he must have. But, in faith, had it not been for your honour's coming, I would have made him disgorge his winnings, and have taught him how many ounces go to the pound." "What say you to this, friend?" quoth Sancho to the other: who answered, that all his adversary had said was true, and he did not intend to increase the present; for he was often giving him something, and they, who expect perquisites,³ should be mannerly, and take with a cheerful countenance whatever is given them, and not stand upon terms with the winners, unless they know them for certain to be sharpers, and that their winnings were unfairly gotten; and, for demonstration of his being an honest man, and no cheat, as the other alleged, there could be no stronger proof, than his refusal to comply with his demand; for cheats are always tributaries to the lookers on, who know them. "That is true," quoth the steward: "be pleased, my lord governor, to adjudge what shall be done with these men." "What shall be done, is this," answered Sancho: "You, master winner, whether good, bad, or indifferent, shall give your hackster here immediately a hundred reals, and pay down thirty more for the poor prisoners: and you, sir, who have neither office nor benefice, and live without any employment in this island, take the hundred reals, and, sometime tomorrow, get you out of this island, and return not for ten years, on pain, if you transgress, of finishing

your exile in the other world: for I will hang you on a gallows, or at least the hangman shall do it for me; and let no one reply, lest I punish him severely." The sentence being announced, the one disbursed; the other received: the one went out of the island; the other repaired to his own home; and the governor said: "It shall cost me a fall, or I will demolish these gaming-houses; for I have a suspicion that they are very prejudicial." "This, at least," quoth one of the scriveners, "your honour cannot put down; for it is kept by a person of quality, who loses in the year much more than he gains. Against petty gaming-houses, which do greater harm, and cover more abuses, your worship may exert your authority: but in those, which belong to persons of rank, notorious cheats dare not practise their tricks; and, since the vice of play is become common, it is better it should be permitted there, than in the houses of the meaner gentry, where unfortunate gulls are often deluded after midnight, and stripped of their very skin." "Well, master notary," quoth Sancho, "there is a great deal to be said on this subject."

And now came one of the serjeants, having fast hold of a young man, and said: "My lord governor, this youth was coming towards us; but, as soon as he perceived it was the round, he faced about, and ran off like a stag; a sign he must be some delinquent. I pursued him, but, had he not stumbled and fallen, I should never have overtaken him." "Why did you

fly, young man?" quoth Sancho. The youth replied: "I ran, my lord, to avoid answering the multitudes of questions which officers of justice are so accustomed to ask." "What trade are you of?" quoth Sancho. "A weaver," answered the youth. "And what do you weave?" quoth Sancho. "Iron heads for spears, an it please your worship." "You are pleasant with me, and value yourself upon being a jester," quoth Sancho: "very well, sir; and whither were you going?" "To take the air,⁴ sir," replied the lad. "And, pray, where do people take the air in this island?" said Sancho. "Where it blows," answered the youth. "Good," quoth Sancho; "you answer to the purpose: you are a discreet young man. But now, make account that I am the air, and that I blow in your poop, and drive you to jail. Here, lay hold of him, and take him to prison: I will make him sleep there to-night without air." "Before God," quoth the youth, "your honour can no more make me sleep there, than you can make me a king." "Why cannot I make you sleep in prison?" demanded Sancho: "have I not power to confine or release you, as I please?" "Whatever power your worship may have, you have not enough to make me sleep in prison." "Indeed!" replied Sancho: "away with him immediately, that he may see his mistake with his own eyes; and, lest the jailor should put his interested generosity in practice, if he suffer you to stir a step from the prison, I will sconce him in the penalty of two thousand ducats." "All this is

only laughable," answered the youth: "for still I defy all the world to make me sleep this night in prison." "Tell me, devil," quoth Sancho, "hast thou any angel to rescue thee, by unloosing the fetters I intend to have riveted on thy limbs?" "My lord governor," answered the youth, with an air of pleasantry, "let us consult reason a little, and come to the point. Supposing your worship were to order me to jail, to load me with chains and fetters, to confine me in a dungeon, and impose heavy penalties upon the jailor, if he permit me to stir out; and suppose these orders punctually obeyed: yet, for all that, if I have no mind to sleep, but to keep awake all night, without so much as shutting my eyelids, can your worship, with all your power, make me sleep whether I will or no?" "No, certainly," said the secretary, "and the young man has proved his assertion." "Granted," quoth Sancho, "provided he would forbear sleeping only to have his own will, and not out of pure contradiction to mine." "Truly, my lord," said the youth, "I never thought of such a thing." "Then, God be with you," quoth Sancho; "go, sleep at home, and I wish you a good night's rest; which I shall not attempt to disturb: but I would advise you, in future, to be less jocose with officers of justice; for you may meet with one, that may lay the joke over your noddle."

The youth went his way, and the governor continuing his round, a couple of serjeants presently came, with a person in custody, and said: "My lord

governor, this here person, who seems to be a man, is not so, but a woman, and no ugly one either, in man's clothes." Two or three lanterns being immediately lifted up to her face, it was discovered by their light, that it was indeed that of a female, seemingly about sixteen years of age, beautiful as a thousand pearls, with her hair tucked up under a net-work cawl of green silk and gold. Having viewed her from head to foot, it appeared, that 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. Fixing her eyes on the ground, she answered, with a modest bashfulness: "Sir, I cannot declare so pub-

licly, what it concerns me so much to conceal : of one thing, however, I must beg leave to assure your worship ; that I am no thief, no criminal person, but an unhappy maiden, whom the force of jealousy has tempted to break through the rules of female decorum." The steward, hearing this, said to Sancho : " My lord governor, order all your attendants to go aside, that this lady may speak her mind with less concern." The governor did so, and they all retired to a distance, the steward, the sewer, and the secretary excepted. The damsel then proceeded, saying : " I am the daughter, gentlemen, of Pedro Perez Mazonca, who farms the wool of this town, and comes frequently to my father's house." " This will not pass, madam," said the steward ; " for I know Pedro Perez well, and am sure he has no child, neither son nor daughter : besides, you say he is your father, and immediately add, that he comes frequently to your father's house." " I took notice of that," quoth Sancho. " Indeed, gentlemen," answered the damsel, " I am in such confusion, that I know not what I say : but the truth is, I am the daughter of Diego de la Llana, whom you must all know." " This may do," answered the steward ; " for with Diego de la Llana I am also acquainted, and know that he is a gentleman of rank and fortune, and has both a son and a daughter : but since he has been a widower, the face of this daughter has never been seen ; for he keeps her so closely shut up, that he will not give the sun leave to shine upon her : and

report says, she is extremely handsome." "That unfortunate daughter am I, and too true is what you state respecting my rigorous confinement," answered the damsel. "Whether fame lies, as to my beauty, you, gentlemen, can judge, since you have seen me:" and she began to weep bitterly; upon which the secretary said in a whisper to the sewer: "Something of importance must have happened to have induced so considerable a person, as this young lady, to leave her home, in such a dress, and at so unseasonable an hour." "No doubt," answered the sewer; "and the suspicion is confirmed by her tears." Sancho comforted her as well as he could, and desired her to tell them the whole matter, without fear; assuring her they would all endeavour to serve her with sincerity, and in every possible way.

"The case then is, gentlemen," she replied, "that my father has kept me locked up for the long space of ten years; such being the time that has elapsed since death deprived me of my mother. Mass is said in our house in a splendid chapel, and, during the period I have mentioned, I have seen nothing but the sun in the heavens by day, and the moon and stars by night; I am utterly unacquainted with the streets, squares, churches, and every inhabitant of the town, except my father, my brother, and Pedro Perez the wool-farmer, whose constant visits to our house led me to say he was my father, to conceal the truth. This seclusion, debarred the privilege of going out, so much as to church, had for days and months greatly

disquieted me. I wished to see the world, or at least the town in which I was born, and could not consider the wish as any breach of that decency which young ladies ought always to observe. When I heard of bull-feasts, of darting javelins on horseback, and of the representation of plays, I requested my brother, who is a year younger than myself, to tell me what those, and several other things, that I had never seen, meant; which he used to do in the best manner he could: and the desire I had of seeing them was but the more inflamed. In a word, to shorten the story of my ruin, I prayed and entreated him—O that I had never so prayed, never so entreated!” and again she was overcome with weeping. “Proceed, madam,” said the steward, “and make an end of your story; for your words and tears keep us in painful anxiety.” “Of words, I have but few to add,” answered the damsel, “though I shall have many tears to shed: for misplaced desires like mine, can be atoned for in no other way.”

The beauty of the damsel had rooted itself in the soul of the sewer, who held up his lantern to have another view of her; and he fancied the tears she let fall were dewdrops of the morning, or orient pearls: and he heartily wished her misfortune might not be so great as her weeping and wailing seemed to indicate. But the governor was out of all patience at her dilatory manner of telling her story, and bid her keep them no longer in suspense: for it grew late, and they had a great part of the round still to per-

form. Accordingly, interrupted by occasional sobs and sighings, she thus continued: "My whole misfortune and unhappiness consists only in this,—I requested my brother to dress me in his clothes, and take me out, some night, while my father should be asleep, to see the town. Importuned by my entreaties, he complied at last, and gave me this dress, disguising himself at the same time in a suit of mine, which fits as if it were made for him; and as he has not so much as one hair of a beard, he might be taken for a very beautiful young' girl. It was not above an hour ago, that we escaped from the house; and, guided by a footboy and our own unruly fancies, we had traversed the whole town, and were returning home, when, seeing a number of people approaching, my brother said to me: 'Sister, this must be the round; put wings to your feet, and fly after me, that they may not know us, for wo betide us if they should.' And he turned instantly back, and began, not to run, but to fly. In attempting to follow, I fell down, from fright, before I had taken six steps; and the officer of justice coming up, I was seized, and brought before your honour; where my indiscreet longing has exposed me to shame before so many people." "Then, in reality, madam," quoth Sancho, "no other mishap has befallen you, and it was not jealousy, as you told us at the beginning of your story, that led you from home?" "Nothing else," replied the damsel, "has befallen me, nor is there any jealousy in the case; it was merely a desire of

seeing the world, or rather the streets of this town, for my curiosity went no farther."

The appearance of the brother in the custody of two serjeants, who had pursued and overtaken him, as he fled from his sister, confirmed the truth of what she had said. The female dress of the young man consisted merely of a rich petticoat, and a blue damask mantle, with a splendid border; for he had no cap, or ornament of any kind on his head, but his own beautiful hair, which was so fair and glossy, that it seemed so many ringlets of the purest gold. The governor, the steward, and the sewer, taking him aside, out of the hearing of his sister, asked him how he came to be in that disguise: and, with no less bashfulness and concern, he told the same story as she had done, to the unspeakable joy of the enamoured sewer. But the governor said: "Really, young gentlefolks, this is a very childish frolic; and in relating it, there needed not half so many sighs and tears: had you but said, our names are so and so, and we stole out of our father's house by such and such a contrivance, only out of curiosity, and with no other design whatever, the tale had been told as soon as begun, and all these takings-on, these moanings and groanings, might have been spared." "Yes, sir," answered the damsel; "but the confusion I was in was so great, that it did not suffer me to demean myself as I ought." "There is no harm done," answered Sancho: "we will see you safe to your father's house; perhaps he has not missed you; and henceforward be less childish, and

not so eager to play the vagrant: for, The modest maid, and a broken leg, should stay at home; and, The woman and the hen are lost by gadding; and, She who desires to see, desires no less to be seen. And this is all I shall say upon the subject."

The youth thanked the governor for the intended favour of seeing them safe home, and they bent their course towards the house, which was not far off. When they arrived, the brother threw up a small stone to a grated window, and a servant-maid, who waited for them, immediately came down, and opened the door, and the rovers went in, leaving every one in admiration at their genteel deportment and beauty, as well as at their singular desire of seeing the world by night, without stirring out of the town; which was imputed to their tender years.

The sewer's heart being pierced through and through, he purposed within himself to demand the young lady, the next day, of her father in marriage, taking it for granted, that, being a servant of the duke's, he could not be refused. Sancho too had similar thoughts of matching 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.

CHAP. XVIII.

In which is declared who were the enchanters and executioners, that whipped the duenna, and pinched and scratched Don Quixote ; with the success of the page, who carried the letter to Teresa Panza, Sancho's 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 donna, her bedfellow, being awake, perceived it ; and, as all duennas have the itch of listening after, prying into, and smelling out 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 proceeding. The duchess acquainted the duke, and begged that she and Altisidora might be permitted to go and see what was the duenna's business with the knight. The duke consenting, they both, gently, step by step, crept, as it were, and posted themselves close to the door of the chamber ; so close indeed, that not a word that was said within escaped them : and when the duchess heard the duenna expose the fountains¹ of her issues, neither could she nor Altisidora bear it ; and accordingly,

brimful of choler, they burst into the room, and pinched Don Quixote, and whipped the duenna, in the manner related above; for affronts, levelled against the beauty and vanity of women, awaken their wrath in an extraordinary manner, and inflame them with a desire of revenge that is scarcely governable.

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 wench, 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 present for her from that same father of yours." "That will I, with all my heart, sir," answered the girl, who seemed to be about fourteen years of age: and, leaving the linen she was washing to one of her companions, without putting any thing on her head or her feet, with bare legs, and dishevelled hair, she ran skipping before the page's horse, saying: "Come along, sir; for our house stands just at the entrance of the village, and there you will find my mother in trouble enough, for not having heard for so long a time any news of my father." "I bring her news," quoth the page, "that she may well thank God for." In short, with jumping, running, and capering, the girl soon reached the village, and, before she entered the house, she called aloud at the door: "Come out, mother Teresa, come out, come out! for here is a gentleman, who brings letters and other things from my good father." Hearing her daughter's voice, Teresa Panza made her appearance, having in her hand a distaff of tow which she had been spinning, dressed in a gray petticoat, so short, that it looked as if it had been docked at the placket, and a gray boddice, her smock-sleeves hanging slatternly about it. She was not old, though she seemed to have seen forty; and was strong, hale, sinewy, and hard as a hazel-nut. Seeing her daughter, and a page with her on horseback, she said: "What is the matter, girl? what gentleman is this?" "It is an humble servant of my lady Donna Teresa Panza," answered the page: and he flung himself from his

horse, and, with great respect, went and kneeled before her, saying: "Be pleased, signora Donna Teresa, to permit me to kiss your ladyship's hand, as the lawful and only wife of signor Don Sancho Panza, sole governor of the island of Barataria." "Ah, dear sir, forbear, do not do so," answered Teresa; "for I am no court dame, but a poor countrywoman, daughter of a ploughman, and wife of a squire-errant, and not of any governor whatever." "Your ladyship," answered the page, "is the most worthy consort of an arch-worthy governor; and, for proof of what I say, be pleased, madam, to receive this letter, and this present." He then drew from his pocket a string of corals, every bead set in gold; and, putting it round her neck, he said: "This letter is from my lord governor, and another that I have, and these corals, are from my lady duchess, who sends me to your ladyship, with her congratulations." Teresa was perfectly amazed, and her daughter no less so, and the girl said: "May I die, if our master Don Quixote be not at the bottom of this good business, and has given my father, at last, the government, or earldom, he so often promised him." "It is even so," answered the page; "and, for signor Don Quixote's sake, my lord Sancho is now governor of the island of Barataria, as you will see by his letter." "Pray, young gentleman," quoth Teresa, "be pleased to read it to me; for, though I can spin, I cannot read a tittle." "Nor I neither," added Sanchica: "but stay a moment, and I will call somebody that can,

though it be the priest himself, or the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, who will come with all their hearts to hear news of my father." "There is no need of calling any body," quoth the page; "for, though I cannot spin, I can read, and you shall hear it immediately. Accordingly he read it: but, as it has been inserted before, it is here purposely omitted. He then delivered that from the duchess, which was as follows:—

"Friend TERESA,

"The good qualities, both as to talents and integrity, of your husband Sancho, have moved and induced me, to desire the duke my spouse to give him the government of one of the many islands under his jurisdiction; and I am informed he governs like any hawk; at which I and my lord duke are mightily pleased; and I give great thanks to Heaven, that I have not been deceived in my recommendation. For, let me tell madam Teresa, it is a difficult thing to find a good governor now-a-days, and God make me as good as Sancho governs well. I send you herewith, my dear lady governess, a string of corals set in gold: I wish they were of oriental pearl: but, Who gives thee an egg, has no mind to see thee dead. The time will come, when we shall be better acquainted, and converse together, and God knows what may happen. Commend me to Sanchica your daughter, and tell her from me, to get herself ready; for I mean to marry her toppingly when she least thinks of it. I am told the acorns of your town are

very large : pray, send me some two or three dozen of them ; for I shall esteem them the more as coming from your hand : and write to me immediately, advising me of your health and welfare : if you want any thing, you need but open your mouth, and it shall be measured. So God have you in his holy keeping.

“ Your loving friend,

“ The DUCHESS.”

From this place.

“ Ah !” quoth Teresa, on hearing the letter, “ how good, how plain, how humble a lady ! Let me be buried with such ladies as this, and not your gentlewomen of this town, who think, because they are quality-folks, the wind must not blow upon them : and they go to church with as much vanity as if they were very queens. One would think they took it for a disgrace to look upon a poor peasant-woman ; and see here how this good lady, though she be a duchess, calls me friend, and treats me as if I were her equal ; and equal may I see her to the highest steeple in La Mancha. As to the acorns, sir, I will send her ladyship a whole peck, and such choice ones, that people shall come far and near to see and admire them. And, now, Sanchica, look to the entertainment of this gentleman, and make much of him : take care of his horse, and bring some new-laid eggs out of the stable, and slice some rashers of bacon, and let us treat him like any prince ; for the good news he has brought us, and his own good looks, deserve no less ;

and, in the meanwhile, I will step with the news of our joy to my neighbours, and especially to our father the priest, and to master Nicholas the barber, who are, and always have been, your father's great friends." "Yes, mother, I will," answered Sanchica: "but, hark you, mother, I must have half that string of corals; for I do not take my lady duchess to be such a fool as to send it all to you." "No, it is all for you, daughter," answered Teresa; "but let me wear it a few days about my neck; for methinks it cheers my very heart." "Your heart will be still more cheered," quoth the page, "when you shall see the bundle I have in this portmanteau: it is a suit of superfine cloth, which the governor wore only one day at a hunting-match, and he has sent it all for the use of signora Sanchica." "May he live a thousand years," answered Sanchica, "and the bearer neither more nor less, ay, and two thousand, if need be."

Teresa now sallied forth with the letters, and the beads about her neck, playing with her fingers upon the letters, as she went along, as if they had been a timbrel; and accidentally meeting the priest, and Sampson Carrasco, she began to dance, and say: "In faith we have no poor relations now; we have caught a government: ay, ay, let the proudest gentlewoman of them all meddle with me; I will make her know her distance."² "What is the matter, Teresa Panza? what extravagancies are you exhibiting? and what papers are those?" demanded the priest. "No

other extravagancies," quoth she, "but that these are letters from duchesses and governors, and what you see about my neck are true coral; the avemaries and the paternosters are of beaten gold; and I am a governess!" "God defend us! Teresa," they replied; "for we understand you not, nor know a syllable of your meaning." "Believe your own eyes then," answered Teresa, giving them the letters. The priest having read them aloud, that Sampson Carrasco might hear the contents, they stared at each other in astonishment. Upon the bachelor's asking who had brought those letters, Teresa answered, if they would accompany her home, they should see the messenger, who was a youth like any golden pine-tree; and he had brought her another present, worth twice as much. The priest took the corals from her neck, and having viewed and reviewed them, and being satisfied they were genuine, his wonder increased. "By the habit I wear," said he, "I neither know what to say, nor what to think. On the one hand I see, and even feel the value of these corals, and I read on the other, that a duchess sends to request a dozen or two of acorns." "Make these things tally, if you can," quoth Carrasco: "but let us go to the bearer of the packet, who may throw some light upon the difficulties, which puzzle us."

Accordingly, returning with Teresa, they found the page sifting a little barley for his horse, and Sanchica cutting a rasher to fry, intending to pave it with eggs³ for his dinner. They were pleased with

the aspect and general appearance of the page, and mutual salutations having passed, Sampson requested him to impart to them what he knew of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; for, though they had read both Sancho's letter and that of the duchess, still they were perplexed, and could not devise what his government could mean, and especially of an island, as all or the greatest part of those in the Mediterranean belonged to his majesty. Complying with the request, the page replied: "Of signor Sancho Panza being a governor, there can be no doubt: but whether of an island, I do not concern myself; I know that it is a place containing above a thousand inhabitants. As to the acorns, my lady duchess is of so humble and affable a disposition, that her begging such things of a country-woman is not to be wondered at; when she will even send to borrow a comb of one of her neighbours. For you must know, gentlemen, that the ladies of Arragon, though of a rank equally distinguished, are less haughty, and less ceremonious, than the ladies of Castile; and treat their inferiors more upon the level."

In the midst of this discourse, in came Sanchica, with a lap full 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, before God, 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 any body 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." "I'faith, may she," quoth Sanchica, "and would to God 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 the pope's lady!'" "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 you⁷ 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.” “ And what care I,” added Sanchica, “ if, when they see me stepping it stately and bridling, they cry, The higher the monkey climbs, the more he exposes his bald buttocks, and other old saws ?”

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 bellies : 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 every thing 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.” “ All I know of myself, gentlemen,” answered the page, “ is, that I am a real messenger, and that signor Sancho Panza is a real governor; and that my lord duke, and my lady duchess, have the power to give, and have really given the said government: and I have heard it said, that the said Sancho Panza conducts himself most notably in it. Whether there be any enchantment in the case, you may dispute by yourselves: for, by the oath I am going to take, which is, by the life of my parents, who are living, and whom I dearly love, I know nothing more of the matter, than I have imparted.” “ It may be so,” replied the bachelor, “ but, *Dubitat Augustinus.*” “ Doubt who will,” answered the page; “ the truth is what I tell you, and truth will always get above a lie, like oil above water: and, if you will not believe me, *Operibus credite et non verbis.* Come, one of you, gentlemen, along with me, and you shall see with your eyes what you will not believe by the evidence of your ears.” “ That

jaunt is for me," quoth Sanchica: "take me behind you, sir, upon your nag; for I will go with all my heart to see my honoured father." "The daughters of governors," said the page, "must not travel thus, but attended with coaches and litters, and good store of servants." "Before God," answered Sanchica, "I can travel as well upon an ass's colt, as in a coach; I am none of your tender, squeamish folks." "Peace, wench," quoth Teresa; "you know not what you say, and the gentleman is in the right; for, According to reason, each thing in its season: when it was Sancho, it was Sancha; but now, when governor, my lady. Say I amiss, sir?" "Madam Teresa says more than she imagines," quoth the page; "but pray, give me to eat, and despatch me quickly; for I intend to return before night." The priest then said: "Come, sir, and do penance with me; for madam Teresa has more good will, than good cheer, to welcome so worthy a guest." The page refused at first, but at length, deeming second thoughts best, accepted the invitation, and the priest was glad to take him to his house, that he might have an opportunity of inquiring at leisure concerning Don Quixote and his exploits. The bachelor made an offer to Teresa to write what answers were necessary to her letters: but looking upon him as a wag, she would not let him meddle in her affairs; and with a roll of bread and a couple of eggs she bribed a young novice friar, who penned for her two epistles, one to her husband, and the other to the duchess, but both

of her own inditing ; and they are none of the worst recorded in this grand history, as will be seen hereafter.

CHAP. XIX.

Of the progress of Sancho Panza's government, with other entertaining events.

AT length the morning came that succeeded the night of the governor's round, the remainder of which the sewer passed without sleep, his thoughts being taken up with the countenance, air, and beauty of the disguised damsel ; and the steward, in writing to his lord and lady what Sancho Panza said and did, wondering alike at his words and actions, which were intermixed with strong indications both of discretion and folly.

When my lord governor rose, by the direction of doctor Pedro Rezio, he had only, to break his fast, a little conserve, and four draughts of cold water ; which he would gladly have exchanged for a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes : but as it was a matter of compulsion rather than of choice, he submitted, with sufficient grief to his soul, and toil to his stomach ; the physician making him believe, that, to eat little, and of slight things, quickened the judgment, and was best for persons appointed to rule and bear offices of dignity ; in which bodily strength was of no importance, whereas vigour of understanding

was indispensable. By means of this sophistry, Sancho endured hunger to a degree, that inwardly he cursed the government, and even him that gave it.

However, his hunger and his conserve notwithstanding, he sat in judgment that day, and the first thing that offered, was, a question proposed by a stranger; the steward and the rest of the assistants being present. It was this: "My lord," said the stranger, "a certain manor is divided by a large river — Pray, my lord, be attentive; for it is a case of importance, and somewhat difficult. I say then, upon this river is a bridge, and at one end of the bridge a gallows, and a kind of court-house, in which four judges commonly sit, whose office is to give sentence according to a law enjoined by the owner of the river, the bridge, and the manor; which law is in this form: 'Whoever passes over this bridge, must first declare upon oath, whence he comes, and what business he is going about: and, if he truly swear, he shall be permitted to pass; but, if he lie, he shall die for it upon the gallows, without remission.' This law, with its rigorous conditions, being known, many persons passed over; for by what they swore it appeared as if they swore the truth, and the judges interposed no let or impediment. Now it happens that one man, having taken the oath, has sworn, and persists in the oath, that he is going to die upon the gallows at the end of the bridge, and that this is his sole business. The judges having deliberated upon the oath, observed: 'If we let this man pass freely,

he will have sworn a lie, and by the law he ought to die ; and if we hang him, as he has sworn he is to die upon the gallows, he will have sworn the truth, and by the same law he ought to go free.' Now it is demanded of my lord governor, how the judges shall proceed with this man : for they are doubtful and in suspense ; and, being informed of the acuteness and elevation of your lordship's understanding, they have sent me to beseech your lordship, on their behalf, to aid them in so intricate and difficult a case." To which Sancho answered : " Certainly, these gentlemen, the judges who sent you, might have saved both themselves and you the labour ; for I have more of the blunt than the acute in me : nevertheless, repeat the business over again, that I may the better understand it, and perhaps I may hit the mark." 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, con-
trary to all the rules and aphorisms of doctor Tir-
teafuera, 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 re-
quired 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 dis-
cretion ; 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 good-will of the people over whom thou presidest, two things, among others, are especially requisite: One is, to be civil to every body—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 step-father 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 bugbear to the butchers, who will then make their weights true; and be a terror to the market-people for the same reason. If perchance thou art addicted, which I do not believe, to covetousness, to women, or to gluttony, let it not be seen: for, when the town, and those who have concerns with thee, discover thy ruling passion, they will never cease playing their engines upon thy weakness, till they have battered thee to the very depth of destruction. View and review, consider and reconsider the counsels and documents I gave thee in writing, before thy departure to thy government, and, thus studied, thou wilt find in them a choice supply, to help and support thee under the toils and difficulties, which governors have to contend with every moment. Write to thy patrons, the duke and duchess, and show thyself grateful; for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the vilest sins; whereas he who is grateful to his benefactor, shows thereby that he will be so to

God also, who has already done him, and is continually doing him, so much good.

“ My lady duchess has despatched a messenger with thy hunting suit, and another present from herself to thy wife Teresa Panza: we expect an answer every moment. I have been a little out of order with a certain cat-clawing which befell me, not much to the advantage of my nose: but it was nothing; for if there be enchanters who persecute me, there are others who defend me. Let me know, if the steward, who is with thee, had any hand in the adventure of the Trifaldi, of which thou hadst once a suspicion; and give me advice, from time to time, of all that happens to thee, since the distance is so short. I have thoughts of quitting the idle life I have lately led; for I was not born for it. I am likely to be engaged in an affair, which I fear will bring me into disgrace with the duke and duchess: but, though this afflicts me much, it shall not alter my determination; for I must comply with the duties of my profession, rather than with their pleasure, according to the old saying, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica Veritas*. I write this in Latin; being persuaded, thou hast learned that language since thou hast been a governor. And so, farewell, and God have thee in his keeping, that thou mayest escape the pity of the world.

“ Thy friend,

“ DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.”

Sancho listened with great attention to the letter, which was applauded, for the good sense it contained, by all that heard it; and immediately rising from table, and calling the secretary, he shut himself up with him in his chamber, having resolved to send an answer to his lord Don Quixote without delay. The secretary was ordered to write what he should dictate to him, without adding or diminishing a tittle; and the answer as proceeding from the lips of Sancho was of the following tenor.—

Sancho Panza's letter to Don Quixote de la Mancha.

“ The hurry of business is so great here, that I have not time to scratch my head, nor so much as to pare my nails, and therefore I wear them very long; which God remedy. This I say, dear master of my soul, that your worship may not wonder, that I have hitherto given you no account of my well or ill being in this government; in which I suffer more hunger, than when we two used to wander about through woods and deserts.

“ My lord duke wrote to me the other day, giving me advice, that certain spies were come into this island to kill me; but as yet I have been able to discover no such enemy, except a certain doctor, who has a salary in this place for killing all the governors that come to it. He calls himself doctor Pedro Rezio, and is a native of Tirteafuera; a name by which your worship may see the danger there is of my

dying by his hands. This doctor says, he does not undertake to cure distempers that are already come upon us, but prevents their coming: and the medicine he prescribes is, fasting upon fasting, till the patient is reduced to bare bones: as if a consumption were not a worse malady than a fever! In short, he is murdering me by hunger, and I am dying of despite; for, instead of coming to this government, to eat hot, and drink cool, and to recreate my body between Holland sheets, upon beds of down, I am doing penance, as if I were a hermit: and, as it goes against the grain, I verily think, at the long run, the devil will carry me away.

“ Hitherto I have touched no fee, nor taken any bribe; and I cannot imagine in what it will end; for I am told, that former governors used, before they set foot in the island, to receive a good sum of money, by way of present or loan, from the people, and that this is the custom with governments elsewhere, as well as here.

“ As I was going the round last night, I met a very handsome damsel in man’s clothes, and her brother in woman’s. My sewer fell in love with the girl, and has, as he says, already, in his thoughts, made choice of her for his wife; and I have chosen the brother for my son-in-law. To-day we both intend to disclose our minds to the father, who is one Diego de la Llana, a gentleman, and as much an old christian as one can desire.

“ I visit the markets as your worship advises me;

and yesterday seeing a huckster-woman selling new hazel-nuts, as she pretended, when it was proved upon her, that she had mixed with the new a bushel of old rotten ones, I confiscated them all to the use of the charity-boys, who well know how to distinguish them, and sentenced her not to appear in the market again for fifteen days. I was complimented on my gallant behaviour in this matter: for your worship must know, that it is reported in this town, that there is not a worse set of people than your market-women, who are all shameless, hard-hearted, and impudent; and from what I have seen in other places, I verily believe it is so.

“Concerning my lady duchess’s having written to my wife Teresa Panza, and sent her the present your worship mentions, I am mightily pleased to hear it, and will endeavour to show my gratitude at a proper time: pray, kiss her honour’s hands in my name, and tell her, she has not thrown her favours into a rent sack, as she will find by the effect.

“I would not wish your worship to have any cross reckonings of dissatisfaction with our noble patrons the duke and duchess; for, if your worship quarrel with them, it is plain, it must redound to my damage; and, since your worship advised me not to be ungrateful, it will not be proper you should be so yourself, to those, who have done you so many favours, and entertained you so generously in 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.

“ I would willingly send your worship a token ; but I cannot tell what, unless it be some little clyster-pipes, which they make in this island very curiously. Should my employment hold, I will find something to send, by hook or by crook. 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 monopolisers 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.¹ He laid most severe penalties upon those, who should sing lewd and 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.

CHAP. XX.

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 the veil from her blubbered face, which she did, and disclosed

to view, what they little expected to see, the individual countenance of Donna Rodriguez, the duenna; the other mourner being her daughter, who had been deluded by the rich farmer's son. Every person acquainted with her was surprised, and the duke and duchess more than any body; for though they knew her to be soft and simple, they had no idea of the extreme folly, that should lead her to act so mad a part. Turning to her lord and lady, she at length said: "Be pleased, your excellencies, to permit me to confer a little with this gentleman; which it behoves me to do, that I may get successfully out of an unlucky business, into which the presumption of an evil-minded clown has brought me." The duke having given her leave to have as long a conference as she pleased, directing her face and speech to the knight, she said: "It is not long, valorous knight, since I gave you an account how injuriously and treacherously a wicked peasant has used my poor dear child, this unfortunate girl standing before you, and you then promised to step forward in her defence, and see her righted; and now I understand, that you are departing from this castle in quest of happy adventures, (which God send you!) and therefore my desire is, that, before you begin your career on the highways, you would challenge this untamed rustic, and oblige him to marry my daughter out of hand, and so fulfil the promise he made, before he had his wicked will of her:¹ for to expect that my lord duke will do me justice, is to look for pears upon an elm-tree, for the

reasons I told your worship in private ; and so God grant your worship much health, at the same time not forsaking us in our affliction."

To this address Don Quixote, with much solemn gravity, replied : " Worthy madam duenna, moderate your tears, or rather dry them up altogether, and spare your sighs : for I take upon me the charge of seeing your daughter's wrongs redressed ; though better had it been, if she had placed less faith in the protestations of lovers, who, for the most part, are very ready at promising, and very slow in performing : and, therefore, with my lord duke's leave, I will depart immediately in search of this ungracious youth, and having found, will challenge him, and having challenged, will kill him, should he refuse to perform his contract : for the principal end of my profession is, to spare the humble, and chastise the proud ; I mean, to succour the wretched, and destroy the oppressor."

" Your worship need not give yourself any trouble," answered the duke, " to seek out the rustic, of whom this good duenna complains ; nor need you ask my permission to challenge him. Suppose him already challenged, sir knight, and leave it to me to give him notice, and make him accept it, and come and answer for himself at this my castle ; where both shall fairly enter the lists, and all the usual ceremonies shall be observed, and exact justice distributed to each, as is the bounden duty of all princes, who grant the lists to combatants within the limits of their territories."

“ With this assurance then, and your grace’s leave,” replied Don Quixote, “ I will for once renounce my gentility, and lower myself to the condition of the offender, that, being upon a level with him, he may be qualified to contend with me: and therefore, though absent, I challenge and defy the miscreant, on account of the injury he has done in deceiving this poor girl, who was a maiden, and by his fault is no longer so; and he shall either perform his promise, of being her lawful husband, or die in the dispute.” And pulling off his glove, he threw it into the middle of the hall, and the duke took it up, repeating what he had said before, that he accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal; and he appointed the time to be six days after, and the lists to be in the court of the castle, and the arms, those usual with knights, a lance, shield, and laced suit, and all the other pieces, without deceit, fraud, or superstition whatever, being first viewed and examined by the judges of the field. “ However, before we proceed, it will be necessary,” said the duke, “ that the good duenna, and the seduced maiden, do commit the justice of their cause in due form to the hands of signor Don Quixote; otherwise nothing can be done in the business, nor even the challenge itself be duly executed.” “ I do commit it,” answered the duenna. “ And I too,” added the daughter, weeping, abashed, and confounded.

The day being thus appointed, and the duke having

resolved with himself what was to be done, the mourners quitted the hall ; and the duchess ordered, that thenceforward they should be treated, not as her servants, but as lady-adventurers, who were come to her house to demand justice : accordingly they had a separate apartment, and were served as strangers, to the amazement of the rest of the family, who were ignorant what the folly and boldness of Donna Rodriguez, and of her ill-errant daughter, aimed at.

To perfect the joy of the party, and give a good termination to the dinner, the page now entered, who had carried the letters and presents to Teresa Panza, wife of Sancho Panza the governor. The duke and duchess were delighted at his arrival, and, eager to learn the success of his journey, they began immediately to question him : but he replied, that he could not relate so publicly what he had to say, nor in few words, and requested their excellencies would favour him with a private audience, after they had entertained themselves with the letters he had brought : and, taking two from his pocket, he put them into the hands of the duchess. Of these letters, one was subscribed ; “ For my lady duchess, such an one, of I know not what place : ” and the other ; “ To my husband Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria, whom, many more years than me, may God prosper.” The duchess’s cake was dough, as the saying is, till she had examined the contents of her letter, and, opening it, she first, to see

that all was right, ran it over to herself, and then, for the amusement of the duke and his guests, read aloud as follows.

Teresa Panza's letter to the duchess.

“ My lady,

“ The letter your grandeur wrote to me gave me much satisfaction, and verily I wished for it mightily. The string of corals is charming, and my husband's hunting-suit does not come short of it. Our whole town is hugely pleased, that your ladyship's goodness has made my husband Sancho a governor; though nobody believes it, especially the priest, and master Nicholas the barber, and Sampson Carrasco the bachelor. But what care I? for so long as it is so, as it really is, they may say what they list: though, if I may own the truth, I should not have believed it myself, had it not been for the corals and the hunting-suit: for, in this village, every body thinks my husband a dolt, and, taken as he was from governing a herd of goats, they cannot imagine what government else he can be good for. God be his guide, and speed him as he sees best for his children. I am resolved, dear lady of my soul, with your ladyship's leave, to bring this good day home to my house, and hie me to court, to loll it in a coach, though it should burst the eyes of a thousand people, that already stare at me with envy. And, therefore, I beg your excellency

to order my husband to send me some money, and let it be a good round sum ; for at court, expenses are great, bread sells for sixpence, and flesh for thirty maravedis the pound ; which is a judgment : and if he be not for my going, let him send me word in time ; for my feet are in motion to be off. My gossips and neighbours tell me, that, if I and my daughter go fine and stately at court, my husband will be better known by me, than I by him ; for, to be sure, folks will ask : ‘ What ladies are those in that coach ? ’ and a footman of ours will answer ; ‘ The wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria : ’ and in this manner Sancho will be known, and I shall be respected, and to Rome² for every thing.

“ I am as sorry, as sorry can be, that there has been no gathering of acorns in our village this year ; but, for all that, I send your highness about half a peck, which I went myself to the mountain to pick and cull, but could find none larger ; though I wish for your honour’s sake they had been as big as ostrich eggs.

“ I hope your pomposity will not forget to write to me, and I will take care to answer, advising you of my health, and of all that shall offer worth advising from this place, where I remain praying to our Lord to preserve your honour, without forgetting me. My daughter Sanchica, and my son, kiss your ladyship’s hands.

“ She, who has more mind to see than write to your ladyship,



“ Your servant,

“ TERESA PANZA.”

The whole company were delighted with the letter, and especially the duke and duchess, who asked Don Quixote, whether he thought it would be proper to open that directed for the governor, which must needs be superexcellent: and the knight replied, that to gratify them, he would venture; and having opened it, the contents were found to be these:—

Teresa Panza's letter to her husband Sancho Panza.

“ I received your letter, dear Sancho of my soul, and I vow and swear to you, upon the word of a catholic Christian, that I was within two fingers' breadth of running mad with satisfaction. Look you, brother, when I came to hear that you were a governor, methought I should have dropped down dead: for sudden joy, you know, kills as effectually as excessive grief. Your daughter Sanchica could not contain her water, for pure ecstasy. I had before my eyes the hunting-suit you sent me, about my neck the beautiful corals of my lady duchess, in my hands the letters, and the bearer of them standing by me; and, for all that, I believed and thought all I saw and touched was a dream: for who could imagine, that a goatherd should come to be a governor of

islands? My mother, as you know, used to say, that We must live long to see much. I say this, because I hope to see more, if I live longer: for I never expect to stop till I see you a farmer-general, or a collector of the customs; offices, in which, though the devil is sure to carry him away that abuses them, one is always fingering and taking money. My lady duchess will tell you the longing I have to go to court: consider of it, and let me know your mind; for I will strive to do you credit there by riding in a coach. The priest, the barber, the bachelor, and even the sexton, will not believe that you are a governor; they say, that it is all delusion, or matter of enchantment, like the rest of your master Don Quixote's affairs: and Sampson vows, he will find you out, and drive this government from your head, and Don Quixote's madness out of his skull. I only laugh at them, and look upon my string of corals, and am contriving how to make our daughter a gown of your brave hunting-suit. 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 yours, prithee, send me a few strings. The news of this town is, that Berrueca is about marrying her daughter to a sorry painter, who is come to this town to paint whatever should be offered him. The magistrates set him to paint the king's arms over the gate of the town-house; for which he asked two ducats; and they paid him beforehand: he worked at it a whole week, and having made nothing of it,

said, he could not hit upon painting such trumpery ; and returned the money ; and, for all that, he marries under the title of a good workman. It is true, he has quitted the pencil, and taken to the spade, and goes to the field like any gentleman. Pedro de Lobo's son has taken orders, and shaven his crown, meaning to be a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's niece, has heard of it, and is suing him upon a promise of marriage: evil tongues do not stick to say she is with child by him ; but he denies it with both hands. We have had no olives this year, nor is there a drop of vinegar in all the town. A company of foot-soldiers passing through here, carried off three girls. I will not say who they are: perhaps, they will return, and somebody or other will not fail to marry them with all their faults. Sanchica makes bone-lace, and gets eight maravedis a day, which she drops into a till-box, to help towards household stuff when her time comes: but now that she is a governor's daughter, you will give her a fortune, and she need not work for it. The pump in our market-place is dried up. A thunderbolt fell upon the pillory, and there may they all light. I expect an answer to this, and your resolution about my going to court. And so God keep you more years than myself, or as many ; for I would not willingly leave you in this world behind me.

“ Your wife,

“ TERESA PANZA.”

The letters caused equal esteem, admiration, applause, and laughter: and, to crown the whole, the courier arrived, who brought that, which Sancho sent to Don Quixote; which was also publicly read, and occasioned the governor's simplicity to be much doubted. The duchess retired, to learn of the page the particulars of his journey to Sancho's village; and he related the whole, without omitting a single circumstance. 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.

PART II. BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

Of the toilsome end and conclusion of Sancho Panza's government.

Nothing in this world is stable, and vain would it be to expect it. On the contrary, all is a series of fluctuations, change rapidly succeeding change. Time itself rolls round with a continual wheel. The spring is succeeded by the summer, the summer by the autumn, the autumn by the winter, and the winter by the spring again. Human life only posts on to its end, swifter than time itself, without hope of renewal, unless in the next, which is limited by no bounds. This is the reflection of Cid Hamet, the Mahometan philosopher; for, without the light of faith, many, by mere natural instinct, have discovered the transitory and unstable condition of the present life, and the eternal duration of that which is to come: and the reflection is introduced here, to point out with greater force the swiftness, with which Sancho's government ended, perished, dissolved, and vanished into smoke and a shadow.

This poor governor, having retired to rest on the seventh night of his administration, not sated with bread or glutted with wine, but fatigued with sitting

in judgment, deciding causes, and making statutes and proclamations; and sleep, maugre and in despite of hunger, beginning to close his eyelids; he suddenly heard so great a noise of bells and voices, that he verily thought the whole island had been sinking. He sat up in his bed, and listened attentively, to ascertain, if he could, the cause of so great an uproar: but so far was he from guessing, that, the din of an infinite number of trumpets and drums joining the noise of the bells and voices, he was in greater confusion, and in more fear and consternation than at first. Quitting his bed, he put on slippers, on account of the dampness of the floor; and, in his shirt as he was, without night-gown, or any other covering, hastened to the door of his chamber, and having opened it, instantly perceived more than twenty persons hurrying along a gallery, with lighted torches in their hands, and their swords drawn, crying aloud: "Arm, arm, my lord governor, arm! for a world of enemies have entered the island, and we are undone for ever, if your conduct and valour do not succour and save us." With this noise and uproar rushing on they came where Sancho stood, astonished and stupefied with what he heard and saw: when one of them said: "Arm yourself straight, my lord, unless you would perish, and see the whole island perish with you." "What have I to do with arming," replied Sancho, "who know nothing either of arms or succours? It were better to leave these matters to my master Don Quixote, who will de-

spatch them and secure us all in a trice ; for, as I am a sinner to God, these hurly-burlies are out of my way." "How! my lord governor," said another, "what faint-heartedness is this? Arm yourself, sir: for here we bring you weapons offensive and defensive; and come forth to the market-place, and be our leader and our captain, since you ought to be so, as being our governor." "Equip me, then, in God's name," replied Sancho: and they brought a couple of old targets, which they had purposely provided, and placed them over his shirt (not suffering him to put on any other garment), the one before, and the other behind. They thrust his arms through certain holes they had made in them, and tied them fast together with cord; so that he remained walled and boarded up as strait as a spindle, without being able to bend his knees, or move a single step. They then put a lance into his hand, upon which he leaned, to keep himself upon his feet; and thus accoutred, desired him to march, and to lead and encourage them on; for, he being their north-pole, their lantern, and their morning-star, their affairs were sure of a prosperous issue. "How should I march, wretch that I am," answered Sancho, "when I cannot stir my knee-pans? being hindered by these boards, which press so close and hard upon my flesh. Your only way, gentlemen, is, to carry me in your arms, and lay me athwart, or set me upright, at some postern, which I will maintain, either with my lance or my body." "Fie, signor governor," quoth another, "it is fear,

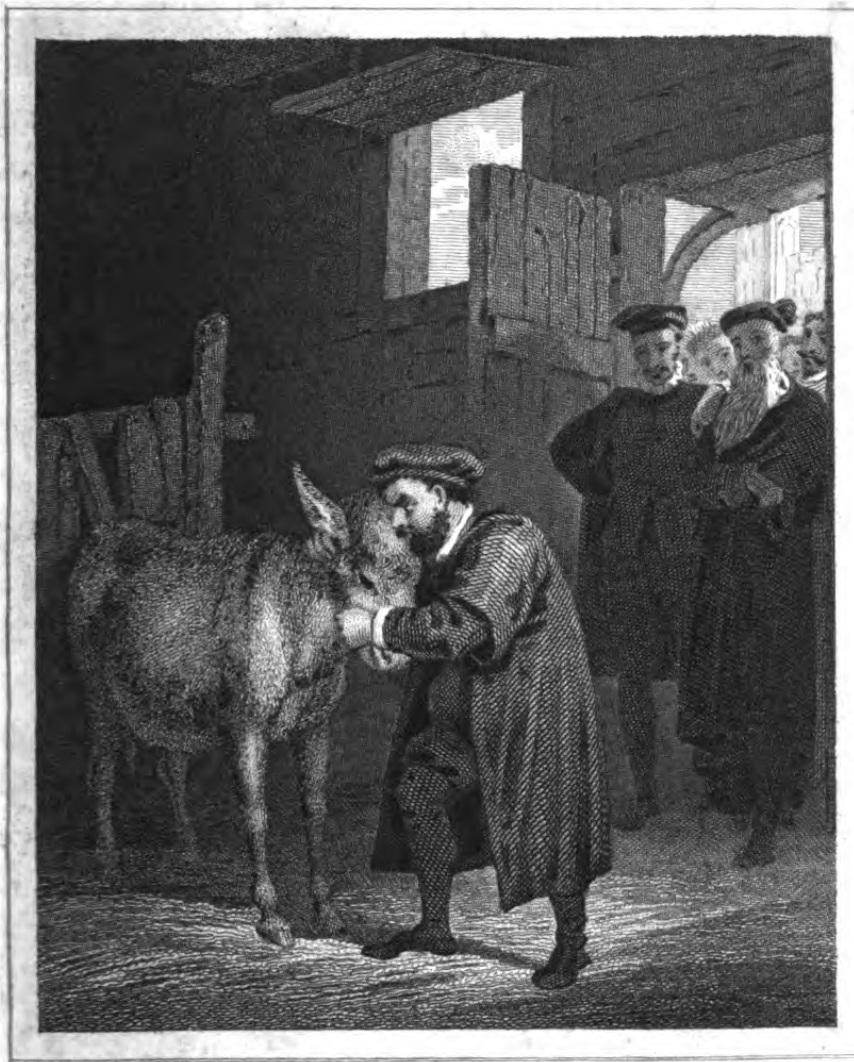
more than the pressure of the targets, that hinders your marching. For shame, have done with this fooling, and bestir yourself; for it is late, the enemy increases, the cry grows louder, and the danger presses."

Stung with these reproaches, the poor governor exerted himself to move forward, when he fell down with such violence, that he verily thought he had dashed himself to pieces; and there he lay like a tortoise in his shell, or a fitch of bacon between two trays, or a boat upon the sands with the keel upwards. The jesting rogues, though they saw him fall, had not the least compassion on him; on the contrary, putting out their torches, they reinforced the clamour, and reiterated the alarm, with such hurry and bustle, trampling over the poor governor, and bestowing so many thwacks upon the targets, that, if he had not gathered himself up, and shrunk in his head between the bucklers, it had gone hard with him. Crumpled thus within a narrow compass, he sweated and sweated again, and recommended himself to God from the bottom of his heart, to deliver him from the danger. Some stumbled against, others fell over him; nay, one, mounting upon his body, stood there for a while, commanding, as from a watch-tower, the troops, and, with a loud voice, exclaiming: "This way, brave boys; here the enemy charges thickest; guard that postern; shut yonder gate; down with those scaling-ladders; this way with your caldrons of rosin, pitch, and burning oil; barricado the streets with wool-

packs." In short, he named, with rapidity, every implement and engine of war, used in defence of a city assaulted ; while the poor battered Sancho, who heard, and bore all, suffering grievously, said to himself: " Oh, that it were Heaven's good pleasure, that this island were once lost, and I could see myself, either dead, or out of this great strait !" And lo ! as if his petition had been heard, when he least expected it, voices saluted his ears, crying, " Victory, victory, the enemy is routed ! rise, signor governor, enjoy the conquest, and divide the spoils taken from the foe by the valour of your invincible arm !" " Let me be lifted up," quoth the dolorous Sancho, with a voice scarcely audible. They helped him to rise ; and, when he was upon his legs, he said : " May all the enemies I have vanquished be nailed to my forehead : I will divide no spoils of enemies ; but I entreat and beseech some friend, if any I have, to give me a draught of wine, for I am almost choked ; and let me dry up this sweat, for I am melting away, and turning fast into water." Accordingly they brought him wine, untied the targets, and rubbed him down ; and seating him upon his bed, he swooned away with the fright, pain, and fatigue he had undergone. Those, who had played him the trick, now began to fear in their turn, and were sorry they had laid it on so heavily. But their fear and sorrow continued no longer than Sancho's fainting fit, which was of short duration. When he recovered, he asked

what o'clock it was : and being told it was daybreak, without saying a word more, he began to dress himself, observing the most profound silence ; all present staring at him, anxious to know what would be the issue of his determination.

At length, having put on his clothes, by little and little, for he was so bruised, he could not do it hastily, he took the way to the stable, every body following him : and going to Dapple, he embraced him, and gave him a kiss of peace on the forehead ; and, not without tears in his eyes, said : “ Come hither, my companion and friend, dear partner in all my fatigues and miseries. When I consorted with thee, and had no other thoughts, but the care of mending thy furniture, and feeding thy little carcass, happy were my hours, my days, and my years ! but, since I forsook thee, and mounted upon the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, and four thousand disquiets, have entered into my soul.” And while thus apostrophising, he went on pannelling his ass, uninterrupted even by a word from any person, and having finished, he contrived, with great pain and heaviness, to mount upon his back ; then directing his speech to the steward, the secretary, the sewer, doctor Pedro Rezio, and many others that were assembled, “ Make way, gentlemen,” said he, “ and let me return to my ancient liberty : suffer me to seek the life I have left, that I may rise again from this present death. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands, or cities, from the assaults of their



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enemies. I understand better how to plough and dig, how to prune and dress vines, than to give laws, and defend provinces or kingdoms. Saint Peter is well at Rome: I mean, that nothing becomes a man so well, as the employment in which he was brought up. A sickle suits my hand better than a governor's sceptre. I would rather have my belly full of my own poor porridge,¹ than be subject to the misery of an impertinent physician, who kills me with hunger; and I would rather rest my wearied limbs under the shade of an oak in summer, and equip myself with a double sheep-skin jerkin in winter, with liberty, than, under the slavery of a government, lie between Holland sheets, and be clothed in sables. Gentlemen, God be with you; and tell my lord duke, that naked was I born, and naked I remain; I neither win nor lose; I mean, that without a penny came I to this government, and without a penny do I quit it, the direct reverse of what is usually the case with the governors of other islands. Make way, therefore, and let me be gone, to plaster myself; for I verily believe all my ribs are broken; thanks to the enemies, who have been trampling upon me all night long."

"It must not be so, signor governor," quoth doctor Pedro Rezio; "for I will supply your lordship with a drink, so excellent against falls and bruises, that it shall presently restore you to your former health and vigour. And, as to the article of eating, I give you my word I will amend that, and let you feast abundantly upon whatever luxuries you may desire."

“ It comes too late,” answered Sancho: “ I will as soon turn Turk as stay. These are not tricks to be played twice. Before God, I will no more continue in this, nor accept of any other government, though it were served up to me in a covered dish, than I will fly to heaven without wings. I am of the race of the Panzas, who are all headstrong; and if they once cry, Odds, odds it shall be, though it be even, in spite of all the world. In this stable let the pismire’s wings remain, that raised me up in the air, to be exposed a prey to martlets and other small birds: and return we to walk upon plain ground, with a plain foot; for, though it be not adorned with pinked Cordovan shoes, it will not want for hempen sandals.² Every sheep with its like; and, Stretch not your feet beyond your sheet: and so let me be gone; for it grows late.” To which the steward said: “ Signor governor, we would let your lordship depart without the slightest interruption, though we shall be very sorry to lose you; for your judgment, and christian procedure, oblige us to desire your presence; but you cannot be ignorant, that every governor is bound, before he leaves the place he has governed, to submit to a judicature, and render an account of his administration. When your lordship has done this for the ten days³ you have held the government, you shall depart, and God’s peace be with you.” “ Nobody can require that of me,” answered Sancho, “ but whom my lord duke shall appoint. To him I am going, and to him shall the account be given exactly: besides, departing naked

as I do, there needs surely no other proof of my having governed like an angel." "Before God, the great Sancho Panza is in the right," quoth doctor Pedro Rezio, "and it is my opinion we ought to let him go; for the duke will be infinitely glad to see him." They all consented, and suffered him to pass, first offering to bear him company, and furnish him with whatever he might wish, for the use of his person, and the convenience of his journey: but Sancho said, he desired only a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself: for the way being so short, he should stand in need of nothing more. They all embraced him, and he, weeping, embraced them in return, and left them in admiration as well at his discourse, as at his resolute and wise determination.

CHAP. II.

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, for the cause abovementioned, 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 every thing 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: "God 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 suspense, 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 remem-

* Guelte, in Dutch, is money.

bered him perfectly ; and, without alighting from his beast, he threw his arms about his neck, and said : “ Who the devil, Ricote, 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 proclamation, 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 pilgrim’s 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 table-cloth,

they spread their bread, salt, knives, nuts, slices of cheese, and clean bones of gammon of bacon, which, if they would not bear picking, would admit of being sucked. A kind of black eatable, called Caviere, made of the roes of fish, a great awakener of drought, was also produced, and olives were not wanting, which, though dry, and without any sauce, were yet savoury, and well preserved. But, what carried the palm in the field 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 swig till they were out of breath, transfusing the entrails of the vessels into their own stomachs. 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, I vow to gad." 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 table-cloth; 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 such a 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 Augs-burgh, 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 to 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 discovered 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 main land." "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! recall 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 every body 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 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 you must have heard, Sancho, that the Moorish women seldom or never mingle in amorous dalliance with old Christians; and 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.

CHAP. III.

*Of what befell Sancho in the way, and other matters,
which will be known when read.*

SANCHO staid 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 felt also with his hands about the sides of the pit, to discover what chance there was of his getting out without assistance: but he found them all smooth, affording neither hold for his hand nor cranny for his foot: at which he was much grieved, and especially when he heard Dapple groan most piteously: and no wonder, poor beast; for it was not out of wantonness that he did so, being, in truth, in a very sad plight. Sancho then could not help exclaiming, "Alas! what unexpected accidents perpetually befall those, who live in this miserable world! Who could have thought, that he, who yesterday saw himself enthroned a governor of an island, commanding his servants and his vassals, should to-day find himself buried in a pit, alone, helpless, without servant or vassal to come to his relief? Here must I and my ass perish with hunger, unless we die first, he with bruises and contusions, and I with grief and concern: for I can expect no such good fortune as awaited my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, when he descended and went down into the cave of the enchanted Montesinos, where he met with better entertainment than in his own house, found the cloth laid, and the bed ready made; and had beautiful and pleasant visions; whereas I shall see nothing mayhap, but toads and snakes. Unfortunate that I am! What are my follies and imaginations come 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 grasp, 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 woful 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 complainings, 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 ;¹ 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 Almighty 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,² 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 ravisher of Donna Rodriguez's daughter, resolving to see justice done her, and to take satisfaction for the affront and injury she had sustained by the loss of her precious virtue.

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, disgraced 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, for the Lord's sake 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 my belly full an hour: 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, as it really is, methinks I little deserve to be packed off so scurvily: but, Man proposes, and God disposes; and he knows what is best and fittest for every body; 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. God knows my mind, and that is enough: 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 barricado 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; and, so help them God, according as they say true. 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; and 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 staid 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 my belly full: and so that be well filled, 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 extravagancies, 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.

CHAP. IV.

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 re-

turned 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 every thing. 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

been seen or heard of in that country, either by the living or the dead.

The first, who entered the list, was the master of the ceremonies, who examined the ground, and walked it over, that there might be no foul play, nothing concealed to occasion stumbling or falling. Then entered the duennas, and took their seats, covered with veils extending to their very breasts, with tokens of being much dejected. Don Quixote presented himself next; and shortly after appeared on one side of the place, accompanied by many trumpets, and mounted upon a puissant steed, making the ground shake under him, the great lacquey Tosilos, his vizor down, and his whole body stiffened with strong and shining armour. The horse seemed to be a Frislander, well-spread, and flea-bitten, with a stone of wool at least about each fetlock. This valorous combatant came well instructed by the duke his lord how to behave towards the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and cautioned in nowise to hurt him, yet to endeavour to shun the first onset, to avoid the danger of his own death, which must be inevitable, should he encounter him full-butt. He traversed the lists, and, coming where the duennas were seated, he gazed for a while earnestly on her who demanded him for her husband. The marshal of the field, attended by the two combatants, now approached, and asked the appellants, whether they consented, that Don Quixote de la Mancha should maintain their right. They answered that they did, and that,

whatever he should do in their behalf, they would hold as well done, firm, and valid.

By this time the duke and duchess were arrived, and had taken their seats in a balcony, over the barriers, which were crowded with an immense throng, all expecting to behold this perilous and unheard-of battle. It was articulated between the combatants, that, if Don Quixote should conquer his adversary, he, the said adversary, should be obliged to marry Donna Rodriguez's daughter; and, if the knight should be overcome, that his adversary should be at liberty, and released from the promise which the appellants pretended he had made, without giving any other satisfaction. The master of the ceremonies divided the sun equally between them, and fixed each in the station from which he was to begin his career. The drums beat; the sound of the trumpets filled the air; the earth trembled beneath their feet; the hearts of the gazing multitude were in suspense, some fearing, others hoping, the good or ill success of this business. Finally, Don Quixote, recommending himself with all his heart to God our Lord, and to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, stood waiting when the precise signal for the onset should be given. But our lacquey's thoughts were very differently employed; for he thought of nothing but of what we are going to relate.

It seems, while he stood gazing at his female enemy, he fancied her to be the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life, and the little blind boy, called every where, up and down the streets, Love,

would not lose the opportunity that offered, of triumphing over a lacqueian * heart, and placing it in the catalogue of his trophies; and accordingly, approaching him fair and softly, without being perceived, he let fly an arrow two yards long, which, entering the left side, pierced his heart through and through: and safely might he do it; for Love is invincible, and goes in and out where he lists, without being accountable to any body for his actions.

I say, then, that when the signal was given for the onset, our lacquey stood transported, thinking on her he had now made the mistress of his liberty, and therefore regarded not the trumpet's sound, as did Don Quixote, who had scarcely heard it, when, bending forward, he ran towards his enemy, at Rozinante's best speed; and his trusty squire Sancho, seeing him thus set forward, cried aloud: "God be thy guide, thou cream and flower of knights-errant; and seeing thou hast right on thy side, God give thee the victory."

Though Tosilos saw Don Quixote making towards him, he stirred not a step from his post, but called as loud as he could to the marshal of the field; to whom, when he came up to inquire what he wanted, he said: "Sir, is not this combat to decide, whether I shall marry, or not marry, yonder young lady?" "It is," answered the marshal. "Then," quoth the lacquey, "my conscience will not let me proceed any farther; and I declare, that I yield myself vanquished,

* "Lacayuna." A word made for the purpose.

and am ready to marry her immediately." The marshal was surprised at this determination of Tosilos, and, as he was in the secret of the contrivance of the battle, was at a loss what to answer him. Don Quixote, perceiving that his adversary did not advance a step to meet him, stopped short in the midst of his career. The duke could not guess the reason why the combat was retarded; and when informed by the marshal, he was both astonished and incensed. Meanwhile, Tosilos presented himself before Donna Rodriguez, and said aloud: "Madam, as I am willing to marry your daughter, there is no reason why I should seek that by strife and contention, which I may obtain peaceably, and without danger of death." The valorous Don Quixote, hearing all this, said: "Since it is so, I am absolved from my promise: let them be married in God's name, and, since God has given her, may saint Peter bless her." The duke was now come down to the court of the castle, and, going up to Tosilos, he said: "Knight, is it true, that you yield yourself vanquished, and that, instigated by your timorous conscience, you will marry this damsel?" "Yes, my lord," answered Tosilos. "And he does well," quoth Sancho Panza: "for, What you would give to the mouse, give to the cat, and you will save trouble." Tosilos was now unlacing his helmet, in which he called for help, for his spirits and breath were just failing him, and he could endure no longer to be pent up in so strait a lodging. When unarmed, his face was exposed to view; and Donna Rodriguez and her

daughter recognising it, they cried aloud : “ A cheat, a cheat ! Tosilos, my lord duke’s lacquey, is put upon us instead of our true spouse ! Justice from God and the king against so much deceit, not to say villany ! ” “ Afflict not yourselves, ladies,” quoth Don Quixote ; “ for there is neither deceit nor villany in the case, or if there be, the duke is not to blame, but the wicked enchanters, who persecute me : envying me the glory I should have acquired in this contest, they have transformed the countenance of your husband into that of this person, who, you say, is the duke’s lacquey. Take my advice, and, in spite of the malice of my enemies, marry him ; for, believe me, he is the very man whom you desire for a husband.” The duke, hearing this admonition, could scarcely refrain from venting all his displeasure in laughter : “ The things, which befall signor Don Quixote,” said he, “ are so extraordinary, that I am inclined to believe this is not my lacquey. But let us try a stratagem ; let us postpone the wedding for a fortnight, and, in the mean time, keep this person, of whom we are in doubt, in custody : perhaps, during that period, he may return to his pristine figure ; for the grudge the enchanters bear to signor Don Quixote cannot surely last so long, especially as these tricks and transformations avail them so little.” “ O my lord,” quoth Sancho, “ those wicked wretches are always at their dirty work, chopping and changing, from one shape to another, whatever relates to my master. A knight

whom he vanquished a few days ago, called the knight of the looking-glasses, was changed by them into the very features and figure of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, a townsman, and great friend of ours; and they have turned my lady Dulcinea del Toboso into a downright country-wench: and therefore will this transmogrified lacquey, I have no doubt, live and die a lacquey all the days of his life." To which Rodriguez's daughter replied: "Let him be who he will that seeks to marry me, I take it kindly of him; for I had rather be lawful wife to a lacquey, than a cast mistress, tricked by a gentleman, though he, who abused me, is not one."

In short, all these accidents and events ended in the resolution to confine Tosilos, till it should appear what would be the result of his transformation. The victory was adjudged to Don Quixote by general acclamation: but the greater part of the spectators were out of humour to find, that the combatants, from whom they had expected so much, had not hacked one another to pieces; just as boys are sorry, when the criminal, they expected to see hanged, is pardoned, either by the prosecutor, or the court.

The crowd dispersed: the duke and Don Quixote returned to the castle: the lacquey was confined: and Donna Rodriguez and her daughter were extremely well pleased to see, that, one way or other, this business was likely to end in matrimony, and Tosilos comforted himself with the same hope.

CHAP. V.

Which relates how Don Quixote took his leave of the duke, and of what befell him with the witty and wanton Altisidora, one of the duchess's waiting-women.

DON QUIXOTE now thought it high time to quit the idle life he had led in the castle, accusing himself for having suffered his person to be so long confined, and for indulging, as he had done, in the infinite pleasures and entertainments which the duke and duchess provided for him as a knight-errant; and he was of opinion he must give a strict account to God for this heinous sin of inactivity. He therefore one day asked leave of those princes, to depart, and they granted his request, with marks of being extremely grieved at his intention. The duchess delivered to Sancho Panza his wife's letters, which he wept over, and said: "Who could have thought, that hopes so great, as those conceived in the breast of my wife Teresa Panza, at the news of my government, should end in my returning to the toilsome adventures of my master Don Quixote de la Mancha? Yet I am pleased to find, that my Teresa behaved like herself, in sending the acorns to the duchess; for, had she done otherwise, I had been sorry, and she had showed herself ungrateful. And I have comfort in reflecting, that the present cannot be considered as a bribe; for I was already in possession of the government, when

she sent them: and it is but reasonable that those, who receive a benefit, should show themselves grateful, though it be with a trifle. In fine, naked I went into the government, and naked am I come out of it, and so I can say with a safe conscience, which is no small matter, I naked was born, and naked remain, and if I lose nothing, yet nothing I gain."

This conference Sancho held with himself while preparing for his departure; and Don Quixote, sallying forth one morning, having taken leave of the duke and duchess the night before, presented himself completely armed in the court of the castle; the galleries of which were crowded, every inmate, the duke and duchess not excepted, coming out to see him. Sancho was upon his Dapple, his wallets well furnished, and himself in high glee; for the duke's steward, who had played the part of the Trifaldi, had given him a little purse with two hundred crowns in gold in it, to supply the occasions of the journey; a circumstance of which Don Quixote, as yet, knew nothing. Whilst the whole family were thus gazing at him, the witty and wanton Altisidora, from among the other duennas and damsels of the duchess, on a sudden, raised her voice, and in a tone of piteous lamentation addressed him thus:

Stay, cruel knight,
Take not thy flight,
Nor spur thy batter'd jade;
Thy haste restrain,
Draw in the rein,
And hear a love-sick maid.

Why dost thou fly?
 No snake am I,
 Nor poison those I love:
 Gentle I am
 As any lamb,
 And harmless as a dove.
 Thy cruel scorn
 Has left forlorn
 A nymph, whose charms may vie
 With theirs who sport
 In Cynthia's court,
 Though Venus' self were by
 Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,
 Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee.

Like rav'nous kite,
 That takes its flight,
 Soon as 't has stolen a chicken,
 Thou bear'st away
 My heart, thy prey,
 And leavest me here to sicken:
 Three nightcaps too,
 And garters blue,
 That did to legs belong,
 Smooth to the sight,
 As marble white,
 And, faith, almost as strong:
 Two thousand groans,
 As many moans,
 And sighs enough to fire
 Old Priam's town,
 And burn it down,
 Did it again aspire.
 Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,
 Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee.

May Sancho ne'er
 His buttocks bare
 Fly-flap, as is his duty;
 And thou still want
 To disenchant
 Dulcinea's injured beauty.
 May still transform'd,
 And still deform'd,
 Toboso's nymph remain,
 In recompense
 Of thy offence,
 Thy scorn and cold disdain.
 When thou dost wield
 Thy sword in field,
 In combat or in quarrel,
 Ill luck and harms
 Attend thy arms,
 Instead of fame and laurel.
 Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,
 Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee.

May thy disgrace
 Fill every place,
 Thy falsehood ne'er be hid,
 But round the world
 Be toss'd and hurl'd,
 From Seville to Madrid.
 If, brisk and gay,
 Thou sitt'st to play
 At Ombre or at Chess,
 May ne'er Spadill
 Attend thy will,
 Nor luck thy movements bless.
 Though thou with care
 Thy corns dost pare,

May blood the penknife follow ;
May thy gums rage,
And nought assuage
The pain of tooth that's hollow.
Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,
Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee.

While the afflicted Altisidora was thus tunefully complaining, Don Quixote surveyed her attentively, and when her lamentation was at an end, without answering her a word, turning his face to Sancho, he said: "By the age of thy ancestors, my dear Sancho, I conjure thee to tell me the truth: hast thou taken away the three nightcaps and the garters which this enamoured damsel mentions?" To which Sancho answered: "The three nightcaps I have: but as to the garters, I know no more of them than the man in the moon."

The duchess was surprised at this instance of levity and boldness in her duenna; for, though she knew her to be forward and witty, she had no idea of her possessing the assurance necessary to venture upon such freedoms: and, as she was ignorant of the intended jest, her surprise was the greater. The duke, however, resolved to carry on the humour, and, assuming a serious look, addressed the knight thus: "I think it has not a good appearance, sir knight, that, having been treated so civilly in this, my castle, you should dare to purloin three nightcaps at least, if not my damsel's garters: these are indications of a corrupt heart, that ill becomes your

vaunted character. Return the garters to the right owner ; otherwise I defy you to mortal combat, without being afraid that your knavish enchanters should change or alter my face, as they have done that of Tosilos my lacquey, your intended adversary." "God forbid," answered Don Quixote, "that I should draw my sword against your illustrious person, from whom I have received so many favours. The nightcaps shall be restored ; for Sancho says he has them ; but for the garters, it is impossible, for they are neither in my custody nor in his ; and if this damsel of yours will search her hiding-holes, I warrant she will find them. I, my lord duke, never was a thief, and, if Heaven forsake me not, I trust, I never shall be one as long as I live. This damsel talks, as she owns, like one in love ; and as her being in love is no fault of mine, I have no reason to ask hers, or your excellency's pardon, whom I beseech to have a better opinion of me, and, once again, to give me leave to depart." "God grant, signor Don Quixote," quoth the duchess, "your journeyings may be so happy, that we may continually hear good news of your exploits : and pray, my dear knight, be gone ; for the longer you stay, the more you increase the fire in the breasts of the damsels that behold you : and, as for this wanton, I will take her to task so severely, that henceforward she shall not dare to transgress even so much as with her eyes." "Do but hear me one word more, O valorous Don Quixote, and I am silent for ever," quoth Altisidora ; "which is, that I

beg your worship's pardon for saying you had stolen my garters ; for on my conscience and soul, I have them on at this moment : but I was absent in thought, like the man who looked for his ass while he was upon his back." " Did I not tell you," quoth Sancho, " that I am a rare one at hiding stolen goods ? Had I been that way given, I had many a fair opportunity in my government." Dón Quixote bowing his head, made his obeisance to the duke and duchess and all the spectators, then turning Rozinante, Sancho following upon Dapple, he sallied out at the castle gate, taking the road to Saragossa.

CHAP. VI.

Showing how adventures crowded so fast upon Don Quixote, that they trod upon one another's heels.

SEEING himself in the open field, free, and disencumbered from the troublesome courtship of Altisidora, Don Quixote felt as if he was in his proper element, and that his spirits were reviving in his breast, to prosecute afresh his glorious scheme of knight-errantry ; and, turning to Sancho, he said : " Liberty, Sancho, is one of the most precious gifts Heaven has bestowed upon mortals, surpassing the treasures which the earth incloses in its bosom, or the sea covers with its waters. For liberty, as well as for honour, life may, and ought to be risked ; while slavery is the greatest evil that can befall poor

human nature. I tell thee this, Sancho, because thou hast seen the civil treatment we received, and the sumptuous fare with which we were regaled in the castle we have just quitted. In the midst, however, of those seasoned banquets, those icy draughts, I fancied myself starving, because I did not enjoy them with the same freedom I should have done, had they been my own. For the obligations incurred by benefits and favours are ties that obstruct the free agency of the mind. Happy the man to whom Heaven has given a morsel of bread, for which he owes no thanks but to Heaven itself." "Yet, to my mind," quoth Sancho, "notwithstanding all the wise things your worship has said, it is proper there should be some little acknowledgment on our part for the two hundred crowns in gold, which the duke's steward gave me in a purse, that I carry here next my heart, as a cordial and comforter in case of need; for we shall not always find castles in which to be entertained and made much of; but must expect now and then to meet with inns, where we may happen to be soundly bastinadoed."

Discoursing thus, our errants, knight and squire, went jogging on, when, having travelled a little more than a league, they perceived, upon a green spot of ground, a dozen men, peasants in appearance, sitting at dinner, with their cloaks spread under them. Close by, were certain white sheets, at a little distance from each other, raised above the ground, and stretched out with care, as if something were concealed under-

neath. Don Quixote approached the party, and, having first courteously saluted them, asked what they had under those sheets. To which one of them replied: "Signor, under those pieces of linen are some wooden images, designed for an altar-piece we are erecting in our village. They are covered, that they may not be sullied, and we carry them upon our shoulders, that they may not be broken." "With your leave," answered Don Quixote, "I should be glad to see them; for images of which so much care is taken, must doubtless be good ones." "Ay, and good ones they are, too," quoth another, "as their price will testify; for there is not one of them that does not stand us in above fifty ducats; and, to convince your worship of the truth of what I say, tarry a moment, and you shall have the evidence of your own eyes." And rising up from his meal, he went and took off the covering from the first figure, which appeared to be a St. George on horseback, with his lance thrust through the throat of a serpent coiled up at his feet, exhibiting all the fierceness with which that animal is usually depicted. The whole group was so fine, that, as the saying is, it was one blaze of gold. "This knight," said Don Quixote, "was one of the best errants the divine warfare ever had: he was called Don St. George, and was besides a glorious defender of damsels. Let us see another." The man uncovered the next, and it appeared to be a representation of St. Martin on horseback, dividing his cloak with the poor man. Don Quixote no sooner

beheld it, than he said: "This also was one of the christian adventurers; a knight, I take it, more liberal than valiant, as thou mayest perceive, Sancho, by his dividing his cloak with that poor wretch, and giving him half of it: and doubtless it must then have been winter; otherwise, so great was his charity, he would have given him the whole." "That," quoth Sancho, "was not the reason; but he had a mind to keep to the old proverb, which says; What to give, and what to keep, requires an understanding deep." Don Quixote smiled, and desired another sheet might be taken off, underneath which was the image of the patron of Spain on horseback, his sword all bloody, trampling on the slaughtered bodies of the Moors. "Ah!" cried Don Quixote, "this is a knight indeed, one of Christ's own squadron! He is called Don St. Diego, the Moor-killer, one of the most valiant saints and knights the world ever had, or Heaven has now." A fourth sheet being removed, St. Paul falling from his horse, with all the circumstances that are usually drawn in the picture of his conversion, were seen, represented in so lively a manner, that one would almost say Christ was speaking, and St. Paul answering: "This," said Don Quixote, "was the bitterest enemy the church of God ever had, during the abode of our Saviour upon earth, and the greatest defender it will ever have; a knight-errant in his life, and a stedfast saint in his death; an unwearied labourer in the Lord's vineyard; a teacher of the gentiles; whose school was

Heaven, and whose professor and master Jesus Christ himself." As these were all the images, Don Quixote bid the exhibiter to cover them up again: then addressing the party to whom they belonged; "I take it," said he, "for a good omen, my brothers, to have seen what I have seen: for these saints and knights professed what I profess, which is the exercise of arms; with this difference, that they were saints, and fought after a divine manner, and I, who am a sinner, fight after the manner of men. They conquered Heaven by force of arms (for Heaven suffers violence,)* whereas, I cannot tell what, by force of my sufferings, I may have conquered: but could my Dulcinea del Toboso be delivered from hers, my condition being improved, and my understanding directed aright, I might perhaps take a better course than that which I am now following." "God hear him, and let sin be deaf," quoth Sancho, with all his heart. The men wondered, as well at the figure, as at the words of Don Quixote, not so much as half of which were they able to understand; and having finished their repast, and packed up their images, they took their leave of him, and pursued their journey.

Sancho was as much astonished at his master's knowledge, as if he had never seen him before, and believed there was no history, no event in the world, which he had not at his fingers' ends, and nailed fast down on his memory, and he said: "Truly, master

* Matth. xi. 12.

of mine, if what has happened to us to-day may be called an adventure, it has been one of the softest and sweetest we have experienced in the whole course of our peregrinations: we are clear of it without blows, or even the slightest heart-beating: we have neither laid our hands upon our swords, nor beaten the earth with our bodies, nor are we starved with hunger. 'Blessed be God for letting me see all this with my own eyes!' "Thou sayest well, Sancho," replied the knight; "but it behoves thee to consider, that all times are not alike, nor do they take the same fortunate course: and what the vulgar commonly call omens, though not founded upon any natural reason, many a discreet man has regarded as fore-tokens of what may lie in his way, lucky or otherwise. An over scrupulous observer of these matters rises and goes abroad early in the morning, and meeting with a friar of the order of the blessed St. Francis, turns his back, as if he had met a griffin, and hastens home again. Another, a Mendoza,¹ spills the salt upon the table, and instantly melancholy overspreads his heart, as if nature was bound to show signs of ensuing mischances, by such trivial accidents. The wise man and good Christian ought not to pry too curiously into the counsels of Heaven. Scipio, arriving in Africa, stumbled in leaping ashore: his soldiers took it for an ill-omen; but he, embracing the ground, said: 'Africa, thou canst not escape me, for I have thee fast between my arms.' In the same manner, Sancho, the meeting with these images I

deem a most happy encounter." "I am of the same opinion," answered Sancho; "but I wish your worship would inform me, why the Spaniards, when they join battle, invoke that saint Diego the Moor-killer, and cry, 'Saint Jago, and close, Spain!' Is Spain, peradventure, so open, as to want closing? Or what does the ceremony mean?" "Thou art a very child, Sancho, in these matters," answered Don Quixote; "know then, that God gave this great knight of the red cross to Spain for its patron and protector, especially in the rigorous conflicts the Spaniards have had with the Moors; and therefore they pray to and invoke him as their defender, in all the battles they fight; and they have frequently seen him, visibly overthrowing, trampling down, destroying, and slaughtering the Hagarene squadrons;² and of this I could cite many examples recorded in the true Spanish histories."

Suddenly changing the subject of conversation, "I am amazed, sir," said Sancho to his master, "at the assurance of Altisidora, the duchess's waiting-woman. He they call Love must surely have wounded her sorely, and pierced her through and through. They say, he is a boy, who, though blear-eyed, or rather having no eyes at all, if he once take aim at any heart, how small soever, will hit and pierce it through and through with his arrows. I have also heard, that by the modesty and reserve of maidens the darts of Love are blunted and rendered pointless; but, in this same Altisidora, methinks, they are

rather whetted and sharpened." "Look you, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "Love has no respect of persons, nor observes any rules of reason in his proceedings; like death, he assaults the stately palaces of kings, as well as the lowly cottages of shepherds; and, when he takes entire possession of a soul, the first thing he does, is, to divest it of fear and shame: and Altisidora, being thus without both, made an open declaration of her desires, which produced confusion, rather than compassion, in my breast." "O monstrous cruelty! unheard-of ingratitude!" cried Sancho. "For myself, I can say, that the least amorous hint would have subdued me, and made me her vassal. O whoreson! what a heart of marble, what bowels of brass, and what a soul of plaster! But I cannot conceive what this damsel saw in your worship, that subdued and captivated her to such a degree. What finery, what gentility, what gaiety, what features—which of these, jointly, or severally, made her fall in love with you? For, verily, I have often surveyed your worship, from the tip of your toe to the very crown of your head, and I see in you what is more calculated to terrify than attract. I have heard, that beauty is the first and principal thing that enamours: your worship having no share in this quality, I wonder what the poor thing was in love with." "Look you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "there are two sorts of beauty, the one of the mind, the other of the body. That of the mind shines and discovers itself in the understanding, in modesty,

becoming behaviour, liberality, and good-breeding: qualities which may subsist in a man, however ill-favoured he may be; and when the aim is at this kind of beauty, and not at that of the body, the love it produces is of a superior nature, and more impetuous in its workings. I well know, my friend, that I am not handsome; but I know also, that I am not deformed; and an honest man, who is not a monster, provided he has the qualities I have mentioned, may inspire the most ardent passion."

Conversing thus, they entered a wood, not far out of the road; in which they had proceeded but a little way, when the knight found himself entangled in some nets of green thread, that hung from tree to tree; and, being at a loss to conceive their use, he said to his squire: "The business of these nets, Sancho, must, I think, be one of the newest adventures imaginable: let me die, if the enchanters, who persecute me, have not a mind to entangle me in them, and stop my journey, in revenge for my rigorous treatment of Altisidora. But I would have them to know, that, though these nets, instead of thread, were made of the hardest diamonds, or were stronger than that in which the jealous god of blacksmiths entangled Venus and Mars, I would break through them as easily, as if they were formed of bulrushes or yarn." And he was about to pass on, and execute his threat, when, from a tuft of trees, two most beautiful shepherdesses presented themselves before

him: at least they were dressed like shepherdesses, except that their bodice and petticoats were of fine brocade, and their robes of rich gold tabby. Their hair, which for brightness might vie with the tresses of Apollo himself, flowed over their shoulders, their heads were crowned with garlands of laurel, intermixed with the tri-coloured amaranth, and their age seemed to be from fifteen to eighteen years. The sight amazed Sancho, surprised Don Quixote, made the sun stop in his career to gaze, and must have held in admiration whoever had beheld it. For a moment, the most perfect silence prevailed; but it was soon put an end to by one of the shepherdesses, who, addressing herself to Don Quixote, said: "Stop, sir knight, and do not break our nets, which are placed here, not to annoy you, but for our diversion; and because I know you will ask what the diversion is, and who we are, I shall proceed in a few words to tell you. In a town about two leagues hence, in which are many persons of fortune and fashion, several friends have agreed, that their wives, sons, daughters, kinsfolk, and neighbours, should all come to make merry in this place, which is one of the pleasantest for many a mile round, forming among themselves a new Arcadia, the maidens dressed like shepherdesses, and the young men like shepherds. We have learned by heart two eclogues, one written by our own admired poet Garcilasso, and the other by the excellent Camoens, in his own Portuguese tongue, neither of which has yet been recited, for it was but yesterday

that we came. Among the trees, on the margin of a copious stream, to which these meadows owe their fertility, we have pitched some field-tents, and last night we spread our nets as you see, to deceive whatever simple little birds may have the curiosity to come at the noise we make, and be caught in them. And now, sir, if you will condescend to be our guest, you shall be entertained generously and cheerfully; for in this place will be found neither sorrow nor melancholy."

To this courteous address, Don Quixote, with surpassing courtesy, replied: "Truly, fair lady, Actæon was not more lost in surprise and admiration, when unawares he saw Diana bathing, than was I in beholding your beauty. I applaud the scheme of your entertainments, and thank you for your kind invitation; and, if I can serve you in any thing, you may command me, in full assurance of being obeyed; for the duties of my profession consist in being grateful and benevolent to all mankind, and especially to persons of rank, such as your presence denotes you to be: and should these nets, which probably occupy but a small space, stretch over the whole globe of the earth, I would seek out new worlds, through which to pass, rather than hazard the breaking them. And, that you may give some credit to this apparent exaggeration, behold, he, who makes it, is no other than Don Quixote de la Mancha, if perchance this name has ever reached your ears." "Ah, my dear friend!" exclaimed the other young shepherdess, on hearing

these words; "what good fortune has befallen us! This gentleman, I assure you, is the most valiant, the most enamoured, the most complaisant knight in the world, if a printed history, which I have read, again and again, does not lie and deceive us; and I will wager, that this honest man, who accompanies him, is that very Sancho Panza, his squire, whose pleasantries nothing can equal." "That is true," quoth Sancho; "I am that same jocular person, that squire you say; and this gentleman is my master, the very Don Quixote de la Mancha historified as aforesaid." "Pray, my dear," quoth the other, "do let us entreat him to stay: I am sure our fathers and brothers will be infinitely pleased; for I have heard the same things of the knight's valour and the squire's wit, that you tell me: and it is said besides of the knight, that he is the most constant and faithful lover in the world; and that his mistress is one Dulcinea del Toboso, who bears away the palm from all the beauties in Spain." "And with reason is this said," quoth Don Quixote, "unless your matchless beauty brings it into question. But weary not yourselves, fair nymphs, in endeavouring to detain me; for the weighty obligations of my profession will suffer me to rest nowhere."

At this moment they were joined by a brother of one of the young ladies; who was also in a shepherd's dress, answerable in richness and gallantry to theirs. Being told that the persons before him were the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and Sancho his

squire, of whom he had some knowledge, by having read their history, the gallant shepherd saluted the knight respectfully, and pressed him so earnestly to honour their happy party with his presence, that he could not help complying.³ A shout being now given, the nets were drawn, and a variety of little birds were caught, who, deceived by the colour of the snares, fell into the very danger they sought to avoid. This amusement drew together all the inhabitants of this new Arcadia, amounting to about thirty persons genteelly dressed in pastoral habits ; and being made acquainted who Don Quixote and his squire were, great was the general satisfaction, as there was scarcely an individual among them who was not already acquainted with the characters of both. The whole assembly hastened to the tents, where they found the table spread, rich, plentiful, and neat. They honoured Don Quixote with placing him at the upper end, and during the entertainment, every one gazed on him with admiration. At length, the cloth being taken away, our hero raised his voice, and thus with great gravity harangued them :

“ Of all the grievous sins which mankind commit, though some say, pride, I say, ingratitude is the worst, adhering to the common opinion, that hell is full of the ungrateful. This foul crime, as far as in me lies, I have endeavoured to avoid, since I came to the use of reason ; and, if I am unable to repay in kind the benefits I receive, I place in their stead the desire of doing it : and, when this is not sufficient, I

publish them ; for he, who publishes a favour conferred on him, would return it if he could : but generally the receivers are inferior to the givers, and God is thus above all, because he is bountiful above all. But though the gifts of men, which are infinitely disproportionate to those of God, are often received without recompense ; gratitude in some measure steps in and supplies the defect. And this at present is my case. Being grateful for the civility you have shown me, but restrained by the narrow limits of my ability from making a suitable return, I can only offer what is in my power. I say, therefore, that from a sense of your kindness I will maintain, for two whole days, in the middle of the king's highway, which leads to Saragossa, that these lady shepherdesses in disguise are the most beautiful and most courteous damsels in the known world,⁴ excepting only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of my thoughts ; without offence to any that hear me be it spoken." Here the squire, who had been listening with great attention to his master, could not help exclaiming : " Is it possible there should be any persons in the world, who presume to say, and swear, that this master of mine is a madman ? Speak, gentlemen shepherds, lady shepherdesses, is there a country vicar, though ever so discreet, or a scholar, though ever so learned, or a knight-errant, though ever so renowned for valour, who can say what my master has said, or offer what my master has now offered ?" This was too much for the patience of our knight,

and turning with a wrathful countenance, he said: "Is it possible, O miscreant, that a single being should be found upon the globe, who will not say thou art all over an ideot, lining and outside the same, and edged besides with I know not what of malice and knavery? Who gave thee authority to meddle with what belongs to me, and to call in question either my folly or my discretion? Seal up thy lips, and make no reply; but go and saddle Rozinante, if he be unsaddled, and let us put my offer into immediate execution; for, considering how just is my cause, it may be concluded that all those, who shall contradict me, are already conquered." And he rose from his seat in great haste, and with a furious countenance rushed from the tent, leaving the company astonished, and doubtful whether to reckon him a lunatic or man of sense. They would fain, however, have dissuaded him from his purpose, alleging, that they were satisfied of his grateful nature, and wanted no other proofs of his valour, than those related in the history of his exploits: but he persisted, and, being mounted upon Rozinante, bracing his shield, and taking his lance, actually planted himself in the middle of the highway, which was not far from the verdant meadow. Sancho followed upon his Dapple, with all the pastoral company, who were desirous of seeing what would be the event of so arrogant and unheard-of a challenge.

Having fixed himself in his station, he wounded the air with words like these: "O ye passengers

and travellers, knights, squires, persons on horseback and on foot, who now pass this way, or are to pass in the space of two days, reckoning from this instant, know, that Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, is posted here, ready to maintain, that the nymphs, who inhabit the neighbouring meadows and groves, exceed all the world in beauty and courtesy, excepting only the mistress of my soul, Dulcinea del Toboso: and let him, who dares think otherwise, advance; for lo, here I stand, ready to receive him." Twice did he repeat the same words, and twice they were not heard by any adventurer. But fortune, which was directing his affairs to better purpose, so ordered it, that presently a number of men on horseback appeared, several of them with lances in their hands, all trooping in a cluster, and in great haste. The pastoral party, who had followed our knight, no sooner perceived them, than they turned their backs, to be out of the way, fearing, if they staid, they might be exposed to some danger. Don Quixote alone, with an intrepid heart, stood firm, and Sancho Panza screened himself, as well as he could, behind the thin buttocks of Rozinante. As the troop of lancemen drew near, one of the foremost cried aloud to Don Quixote: "Get out of the way, thou devil of a man, or these bulls will trample thee to dust." "Ye caitiffs," replied the knight, "I value neither you nor your bulls, though they were the fiercest that Xarama's ever bred upon its banks: confess, ye scoundrels, unsight unseen, that what I have

here proclaimed is true ; if not, I challenge ye all to battle." The herdsmen had no time to answer, nor Don Quixote to budge, had he been willing ; so that the whole herd, consisting of fierce bulls and tame kine,⁶ with the throng of herdsmen, and others, who were driving them to a town, where they were shortly to be baited, ran over the knight, and the squire, and Rozinante, and Dapple, leaving them all sprawling or rolling on the ground. Sancho was pounded, Don Quixote astonished, Dapple battered, and Rozinante in no very enviable condition. They all, however, at length regained their legs, and the knight, in a desperate hurry, stumbling here and falling there, posted after the herd, crying aloud : " Hold, stop, ye miscreants ; a single knight defies you all ; one of a different stamp from those, who say, Make a bridge of silver for a flying enemy." But the drovers proceeded on their way, regarding his ravings or his menaces no more than they regarded last year's clouds. Weariness at last stopped him, and, more enraged than revenged, he sat down by the road side, waiting the coming up of Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple. They came ; master and man mounted again, and, without turning back to take their leave of the inhabitants of the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia, with more shame than satisfaction, they pursued their journey.

CHAP. VII.

Wherein is related an extraordinary accident, which befell Don Quixote, and which may pass for an adventure.

THE dust, drought, and weariness, which the knight and squire experienced through the rude encounter of the cattle, were remedied by a clear and limpid fountain they had the good fortune to meet with in a cool and shady grove ; on the brink of which, this way-beaten couple, master and man, sat them down, leaving Dapple and Rozinante, without halter or bridle, to the freedom of their own will. Sancho had quick recourse to the cupboard of his wallet, and drew out what he was wont to call his belly-timber ; but not before he had rinsed his mouth, and his master washed his face ; with which refreshment they recovered their fainting spirits. Don Quixote would eat nothing out of pure chagrin, nor durst Sancho touch the victuals out of pure good manners, expecting his master should first be his taster. But seeing him so carried away by his imaginations, as to forget to put a morsel into his mouth, he said nothing, but, breaking through all kind of ceremony, began to stuff his hungry maw with the bread and cheese that were before him. “ Eat, friend Sancho,” said Don Quixote ; “ and support life, which is of more importance to thee than to me, and leave me to die by the hands of my reflections, and the force of my mis-

fortunes. I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and thou to die eating: and, to show that I speak the truth, consider me printed in histories, renowned in arms, courteous in my actions, respected by princes, wooed by damsels; and, after all, when I expected palms, triumphs, and crowns, earned and merited by my valorous exploits, I have this morning seen myself trodden upon, kicked, and bruised by the feet of filthy and impure beasts. This reflection unhinges my jaws, blunts my grinders, benumbs my hands, and robs me of all appetite; so that I intend to die by the cruellest of all deaths, hunger." "At this rate, quoth Sancho, munching all the while, "your worship does not approve of the proverb, which says: Let Martha die, but die with her belly full. For my part, I do not intend to kill myself, but rather to imitate the shoemaker, who pulls the leather with his teeth, till he stretches it as far as he would have it. And in this manner will I stretch my life by eating, till it reaches the end Heaven has allotted it; and let me tell you, sir, there is no greater madness in the world, than thus to despair as you do. Take a fool's advice, and eat a little, and, after you have eaten, try to sleep upon the green mattress of this tender grass, and you will find yourself, when you awake, quite relieved." Don Quixote, thinking Sancho reasoned more like a philosopher than a fool, was disposed to comply; but said to him at the same time: "If, O Sancho, thou wouldst do for me, what I am going to recommend, my relief would be more

certain, and my sorrows diminished: which is, that while in pursuance of thy advice, I am sleeping, thou wouldst step a little aside, and with the reins of Rozinante's bridle, turning up thy flesh to the sky, give thyself three or four hundred lashes, in part of the three thousand and odd, thou art bound to bestow upon thy body for the disenchantment of Dulcinea; for it is lamentable, that the poor lady should continue under enchantment through thy carelessness and neglect." "There is much to be said as to that," quoth Sancho: "for the present, let us both sleep, and afterwards God knows what may happen. And pray, consider, sir, that this same lashing of one's self in cold blood is no such pleasant thing, and especially when the lashes light upon a body ill sustained and worse fed. Let my lady Dulcinea have patience; for, when she least thinks of it, she shall see my posteriors, by dint of stripes, pinked like a sieve; and, Until death all is life: I mean, I am still alive, and while alive, the desire will not be dead of fulfilling my promise." Don Quixote thanked him, and eat a little, while Sancho finished his meal voraciously; and they then both addressed themselves to sleep, leaving Rozinante and Dapple, those inseparable companions and friends, at their own discretion, to feed or not upon the luxuriant grass, with which the meadow abounded.

When they awoke, the day being far spent, they mounted again, and pursued their journey, desirous of reaching an inn, which they descried at the distance

of about a league before them: I call it an inn, because Don Quixote called it so, contrary to his custom of mistaking inns for castles. Having reached it, they inquired of the host if he could accommodate them with a lodging: and being told that he could, and that his house afforded all the conveniences and good things that were to be found even in Saragossa itself, they alighted. Sancho's first thought was to secure his travelling cupboard in a chamber, of which the landlord gave him the key. Then, having taken the beasts to the stable, and given them their allowance of provender, he returned to see what commands Don Quixote, who was sat down upon a stone bench, might have for him, giving particular thanks to Heaven, that this inn had been taken by his master for what it really was. They retired to their chamber, and supper-time being at hand, Sancho asked the host, what he could supply them with. The host answered, that he might measure his mouth, and call for whatever he pleased; for, as far as birds of the air, the fowls of the earth, or the fishes of the sea could go, he would find the inn well furnished. "There is no need of quite so much," answered Sancho: "roast us but a couple of chickens, and we shall be satisfied; for my master has but a delicate stomach, and I am no glutton." The host replied, that he had no chickens, the kites having devoured the whole brood. "Then order a pullet, signor host," quoth Sancho, "to be roasted; but see that it be tender." "A pullet? body of my father!" answered the host:

“truly, as I am an honest man, I sent yesterday above fifty to the city to be sold, and have not one left: but, excepting pullets, ask for whatever you will.” “If it be so,” quoth Sancho, “at least veal or kid cannot be wanting.” “Veal or kid! I’faith, I am very sorry, but at present there is none in the house,” answered the host; “for it is all eaten up: but next week there will be enough, and to spare.” “We shall be much the better for that,” answered Sancho: “I will lay a wager now, all these deficiencies will be made up with a superabundance of bacon and eggs.” “Before God,” answered the host, “my guest has an admirable knack at guessing: I told him I had neither pullets nor hens, and he would have me have eggs: speed to some other delicacy, but talk no more of hens.” “Body of me, let us come to something,” quoth Sancho: “tell me, in short, what you have, and lay aside your flourishings, master host.” “Then,” quoth the innkeeper, “what I really have, is, a pair of cow-heels, that look like calves-feet, or a pair of calves-feet, that look like cow-heels: they are stewed with peas, onions, and bacon, and at this very minute are piping hot, crying, Come eat me, come eat me.” “I mark them for my own, from this moment,” quoth Sancho, “and let nobody touch them; for I will pay more for them than another shall, because there is nothing I like better; and I care not a fig what heels they are, so they are not hoofs.” “Nobody shall touch them,” quoth the host; “for the other guests in the house, out of pure

gentility, bring their own cook, their caterer, and their provisions with them." "If gentility be the business," quoth Sancho, "nobody has more of it than my master; but his calling will not admit of travelling stores and butteries: alas! friend, we clap us down in the midst of a green field, and fill our bellies with acorns, or medlars." Such was the conversation that passed between the innkeeper and Sancho, who would not carry it any farther, that he might not gratify the curiosity of mine host, who was anxious to know of what calling or employment was his master.

Supper being prepared, Don Quixote withdrew to his chamber, and the host brought the flesh-pot just as it was, and fairly sat himself down to partake of the meal. As the next room was divided from that of our knight by a partition of lath only, what passed in it could be heard without difficulty, and before he had tasted of the mess, his attention was arrested by these words. "Signor Don Jeronimo, by Heavens, while supper is getting ready, you must give us another chapter of the second part of Don Quixote de la Mancha."* Hearing his name mentioned, the knight instantly rose up, and listening attentively, caught this reply from another speaker. "How, signor Don John, can you wish to hear such absurdities? for whoever has perused the first part of the history cannot possibly be pleased with the second." "Be it so:" said Don John, "yet for all that, it may

* See the preface to vol. iii.

not be amiss to go through with it ; for there is no book so bad, but that something good may be found in it. What displeases me most, is, that the author describes the knight as no longer in love with Dulcinea del Toboso." This remark called forth the wrath and indignation of Don Quixote, and raising his voice, he said : " Whoever shall dare affirm, that Don Quixote de la Mancha has forgotten, or can forget, Dulcinea del Toboso, I will with equal arms, make him know, that he affirms what is not true : for the peerless Dulcinea can neither be forgotten, nor is Don Quixote capable of forgetting : his motto is Constancy, and his profession to preserve it with sweetness, putting upon himself thereby no restraint, force, or violence whatever." " Who is it that answers us ?" replied one of the preceding speakers. " Who should it be," quoth Sancho, " but Don Quixote de la Mancha himself, who will make good all he says, and all he may further say ? for, A good paymaster is in pain for no pawn." Scarcely had Sancho uttered these words, when into the room came two gentlemen ; for such they seemed to be ; and one of them, throwing his arms about Don Quixote's neck, said : " Your presence, sir knight, can neither belie your name, nor your name do other than credit your presence. Doubtless, you are the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the north and morning-star of knight-errantry, maugre and in despite of him, who has endeavoured in this book to usurp your name, and annihilate your exploits."

And he presented the book to Don Quixote, who took it, and, having in silence turned over the leaves for a while, at length returned it, and said: "In the little I have seen, I find three things in this author, that deserve reprehension. The first is, some expressions in the preface: the next, that he uses the Arragonian dialect; for he sometimes omits the article: and the third, which convicts him of gross ignorance, that he deviates from the truth, in a principal point of the history: for he says, that the wife of my squire Sancho Panza is called Mary Gutierrez, whereas her name is Teresa Panza; and he, who could err in a matter so essential, may very well be supposed to have blundered through the whole history." Here Sancho put in: "Truly, this fellow must be a pretty historian, and well informed of our adventures, to call my wife Mary Gutierrez. Take the book again, sir, and see whether I am in it, and whether he has changed my name also." "By what you have said, friend," quoth Don Jeronimo, "I presume you are Sancho Panza, Don Quixote's squire?" "I am so," answered Sancho, "and greatly do I value myself thereupon." "In faith, then," said the gentleman, "this modern author does not treat you with the decency, which your appearance seems to merit. He represents you both as a glutton and a simpleton, without either pleasantry or wit, a quite different Sancho from what is described in the first part of your master's history." "God forgive him," quoth Sancho;

“ he might have let me alone in my corner, without remembering me at all : for, Let him play who knows the instrument ; and, Saint Peter is nowhere so well as at Rome.” The two gentlemen invited Don Quixote to sup with them, knowing that the inn afforded nothing fit for his entertainment ; and the knight, who was always the pink of courtesy, complied with their request. Sancho staid behind with the flesh-pot, “ cum mero mixto imperio ;”² that is, he placed himself in authority at the head of the table, while at the other end sat the innkeeper, as fond of the calves-feet, or cow-heels, as he, and as eager to devour them.

While our knight and the gentlemen were at supper, Don John asked him what news he had of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso ; whether she was married, brought to bed yet, or in a state of pregnancy : or if, continuing a maiden, she still retained, with the reserve of her modest and strict decorum, a due sense of the amorous inclinations of her lover. “ Dulcinea,” replied the knight, “ is still a maiden, my passion more intense than ever, and our correspondence upon the old footing : but her heavenly countenance has lately been transformed into the visage of a coarse country-wench.” And he proceeded to recount every particular of the enchantment of his mistress, together with what had befallen him in the cave of Montesinos, and the remedy prescribed by the sage Merlin for her relief, namely, Sancho’s self-inflicted lashes. It would scarcely be possible to express the

satisfaction which the two gentlemen derived from hearing Don Quixote relate the strange adventures of his history; and while admiring equally his extravagancies, and his elegant manner of relating them; deeming him one moment a wise man, and the next moment the reverse, they could not determine in what station between discretion and folly to place him.

Sancho, having finished his supper, and well dosed with liquor both the innkeeper and himself, went to join the party of his master, saying, as he entered: "May I die, gentlemen, if the author of that book has any mind, that he and I should eat a good meal together: I wish, as he calls me glutton, he may not set me down for a drunkard too." "Marry, but he has," quoth Don Jeronimo; "though I do not remember in what terms; but they are scurrilous enough, and false into the bargain, as I plainly see by the countenance of honest Sancho here present." "Believe me, gentlemen," quoth the squire, "that the Sancho and Don Quixote of that history are very different persons from those recorded by Cid Hamet Benengeli, who are my master and I; my master, valiant, discreet, and in love; and I, simple, and pleasant, but neither a glutton nor a drunkard." "I believe it," quoth Don John, "and if it were possible, I would have it enacted, that no pen should dare to treat of matters relating to Don Quixote, but that of Cid Hamet himself, his first historian; as Alexander commanded, that no painter should dare to draw his picture but Apelles." "Draw me

who will," said Don Quixote; "but let him not daub me with abuse:³ for patience is apt to fail, when it is overladen with injuries." "No injury," quoth Don John, "can be offered to signor Don Quixote, that he is not able to revenge, unless he should prefer warding it off with the buckler of his patience, which, I have no doubt, is both strong and ample."

In this, and similar discourse, they spent great part of the night; and though Don John would fain have had Don Quixote read more of the book, that he might see what it treated of, he could not prevail; the knight observing, that he deemed it as read, and pronounced it as foolish: besides, he was unwilling its author should have the pleasure of thinking he had read it, if peradventure he should come to hear, that he had had it in his hands; for the thoughts, and the eyes still more, ought to be turned from every thing that is filthy and obscene. They then asked him, which way he intended to bend his course, and he answering, to Saragossa, to be present at the justs for the suit of armour, which are held every year in that city; Don John told him, that in the new history, Don Quixote, whoever he was, is said to have been there at the running at the ring, the description of which is defective in contrivance, mean and low in the style, miserably poor in device, and rich in nothing but absurdities. "For that very reason," answered Don Quixote, "will I not set a foot in the city, and so expose the falsehood of this modern historiographer, and let the world see, that I

am not the Don Quixote he speaks of." " You will do well in this," said Don Jeronimo, " especially as there are to be other justs at Barcelona, where signor Don Quixote may display his whole valour." " It is my intention so to do," quoth the knight, " and now, gentlemen, permit me to withdraw, for it is time, I think, to go to bed, and place me among the number of your best friends and faithful servants." " And me too," quoth Sancho ; " for perhaps I may be good for something." Having thus taken leave, Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their chamber, leaving Don John and Don Jeronimo in unabated admiration at the mixture the knight had evinced of wit and madness ; and they verily believed these were the true Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, and not those described by the Arragonese author. Don Quixote rose early, and, tapping at the partition of the other room, again bid his new friends adieu : Sancho paid the innkeeper magnificently, at the same time advising him to furnish his larder better, or boast less of his accommodations.

CHAP. VIII.

Of what befell Don Quixote in his way to Barcelona.

THE morning was cool, and the day promised to be so too, when Don Quixote left the inn, first informing himself which was the nearest road to Barcelona, without touching at Saragossa ; so great was

his desire to give the lie to that new historian, who, it was said, had abused him so much. Now it happened, that nothing befell them worth recording for six whole days: at the end of which, going out of the road, night overtook them among some shady oaks or cork-trees; for, in this, Cid Hamet does not observe the precision he is wont to do in other matters. Master and man alighted from their beasts, and, seating themselves at the foot of the trees, Sancho, who had already had his afternoon's collation, entered abruptly the gates of sleep. But Don Quixote, who was kept awake more by his restless imagination, than by hunger, could not close his eyes: on the contrary, he was hurried in thought to and from a thousand places: now he fancied himself in Montesinos's cave; next, that he saw Dulcinea, transformed into a country-wench, mount agilely upon her ass at a spring; then, that he heard the sage Merlin, declaring anew the conditions to be observed, and the despatch necessary for her disenchantment, and he was ready to run mad, when he reflected on the carelessness and little charity of his squire Sancho, who, as he believed, had given himself five lashes only; a number, so poor, and inconsiderable compared with the infinite score unpaid, that, overwhelmed with chagrin and indignation, he thus argued with himself: "If Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot, saying, to cut is the same as to untie, and became, notwithstanding this violence, lord of all Asia, the same may happen now, in the disenchantment of

Dulcinea, should I whip Sancho whether he will or no: for, if the condition of this remedy consist in his receiving three thousand three hundred lashes, what is it to me whether he inflicts them himself, or somebody else for him, since the essence lies in their being inflicted, come from what hand they will?"

With this conceit, having adjusted Rozinante's reins to a proper length, he approached Sancho, and began to untruss his points; though it is generally thought, that he had only the one in front, which kept up his breeches. This operation was no sooner begun, than Sancho awoke, and said: "What is the matter? who is so busy untrussing me?" "It is I," answered Don Quixote, "who mean to atone for thy sin of neglect, and remedy my own troubles: I come to lash thee, Sancho, and discharge, at least in part, the debt thou art engaged to pay. Dulcinea is perishing; and while thou livest unconcerned, I am dying with desire: untruss, therefore, of thy own accord, for I intend to visit thy posteriors with two thousand stripes at least, before we quit this solitude." "Not so, on my soul," quoth Sancho; "pray, your worship, desist, or, by the living God, the deaf shall hear us. The stripes I stand engaged for must be voluntary, and not upon compulsion; and, at present, I have no inclination to scourge myself: let it suffice, that I give your worship my word to even flay myself, whenever I feel a disposition to it." "There is no leaving it to thy courtesy, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for thou art hard of heart, and, though a peasant,

of very tender flesh." He accordingly exerted himself more strenuously to unbreech the squire, who, finding him in earnest, started upon his legs, sprung upon his master, and, closing with him, tripped up his heels, so that he came down flat on his back; then, setting his knee upon his breast, with his hands he held him so fast, that he could scarcely either stir or breathe. When he recovered his breath, he said to him: "How, traitor! dost thou rebel against thy master and natural lord? dost thou lift up thy hand against him who feeds thee?" "I neither make kings, nor unmake them," answered Sancho: "I only stand up in my own defence, who am my own lord. If your worship will promise to be quiet, and meddle no more with the whipping for the present, I will let go my hold, and you shall be at liberty: but refusing this, thou shalt die, traitor and enemy to Donna Sancha." The knight thought it prudent to accede to the terms, and swore, by the life of his thoughts, that he would not touch a hair of his garment, and would leave the flagellation entirely to his own choice and free will, to be performed only when he might be disposed to enter upon it.

Upon this declaration Sancho rose, and going to a little distance to pass the remainder of the night under another tree, as he leaned against it, he felt something touch his head, and, lifting up his hands, found a couple of feet dangling, furnished both with hose and shoes. Trembling with fear, he went a little farther, and being saluted in the same manner

by other feet, he fairly roared to his master for help. The knight, hastening to him, asked, what misfortune had happened, or what had terrified him, that he cried out so. Sancho answered, that all the trees around were full of men's legs and feet. Don Quixote, lifting up his hands to examine, immediately guessed the cause of so singular an occurrence, and said to Sancho; "There is no need of fear, or of my interference; the legs and feet which thou hast felt, without seeing, being no other than those of robbers and banditti, who have met here with the punishment of their crimes: for the officers of justice, when they can lay hold of them, hang them in clusters of twenty and thirty at a time: and the circumstance tells me that we are not far from Barcelona." And, in truth, it was as he imagined.

And now, the day breaking, they lifted up their eyes, and perceived, that the trees were furnished with carcasses, according to the knight's conjecture: and, if the dead had scared them, no less were they now terrified by above forty living banditti, who surrounded them unawares, bidding them, in the Catalonian dialect, to keep their tongue within their teeth, and not budge a step, till their captain should arrive. Don Quixote was on foot, his horse unbridled, his lance against a tree, and, in short, defenceless; and therefore he thought it best to cross his hands, and hang his head, reserving himself for a better opportunity and more happy conjuncture. The robbers, meanwhile, were not idle, and Dapple was rifled

in a moment of every thing he carried in the wallet or the pillion ; and it was lucky for Sancho, that he had secured the crowns given him by the duke, as well as those he brought from home, in a belt round his middle : yet even that precaution would not have availed him, for these good folks would have so searched and examined him, that his treasure would have been discovered had it been hidden between the skin and the flesh, if their captain had not come just in the nick of time to prevent it. He seemed to be about thirty-four years of age, robust in body, tall in stature, his countenance austere, and his complexion swarthy. He rode a powerful steed, was clad in mail, and in his belt right and left was a brace of pistols. Perceiving that his squires, for so they call gentlemen of that vocation, were about to plunder Sancho Panza ; he commanded them to forbear, and was instantly obeyed, and thus the girdle escaped. Astonished to see a lance standing against a tree, a target on the ground, and Don Quixote in armour and pensive, exhibiting the saddest countenance, that melancholy itself could have framed, he approached him, and 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 is more disposed to compassion than cruelty.” “ My dejection,” answered the knight, “ does not proceed from my having fallen into your hands, O valorous Roque, whose renown no earthly bounds can limit, but from my carelessness, permitting your soldiers to surprise me,

my horse unbridled; whereas I am bound, by the order of knight-errantry, which I profess, to be continually upon the watch, and at all hours my own centinel: for, give me leave to tell you, illustrious Roque, that, had they met with me on horseback, with my lance and my target, they would have found it no easy matter to have made me surrender; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, he, of whose exploits the whole globe is full." Roque Guinart was not long in discovering, that our knight's infirmity had in it more of madness, than valour; and, though he had occasionally heard him spoken of, he had never supposed what was published of him to be true, believing it impossible so extravagant a humour should reign in the heart of man: he was therefore extremely glad he had met with him, to be convinced near at hand of the truth of what he had heard at a distance. Accordingly he said to him: "Be not concerned, valorous knight, nor regard your situation in the light of disastrous fortune; for it may chance, among these turnings and windings, that your crooked lot may be made straight; for Heaven, by strange ways, ways unheard of, and unimagined by men, often lifts up those that are fallen, and enriches those that are needy."

Our knight's lips were already open to reply to this courteous address, when they heard a noise behind them like that of a number of horses; though it was occasioned by one only, upon which came, full speed, a youth, seemingly about twenty years of age,

dressed in green damask, trimmed with gold lace, long breeches, and a loose coat; his hat cocked in the walloon fashion, with strait waxed boots, gilt spurs, dagger, and sword; a small carabine in his hand, and a brace of pistols by his side. Roque turned his head at the noise, and was struck at the sight of this handsome figure, which, in almost breathless impatience, thus accosted him: "It is in quest of you I speed my course, O valorous Roque, hoping to find in you, if not a remedy, at least some alleviation of my misfortune; and, not to keep you in suspense, for I perceive you do not know me, I will tell you who I am. I am Claudia Jeronimo, daughter of Simon Forte, your singular friend, and the inveterate enemy to Clauquel Torellas, who is also your enemy, always opposing the party you espouse. This Torellas, as you know, has a son, Don Vincente de Torellas, or at least so was he called not two hours ago. To shorten the story of my misfortune, I will relate in a few words what he has brought upon me. He saw me, courted me: I listened to his tale, and, unknown to my father, fell in love with him: for there is no woman, however mured up and secluded from the intercourse of men, but will find time and seasons to put in execution her unruly desires. In short, he promised to be my husband, and I pledged myself in return to be his wife; which is the whole extent of our proceeding. Yesterday I was informed, that, forgetting his obligations to me, he had contracted himself to another, and this morn-

ing was to be married. The news confounded me ; I lost all patience ; and my father happening to be out of town, I had an opportunity of attiring myself as you see, and mounting this fleet horse, I overtook the youth about a league from hence, and, without descending to reproaches, or hearing excuses, I discharged this carabine, and this pair of pistols into the bargain, and, as I believe, lodged more than a brace of bullets in his body, opening thereby a door, through which my honour, distained in his blood, might issue out. I left him in the hands of his servants, who durst not, or could not, interpose in his defence, and hastened to seek you, in the hope, not only that you will assist me to escape to France, where I have relations, but likewise protect my father, that the numerous kindred of Don Vincente may not sacrifice him to their insatiable revenge.

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 to be done 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; and had not those plaguy enchanters, who persecute his worship, changed the shape of the lover into that of a lacquey, at this very hour that same maiden would not have been one."

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 opening his almost closed eyes, and knowing Claudia, replied: "I perceive, then, fair and mistaken lady, that it is to your hand I owe my death; a punishment neither merited by my conduct, nor due to my wishes; being alike void of offence towards you both in word and in deed." "What! is it not true, then," said Claudia, "that this very morning, you were to be married to Leonora, daughter of the rich Balvastro?" "Good Heavens! no," answered Don Vincente: "my evil fortune must have infused the venom of this false notion into your mind, that your jealousy might be excited to bereave me of life, which since I leave it in your arms, I esteem myself happy; and, to convince you of my unshaken fidelity, give me your hand, and receive me for your husband, if you are willing; for in no other way can I now atone for the crime you imagined me to have committed."

The joining hands so wrung Claudia's heart, that she fell in a swoon upon the bloody bosom of her lover, who sunk into a mortal paroxysm. Roque was confounded, and knew not what to do. The servants ran for water, and sprinkling their faces with it, Claudia recovered from her swoon, but not

Don Vincente from his paroxysm, which put an end to his life. When Claudia perceived that her beloved husband was no more, she rent the air with her sighs, wounded the heavens with her complaints, tore her hair, and gave it to the winds, disfigured her face with her own hands, and exhibited every sign of grief and affliction, that can be imagined to proceed from a sorrowful heart. "O cruel and inconsiderate woman!" she cried: "with what facility wert thou moved to put so evil a thought in execution! O raging force of jealousy, to what a desperate end dost thou lead those, who harbour thee in their breasts! O my dear husband! whose hard fate, in being mine, hath sent thee, for thy bridal bed, to the cold grave!"

So piercing and piteous were the lamentations of Claudia, that they extorted tears from the eyes of Roque, little accustomed to shed them upon any occasion: at every step, too, she fainted away. The servants wept still more than Roque; and all around seemed to be a field of sorrow, and seat of misfortune. At length, Roque Guinart ordered the servants to carry the body of their master to the house of his father, which was at no great distance, there to give it burial according to his pleasure. Claudia resolved to retire to a nunnery, the abbess of which was her aunt, where she designed to end her life, in the company of a better and an eternal spouse. Roque applauded her good intention, and offered to accompany her thither, and promised at the same time to defend

her father against Don Vincente's relations, and every man who should attempt to hurt him. Claudia would not accept of his company, but thanked him in the best manner she could, and took her leave of him, shedding a torrent of tears. The dead body being carried off, Roque returned to his companions; and thus ended the loves of Claudia Jeronima: a termination not to be wondered at, the web of her doleful history being woven by the cruel and irresistible hand of jealousy.

Roque Guinart found his squires in the place where he had ordered them to wait his return, and Don Quixote in the midst of them, mounted upon Rozinante, and making a set speech, exhorting them to quit the mode of life they were pursuing, so dangerous both to soul and body. But the majority of his auditors being Gascons, who are a rude and disorderly race, his harangue made but little impression. Immediately on his arrival, Roque inquired of Sancho Panza, whether the men had faithfully returned all the moveables and effects which they had taken from Dapple, and Sancho answering, that they had, all but three night-caps, which were worth three cities, one of the gang exclaimed: "What does the fellow say? three cities? I have them, and by my soul they are not worth three reals." "That may be true," quoth Don Quixote; "but my squire values them at what he has said, for the sake of the person by whom they were given." Roque Guinart ordered

them to be restored that moment, and then commanding his men to draw up in a line, he caused all the clothes, jewels, money, and every thing they had plundered since the last distribution, to be brought before him; and, making a short appraisement, reducing the undividable into money, he shared the whole among them, with so much equity and prudence, that, in the most minute instance, he neither exceeded nor fell short of distributive justice. This partition being ended, and every man paid, contented, and satisfied, Roque turning to Don Quixote, said: "If this punctuality were not strictly observed, there would be no living among these fellows." To which Sancho replied: "From what I have seen, justice is so excellent a thing, that its practice is necessary even among thieves." Unfortunately this remark was overheard by one of the squires, who lifted up the but-end of a musket, and would doubtless have prevented Sancho from ever uttering another word, had not Roque Guinart called aloud to him to forbear; and as it was, he was so terrified, that he resolved not to open his lips while he remained in such honourable company.

At this moment one of the gang, who had been posted as centinel, to observe what travellers passed, and give notice to their chief, rode up to him, and said: "Not far from hence, sir, I can perceive a large party making for Barcelona." To which Roque replied: "Can you distinguish sufficiently what they are? are they such as seek us, or such as we seek?"

“Such as we seek,” answered the squire. “Then sally forth, all of ye,” replied Roque, “and bring them hither, without suffering one to escape.”

They obeyed, and while Don Quixote, Sancho, and Roque, were by themselves, waiting the result, Roque said to our knight: “This life of ours must appear very strange to signor Don Quixote; new adventures, new accidents occurring every instant, and all of them full of danger: nor can I wonder it should so appear; knowing as I do, that it affords neither rest for the body nor quiet for the mind. I was led into it by a desire of revenge, which is often so powerful as to overcome the best disposed nature: and mine was not ill-disposed, till this unquenchable desire, in consequence of an injury I had received, bore down every inclination that was good. Having entered, I persevere in it, contrary to my better judgment: and, as one mischief draws after it another,¹ and a first sin is followed by a second, my own resentments have been so linked, so entangled with those of others, that I am involved in a labyrinth of confusions; yet as I see my error, I do not lose the hope, by the blessing of God, of being extricated from my troubles, and arriving at last in a safe and quiet harbour.”

To hear Roque talk so rationally, surprised our knight, who supposed, that amongst the robbing, waylaying, and murdering tribe, there could be no such thing as serious reflection, and he said to him: “Signor Roque, the beginning of health consists in a

knowledge of the distemper, and the desire of the patient to take the prescriptions of his physician. You are diseased ; but your disease is known ; and Heaven, or rather God himself, who is the great physician, will apply such medicines, as heal, not suddenly, and by miracle, but gradually, by little and little, till health be restored. Besides, sensible sinners are better subjects for this spiritual-cure, than those who have no understanding ; and as your discourse shows your prudence, you may be of good cheer, and hope for a bettering of your conscience. If, however, you would shorten the way, and make your salvation the surer, come with me, and I will teach you to be a knight-errant ; a profession in which there are so many troubles and disasters, that, placed to the account of penance, they will carry you to heaven in two twinklings of an eye." Roque could not help smiling at the knight's recommendation, but changed the discourse, and related the tragical adventure of Claudia Jeronima, which grieved Sancho extremely, for the beauty, vivacity, and demeanour of the young lady had taken hold of his liking.

The squires now returned with their captives, consisting of two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot, a coach full of women, attended by half a dozen servants, some on foot and some on horseback, and two muleteers belonging to the gentlemen. The squires made a circle round them, the vanquishers and vanquished alike keeping a profound silence,

waiting till the great Roque should speak ; who, approaching the gentlemen, asked who they were, whither they were going, and what money they had. One of them answered: " Sir, we are captains of Spanish infantry, going to Barcelona to embark for Naples, there to join our regiment : our joint funds do not exceed two or three hundred crowns, with which we think ourselves rich and happy, a soldier's purse having seldom to boast even such a treasure." The pilgrims were next questioned, who replied, they were on their way to embark for Rome, and had only the poor pittance of sixty reals. The carriage party now came under examination, and being asked the same questions, of who they were, whither they were going, and what money they carried with them ; one of those on horseback answered: " The persons in the coach are, my lady Donna Guiomar de Quinones, consort of the regent of the vicarship of Naples, their little daughter, a waiting-maid, and a duenna: we who accompany them are their servants ; and her ladyship's cash may amount to about six hundred crowns." " So then," quoth Roque Guinart, " we have nine hundred crowns, and sixty reals: the number of my soldiers is seventy: see how much it comes to apiece ; for I am but an indifferent accountant."

The robbers hearing this decision, shouted, one and all, " Long live the great Roque Guinart, in spite of the wretches, who seek his destruction !" The captains looked very unsoldierly, the lady regent

dejected, and the meager and tattered pilgrims still more wo-begone, at this supposed confiscation of their effects. Roque held them all for some time in suspense, but unwilling to prolong their sorrow, which might be seen a musket-shot off, he turned to the captains, and said: "Be pleased, gentlemen, to favour me with the loan of sixty crowns, and you, my lady regent, with fourscore, to satisfy this squadron of my followers; for you know, The abbot must eat that sings for his meat: and then you may depart and prosecute your journey, without fear or molestation, by virtue of a pass I will give you, should you meet with any other of the squadron belonging to me, of which there are many, posted here and there, in several divisions; for I scorn to wrong a soldier, or a woman, and especially a woman of quality.

Infinite and well expressed were the thanks which the captains returned to the great Roque for his courtesy and liberality; for such they esteemed his leaving them so large a portion of their money; while Donna Guiomar de Quinones was ready to throw herself out of her coach, to kiss his hands and feet; but he would in nowise consent to it; on the contrary, he begged pardon for the injury he was compelled to do them, in compliance with the precise duty of his wicked office. The lady regent having given, by one of her servants, her share of the assessment, and the captains disbursed theirs, the pilgrims were about to offer their little all; when Roque bid

them stay a little ; and, turning to his men, he said : “ Of these crowns, two shall fall to each man’s share ; and of the twenty that remain, let ten be given to these pilgrims, and the other ten to this honest squire, that in speaking of this adventure, he may have reason to make a favourable report of us : and, calling for pen, ink, and paper, with which he was always provided, he wrote a pass, directed to the chiefs of his band, and, giving it to the company, he took a polite leave of them, and they pursued their journey, struck with admiration at his generous disposition, his graceful deportment, and strange procedure, and looking upon him rather as another Alexander, than a notorious and abandoned robber.

Seeing them fairly gone, one of the squires said, in his Gascon and Catalan language : “ This captain of ours is fitter for a friar than a felon : for the future, if he has a mind to show himself liberal, let it be of his own goods, and not of ours.” The unhappy wretch spoke not so low, but Roque overheard him, and, drawing his sword, he almost cleft his head in two, saying : “ Thus I chastise the mutinous and saucy.” The rest of the gang were terrified at this proceeding, and dared not utter a word ; such was the awe and obedience in which they were held. Roque stepped a little aside, and wrote a letter to a friend at Barcelona, informing him that the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, that knight-errant, of whom so many things were reported, was with him, and that he was the pleasantest and most ingenious

person in the world ; and that, four days hence, on the feast of Saint John the Baptist, he would appear on the strand of the city, armed at all points, mounted on his horse Rosinante, and attended by his squire Sancho upon an ass. He desired him to give his friends the Niarri notice of this, that they might make themselves merry with him ; expressing at the same time a wish, that his enemies the Cadelli might not partake of the diversion ; though he deemed it scarcely possible, as the wild extravagancies and distraction of Don Quixote, together with the witty sayings of his squire Sancho Panza, were sure to be known, and could not fail to give pleasure to all the world. This epistle he despatched by one of his squires, who, disguising himself as a peasant, entered Barcelona, and delivered it into the hands of the person to whom it was addressed.

CHAP. IX.

Of what befell Don Quixote at his entrance into Barcelona, with other events, more true than ingenious.

DON QUIXOTE'S stay with Roque and his banditti extended to three days and three nights ; and, had he remained three hundred years, he would not have wanted subject for inquiry and admiration respecting their mode of life. They lodged in one place, and dined in another : sometimes flying from they knew not what, and at others lying in wait for they

knew not whom. Shifting from place to place, they slept standing, with interrupted slumbers, and were perpetually sending out spies, posting centinels, blowing matches for their muskets, of which, however, they had but few, being chiefly armed with firelocks. Roque passed the night in haunts and recesses wholly unknown to his followers; for the numerous proclamations, which the viceroy of Barcelona had published against him, kept him in fear and disquiet, not daring to trust to any person, and apprehensive lest his own men should either murder, or deliver him up to justice, for the price set upon his head: a life, that surely must have been truly irksome and wretched. At length, this renowned freebooter, accompanied by Don Quixote, and Sancho, and attended by six squires, set out for Barcelona, through unfrequented ways, short cuts, and covered paths, and, shrouded by the night, arrived upon the strand on the eve of Saint John. Here Roque, embracing Don Quixote, and giving to Sancho the ten crowns he had promised, but not before paid, took his leave, and returned back, a thousand offers of service having been made on both sides.

Don Quixote, however, resolved to remain on horseback, just as he was, expecting the day; and it was not long, before the face of the beautiful Aurora began to discover itself through the balconies of the east, rejoicing the plants and flowers, instead of rejoicing the ears; though, nearly at the same instant, the ears also were regaled by the sound of waits,

kettle-drums, and morrice-bells, mingled with the trampling of horses, coming out of the city. Aurora now gave place to the sun, which was rising by degrees from below the horizon, with a face more ample than a target, and Don Quixote and Sancho, casting their eyes around, for the first time beheld the sea, and were struck with its vast and spacious waters, surpassing even the lakes of Ruydera, which they had seen in La Mancha. They also perceived the gallies lying close to the shore, which, when their awnings were taken in, exhibited a beautiful assemblage of pennants, flags, and streamers, trembling in the wind, and kissing the face of the deep; while from within, clarions, trumpets, and other instruments sounded, filling the air around with sweet and martial music. Presently they began to move, and, forming into lines of battle, represented a naval engagement, on the still waters, corresponding with a mock skirmish, acted at the same moment, on the land, by an infinite number of cavaliers, who issued forth from the city, mounted on beautiful horses, and attired in gay liveries. By the soldiers on board, several rounds of musketry were discharged, which were answered from the walls and forts of the city, while the dreadful noise of the heavy artillery, which rent the very sky, was echoed back by the thunder of the cannon on the forecastles of the gallies.

The sea, thus cheerful, the land jocund, and the air serenely bright, only that now and then it was obscured by the smoke of the artillery, a sudden

ecstasy seemed to be infused and engendered in every breast; and while Sancho was imagining how those huge bulks, which moved backwards and forwards in the water, came to have so many legs, and his master was rapt in wonder and surprise both at what he saw and what he heard, the liveries galloped up, with lilies and shouts after the Moorish fashion; and one of them (the person to whom Roque had sent the letter) said in a loud voice to our knight: "Welcome to our city, the mirror, beacon, planet, and polar star of knight-errantry in its greatest extent! welcome, O valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha; not the spurious, fictitious, and apocryphal one, lately exhibited in lying histories, but the true, the legitimate, and the genuine, described by Cid Hamet Benengeli, the flower of historians!" Don Quixote answered not a word, nor did the cavaliers wait for any answer: but, wheeling with their followers, began to career, and curvet in a circle round the knight; who, turning to Sancho, said: "These people seem to know us well, and I will lay a wager they have read our history, and even that of the Arragonese lately printed." The cavalier, who first addressed the knight, now addressed him again: "Be pleased, puissant signor, to come along with us; who are all the humble servants, and intimate friends of Roque Guinart." To which Don Quixote replied: "If courtesy beget courtesy, yours, good sir, is daughter or very near kinswoman to that of the great Roque himself: conduct me therefore whither you please:

for I have no will but yours, especially if it should please you to employ it in your service." The cavalier answered in expressions no less civil; and, the whole troop enclosing our knight in the midst of them, they marched to the sound of waits and drums, toward the city, at the entrance of which, the wicked one, who is the author of all mischief, so ordered it, that, among the boys, two more wicked than the wicked one himself, crowded through the press, and approaching Rozinante and Dapple, thrust under the tail of each a handful of furze. The poor beasts, feeling this new kind of spur, pressed their tails the closer to their posteriors, which so increased the smart, that, after several plunges, they fairly flung their riders to the ground, to the great annoyance and indignation of Don Quixote, who hastened to free his horse's rump from this new plumage, while Sancho with equal alertness did the same kind office for Dapple. The cavaliers, who conducted Don Quixote, would have chastised the insolence of the boys, had it been possible; but they were instantly lost among a thousand others that followed the cavalcade; and the knight and squire being mounted again, proceeded with the same acclamations and music, and at length arrived at the house of their conductor, which was large and handsome, such, in short, as became a gentleman of fortune; where we shall leave them for the present; such being the will of Cid Hamet Benengeli.



CHAP. X.

*Which treats of the adventure of the enchanted head,
with other trifles that must not be omitted.*

THE name of Don Quixote's host was Antonio Moreno, a wealthy and discreet gentleman, and a lover of merriment in a decent and good-humoured way. Accordingly, having our knight in his house, he began to contrive, how, without prejudice to his guest, he might extract diversion from his infirmity; for jests that hurt are no jests, nor is that pastime good for any thing, which turns to the detriment of a third person. The first thing he did, was, to cause the knight to be unarmed, and exposed to view in his strait shamois doublet, as we have described and painted it, in a balcony, which looked into one of the principal streets, where the populace, men, women, and boys, stood gazing at him as if he had been a baboon. The cavaliers with the liveries began their evolutions anew, as if in compliment to him alone, and not in honour of the festival, for which they had provided their gay attire. Sancho was almost frantic with delight, thinking he had found, without knowing how or wherefore, another Camacho's wedding, another house like that of Don Diego de Miranda's, and another duke's castle.

Several of Don Antonio's friends dined with him that day, and they honoured and treated Don Quixote with the respect due to a renowned knight-errant;

at which he was so puffed up with vain-glory, that he could scarcely conceal his satisfaction: and Sancho's witty conceits were such, and so many, that all the servants of the house, and indeed all that heard him, hung as it were upon his lips. While he was waiting at table, Don Antonio said to him: "We are told here, hon^or Sancho, that you are so great a lover of capons and sausages, that, when you have filled your belly, you stuff your pockets with the remainder for some future day." "It is not so, sir," answered Sancho: "your worship is misinformed; I am more cleanly, and no glutton; for my master, here present, knows very well, that he and I often live, for a whole week together, upon a handful of acorns or hazel-nuts: it is true, indeed, if it so happens, that they give me a heifer, I make haste with a halter; I mean, that I feast on whatever is offered me, and take the times as I find them: and whoever has said, that I am given to greediness, and am not cleanly, take it from me, sir, that he is very much out; and I would say this in another manner, were it not out of respect to the honourable beards here at table." "From regard to truth," quoth Don Quixote, "I must observe in favour of Sancho, that his parsimony and cleanliness in eating are so exemplary, that they ought to be written and engraved on plates of brass, as a memorial for succeeding ages. At the same time, I must confess, that when he is hungry, he may appear as if he were a glutton; for he eats fast, and chews on both sides at once: but, as for

cleanliness, he never fails strictly to practise it ; and, when he was a governor, he learned to eat so nicely, that he took 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," answered Sancho, "and of an island called Barataria, which I governed according to my own will and pleasure for ten days, during which time I lost my rest, and learned to despise all the governments in the world: so I fled away from it, and in doing so fell into a pit, where I looked upon myself as a dead man, and that I escaped alive was certainly by a miracle." Don Quixote then minutely related all the circumstances of Sancho's government, to the extreme entertainment of the company.

The dinner being ended, our knight was led by his host into a distant apartment, in which there was no other furniture, but a table, seemingly of jasper, and supported by a jasper foot ; and upon this table was placed, after the manner of the busts of the Roman emperors, a head, which appeared to be of bronze. Don Antonio, having paced up and down the room for a while, and taken several turns round the table, at length said: "Signor Don Quixote, now that I am assured nobody is within hearing, and that the door is fast, I will impart to you one of the most singular adventures, or rather one of the greatest curiosities that can be imagined, upon condition, that what I shall communicate be deposited in the inmost recesses of secrecy." "It shall, I

swear," answered Don Quixote, "and for greater security, I will clap a gravestone over it; for I would have your worship know, signor Don Antonio (for by this time he had learned his name), that you are talking to one, who, though he has ears to hear, has no tongue to speak: so that you may safely transfer whatever may be in your own breast into his, and consider it as being thrown into the very abyss of silence." "In confidence of this promise, then," answered Don Antonio, "I will raise your admiration by what you shall see and hear, and procure myself at the same time some relief from the pain I suffer, in having nobody to whom to communicate my secret, for it is not every one, who is worthy of the trust." Don Quixote was in almost breathless suspense, from impatience to learn in what so cautious a preamble would end; when Don Antonio, taking his hand, made him pass it over the brazen head, the table, and the jasper pedestal it stood upon, and then said: "This head, signor Don Quixote, was contrived and wrought by one of the greatest enchanters and wizards the world ever produced. He was a Polander by birth, and a disciple of the famous Escotillo,¹ of whom so many wonders are related. He happened to be in my house, and, for the reward of a thousand crowns, made me this head, which has the virtue and property of answering every question asked at its ear. It was not till he had drawn many figures, erected numerous schemes, and observed the stars profoundly, that he brought it to the perfection, which we shall to-morrow

find it possesses ; for it is mute on Fridays, and, this being Friday, we must postpone the trial. In the meanwhile you may reflect what questions you will ask ; which I know by experience, it will answer truly." Don Quixote was astonished at the property and virtue of the head, and almost tempted to discredit Don Antonio's account, but, considering in how short a time it would be brought to the test, he kept his doubts to himself, and thanked his host for having discovered to him so great a secret. They then quitted the chamber, Don Antonio locking the door after him, and returned to the hall, where the rest of the gentlemen were, to whom in their absence Sancho had recounted many of the adventures and accidents that had befallen his master.

In the evening they prevailed upon our knight to take an airing on horseback, not armed, but dressed like a citizen in a long loose garment of tawny-coloured cloth, which would have made frost itself sweat at that season ; and the servants were directed to entertain and amuse Sancho, so as to keep him within doors, as his presence might spoil the projected diversion. Don Quixote was mounted, not upon Rozinante, but a large easy-paced mule, handsomely accoutred. In dressing the knight, they had secretly pinned at his back a parchment, on which was written in capital letters, " THIS IS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA ;" and they no sooner began their march, than, the scroll attracting the eyes of all that passed

by, every one that could read cried aloud, This is Don Quixote de la Mancha. Our knight wondered at being thus universally named, and known; and, turning to Don Antonio, who was riding by his side, he said: "Great is the prerogative inherent in knight-errantry, which makes all its professors known and renowned to the very limits of the earth: for, observe, signor Don Antonio, how the very boys of this city, who have never seen me before, repeat my name." "It is even so, signor Don Quixote," answered Don Antonio; "for, as fire cannot be hidden or confined, so virtue will disclose itself: and what is obtained by the profession of arms, shines with a brightness and lustre superior to that of all others."

Now it happened, as Don Quixote was riding along, thus applauded by the crowd, that a Castilian, who had read the label on his shoulders, exclaimed aloud: "The devil take thee, Don Quixote de la Mancha! by what miracle hast thou got hither, without being killed by the infinite number of bastings, that have been bestowed upon thy back? Thou art mad, and wert thou so alone, and the infirmity were confined within the doors of thy own folly, the mischief would be less lamentable: but thou hast the property of converting into fools and madmen all that converse, or have any communication with thee; witness these gentlemen, who accompany thee. Get thee home, fool, and look after thy estate, thy wife and children, and quit these vanities, which worm-eat thy brain, and skim off the cream of thy under-

standing." "Brother," said Don Antonio, "keep on your way, and be less free in giving counsel to those who do not ask it. Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha is wise, and we who bear him company are not such fools as you imagine. Virtue challenges respect, wherever it is found: begone therefore in an evil hour, and meddle not where you are not called." "Before God," answered the Castilian, "your worship is in the right; for to give advice to this honest man, is to kick against the pricks. But for all that, it grieves me much, that the good sense, it is said, he discovers in all other things, should run to waste through the channel of his knight-errantry: and the evil hour, your worship wished me, be upon me and all my descendants, if, from this day forward, I give advice to any body, asked or unasked, though I should live more years than Methusalem." Saying this the adviser departed; and the procession went on: but the pressure of the boys and other idle people, who crowded to read the scroll, was so great, that Don Antonio, under pretence of adjusting some part of the knight's dress, thought proper to take it off.

As night approached, the cavaliers returned to the house of Don Antonio, where a ball was prepared by his wife, who was a lady of distinction, cheerful, handsome, and discreet, and had invited several of her female friends to honour her guest, and be entertained at the same time with the strange peculiarities of his madness. They accordingly came; and, after a splendid supper, the ball began about

ten o'clock. Among the ladies, there were two of an arch and pleasant disposition, who, though persons of decorum, yet behaved with more freedom than usual, that the jest might not flag for want of support. These wags were so incessant in their application to our knight to dance, that they wearied, not only his body, but his very soul. It was a perfect sight in its kind to behold his figure, long, lank, lean, and swarthy, his straitened clothes, and awkward attempts at agility. The ladies courted him, as it were, by stealth, and he by stealth, for a while, treated their advances with disdain; but, finding himself at last hard pressed by their solicitations, he exalted his voice, and said: "Fugite, partes adversæ; leave me to my repose, ye unwelcome thoughts: avaunt, ladies, with your desires; for she, who is queen of mine, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, will not consent, that any but hers should subject and subdue me." And, saying this, he sat down upon the floor in the middle of the hall, so completely overcome, his limbs so disjointed by the violence of his exertions, that Don Antonio ordered the servants to take him up, and carry him to bed. The first who lent a helping hand to this good work was Sancho, who said: "In God's name, master of mine, what could put you upon dancing? Think you, that all who are valiant must be caperers, or all knights-errant dancing masters? If you think so, you are mistaken; for I know those, who would sooner cut a giant's windpipe, than a caper. Had it been the shoe-jig,² I would have

supplied your defect ; for I slap it away like any jerr-falcon : but as for your figure dancing, I cannot work a stitch at it." With these, and other observations of a similar nature, Sancho furnished matter of laughter to the company, and having laid his master in bed, he covered him up warm, that he might sweat out whatever cold he may have caught by dancing.

The next day, Don Antonio determined to make experiment of the enchanted head ; and for this purpose he repaired to the room, with Don Quixote, Sancho, two other friends, and the two waggish ladies, partners of our hero in dancing, who had staid all night at the request of Don Antonio's wife. Having locked the door, made known the property of the head, and enjoined upon the whole company the greatest secrecy, he told them, that this was the first day of his trying the virtue of his oracle. Excepting his two friends, no other person was acquainted with the mystery ; and if they had not been previously informed by Don Antonio, their surprise would have been as great as that of the rest of the company, so cunningly and curiously was the artifice contrived. The first, who approached the ear of this enchanted bust, was Don Antonio himself, who said in a low voice, yet so as to be heard by every one : " By the virtue inherent in thee, tell me, O head, of what I am now thinking ? " Without moving its lips, the head replied to this interrogation, in a clear and distinct voice : " I do not pretend to be a searcher of thoughts." The whole company were

astonished at hearing this answer, as neither in the room, nor any where about the table, was there a human creature from whom it could have proceeded. "How many persons are here present?" Don Antonio next asked, and the answer returned in the same key, was: "You and your wife, two friends of yours, and two of hers, with a famous knight, of the name of Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his squire, called Sancho Panza." Here was fresh amazement, every body's hair standing on end with affright. "I am satisfied," cried Don Antonio, retiring from the head: "this is enough to convince me, that I was not deceived by him, of whom I purchased thee, thou sage-speaking, answering and admirable head! Let somebody else go, and question it at will." As women are commonly impatient and inquisitive, the next, who addressed the bust, was one of the two friends of Don Antonio's wife, and her question was: "Tell me, O head, what must I do to be very handsome?" "Be very modest," said the head. "I ask you no more," said the querist. Then came her companion: "I would fain know, O head!" said she, "whether my husband loves me, or not?" "That," replied the head, "you may easily ascertain by his treatment of you." "True," said she, quitting the bust, "the question might well have been spared; for a man's actions are certainly the best interpreter of his affections." Then one of Don Antonio's two friends approached and asked: "Who am I?" and the answer was: "You know." "That," replied

the gentleman, "was not the drift of my question, but whether you know me?" "I do," replied the head, "you are Don Pedro Noriz." "I desire to hear no more," said he, "since this is sufficient, O head, to convince me, that you know every thing." Then the other friend stepped forward, and demanded: "Tell me, O head, what desires has my eldest son?" "Have I not said already," replied the bust, "that I do not judge of thoughts? yet I can inform you, for your satisfaction, that your son's desire is to bury you." "It is even so," quoth the gentleman; "I see it with my eyes, and touch it with my finger; and I need not ask any more questions." Then came Don Antonio's wife, and said: "I am at a loss, O head, what to ask you: yet I would gladly know, whether I shall long enjoy my dear husband?" "You shall;" answered the head, "for his excellent constitution, and moderate way of life, promise a succession of years, and a good old age, of which many deprive themselves by intemperance." Don Quixote's turn now came, and he said: "Tell me, O sage answerer, what I related, as having befallen me in Montesino's cave, was it truth, or a dream? Will the whipping of Sancho, my squire, be certainly fulfilled? Will the disenchantment of Dulcinea actually take place?" "As to the business of the cave," replied the bust, "there is much to be said; it partakes of both qualities: Sancho's whipping will go on but slowly: the disenchantment, however, of Dulcinea will be brought about in due time." "I

desire to know no more," quoth Don Quixote; "let me but see my Dulcinea disenchanted, and I shall consider every good which fortune can bestow, as showered upon me at once." The last querist was Sancho, and his question was this: "Pray, Mr. head, shall I, peradventure, obtain another government? Shall I quit the penurious life of a squire? Shall I return to see my wife and children?" To which the answers were: "Shouldst thou return to thy own house, thou wilt govern in it, and wilt see thy wife and children, and, in quitting service, thou wilt cease to be a squire." "Very good, in faith," quoth Sancho Panza; "I could have foretold as much myself, and the prophet Perogrullo could have said no more." "Beast," quoth Don Quixote, "what wouldst thou have? Is it not enough, that the answers which this head returns, correspond to the questions that are put to it?" "Yes, enough in conscience," answered Sancho: "but I wish his oracleship had been less sparing of his communications, that I might have known a little more of my fortune."

Thus ended the questions and answers, leaving in amazement the whole company, Don Antonio's two friends excepted, who knew the secret; which Cid Hamet Benengeli is impatient to explain, that the world may be kept no longer in suspense, nor believe there was any witchcraft, or extraordinary mystery, concealed in this seeming wonderful bust. He informs us, therefore, that Don Antonio Moreno caused it to be made, in imitation of a head which he had

seen at Madrid, fabricated by a statuary for his own diversion, and to surprise the ignorant ; and that the machine was contrived in the following manner. The table was of wood, painted, and varnished to resemble jasper ; and the foot it stood upon was of the same materials, and had four eagle-claws, to make it stand the firmer, and bear the weight the better. The head, resembling that of one of the Roman emperors, and coloured like copper, was hollow, as was the table, in which it was so nicely fixed, that no sign of a joint could be seen. The foot also was hollow, and answered to the neck and breast of the bust ; and the whole was connected with an apartment underneath, by means of a concealed pipe, that passed through the bust, the table, and the foot. In this lower apartment was the answerer, his mouth close to the pipe, so that the voice descended and ascended in clear and articulate sounds, as through a speaking-trumpet, and it was impossible to discover the cheat. The respondent on this occasion was Don Antonio's nephew, a student of an acute and cultivated mind ; who, previously informed by his uncle, who would be in the room with him, could easily reply to the first question, and to the rest he answered by conjecture, as a sound understanding might dictate. Cid Hamet further relates, that the virtue of this wonderful machine lasted about eight or ten days ; when a report being spread in the city, that Don Antonio kept in his house an enchanted bust, that could speak and answer questions, fearing it should come to the ears

of the watchful sentinels of our faith, he acquainted the gentlemen of the inquisition with the secret; who ordered him to break it in pieces, lest it should give umbrage to the ignorant vulgar: but, in the opinion of Don Quixote and of Sancho Panza, it always remained oracular and enchanted, though more to the satisfaction of the knight than the squire.

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.”³ “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 patronise 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 de Figueroa, in his *Pastor Fido*, and Don Jon de Xaurigui, in his *Aminta*;⁴ 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 Torde-sillas. "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, as it does to every hog: ^s 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 gallies 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 befell our knight during this visit shall be reserved for the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

Of the unlucky accident, which befell Sancho Panza, in visiting the gallies, 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 centering 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 gallies. 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 gallies to strike their awnings, and the waits to play; and immediately despatched the pinnace, covered with rich carpets, and furnished with cushions of crimson velvet; and, the moment the knight entered it, the captain-galley discharged her forecastle guns, and the other gallies 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 concentrated 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 gang-way, and gave the signal with his whistle for the slaves to strip; which was done in an instant. Sancho, seeing so many men in buff, was terrified, and his terror increased, when he saw them spread an awning so swiftly over the galley, that he thought all the devils in hell must have been engaged in the work. But this was tarts and cheesecakes to what I am going to relate.

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, out of breath, and in a cold sweat, 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, as he had no intention of making profession, ¹ 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 bull's pizzle, 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 all together, 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 every thing that passed, said: "Ah, my friend, how quickly and at how cheap a rate mightest thou, if thou wouldst strip to the waist, and place 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 Montjuy 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 gallies 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 gallies 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 gallies, put herself in chase, 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 gallies 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, all brisk fellows, and 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 gallies? 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 gallies, 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 reasonable 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 license 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, there-

fore, 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, or rather, for so it might be deemed, in hell itself. 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 with me came from Spain one of the handsomest youths imaginable. I instantly understood, that the person meant could be no other than Don Gaspar Gregorio, whose beauty is beyond the possibility of exaggeration, and I was greatly disturbed, when I considered the peril to which he would be exposed: for a handsome boy or youth is more valued and esteemed by these barbarous Turks, than a female, however beautiful she may be. 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 deter-

mined to reserve so extraordinary a beauty for a present to the grand signor; and, to prevent the risk which might arise from his own inordinate desires, 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, for I will not deny the extent of my affection, 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 gallies 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 by-standers; 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 had 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, intreating 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.

CHAP. XII.

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 Gay-

feros 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 sea-side, 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 gallies 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 enamorata.

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 finery, and fighting his recreation, he perceived advancing toward him a knight, armed in like manner at all

points. On the shield of the stranger knight was painted a resplendent moon; and, when he was come near enough to be heard, he raised his voice, and, directing it to Don Quixote, said: "Most illustrious knight, and never-enough-renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, in me, behold the knight of the white moon, whose unheard-of exploits may, perhaps, bring him to your remembrance. I come to enter into combat with you, and try the strength of your arm, in order to make you know and confess, that my mistress, be she who she will, is, without comparison, more beautiful than your Dulcinea del Toboso: which truth, if you immediately and freely confess, you will save your own life, and me the trouble of taking it: but if you fight, and are vanquished, the satisfaction I expect, is, that you lay aside your arms, forbear going in quest of adventures, and return to your own house, there to live, without so much as touching your sword, in profound peace, and profitable repose, for the space of a year; which will redound to the improvement of your neglected estate, and the salvation of your precious soul: on the other hand, should you prove the victor, my head shall lie at your mercy, the spoils of my horse and arms shall be yours, and the fame of my exploits be transferred from me to you. Consider with yourself, which alternative is best, and give me a speedy answer: for the business must be despatched this very day."

Don Quixote was surprised and confounded, as

well at the arrogance of the knight of the white moon, as at the reason he assigned for challenging him: and therefore replied, with solemn tone, and countenance severe: "Knight of the white moon, whose achievements have not as yet reached my ears, I dare swear, you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for, had you enjoyed that felicity, I am confident, you would have taken care not to engage in this trial, since the slightest view of her charms must have undeceived, and convinced you, that there never was, nor ever can be, beauty comparable to hers: and therefore, without giving you the lie, affirming only that you are mistaken, I accept your challenge, and that upon the spot, that the day you allot for this business may not elapse before it be finished: of the conditions, I only except to the transfer of your exploits, because I do not know what they are, nor that they are: with my own, such as they are, I am contented. Take, then, what part of the field you please, and I will do the same, and whom God shall favour, may saint Peter bless."

The knight of the white moon being descried from the city, and in earnest conference with Don Quixote de la Mancha, the viceroy was informed of the circumstance; who, believing it to be some contrived adventure, immediately mounted, and rode to the strand, accompanied by Don Antonio, and a number of other gentlemen, and arrived just as our hero had wheeled Rosinante about, to take the necessary ground for his career. Perceiving they were both ready to

turn for the encounter, he interposed, and inquired what motive had induced them to engage in so sudden a fight. The knight of the white moon answered, that it was the precedency of beauty; and told him, in a few words, what he had said to Don Quixote, and that the conditions of the combat were agreed to on both sides. The viceroy then asked Don Antonio, in a whisper, whether he knew who the knight of the white moon was, and if it was some jest designed to be put upon Don Quixote. Don Antonio replied, that he neither knew who the knight was, nor whether the challenge was in jest or earnest. This answer perplexed the viceroy, and he was in doubt whether he should suffer the combatants to proceed: but, inclining to believe it could be nothing but a premeditated jest, he retired, saying: "If there be no remedy, valorous knights, but to confess or die, and signor Don Quixote persist in denying, and your worship of the white moon in affirming, at it, in God's name, and may right prevail." He of the white moon thanked the viceroy in discreet and courtly terms for the permission he had granted; as also did Don Quixote; who, recommending himself to Heaven with all his heart, and to his Dulcinea, as was his custom on every occasion of combat, again wheeled about, to fetch a larger compass, seeing that his adversary did so; and, without sound of trumpet or other warlike instrument, to give the signal for the onset, they both turned their horses at the same

instant: and he of the white moon, being the best mounted, met Don Quixote at two-thirds of the career, and there encountered him with such impetuous force, not touching him with his lance, which he seemed purposely to avoid, that he gave Rosinante and his rider a most perilous fall to the ground. Then dismounting he was instantly upon his adversary, and, clapping his lance to his visor, said: "Knight, you are vanquished, and, unless you comply with the conditions of the challenge, a dead man." Bruised and stunned, without lifting up his visor, Don Quixote, as if speaking from a tomb, in a feeble and low voice, answered: "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight on earth, nor is it just, that my weakness should discredit this truth: push on your lance, therefore, sir knight, and take my life, since you have spoiled me of my honour." "By no means," quoth he of the white moon: "live, sir knight, and let the fame of the lady Dulcinea's beauty flourish in its full lustre: all the satisfaction I ask, is, that the great Don Quixote return to his own habitation, living in retirement for a year, or such time as I shall appoint, according to our agreement before we began the combat." All this was heard by the viceroy, Don Antonio, and others who were present: as also was Don Quixote's reply, that since nothing was required of him to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would perform all the rest like a punctual and true knight.

This confession being made, he of the white moon turned his horse, and, bowing respectfully to the viceroy, at a half gallop made towards the city, whither he was followed by Don Antonio, at the request of the viceroy, who was anxious to learn who the stranger knight was. They now raised Don Quixote from the ground, and, uncovering his face, found him pale as death, and in a cold sweat. Rosinante, from the dire effects of the fall, for the present was unable to stir. Sancho, like one completely cast down with sorrow, knew neither what to say, nor what to do. Sometimes he fancied all that had happened to be a dream, and then again, that the whole business was matter of enchantment. Seeing, however, his master vanquished, and under an obligation to lay aside arms for a whole year; the glory of his achievements, he thought, was obscured, if not extinguished for ever, and the hopes of his late promises dissipated, as smoke is scattered by the wind: he feared too that Rosinante's bones were broken, and his master's disjoined, and his sole hope was, that it might not prove still worse. Finally, Don Quixote was conveyed to the city in a chair, which the viceroy had ordered to be brought; and he himself also returned thither, impatient to learn satisfactory particulars respecting the knight of the white moon, who had left Don Quixote in such evil plight.

CHAP. XIII.

In which an account is given, who the knight of the white moon was; with the liberty of Don Gregorio, and other accidents.

DON ANTONIO MORENO never lost sight of the knight of the white moon, who was followed also, and even persecuted, by a crowd of boys, till they had housed him in an inn within the city, which Don Antonio entered at the same moment. His squire was ready to receive and unarm him, and retiring to a lower apartment for the purpose, he found Don Antonio at his elbow, whose cake was dough, till he had gained his point. He of the white moon, perceiving how much this gentleman's curiosity was excited, said: "I am not ignorant, sir, of the design of your close pursuit of me, which is, to learn who I am; and, as there is no occasion for concealing it, while my servant is taking off my armour, I will inform you, without the least reserve. Know then, sir, that I have the honour of being called the bachelor Sampson Carrasco: I am of the same town with Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose madness and folly move all that know him to compassion. I partake of the general feeling, and, believing his recovery to depend upon his living at home in quiet, I considered how it might best be effected; and accordingly, about three months ago, sallied forth on the highway, as a knight-errant,

styling myself knight of the looking-glasses, with the view of fighting with, and conquering him, without doing him the slightest harm, making the condition of our combat, that the vanquished should remain at the discretion of the vanquisher. This task I deemed so easy of execution, that I concluded it already done, and, as victor, I intended to enjoin upon him, that he should return to his village, and not stir from the threshold of his house for a whole year; during which time means might be devised for his cure. But fortune frustrated my design; for, instead of my vanquishing him, he tumbled me from my horse, and vanquished me. In consequence, he pursued his journey, while I returned, humbled, ashamed, and sorely bruised with the fall I had sustained, which was no slight one. My discomfiture had not the effect, however, of making me relinquish my project, and, seeking him a second time, fortune was more favourable, as you have this day seen. You know the injunctions I have laid upon him, and as he is exact and punctual in observing every law of knight-errantry, I have no doubt he will comply with them, and keep his promise faithfully. This, sir, is the whole business, of which you have been desirous of learning the particulars, nor have I any thing to add, except to entreat you not to discover me to Don Quixote, that my good intentions may be effectual, and his understanding restored to him, which would be altogether admirable, if the follies of chivalry could be driven out of him."

“God forgive you, sir,” cried Don Antonio, “the injury you have done the whole world, in endeavouring to restore to his senses the most diverting madman in it; since it is manifest that the benefit of his recovery will fall far short of counterbalancing the pleasure to be derived from his extravagancies. My opinion, however, is, that all signor bachelor’s industry will not be sufficient to recover a man so consummately mad; and, were it not against the rule of charity, I would say, may he never be recovered: for, by his cure, we shall be deprived not of his pleasantries only, but of those of his squire Sancho Panza; any one of which is enough to put melancholy herself into a merry mood. Nevertheless, I will set a seal upon my lips, and keep your secret, to ascertain if I am right in suspecting, that signor Carrasco’s labours will be all he will have for his pains.” Carrasco, who was not to be discouraged, replied, that, all things considered, the business was in a promising way, and, he had no doubt, would have a happy termination. Here, after politely offering his services, Don Antonio took his leave; and the same day, the bachelor, having caused his armour to be tied upon the back of a mule, rode out of the city upon the same horse on which he had engaged in the fight, and returned to his native place, nothing befalling him by the way worthy to be recorded in this faithful history. The viceroy being informed of what Carrasco had communicated, was as little pleased with the intelligence as Don Anto-

nio had been, regretting, as he had done, that our poor knight's retirement should put an end to that infinite fund of diversion, which his follies administered to those who had an opportunity of observing them.

For the tedious space of six days was Don Quixote confined to his bed, chagrined, melancholy, thoughtful, and peevish, his imagination still dwelling upon the unhappy business of his defeat. Sancho strove hard to comfort him, and, among other things, said: "Hold up your head, dear sir, and be cheerful, if you can, and give Heaven thanks, that, though you had a swinging fall, you did not come off with a rib broken; and since you know, that he who gives must take, and that there are not always bacon-fitches where there are pins; cry, a fig for the physician, seeing you have no need of his help. Let us return home, and leave this rambling in quest of adventures, through countries and places of which we know nothing: and consider, dear sir, though your worship be the greatest sufferer, it is I who am the greatest loser; for though with the government, I quitted the desire of ever governing more, I did not lose that of being an earl, which can never come to pass, now that your worship, by giving up knight-errantry, cannot be a king; and so my hopes vanish into smoke." "Peace, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and remember, that the term of my penance and retirement will not exceed a year, and when it is expired I will resume my honourable profession, and shall

not want a kingdom to win for myself, nor an earldom to bestow upon thee." "God hear it," quoth Sancho, "and let sin be deaf; for I have always been told, that a good expectation is better than a bad possession."

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: "let the hen live, though she have the pip: 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 appropriate 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 clean and sound, 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, nor 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.⁹ 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, every thing 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.

CHAP. XIV.

*Treating of matters, which he, who reads, will see,
and he, who hears them read, will hear.*

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 drunken, 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 noviciate; 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 the tender bowels of 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 any thing 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,¹ 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.”² 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,³ 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 judges 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 canopy of the smooth and clear sky; and, the next day, proceeding on their way, they saw coming towards them a man on foot, with a wallet about his neck, and a javelin or half-pike in his hand, the proper equipment of a foot-post. As he drew near he quickened his pace, and, half running, went up to him, and, embracing his right thigh (for he could reach no higher) with signs of great joy, he said: "Oh! signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, with what pleasure will my lord duke's heart be touched, when he understands that your worship is returning to his castle, where he still remains with my lady duchess!" "I do not know you, friend," answered Don Quixote, "nor, unless you aid me, shall I be able to guess who you are." "Who I am, signor Don Quixote," answered the post, "why I am Tosilos the duke's lacquey, he who refused to fight with your worship about the marriage of Donna Rodriguez's daughter." "God defend me!" quoth Don Quixote, "are you he, whom

the enchanters, my enemies, transformed into the lacquey, to defraud me of the glory of that combat?" "Fair and softly, good sir," replied the post; "there was neither enchantment, nor change in the matter; a lacquey I entered the lists, and a lacquey I came out. I thought to have married without fighting, because I liked the girl: but my design succeeded not: for, as soon as your worship was gone, my lord duke ordered me a hundred bastinadoes, for having contravened the directions he gave me before the battle: and the business ended in the girl's turning nun, and Donna Rodriguez's returning to Castile: and I am now going to Barcelona, to carry a packet of letters from my lord to the viceroy. If your worship would take a little draught, pure, though warm, I have here a calabash full of the dearest and best, with a few slices of Tronchon cheese, which is so admirable a provocative, that it would awaken thirst, if it were asleep." "For my part, I accept the invitation," quoth Sancho; "so throw aside the rest of the compliment, and fill, honest Tosilos, maugre and in spite of all the enchanters that are in the Indies." Quoth Don Quixote, "Thou art the greatest glutton in the Indies, and the world to boot, and the greatest ignoramus besides, if thou canst persuade thyself that this foot-post is not enchanted, and this Tosilos not a counterfeit. Stay with him, however, in God's name, and sate thyself; for I will go on fair and softly before, and wait thy coming." The lacquey laughed, unsheathed his cala-

bash, and unwalleted his cheese ; and taking out a little loaf, he and Sancho sat down upon the greenward, and, in peace and good fellowship, despatched the provisions in the wallet, with so good an appetite, that they licked the very packet of letters, because it smelled of cheese. Said Tosilos to Sancho : “ Doubtless, friend Sancho, this master of yours ought to be reckoned a madman.” “ Why Ought ? ”⁴ replied Sancho ; “ he owes nothing to any body ; for he pays for every thing, especially where madness is current. Ah ! I see it full well, friend Tosilos, and full well I tell him of it : but what boots it, especially now that there is an end of him ? for he is vanquished by the knight of the white moon.” Tosilos was extremely desirous of knowing what had befallen the knight : but Sancho said, it was unmannerly to let his master wait, and that some other time, if they met, he should have more leisure ; and rising up, after he had shaken the crums from his loose upper-coat, and his beard, he drove Dapple before him, and, bidding Tosilos adieu, hastened to overtake his master, who was waiting for him under the shade of a tree.

CHAP. XV.

Of the resolution Don Quixote took to turn shepherd, and lead a rural life, till the year of his promise should be expired; with other accidents truly pleasant and good.

IF various cogitations perplexed the mind of Don Quixote before his defeat, he was tormented by many more after his overthrow. While waiting for Sancho, under the shade of a tree, reflections, like flies about honey, assaulted and stung him; some dwelling upon the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and others upon the life he was to lead in his forced retirement. The moment he joined him, Sancho began to commend the generosity of the lacquey Tosilos, but was interrupted by the knight, who said: "Is it possible, Sancho, thou canst persist in thinking, that he is a real lacquey? Thou must surely have quite forgotten, that thy own eyes beheld Dulcinea converted and transformed into a country-wench, and the knight of the looking-glasses into the bachelor Sampson Carrasco: all of which is the work of the vile enchanters, who persecute me. But tell me, didst thou inquire of this Tosilos, what God in his good pleasure had done with Altisidora; whether she still bewails my absence, or has already consigned to oblivion the amorous thoughts that tormented her whilst I was present?" "Mine were better employed," answered Sancho, "than in asking after fooleries: body of me,

“sir, is your worship now in a condition to be inquiring about other people’s thoughts, and especially amorous ones?” “Consider, Sancho,” quoth the knight, “that, between what is done out of love, and what out of gratitude, there is a great deal of difference: it is very possible, a gentleman may not be in love; but strictly speaking, it is impossible he should be ungrateful. Altisidora, to all appearance, loved me: she gave me three night-caps, as thou knowest: she wept at my departure: she cursed me, vilified me, and, in spite of shame, complained of me publicly; which are all signs that she adored me; for the anger of lovers usually vents itself in maledictions. I had neither hopes to give, nor treasures to offer her: my affections being all engaged to Dulcinea, and the treasures of knights-errant, like those of fairies, are delusions, not realities. These remembrances, therefore, are all the return I can make, without prejudice to Dulcinea, whom thou art basely injuring through remissness in whipping thyself, and disciplining that flesh of thine (may I see it devoured by wolves!) which thou hadst rather preserve for the worms, than use for the relief of that poor suffering lady.” “Sir,” answered Sancho, “if I must speak the truth, I cannot persuade myself, that the scourging my posteriors can have any thing more to do with disenchanting the enchanted, than if one should say, If your head aches, anoint your knee-pans: at least I dare swear, that in all the histories your worship has read, treating of knight-errantry, you never met with

an instance of disenchantment by such means. But, be that as it will, I will lay it on, when the humour takes me, and time gives me conveniency of chastising myself." "God grant it," answered Don Quixote, "and Heaven give thee grace to see the duty and obligation thou art under to aid my lady, who, since thou art mine, must be thine also."

Conversing thus, they pursued their way, till they arrived at the spot, where they had been trampled upon by the bulls. Don Quixote knew it again, and said to Sancho: "This is the very meadow where we lighted on the gay shepherdesses and gallant shepherds, who intended to revive the pastoral Arcadia; a thought, equally new and ingenious; in imitation of which, shouldst thou approve the scheme, I could wish, O Sancho, that we might turn shepherds also, at least for the term of my retirement. I will purchase sheep, and every thing necessary for the life we are to lead. Whilst I assume the name of Quixotiz, thou shalt be called the shepherd Panzino. We will range the mountains, the woods, and meadows, singing here, and complaining there; our drink shall be the crystal fountain, the limpid brook, or mighty river; the oaks with a plentiful hand shall present their sweetest fruit; the trunks of the hardest cork-trees shall furnish seats, the willows, shade, the roses, perfume, and the spacious meadow, carpets of a thousand colours; the air, serene and pure, shall supply breath; the moon and stars afford light, in spite of darkness itself; singing in-

spire pleasure, complaining, delight ; Apollo, verses, and Love himself amorous conceits, and thus shall we be famous and immortal, not in the present age only, but in every generation that may follow." "Before God," quoth Sancho, "the life your worship has described, squares and corners with me exactly.¹ And the best of it is, no sooner will the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and master Nicholas the barber, have a glimpse of the matter, than they will be for turning shepherds with us, and it will be God's blessing, if the priest be not inclined to make one in the fold ; for he is a merry soul, and much addicted to good fellowship." "Thou hast spoken like a sage," said Don Quixote ; "and should thy prognostic be true, and I have much faith in it, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco may be called the shepherd Samsonino, or Carrascon ; Nicholas the barber, Nicoloso, as old Boscan called himself Nemoroso ;² but for the priest, I hardly know what name to bestow upon him, unless it be one derived from his profession, such as the shepherd Curiambro.³ As for the Nymphs, whose lovers we are to be, we may pick and choose their names, as we do pears ; and since that of my lady quadrates alike with a shepherdess and a princess, I need not trouble myself to look for a better. Thou, Sancho, mayst give to thine whatever rural name may please thee best." "I have no intention," answered Sancho, "to give her any other than Tere-sona, which will fit her fat sides to a hair, and so nearly resemble her own, that when I come to cele-

brate her in verse, my chaste desires will be manifest: for I am not for looking in other folks' houses for better bread than is made of wheat. The priest, sir, to my mind, should have no shepherdess, that he may set a good example; and if the bachelor Sampson will have one, his soul is at his own dispose."

"Heaven preserve me!" quoth Don Quixote, "what a life shall we lead, friend Sancho! what a world of pipes, and bagpipes, tambourets, tabors, and rebecks, will salute our ears! And, if to these be added the albogues, we shall have a concert of nearly all the pastoral instruments." "What are your albogues?" asked Sancho; "for I never heard them named, nor ever saw one in my life." "Albogues," answered the knight, "are certain plates of brass like candlesticks, that, being hollow, and struck against each other, produce a sound, which, if not ravishingly harmonious, is not offensive, and accords pleasantly enough with the rusticity of the tabor and pipe. The name," added the knight, "is of Moorish etymology, as are all those in Spanish that begin with *al*: as *Almoça*, *Almorçar*, *Alhombra*, *Alguazil*, *Alucema*, *Almacen*, *Alcancia*, with a few more; whereas of words ending in *i*, our language has only three of that origin, namely, *Borçegui*, *Zaquiçami*, and *Maravadi*; *Alheli* and *Alfaqui*, though beginning with *al*, and ending in *i*, being known to be Arabic. This I mention by the by, the musical plates having brought it to my mind. One circumstance, Sancho, will contribute greatly towards perfecting our plan, which is,

that, while I myself, as thou knowest, am a little of a poet, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco is an extremely good one. Of the priest I say nothing: but I will venture a wager, he has the points and collar of a poet; ⁴ and that master Nicholas the barber in some sort has them too; for all of his profession, or nearly all, are both players on the guitar and song-makers. I will complain of absence; thou, Sancho, shalt extol the strength and constancy of thy passion; the shepherd Carrascon lament his being disdained; and the priest Curiambro say or sing whatever will do him most service: and the business will thus go on as well as heart can wish."

"I am so unlucky, sir," said Sancho in reply to this effusion, "that I am afraid I shall never see the day, on which I shall enter upon this sweet occupation. O what neat wooden spoons shall I make, when I am a shepherd! what crumbs! what cream! what garlands! what pastoral gimcracks! which, though they may not gain me the reputation of being wise, will not fail to procure me that of being ingenious. My daughter Sanchica shall bring us our dinner to the sheepfold: but have a care; she is a sightly wench, and some shepherds have more of the knave than the fool in them; and I would not have my girl come for wool, and return back shorn: your loves, and wanton desires, are as frequent in fields, as in cities, and to be found in the cottages of shepherds, as well as in the palaces of kings: and, Take away the occasion, and you take away the sin: and, What the eye views

not, the heart rues not; and a leap from behind a bush has more force than the prayer of a good man.”⁵ “Fewer proverbs, prithee, good Sancho,” quoth Don Quixote; “for any one of those thou hast cited would have been sufficient to express thy meaning. I have often advised thee to be less prodigal of thy store of old saws, and to keep a strict hand over them: but, it seems, it is preaching in the desert, The more my mother whips me, the more I rend and tear.” “Ha, ha!” quoth Sancho, “methinks your worship makes good the saying, The kettle called the pot black-arse.⁶ You are reproving me for stringing proverbs, and you string them yourself by couples.” “But then, observe, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “I use mine to the purpose, and never utter one, but it fits the subject as a ring fits the finger: whereas they are dragged in by thee, head and shoulders. If I remember right, I have already told thee, that proverbs are short sentences, drawn from the experience and speculation of ancient sages; and that a wise saying misapplied, instead of wisdom discovers folly. But enough of this; and, as the day is far spent, let us retire from the high-road to some place where we will pass this night, and God knows what to-morrow may bring forth.”

They retired: they supped late and ill, to the great mortification of Sancho, in whose mind it painfully revived the difficulties attending upon knight-errantry, among woods and mountains; though now and then plenty showed itself in castles and houses, as

at Don Diego de Miranda's, at the wedding of the rich Camacho, and at Don Antonio Moreno's: but considering, that it was not possible it should be always day, or always night, he resolved to devote the present hour to peaceful slumber, leaving his master to indulge his contemplations, sleeping or waking, as he might think proper.

CHAP. XVI.

Of the bristled adventure, which befell Don Quixote.

THE night was rather dark, though the moon was in the heavens, but not in a part where she could be seen by our travellers; for signora Diana sometimes takes a trip to the antipodes, leaving the mountains obscured, and the valleys in no brighter state. Don Quixote gave way to nature, taking his first sleep, without giving place to a second; quite the reverse of Sancho, who never had a second, the first lasting him from night to morning; an evident sign of his good constitution, and slender stock of cares. Those of our knight kept him so much awake, that he roused his squire, and said: "I am astonished, Sancho, at the insensibility of thy temper; surely thou art made of marble, or brass, devoid alike of sentiment or emotion: I wake, while thou art snoring; I weep, when thou art singing; I am fainting with hunger, when thou art sluggish and unwieldy with pure cramming: it is the part of good servants to share their

master's pains, and be touched with what affects them, for the sake of decency at least, if from no better motive. Behold the serenity of the night, and the surrounding solitude, inviting us, as it were, to mingle a little watching with our slumbers. Get up, therefore, Sancho, by thy life, I conjure thee, get up, and, going apart, with a willing mind and good courage, give thyself three or four hundred lashes, on account, for the disenchantment of Dulcinea: I ask this as a favour; for I have no desire to wrestle with thee again, knowing, as I do, the weight of thy bodily arms. Thy task finished, we will pass the remainder of the night in singing, I of absence, and thou of constancy, beginning from that moment the pastoral life we are to follow when at home." "Sir," answered Sancho, "I am no monk, to rise in the middle of the night, and discipline my flesh; neither do I think the change so easy from whipping to music. Suffer me to sleep, and not a word more of this whipping myself, lest you force me to swear never to touch a hair of my coat, much less of my flesh." "O hardened soul!" cried Don Quixote; "O remorseless squire! O bread ill-bestowed! O favours ill requited, both those received, and those in prospect! To me thou owest, that thou hast been a governor; to me thou owest, that thou art in a fair way of being an earl, or something better; the accomplishment of which can only be delayed till the expiration of my penance; for "Post tenebras spero lucem." "I do not know what that means,"

said Sancho: "I only know, that while I am in the arms of sleep, I have neither fear, nor hope, neither trouble, nor glory; and blessings on the head of him who invented it; it is the mantle that covers all human thoughts, 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 Rosinante 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, eaten up by lice, 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, couplet 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 wo,

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 cheese-cakes. 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 Rosinante'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 foot-guard; 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 dis-venturous 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 fear, as will be seen in the following chapter.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the newest and strangest adventure of all that befell Don Quixote in the whole course of this grand history.

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? The old woman has had a taste, and now her mouth waters. 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 re-

quired 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 present 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, the devil shall carry me away, before a 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 curtsy. "Less complaisance, if you please, and less daubing, mistress duenna," quoth Sancho; "for, before God, your fingers smell of vinegar." 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 bowels, 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!² But meddle no more with me; or, by the living God, all shall out!"

Altisidora had now seated herself upright on the tomb, and at the same instant the waits 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 askew 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, six of my smocks are at thy service, to be made into as many shirts for thyself; and, if they are not all whole, at least they are all clean." 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 re-

turned 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, every body retired, and Don Quixote and Sancho were conducted to the apartments which they had before occupied in the castle.

CHAP. XVIII.

Which follows the seventeenth, and 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 any thing to do with the torturing of Sancho Panza's flesh. Now I plainly perceive, there are enchanters and enchantments in the world, from which good Lord 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 aforementioned contrivance ; and says, that the bachelor Sampson 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's posteriors, 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 his spouse 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 befell him what the reader has already heard. On his return, the bachelor called at the castle, and recounted the whole to the duke, with the conditions of the combat, and 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 twelve-month, during which, as the bachelor hoped, he may 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 tricks, so great was the pleasure he took in every thing 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 fingers breadth 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.

His bed, in the present instance, he was just about to quit, 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



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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." "Love," quoth Sancho, "might as well have placed it in those of my ass, and I should have taken it as kindly. But, pray tell me, signora, so may Heaven provide you with a more tender-hearted lover than my master, what saw you in the other world? what is there in hell? for there perforce must be the resting-place of whoever dies in despair." "In truth," quoth Altisidora, "I could not quite have died, since I went not to hell: for, had I once set foot in that place, I could not have got out again, however great had been my desire. The fact is, I went no farther than the gate, where I saw about a dozen devils playing at tennis, in their waistcoats and drawers, their shirt collars ornamented with Flanders lace, and ruffles of

the same at their wrists, of which four inches were bare, to make their hands, in which they held rackets of fire, appear the longer.¹ But what I wondered at most, was, that, instead of tennis-balls, they made use of books, apparently stuffed with wind and wool; a thing marvellous and new; but which did not call forth my astonishment so much, as the circumstance, that, whereas it is natural for winning gamesters to rejoice, and losers to be sorry, among the gamesters of that place, all grumbled, all were upon the fret, and all cursed one another." "That," answered Sancho, "is not at all strange, for, play or not play, win or not win, devils can never be contented." "That is true," quoth Altisidora: "but there is another thing I wonder at, I mean, I wondered at it then, which was, that, at the first toss, the ball was demolished, and could not serve a second time: accordingly, the volumes were whipped away, new and old, with marvellous despatch: to one of them, spick and span new, and flamingly bound, they gave so smart a stroke, that its whole guts, the leaves, were driven out, and so completely scattered, that one devil said to another: 'See what book that is;' and the reply of the other devil was: 'It is the second part of the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, composed not by Cid Hamet, its first author, but by an Arragonese, who calls himself a native of 'Tordesillas.' 'Is it so?' quoth the first devil, 'down with it then, down with it to the bottom of the infernal abyss, that my eyes may never see it more.' 'Is it so bad?' answered

the other. 'Ay, truly is it; so bad,' replied the first, 'that, had I myself undertaken to make it worse, it had been past my skill.' They then went on with their play, tossing other books up and down; and I, pleased with hearing the name of Don Quixote mentioned, whom I so passionately loved, resolved to retain the vision in my memory." "And a vision it must be, doubtless," quoth the knight; "for there is no other I in the world, and this history just as you describe, is tossed about here from hand to hand, while it stays in no one's hands, every body having a kick at it. Nor does it give me any concern to hear that I wander, like a phantom, through the shades of the abyss, as through the light of this earth, because I am not the person treated of by the Arragonese; whose history, if it were good, faithful, and true, would have survived for ages; but, as it is execrable, from its birth to its grave, the passage will be short."

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 un-

fortunate error, and prevail with you to retreat within the limits of your own modesty, since no creature is bound to the performance of what exceeds his powers." Upon this declaration, Altisidora assuming an air of rage and fury, exclaimed: "God's my life! Don poor-jack,² 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 ex-

cellent 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 beseeched them to permit him to depart that very day, for it was more becoming such vanquished knights as he, to dwell in a hog-sty, than 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. And as she has told me, that lace is much worn in hell, and she must needs know how to make it, I would recommend her sticking to that; 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 deeree; 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 curtsy 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; but, in faith, if thou hadst had to do with me, another guise cock would have crowed." The conversation ended here: Don

Quixote dressed himself, dined with the duke and duchess, and departed in the afternoon.

CHAP. XIX.

Of what befell 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 smocks: 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, pin-prickings, 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 smocks ; though the virtue, remember, was given thee gratis, without any previous study on thy part, more than how^l to receive a little pain in thy person. For myself, I can say, if thou hadst a mind to be paid for disenchanting Dulcinea, thou shouldst have had thy fee ere now : but I do not know whether payment will agree with the conditions of the cure, and I would by no means have the reward hinder the operation of the medicine. But, for all that, I think, there can be no risk in making a small trial. Consider, Sancho, what thou wouldst demand, and set about the business straight, and pay thyself in ready money, since thou hast cash of mine in thy hands."

At these offers Sancho opened his eyes and ears a span wider, and consenting in his heart to whip himself heartily, he said to his master : "Well, then, sir, I will now dispose myself to give your worship satisfaction, since I shall get something by it ; for, I confess, the love I have for my wife and children makes me appear a little selfish. Tell me, sir, how much will your worship be pleased to give for every stripe ?" "Were I to pay thee, Sancho," answered

Don Quixote, "in proportion to the greatness and quality of the cure, the treasure of Venice, and the mines of Potosi, would be too small a recompense. But see how much cash thou hast of mine, and set thy own price upon each stripe." "The stripes," answered Sancho, "are three thousand, three hundred, and odd: of these I have already given myself five; the rest remain; let the five pass for the odd ones, and let us come to the three thousand, three hundred; which, at a quarter of a real apiece* (for I will not take less, though all the world should command me to do it) amount to three thousand, three hundred quarter-reals; which make one thousand, six hundred and fifty half-reals; which make eight hundred and twenty-five reals. These I will deduct from what money I have of your worship's in my hands, and shall return to my house rich and contented, though well whipped: for, They do not take trouts¹—I say no more." "O blessed, O amiable Sancho!" replied Don Quixote; "how much shall Dulcinea and I be bound to serve thee all the days that Heaven may allot us to live! Should she recover her lost state, of which there can be no doubt, her misfortune will thus be good fortune, and my defeat a most happy triumph! But when, Sancho, dost thou propose to enter upon this discipline? Let there be despatch, and I will add a hundred reals to the bargain on that account." "When?" replied Sancho; "even this very night without fail: do you

* Three halfpence.

take care, sir, that we may be in open field, and I will take care to lay my flesh open."

The night at length came, expected by Don Quixote with such anxiety, that the wheels of Apollo's chariot seemed to him to be broken, and the day to be prologued beyond its usual period; even as it happens to lovers, who, in their impatience, think the hour of the accomplishment of their desires will never arrive.²

Without delay, they repaired to a convenient spot, among some trees a little out of the high-road, where, leaving the saddle and pannel of Rozinante and Dapple vacant, and reclining on the green grass, they supped out of Sancho's cupboard: who, making a heavy and flexible scourge of Dapple's head-stall and halter, withdrew about twenty paces from his master. Don Quixote, seeing him go to the work with such resolution and spirit, said to him: "Be careful, friend, not to lash thyself to pieces: take time; let one stroke stay till another's over; hurry not thyself so as to lose thy breath in the midst of thy career; I mean, do not lay it on so unmercifully, as to destroy thy life before the desired number be completed. And that the game may not be lost by a card too much or too little, I will stand aloof, and keep an exact reckoning upon my beads of the lashes thou shalt give thyself; and Heaven favour thee, as thy worthy intention merits." "The good paymaster is in pain for no pawn," answered Sancho: "I design to lay it on in a way, that it may smart without killing; for in this the substance of the miracle must consist." He then

stripped himself naked from the waist upward ; and, snatching the whip, and cracking it, he began to strike, and Don Quixote to count the strokes. He had given himself about six or eight, when he thought the jest a little too heavy, and the price much too easy ; and, stopping his hand, he said to his master, that he appealed, having been deceived, every lash he was giving his body being richly worth half a real, instead of a quarter. “ Proceed, friend Sancho, and be not faint-hearted,” quoth Don Quixote ; “ I will double the pay.” “ If so,” quoth Sancho, “ to it again, in God’s name, and let it rain lashes.” But the sly knave, instead of laying them on his back, laid them on the trees, fetching ever and anon such groans, that one would have thought he was tearing up his very soul by the roots. Don Quixote, naturally tender-hearted, fearing he would put an end to his life, and thus defeat the desired end, by his imprudence, said to him : “ I conjure thee, by thy life, friend, let the business rest where it is ; for the medicine seems to operate too powerfully ; rest a while, and renew the dose at leisure ; Zamora was not taken in an hour. Thou hast already given thyself, if I reckon right, above a thousand lashes, enough in conscience, for the present ; for the ass, to speak in homely phrase, will carry the load, but not a double load.” “ No, no,” answered Sancho, “ it shall never be said of me, The money paid, the work delayed : pray, sir, get a little farther off, and let me give myself another thousand at least ; for a couple more of

such bouts will finish the job, and stuff to spare." "Since thou art in so good a disposition," quoth Don Quixote, "Heaven assist thee; stick to it, for I am gone." Sancho returned to his task with so much fervour, and such was the rigour of the discipline, that he had already disbarked many a tree: and once giving an unmeasurable stroke to a beech, he cried lamentably: "Down with thee, Sampson, and all that are with thee." Don Quixote ran to the sound of so piteous voice, and the stroke of so severe a whip, and, laying hold of the twisted halter, which had served instead of a bull's pizzle, he said: "Heaven forbid, friend Sancho, that, for my pleasure, thou shouldst lose that life, upon which depends the maintenance of thy wife and children: let Dulcinea wait a better opportunity: and for my part, I will contain myself within the bounds of the nearest hope,³ and wait till thou hast recovered fresh strength, that the business may be concluded to the satisfaction of all parties." "Since your worship, dear sir, will have it so," answered Sancho, "so be it, in God's name, and pray, fling your cloak over my shoulders: for I am all in a sweat, and am loath to catch cold, as new disciplinants are apt to do." Don Quixote did as Sancho desired, leaving himself in his doublet; and thus covered up, Sancho slept till the sun waked him, when they prosecuted their journey, not stopping till they were three leagues nearer home.

They alighted at an inn; and Don Quixote took it for such, and not for a castle, moated round, with

its turrets, portcullises, and draw-bridge: for, since his defeat, he discoursed on all occasions, with more judgment, as will shortly appear. He was lodged in a ground room, hung with painted serge, instead of tapestry, as is the fashion in country towns. In one of the pieces was depicted, by a wretched hand, the rape of Helen, when the daring guest carried her off from Menelaus; and in another, the history of Dido and Æneas; she upon a high tower, making signals with half a bed sheet to her fugitive guest, who was out at sea, flying away from her, in a frigate or brigantine. Observing in the two historical pieces, that Helen went away with no very ill will; for she was sily laughing to herself; while the beauteous Dido seemed to let fall from her eyes tears as big as walnuts, Don Quixote said: "These two ladies were most unfortunate in not being born in this age, and I above all men unhappy, that I was not born in theirs: for had I encountered those gallants, neither had Troy been burnt, nor Carthage destroyed; since, simply by my killing Paris, all these mischiefs had been prevented." "I would hold a wager," quoth Sancho, "that, ere long, there will not be a victualing-house, tavern, inn, or barber's shop, in which the history of our exploits will not be represented; but I could wish, they may be done by the hand of a better master, than he that did these." "Thou art right, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "for this painter is like Orbaneja of Ubeda, who, when he was asked what he was doing, answered; 'As it shall

happen ;' and if it happened that he was painting a cock, he wrote under it, ' This is a cock,' lest it should be taken for a fox. And such a one, Sancho, must the painter or writer be, for it is all one, who wrote the history of the new Don Quixote, lately published: he painted, or wrote, whatever came uppermost. Or, again, like a poet, some years about the court, called Mauleon, who answered all questions extempore ; and, a person asking him the meaning of Deum de Deo, he replied, De donde diere.⁴ But, setting all this aside, tell me, Sancho, dost thou think of giving thyself the other brush to-night? and hast thou a mind it should be under a roof, or in the open air?" " Before God, sir," answered Sancho, " for what I intend to give myself, it is all the same to me, whether it be in a house, or in a field: though I had rather it were among trees ; for they accompany me, as it were, and help me to bear my toil marvellously." " However, it shall not be now, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote: " but, that thou mayest recover strength, it shall be reserved for our village ; and we shall get thither by the day after to-morrow at farthest." Sancho replied, that he might order it as he pleased ; but, for his own part, he was desirous of finishing the business out of hand, and in hot blood, and while the mill was grinding: for usually danger lies in delay ; and, Pray to God devoutly, and hammer out stoutly ; and, One take is worth two I'll give thee ; and, A bird in hand is better than a vulture on the wing." " No more

proverbs, Sancho, for God's sake," 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.

CHAP. XX.

How Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at their village.

DON QUIXOTE and Sancho staid 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 hero 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 justs 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 every body's talent to say pleasant things; and the Sancho, your worship speaks of, signor gentleman, besides his dulness, must be a very great rascal, ideot, and knave into the bargain: for the true Sancho Panza am I, who have more witty conceits than there are drops in a shower.¹ 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 every body 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 befell 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 desired 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.

CHAP. XXI.

Of the omens Don Quixote met with at the entrance into his village, with other incidents, which adorn and illustrate this great history.

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. Sancho took it up alive, and presented it to his master, who cried, "Malum signum, malum signum *! A hare flies; dogs pursue it; and Dulcinea appears not." "Your worship is a strange man," quoth Sancho: "let us suppose now, that this hare is Dulcinea del Toboso, and the dogs, that pursue it, those wicked enchanters, who transformed my lady into a country-wench: she flies, I catch her, and put her into your worship's hands, who hold and fondle her in your arms: what bad sign is that, or what ill omen can you draw from it?" The two contending boys came up to look at the hare, and Sancho asked one of them, what they had been quarrelling about; and answer was made by him, who had said, "You shall never see it more while you live;" that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, which he never intended to restore to him. Sancho drew four quarter-maravedis † out of his pocket, and gave it the boy for his cage, which he put into Don Quixote's hands, saying: "Behold, sir, all your omens broken, and your signs of ill luck come to nothing; and in my judgment, dunce as I am, they have no more to do with our adventures, than last year's clouds; and, if I remember right, I have heard the priest of our village say, that good Christians, and wise people, ought not to regard these fooleries: and your worship told me as much yourself a few days ago, giving me to understand, that all such Christians, as minded presages, were little better than idiots;

* A bad sign, a bad sign.

† Twopence.

there is no reason, therefore, why we should trouble ourselves any further about them; so please your worship to proceed, that we may get home."

The hunters came up, and demanded the hare, which Don Quixote gave them; and he and the squire jogging on, they presently perceived, in a little meadow adjoining the village, the priest, and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, repeating their breviary. We must observe here, that Sancho Panza, instead of a sumpter-cloth, had thrown over the bundle of armour, upon Dapple's back, the buckram robe, painted with flames of fire, which he had worn at the duke's castle, the night of the resuscitation of Altisidora. He had likewise clapped the mitre on Dapple's head; so that never was ass so metamorphosed and adorned. The priest and the bachelor immediately recognised our heroes, and ran with open arms to meet them. Don Quixote alighted, and embraced them cordially; while the boys, who are sharp-sighted as lynxes, espying the ass's mitre, flocked to the scene, crying to one another: "Come along, lads, and you shall see Sancho Panza's ass as fine as Mingo,¹ and Don Quixote's beast leaner than ever." In short, surrounded with boys, and accompanied by the priest and the bachelor, they entered the village, and went straight to Don Quixote's house, where they found at the door the housekeeper and the niece, who had already heard of his arrival. The news had likewise reached the ears of Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, and, half naked, with her hair about

her ears, and dragging Sanchica after her, she flew to see her husband: and finding him not so well equipped, as she imagined a governor ought to be, she said: "What makes you come thus, dear husband? methinks, you are afoot and foundered, and look more like a misgoverned person, than a governor." "Hold thy peace, Teresa," answered Sancho; "for there is not always bacon where there are pins to hang it on; and let us go to our house, where you shall hear wonders. Money I bring with me, which is the main business, gotten too by my own industry, and without damage to any body." "Bring but money, my good husband," quoth Teresa, "and never mind how it is gotten: for get it how you will, you will have brought up no new custom in the world." Sanchica embraced her father, and asked, if he had brought her any thing; for she had been wishing for him, as people do for rain in May: and, she taking hold of his belt on one side, and his wife taking him by the hand on the other, Sanchica pulling Dapple after her, they repaired to their own house, leaving Don Quixote in his, in the care of his niece and housekeeper, and in the company of the priest and the bachelor.

Without standing upon times or seasons, our knight instantly went apart with the bachelor and the priest, and related to them, in few words, how he had been vanquished, and the obligation he was under, not to stir from his village till twelve complete months had rolled round; which he intended punctually to ob-

serve, without transgressing a tittle, as became a true knight-errant, bound by the strict precepts of chivalry. He also told them, of his having resolved to turn shepherd during the prescribed period, and pass his time in the solitude of the fields, where he might give the reins to his amorous thoughts, while exercising himself in that pastoral and virtuous employment; and besought them, if they had leisure, and were not engaged in business of greater consequence, to bear him company; telling them, he would purchase a sufficient stock of sheep and other requisites, and adding, that the principal part of the business was already done, as he had chosen names for them as appropriate, as if they had been cast in a mould. The priest desired him to repeat these names; and Don Quixote answered, that he himself was to be called the shepherd Quixotiz; the bachelor the shepherd Carrascon; the priest, the shepherd Curiambro, and Sancho Panza, the shepherd Panzino. They were astonished at this new proof of madness: but, to prevent his rambling again from his village, and resuming his chivalries, and hoping also, that, during his seclusion, a cure might be found for his malady, they fell in with his project, applauded his folly as if it had been the highest wisdom, and promised to be his companions in his rural occupations. "Besides," said Sampson Carrasco, "I being an excellent poet, as every body knows, I shall be composing verses, at every turn, pastorals, or courtly sonnets, such as shall be best adapted to amuse and divert us as we range

the fields. But, gentlemen, the first and chief thing necessary, is, that each of us choose the name of the shepherdess he intends to celebrate, and we will not leave a tree, be it never so hard, in whose bark her name shall not be inscribed and graven, as is the fashion and custom of enamoured swains." "Certainly, that is indispensable," answered Don Quixote; "though I need not trouble myself to look for a feigned name, having for the queen of my heart the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these banks, the ornament of these meads, the support of beauty, the cream of good humour, and, lastly, the worthy subject of all praise, however hyperbolical it may be." "That is true," said the priest; "but, for ourselves, we must look for shepherdesses of an inferior stamp, such as, if they do not square, may corner with us."² To which Sampson Carrasco added: "And, when we are at a loss, we will take the names we find in books, of which the world is so full, as, Phillis, Amarillis, Diana, Florida, Galatea, and Belisarda: for, since they are sold in the market, we may lawfully purchase, and use them as our own. If my mistress, or, to speak more properly, my shepherdess be called Anna, I will celebrate her under the name of Anarda, and, if Frances, I will call her Francesina, and, if Lucy, Lucinda; and so of any other appellation. And if Sancho Panza be one of this brotherhood, he may celebrate his wife Teresa Panza, by the name of Teresaina." Don Quixote smiled at this metamorphosis of names, and the priest again applauding his virtuous

and honourable resolution, promised again to bear him company all the time he could spare from attending the duties of his function. He and the bachelor then took leave of the knight, advising and entreating him to be careful of his health, and cherish himself with good and heartening things.

As soon as they were gone, the niece and housekeeper, who had overheard the conversation, both came into the room; and the niece said to Don Quixote: "What is the meaning of all this, uncle? Now, that we thought you were returned, with a resolution to stay at home, and lead a quiet and decent life, you want to involve yourself in new labyrinths, by turning shepherd.³ In truth, the straw is too old to make pipes of." To which the housekeeper added: "And can your worship bear, in the fields, the summer's sultry heat, the winter's pinching cold, and the howling of the wolves? No, certainly; for this belongs to robust fellows, tanned and bred to the employment from their cradles, as it were, and swaddling-clothes. And, of the two evils, better be a knight-errant than a shepherd. Look you, sir, take my advice, which is not given by one full of bread and wine, but fasting, and with fifty good years over my head: stay at home, look after your estate, go often to confession, and relieve the poor; and if any ill come of it, let it lie at my door." "Peace, daughters," answered Don Quixote; "for I know perfectly what I have to do. Lead me to bed: for, methinks, I am not very well; and assure yourselves, that, whether

knight-errant, or shepherd-errant, I shall not fail to provide for you, as you will find in the end. These two good women, for doubtless they were such, the housekeeper and niece, then helped him to bed, where they gave him to eat, and treated him with all possible care.

CHAP. XXII.

How Don Quixote fell sick, made his will, and died.

As all human things, especially the lives of men, are transitory, incessantly declining from their beginning, till they arrive at their final period; and as that of Don Quixote had no peculiar privilege from Heaven, to exempt it from the common fate, his end and dissolution came, when he least thought of it. For, whether it proceeded from the melancholy occasioned by finding himself vanquished, or that Providence so decreed it, he was seized with a fever, which confined him six days to his bed, during which he was frequently visited by the priest, the bachelor, the barber, and other of his friends; his trusty squire Sancho Panza never stirring from his bed-side. Supposing, that his grief at being vanquished, and the disappointment of his wishes, as to the restoration and disenchantment of Dulcinea, had reduced him to this forlorn state, they endeavoured by all imaginable ways to revive his spirits. The bachelor bid him be of good courage, and rouse himself, to enter upon his

pastoral exercise; telling him he had already composed an eclogue for the occasion, not inferior to any written by Sannazarius; adding, that he had bought with his own money, of a herdsman of Quintanar, two excellent dogs, to guard the flock, the one called Barcino, and the other Butron. But, for all this, Don Quixote's dejection continued. A physician was sent for, who felt his pulse, and did not much like it, and said, that come what would, it would not be amiss for him to look to his soul's health, that of his body being in danger. This was heard by the knight with composure of mind: but not so by his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, who all began to weep most bitterly, as if he were already dead, and laid out before their faces. It was the opinion of the physician, that melancholy and disappointment had brought him to his end.

Don Quixote, finding himself inclined to sleep, desired they would leave him: they did so, and he slept, as the saying is, above six hours at a stretch, so that the niece and the housekeeper thought he would never awake more. But awake he did at the end of that time, and, with a firm voice, said: "Blessed be Almighty God, who has vouchsafed me so great a good: his mercies have no bounds, and the sins of men can neither lessen nor obstruct them!" The niece, who had listened attentively to her uncle's words, thought there was more sense in them, than he had evinced since his sickness, and she said to him: "What is it you say, sir? has any thing extraordinary hap-

pened? what mercies, and what sins do you speak of?" "Niece," answered Don Quixote, "the mercies I mean are those, which God has been pleased, notwithstanding my sins, to vouchsafe me at this instant. My judgment is now undisturbed, and free from the dark clouds of ignorance, with which my eager and continual reading of those detestable books of chivalry had obscured it. I now perceive their absurdity and delusion, and am only sorry I am undeceived so late, that I have no time left to make some degree of amends, by reading others, that might help to enlighten my soul. I feel myself, niece, at the point of death, and I would willingly so order it, as not to leave the imputation of madness upon my memory; for, though I cannot but confess, that I have been a madman, I would not have the last moments of my life confirm so degrading a truth. Dear child, call hither my good friends, the priest, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and master Nicholas the barber; for I would make my confession and my will."

The niece was saved this trouble by the coming of all three, at that instant; and Don Quixote no sooner beheld them, than he cried out: "Give me joy, good gentlemen, give me joy, that I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonzo Quixano, for his virtues surnamed the Good. I am now an utter enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and the innumerable rabble of his descendants: now all the histories of knight-errantry are to me odious and profane: I am now sensible of my folly, and of the danger I was led

into by reading them ; and now, through the mercy of God, and my own dear-bought experience, I detest and abhor them." When his three friends heard him speak thus, they believed for certain, that he was seized with some new frenzy ; and Sampson said to him : " What ! signor Don Quixote, now that we have news of the lady Dulcinea's being disenchanted, do you talk at this rate ; now too, that we are just upon the point of becoming shepherds, to lead our lives singing, and like any princes, would you turn hermit ?" " Peace, I conjure you," replied Don Quixote, " recollect yourself, and leave idle stories : those, which have hitherto done me so much real injury, my repentance, by the assistance of Heaven, shall convert to my good. I feel, gentlemen, the quick approach of death : let us be serious : bring me a confessor, and a notary to draw my will ; for, in circumstances like these, a man must not trifle with his soul : and, therefore, I beseech you, while my friend the priest is taking my confession, let the notary be sent for." They stared at one another, surprised at his expressions, and, though still in some doubt, they could not but believe him : and one of the signs, by which they conjectured he was dying, was, his passing, by so easy and sudden a transition, from mad to sober. To the words he had already spoken he added others, so proper, so rational, and so christian, that every doubt was soon removed, and they verily believed him in his perfect senses. The priest, causing every body to leave the room, staid with him

alone, and confessed him. The bachelor went for the notary, and presently returned with him, and with Sancho Panza, who, learning from the bachelor in what condition his master was, besides finding the housekeeper and the niece in tears, began to pucker up his face, and to fall a blubbering. The confession ended, the priest came out of the room, saying: " Good Alonzo Quixano is just expiring, and is certainly in his right mind: let us all go in therefore, that he may make his will." This news opened the sluices of the swollen eyes of the housekeeper, the niece, and Sancho Panza his trusty squire, and while a torrent of tears rolled down their cheeks, it forced a thousand groans from their breasts: for, in truth, as has been said before, both when plain Alonzo Quixano, and while he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of an amiable disposition and affable behaviour, and was therefore beloved, not only by those of his own family, but by all that knew him.

The notary having entered the room with the rest, and the preamble of the will being written, in which Don Quixote disposed of his soul, with all the christian circumstances required, coming to the legacies, he said: " Item, it is my will, that, in respect to certain monies, which Sancho Panza, whom, in my madness, I made my squire, has in his hands, there being between him and me some reckonings, receipts, and disbursements, he shall not be charged with them, nor called to any account; but if, after paying himself, there be any overplus, which can be but little, it

shall be his own, and much good may it do him : and as, during my madness, I was the occasion of procuring for him the government of an island, so, now that I am in my senses, if I could procure him that of a kingdom, I would readily do it ; for the sincerity of his heart, and the fidelity of his dealings, deserve it." Then, turning to Sancho, he said : " Forgive me, friend, for having made thee a madman, by persuading thee to believe, as I believed myself, that there formerly were, and are still, such beings as knights-errant in the world." " Alas ! dear sir," answered Sancho, sobbing, " do not die ; but take my counsel, and live many years ; for the greatest madness a man can commit in this life, is to suffer himself to die, without any body's killing him, or being brought to his end by any other hand than that of melancholy. Be not slothful, sir, but get up, and let us be going to the field, dressed like shepherds, as we agreed to do ; and who knows, but behind some bush we may find the lady Dulcinea disenchanted, as fine as heart can wish ? If you die for grief of being vanquished, lay the blame upon me, and say you were unhorsed by my not having girted Rozinante's saddle as it ought to have been : besides, your worship must have read in your books of chivalries, that it is a common thing for one knight to unhorse another, and for him, who is vanquished to-day, to become conqueror to-morrow." " It is so," quoth Sampson, " and honest Sancho is very much in the right." " Gentlemen," replied the knight, " let us proceed fairly and softly. Look not

for this year's birds in last year's nests. I was mad; I am now sober: I was Don Quixote de la Mancha; I am now, as I have said, the good Alonzo Quixano: and may my unfeigned repentance, and my sincerity, restore me to the esteem you once had for me: and let the notary proceed."

"Item, I bequeath to Antonia Quixano, my niece, here present, all my estate real and personal, after the payment of all my debts and legacies: and the first to be discharged shall be the wages due to my housekeeper, for the time she has been in my service, and twenty ducats besides for mourning. I appoint for my executors signor the priest, and signor bachelor Sampson Carrasco, here present. Item, it is my will, that, if Antonia Quixano, my niece, be inclined to marry, it shall be with a person, who, upon the strictest inquiry, shall be found to know nothing of books of chivalry; and, if it shall appear, that he is acquainted with them, and my niece notwithstanding will and does marry him, she shall forfeit all I have bequeathed her, which my executors may dispose of in pious uses, as they think proper. Item, I beseech the said gentlemen, my executors, that, if good fortune should bring them acquainted with the author, who is said to have written a history handed about, and entitled, *The second part of the exploits of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, they will, in my name, most earnestly entreat him to pardon the occasion I have unwittingly given him of writing so many and so great absurdities;

for I depart this life with a burden upon my conscience, arising from that consideration." With this the will was closed, and, being seized with a fainting fit, he stretched himself out at full length in the bed. The whole company were alarmed, and hastened to his assistance; and, during three days, that he survived the making his will, the faintings frequently occurring, the house was in confusion: yet, the niece eat, the housekeeper drank, and Sancho Panza made much of himself: for the business of legacies either effaces, or moderates, the grief, that is naturally due to a dying testator.

In short, after receiving the sacraments, and expressing his abhorrence, in strong and pathetic expressions, of all the books of chivalry, our knight's last hour came. The notary, who was present, protested he had never read in any book of chivalry, of a knight-errant dying in his bed in so composed and christian a manner, as Don Quixote; who, amidst the plaints and tears of the by-standers, resigned his breath,—I mean to say, expired. The priest, seeing he was no more, desired the notary to draw up a certificate, that Alonza Quixano, commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, had departed this life, and died a natural death: and he insisted upon this testimonial, lest any other author, besides Cid Hamet Benengeli, should raise him from the dead, and write endless stories of his exploits.

Such was the end of the ingenious gentleman of La Mancha, the place of whose birth Cid Hamet

would not expressly name, that all the towns and villages of La Mancha might contend among themselves, and each adopt him for its own, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer.¹ We omit the lamentations of Sancho, the niece, and the house-keeper, with the new epitaphs upon his tomb, excepting this by Sampson Carrasco:—

Here lies the valiant cavalier,
Who never had a sense of fear:
So high his matchless courage rose,
He reckon'd Death among his vanquish'd foes.

Wrongs to redress, his sword he drew,
And many a caitiff giant slew:
His days of life though madness stain'd,
In death his sober senses he regain'd.

And now, his task ended, the sagacious Cid Hamet, addressing himself to his pen, said: "Here, O my slender quill! whether well or ill cut I know not, here, suspended by this brass wire, shalt thou hang upon this spitrack, and live many long ages, if presumptuous or wicked historians do not take thee down, to profane thee. But, before they offer to touch thee, give them this warning in the best manner thou canst: Beware, beware, ye plagiaries; let none of you touch me; for this undertaking (God bless the king) was reserved for me alone.² For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him; he knew how to act, and I to record: we were destined for each other, maugre and in despite of that scribbling im-

postor of Tordesillas, who has dared, or shall dare, with his gross and ill-cut ostrich quill, to describe the exploits of my valorous knight; a burden too weighty for his shoulders, and an undertaking above his cold and frozen genius. And farther warn him, if perchance he fall in thy way, to suffer the wearied and now mouldering bones of Don Quixote to repose in the grave: nor endeavour, in contradiction to all the ancient usages and customs of death, to carry him into Old Castile, making him rise out of the vault, in which he really and truly lies at full length, totally unable to attempt a third expedition, or a new sally: for the two he has already made, with such success, and so much to the general satisfaction, as well of the people of these kingdoms of Spain, as of foreign countries, are sufficient to expose to ridicule all the exploits performed by the whole tribe of knights-errant. And thus shalt thou comply with the duty of thy christian profession,^s giving good advice to those who wish thee ill; and I shall rest satisfied, and proud to have been the first who enjoyed entire the fruits of his writings: for my only desire was to bring into public abhorrence the fabulous and absurd histories of chivalry, which, by means of that of my true and genuine Don Quixote, begin already to totter, and will doubtless fall, never to rise again. Farewell."



NOTES.

PART II. BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

- | Note | Page | |
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| 1, | 3. | The original is, "no siendo, mas verdàd que por los cerros de Ubeda;" which cannot be rendered into any intelligible sense in English, nor do the dictionaries afford us any satisfactory explanation of the phrase "por los cerros de Ubeda, i. e. by the hills of Ubeda." Perhaps some old ballad, romance, or tale, may begin with those words. |
| 2, | 6. | Words used in Spain to coax a dog to come near, when the intention is to beat him. |
| 3, | 9. | A young Florentine of exceeding great hopes, who died young, and was lamented by all the poets of his time. His fables and distichs, in imitation of Cato's, are preserved and esteemed. He died at seventeen, rather than take the advice of his physician, which was—a wife. Politian made the following epitaph on him, in allusion to this circumstance:—
"Sola Venus poterat lento succurrere morbo :
Ne se pollueret, maluit ille mori." |
| 4, | 10. | They are old waiting-maids, kept, in Spain, partly for state, and partly to have an eye over the young maidens. They are universally odious, being looked upon either as bawds or spies. |

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- 5, 11. It is a custom in Italy, after thirty years' service, for the servant to be free, and maintained at his lord's expense.

CHAP. II.

- 1, 16. Alluding, perhaps, to this law of king Alphonso: "A king must not be so addicted to hunting, as to be less able to do the good he ought; or indulge himself so much in that pastime, as to hinder his attention to national affairs." 1. 2, tit. 5, part 2.
- 2, 17. "Commentador Griego." Quære, who does the author mean? Shelton renders it, "although they be more than Malera's."
- 3, 18. This Moorish cry seems to be nothing more than a quick and frequent repetition of the word Alla, which signifies God.

CHAP. III.

- 1, 22. "Disciplinante de luz." "A penitent of light," says the royal dictionary, "is an appellation given in Germany to any one who is to be exposed in a public manner, by being led through the streets or set in the pillory." In England, a white sheet and a candle or torch in hand is called doing penance; and, under the same appearance of white and a torch, is the "Amende honorable" performed in France.
- 2, 26. A blunder of Sancho's for "renounce," which is repeated a little lower, and corrected by the duke.
- 3, 27. Literally, "your eyes of a little starting mule."
- 4, ib. Literally, "thread after thread, and skein after skein."
- 5, 30. "Aun le falta la cola por desollar," i. e. "The tail still remains to be flayed." Which is the most troublesome and hard to be done.

CHAP. V.

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- 1, 41. In Spanish, "duenna," which signifies an elderly waiting-woman.
- 2, 42. Alluding to the name Trifaldi, as if it were "Tres-faldas."

CHAP. VI.

- 1, 44. There are many such adventures as this in the old romances. Thus a damsel, in deep mourning, led under each arm by an ancient knight, enters the grand saloon of the palace of Constantinople, and there, kneeling and weeping, begs pity on a distressed maiden, who had suffered the greatest outrage imaginable.—Amadis de Gaul, b. 14, ch. 48. So likewise, a weeping duenna comes into a hall, and accosts prince Paladiano, telling him she is the most afflicted matron in the world, and begging him to redress a wrong that has been done her. Don Fernando of England, ch. 26.
- 2, 47. So the duchess of Austria comes before the emperor of Trebisonda and inquires for the knight of the Sphere, or of the True-Cross, or the solitary knight. Amadis de Gaul, b. 6, ch. 36.
- 3, ib. It is observable, that Sancho has acuteness enough to answer the matron in her own fustian style; while Don Quixote, having no notion of ridicule, lets it pass. The reader cannot fail to notice how much Sancho is improved in this second part; for acuteness or affectation seems not to have belonged to his original character.

CHAP. VIII.

- 1, 59. Here is a pun in the original. "Oliscan à terceras, avièndo dexàda de sèr primas." Tercera signifies a Third or Go-between, and Prima a First or Principal. That is, in plain English, Bawd after Whore.

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- 2, 62. Derived from two Spanish words, *clave*, a nail or pin, and *leno*, wood.
- 3, 64. Literally, "Bettered by a tierce and a quint." An allusion to the game of picquet, often used by our author.

CHAP. IX.

- 1, 69. A church in Italy of special devotion to the blessed Trinity.
- 2, 73. Literally, "to carry us to Peralvillo." Pineda says, it is a village near Ciudad Real in Castile, where the holy brotherhood, or officers for apprehending offenders, despatch those they take in the fact, without bringing them to trial: like what we call, hanging a man and trying him afterwards.
- 3, 79. The Pleiades are vulgarly called in Spain "the seven little she-goats."
- 4, ib. Sancho is here got into a labyrinth of lies, and Don Quixote dares not directly contradict or reprove him, being conscious of the wonders he had related, and vouched to have seen in Montesinos's cave.
- 5, 80. "Cabron;" a jest on the double meaning of that word, which signifies both a he-goat and a cuckold. Sancho, by his answer, seems to take, or hit by chance on the jest.
- 6, ib. This supposed journey of Don Quixote and Sancho on Clavileno seems to allude to Agesilan (in *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 12, ch. 94), who steers his flying horse Gryphaleon so near to the north-pole, that he cannot endure the excessive cold: whereupon he tacks about southward, and passes the straits of Gibraltar, and the deserts of Libya, Egypt, &c. Sancho's relation of what he saw in the heavens may be a ridicule on the enchanters Zirfée, Urganda, and Alquife, taking a tour in the sky, to see the wonders of the zodiac. *Ibid.* b. 7, ch. 59.

CHAP. X.

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| 1, | 82. | An admirable moral instruction drawn from the very lies Sancho had told. |
| 2, | 83. | The cross put at the beginning of the A, B, C, from thence called the Christ-cross-row. |
| 3, | 85. | So prince Spheramond, having bestowed the government of an island on the giant Starcator, now his vassal, and considering that the said giant was very illiterate, gives him some wholesome instructions for his conduct, before he enters upon his government. <i>Amadis de Gaul</i> , b. 20, ch. 107. |
| 4, | ib. | The peacock, in the fable, prided herself on her beauty, till she was put in mind of her ugly feet. |
| 5, | 87. | "Del no quiero de tu capilla," which cannot be rendered into English. Cervantes alludes to this proverb; "No quiero, mas echàdmelo en mi capilla," i. e. "I will not, but throw it into my hood." It is applied to the begging friars, who refuse to take money, but suffer it to be thrown into their hood. |

CHAP. XI.

- 1, 91. Here our author justifies the introducing expressive words out of one language into another, agreeably to Horace's
- "Et nova factaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta."
Ars Poet. l. 52.
- What he says of the force of custom is borrowed from the same poet's,
- "Si volet usus.
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi."
Ibid. l. 71.
- 2, 92. In the original, "By the rocks of Ubeda." It is the beginning of an old song.

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| 3, | 93. | Such a coat as our drums and trumpets wear, with hanging sleeves, and borders about the top of the arms, where they join to the shoulders. |
| 4, | ib. | Such as the Jesuits wear, without a cape, but with a collar. |
| 5, | ib. | Such as our beef-eaters on guard wear. |
| 6, | 94. | The proverb entire is, " Quien padre tiene alcalde seguro va al juicio." " He, whose father is mayor or judge, goes safe to his trial." |
| 7, | 95. | The original is " draughts of the rack." It alludes to a particular kind of torture in Spain, namely a thin piece of gauze moistened and put to the lips of a person dying with thirst, who swallows it down by degrees, and it is then pulled up again by the end which the executioner holds in his hand. |
| 8, | ib. | Pears sent to Madrid from Doroca, in March, when they are scarce, and made up nicely to prevent bruising. |
| 9, | ib. | The proverb is, " to keep silence well is called 'santo,' " holy; but Sancho changes it out of archness or ignorance. |

CHAP. XII.

- 1, 102. Don Quixote's concern for the departure of Sancho is not unlike that of Amadis, who, having given his squire Gandalin the Firm Island, makes a moving speech to him at parting, and retires to a forest by night, there to bewail his condition. Amadis de Gaul, b. 2, ch. 3.
- 2, 106. Some critics object to Don Quixote's concern about a stitch fallen in his stocking, as beneath the notice of a knight-errant, the whole world being bound to supply him with every thing. But if we consider it as a sketch of the Spanish pride, it will be found to be a pleasant and agreeable piece of satire.
- 3, 110. Alluding to the story of Maritornes and the carrier, in the former part of the history.

CHAP. XIII.

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- 1, 111. "Cantimplora;" a sort of bottle for keeping wine cool, with a long neck, and very broad and flat below, that the ice may lie conveniently upon it in the pail, which has a broad cork fitted to it, with a hole in the middle to let the neck of the bottle through.
- 2, ib. Barato, in Spanish, signifies cheap.
- 3, 113. A severe satire on the Spanish pride and affectation of gentility.

CHAP. XIV.

- 1, 121. Words answerable to the original, and feigned on purpose to express Don Quixote's consternation, occasioned by an adventure of bells and cats.
- 2, ib. Here his belt, according to the true signification of *os Tahali*, is one hung on his shoulders; at Diego de Miranda's it seemed to be a belt girded about his loins, and was made of a skin proper for the weakness he was supposed to have in them.
- 3, ib. A string of beads; an instrument of devotion in popish countries.

CHAP. XV.

- 1, 128. The Spaniards and Italians begin dinner with melon or other fruit, as we end it.
- 2, 131. The doctor's name and birthplace are fictitious: "Rezio de Aguero," signifies "Positive of the omen;" and "Tirteafuera," "take yourself away."
- 3, ib. In the original, Sancho calls him "Rezio de mal Aguero," that is, "Doctor positive of the ill omen:" but this piece of humour is unavoidably lost in the translation.
- 4, ib. According to the original, "would have tirteafuera'd

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- it," alluding to the doctor's fictitious name. It is in some measure preserved by using our cant phrase of "taking one's self away."
- 5, 134. "Pan agradecido." When the country people would define an honest, good-natured man, they say, "He is as good as bread itself."

CHAP. XVI.

- 1, 141. So Fusilea, queen of Galdap, about midnight, takes a wax taper in her hand, and knocks softly at Don Rogel's chamber door: he rises in his shirt, and opening the door is surprised at the sight, but however lets her in. *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 13, ch. 53.
- 2, 143. That is, "with a foul, than a fair object."
- 3, 151. Because a wolf's mouth is black, say the dictionaries.

CHAP. XVII.

- 1, 154. An olla-podrida is a dish consisting of a great number of ingredients, as flesh, fowl, &c. all stewed together. Podrida is usually interpreted rotten, as if the stewing them together was supposed to have the same effect as to making them tender, as rottenness would have. But Covarruvias, in his etymologies, derives it from "poderoso, powerful," because all the ingredients are substantial and nourishing. And this is confirmed by Sancho's adding, "the *stronger* they are the better."
- 2, 154. Literally, "the devil is in Cantillana." Cantillana is a town in the province of Andalusia, in Spain, on the banks of the river Guadalquivir.
- 3, 157. "Barato;" which literally signifies "cheap:" but, among gamesters, "dar barato" means what is given by a gamester to a by-stander, by way of courtesy, or in return for deciding in his favour. This, in Spain, is so common a practice among all ranks of people, that many get their living by it.

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 4, 159. "Tomar el ayre." The same idiom here in both languages.

CHAP. XVIII.

- 1, 168. "El Aranjuez," in the original, which is a royal garden, near Madrid, famous for its fountains and water-works. The metaphor was judged rather too far fetched for an English translation.
- 2, 174. "Yo la pondrè como nueva." Word for word, "I will put her as one new." The meaning is not obvious, and the dictionaries are of no service here. Perhaps it may be, "I will treat her as a new-comer." However, the translator has substituted what Teresa may very well be supposed to say upon this occasion.
- 3, 175. Eggs laid as close together in the frying-pan as pebbles in a pavement.
- 4, 176. "Calcas atacadas." They are breeches and stockings in one piece, laced, or clasped, or tied to the girdle.
- 5, 177. Teresa's hopes of riding in her coach may be a satire on the extravagance of the Spaniards in their equipages, which was arrived to such a pitch, that it was found necessary to restrain it by law; as we learn from Don Lorenzo Vander Hamin, in the first book of his *Life of Don John of Austria*, where, speaking of the arrival of Charles Pubest, a domestic of the emperor Charles V. in a coach or chariot, he tells us; "whole cities ran out to stare at it, so little known was this sort of luxury at that time: for then they only made use of carts drawn by oxen, and in them the most considerable persons of the court were seen riding: but, within a few years (threescore and ten, or thereabouts) it was found necessary to prohibit coaches by royal proclamation, to such a height was this 'infernal vice,' which has done so much mischief to Castile, arrived."
- 6, ib. Papese, a She-pope. Our translators have rendered this pope Joan. But there is more humour in making

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the country people so ignorant as to believe the pope had, if not a wife, a concubine, as many of the great clergy had, than in supposing they had ever heard of Pope Joan.

- 7, 178. In the original, "when they cry *Tus, Tus,*" that is, as people call dogs to their porridge.

CHAP. XIX.

- 1, 193. Literally, "travelled unbridled in the road of interest."

CHAP. XX.

- 1, 195. The lord of the great tower forced away a damsel, niece to Don Grumedan: the mother applies to Gandalin, now a knight, to redress this wrong: he fights the cavalier, vanquishes him, and makes him swear he will never more take dame or damsel against her will. *Amad. de Gaul*, b. 4, ch. 36.
- 2, 200. As head of the world, formerly in temporals, as now in spirituals.

BOOK IV. CHAP. I.

- 1, 211. Gazpacho: it is made of oil, vinegar, water, salt, and spice, with bread.
- 2, 212. A sort of flat sandal or shoe made of hemp, or of bull-rushes, artfully platted, and fitted to the foot, worn by the poor people in Spain and Italy.
- 3, ib. How comes the steward to say "ten days," when it is plain Sancho governed only "seven days?" It is either owing to forgetfulness in the author, or perhaps is a new joke of the steward's, imagining Sancho to be

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as ignorant of reckoning as of writing. And in effect Sancho, by not denying it, allows the ten days.

CHAP. III.

- 1, 227. That is, were thrown away. The phrase, I presume, is an allusion to the scripture character of John the Baptist, that he was "vox clamantis in deserto," "the voice of one crying in the wilderness or desert."
- 2, 228. A beautiful palace of a Moorish princess, the ruins still to be seen at or near Toledo.

CHAP. V.

- 1, 248. The critics have censured our author for charging his hero with petty larceny, which they pretend is a foolish and ridiculous invention of his own. But they are mistaken; for (in *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 2, ch. 60,) two knights, Barbaran and Moncan, on leaving a certain castle, are charged in like manner with stealing several small parcels of linen, which they had casually put up with their own.

CHAP. VI.

- 1, 254. Probably some family of that name avowed the superstition here ridiculed.
- 2, 255. They have a tradition, that the Moors are descended from Hagar.
- 3, 261. It seems not quite agreeable to the usual complaisance of Don Quixote, to grant to the gentleman what he had just refused to the ladies.
- 4, 262. It is very common, in romances, for the knights, in honour of their mistresses, to make good a pass or a bridge, against all comers, for some days.
- 5, 264. The bulls of Xarama are accounted the fiercest in Spain.

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- 6, 265. "Mansos Cabestros." According to the royal dictionary, they are old tame oxen, with bells about their necks.

CHAP. VII.

- 1, 273. Notwithstanding this censure of the Arragonese author, it is certain, that, the first time Sancho Panza's wife is mentioned in our author's own work, namely, in the seventh chapter of the first book of the first part, she is called Mary Gutierrez, and in less than ten lines after the name is repeated. One would think, Cervantes was as little careful to read over his own first part, as he makes Don Quixote unwilling to read the Arragonese's second part.
- 2, 274. With a deputed or subordinate power. "Merum imperium," according to the civilians, is that residing in the sovereign: "Merum mixtum imperium" is that delegated to vassals or magistrates in causes civil or criminal.
- 3, 276. In the original, there is a play upon words here betwixt "retratar" and "mal tratar."

CHAP. VIII.

- 1, 291. Literally, "One abyss calls to another." It is a scripture phrase, borrowed from Psal. xliii. 7. "Deep calleth unto deep," or, according to the old version, "One deep calleth unto another."

CHAP. X.

- 1, 394. Or, "Little Scot." Cervantes means Michael Scotus, who, being more knowing in natural and experimental philosophy than was common in the dark ages of ignorance, passed for a magician, as did Friar Bacon and

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- Albert the Great; and of the Friar a similar story of a brazen head is told.
- 2, 308. In which the dancers slap the sole of their shoe with the palm of the hand in time and measure.
- 3, 316. The English reader will excuse the not explaining a piece of criticism, which could afford him neither instruction nor entertainment.
- 4, ib. The author must have seen it in manuscript; for it did not appear at Seville till three years after, in 1628. The *Pastor Fido* had been published six years before, at Valencia.
- 5, 318. About Martinmas, or the Feast of St. Martin, is the time that hogs are killed for bacon.

CHAP. XI.

- 1, 321. A term borrowed from the admission of friars, &c. into monasteries

CHAP. XIV.

- 1, 351. "Eleven arrobas." The arroba is a quarter of a hundred, or twenty-five pounds; eleven of them make two hundred and seventy-five pounds.
- 2, ib. Alluding to the custom in Spain of an old or disabled soldier's carrying offals of tripe or liver about the streets to feed the cats.—Poor Don Quixote's arrogance is mightily abated by his being vanquished.
- 3, 352. Cervantes seems to have forgotten, that our knight is now in the usual garb of a traveller, and therefore not so strange a figure as formerly, when cased in armour.
- 4, 355. A double entendre upon the word "deve," which is put for must, the sign of a mood, or for owing a debt.

CHAP. XV.

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- 1, 359. "Cuadrado y esquinado:" alluding to the corner-stone of a building, which answers both ways.
- 2, ib. In plain English, "as if Mr. Wood should call himself Mr. Grove."
- 3, ib. From cura, a parish priest.
- 4, 361. Formerly, in Spain, the men of quality wore loose coats, sloped down before and unbuttoned, under which appeared the rich waistcoat, and its collar terminating in two points.
- 5, 362. That is, A robber gets your money by force sooner than a poor man by asking alms.
- 6, ib. Literally, "The frying-pan said to the kettle, Stand away, thou black thing!"

CHAP. XVII.

- 1, 376. That is, toil upon toil, and nothing to sweeten it.
- 2, 377. To be slain for the use of others.

CHAP. XVIII.

- 1, 384. It was so strange and impudent a sight for women or men to show their naked wrists or arms, that the author puts the devils in that fashion.
- 2, 386. "Bacallao!" the fish so called.

CHAP. XIX.

- 1, 391. The proverb entire is, "No se toman truchas a bragas enxutas;" i. e. they do not take trouts with dry breeches.
- 2, 392. Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, &c.—Hor.
- 3, 394. A phrase borrowed from the *potentia proxima* of the schools, which immediately precedes the act.

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- 4, 396. "Wherever it hits." No affinity, but of sound, and that but small.

CHAP. XX.

- 1, 399. The original is, "tengo mas gracias que llovidas;" in which there is some ambiguity. The sense given is that generally received. But perhaps Sancho here, as in a thousand other places, plays on the double meaning of the word "gracias," which signifies, not only jests or pleasantries, but also gifts or favours; and then the rendering will be, "I have more jests than Heaven has showered down favours upon me." The author took as much pleasure in double meanings, as he makes Sancho take, and, I fancy, in proverbs too: for it is plain, though Don Quixote be his hero, Sancho is his favourite.

CHAP. XXI.

- 1, 406. A scurvy long-winded poet of Spain, the author's contemporary, and probably a beau of those times.
- 2, 409. That is, "if they serve not all purposes, may serve some." The phrase is borrowed from architecture.
- 3, 410. Literally, "making yourself, Little shepherd that comes, Little shepherd that goes;" an allusion, I suppose, to some pastoral, then well known.

CHAP. XXII.

- 1, 419. At the beginning of this history, the author says, he purposely omits naming the town where Don Quixote was born; and here he most ingeniously assigns the reason.

Note Page

- 2, ib. These seem to be words borrowed from some old romance.
- 3, 420. This should be the pen of Cervantes, and not that of the pretended Moor; or, Cid Hamet speaks here, as he swore at the beginning of the tenth chapter of Book II. of this Part.



THE END.

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