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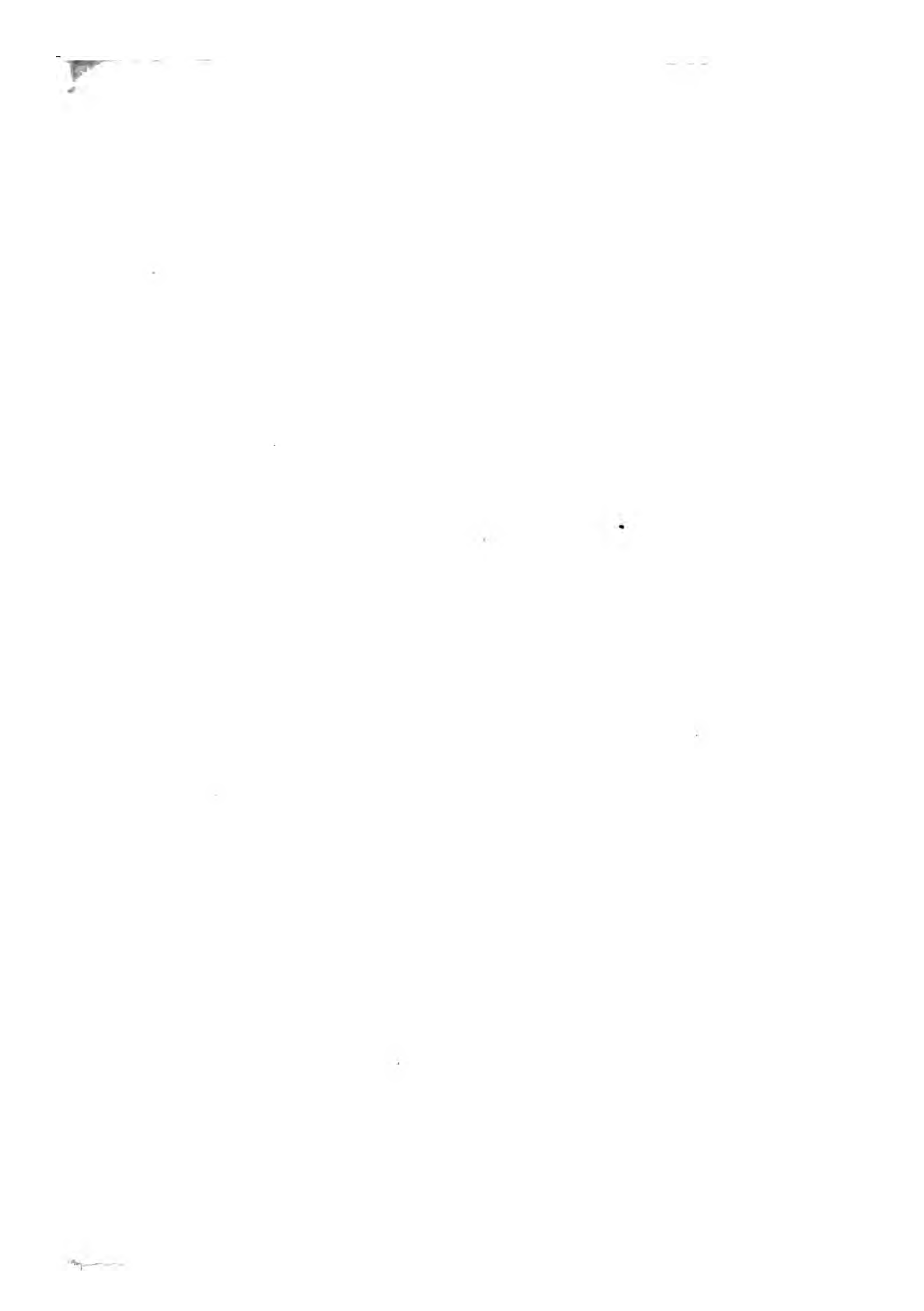
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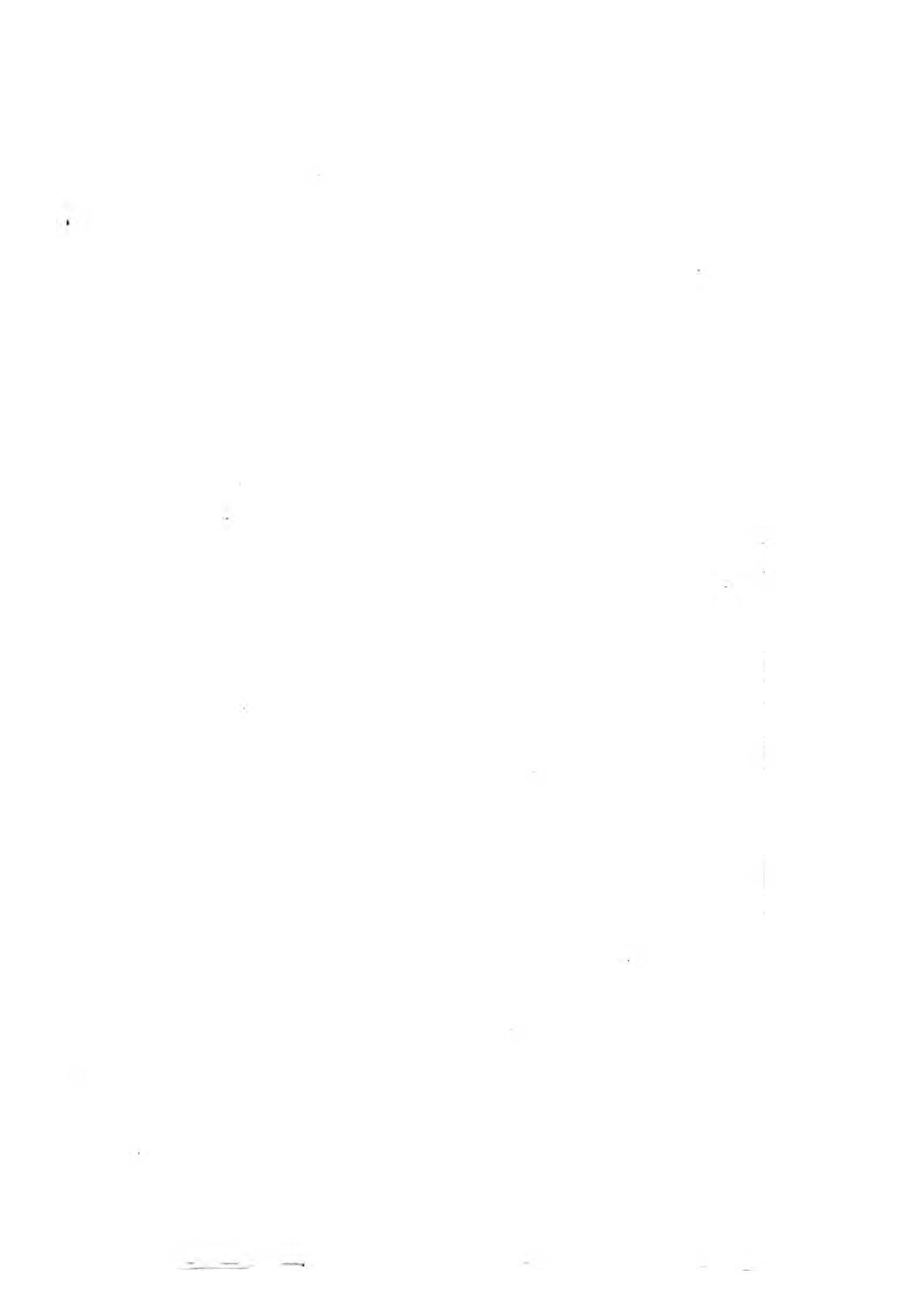




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DON QUIXOTE.

VOL. II.



Drawn by R. Westall R.A.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

Page 4.

LONDON;

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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. II.

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

1820.



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DON QUIXOTE.

PART I. BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

Which treats of the new and agreeable adventure that befell the priest and the barber in the same mountain.

HAPPY, most fortunate and happy, was the age, in which the most daring knight Don Quixote de la Mancha was ushered into the world; since, by his honourable resolution, to restore to the world the long-lost, and as it were buried, order of knight-errantry, we, in these our times, so barren and unfruitful of amusing incidents, enjoy not only the sweets of his true and delightful adventures, but also the intervening stories and episodes, scarcely less pleasing, less ingenious, or less true, than the history itself; which, resuming the broken thread of¹ the narrative, goes on thus.

As the priest was preparing himself to advise and comfort Cardenio, he was prevented by a voice, which,

in mournful strain, thus arrested his attention. "O Heavens! is it possible, that I have at last found a place, that can afford a secret grave for the irksome burden of this body, which I bear about so much against my will? Yes, the favour is granted, if the solitude which these rocks promise, do not deceive me. Ah, wo is me! how much more agreeable shall I find the society of these crags and brakes, which will at least afford me leisure to communicate, in lamentations, my miseries to Heaven, than the conversation of men! since there is no one living, from whom I can expect counsel in doubts, ease in complaints, or remedy in afflictions!"

This was very distinctly heard by the priest and those that were with him, and, as the voice was near, they rose up to seek the speaker, and they had not gone twenty paces, when, behind the fragment of a rock, they perceived a youth, dressed like a peasant, sitting at the foot of an ash-tree; but whose face they could not then discern, as he was in a bending posture, being employed in washing his feet in a rivulet that murmured by. They drew near so silently, that, intent upon what he was doing, he did not hear them; and they stood in admiration at the whiteness and beauty of his feet, which appeared among the pebbles of the brook like pure crystal, and seemed not at all formed for breaking of clods, or following the plough, as they might have supposed, from his dress, was his employment. Finding they were not

perceived, the priest, who went foremost, made signs to his two companions, to crouch down, or hide themselves behind a rock ; which they did, choosing a place from which they could observe the youth's motions. His dress was a double skirted grey jacket, girt about the middle with a piece of white linen ; with breeches and hose of grey cloth ; and a grey huntsman's cap. His hose were drawn up to the middle of his legs, which seemed of the purest alabaster. Having bathed his delicate feet, he wiped them with a handkerchief, which he took from under his cap, and as he lifted up his face to do it, the lookers on had an opportunity of beholding so exquisite a beauty, that Cardenio said in a low voice to the priest : " As this is not Lucinda, it must be some heavenly, for it can be no earthly creature." The youth took off his cap, and, shaking his head, a profusion of lovely hair, that Apollo himself might envy, fell over his shoulders, and betrayed, that the supposed peasant was a woman, and the most delicate and handsome that two of the party had ever beheld, or even Cardenio himself, had he never seen or known Lucinda, whose beauty alone, as he afterwards confessed, could stand in competition with her. Her long and golden tresses not only fell on her shoulders, but, her feet excepted, covered her whole body. Her fingers served instead of a comb, and, if her feet in the water resembled crystal, her hands in the tresses of her hair were like driven snow.

The desire of the by-standers to learn who she

was, was increased by these circumstances, and they resolved to show themselves. At the rustling they made in advancing, the lovely damsel raised her head, and, parting her locks from before her eyes with her hands, she no sooner perceived the strangers, than, without staying to put on her shoes, or replace her hair, she hastily snatched up a bundle, apparently of clothes, that was lying near her, and fled in confusion and surprise. But she had scarcely gone six steps, when, her tender feet not being able to bear the sharpness of the stones, she fell to the ground. Upon this they all approached her, and the priest, arriving first, "Stay, madam," said he, "whoever you are: those you see about you have no intention but to serve you: there is no reason therefore why you should attempt so needless a flight, which neither your own feet can bear, nor will our inclination allow." To this, astonished and confused, she made no reply: but the priest, taking her hand, proceeded to say: "What your dress would conceal from us, your hair, madam, discovers; and it must be no slight cause, that has induced you to disguise your beauty in so unworthy a habit, and brought you to a solitude like this, in which it has been our good fortune to find you; since, if we cannot administer a remedy to your distress, we may at least assist you with our advice; and there is no evil, which does not destroy life itself, that can afflict to such extremity, as to make the sufferer shut his ears to counsel, when given with a sincere and benevolent in-

tention: and therefore, dear madam, or dear sir, or whatever you are pleased to be called, shake off the surprise, which our appearance has occasioned, and relate to us your good or ill fortune, fully assured of finding us, both jointly and severally, disposed to sympathise with your affliction."

During this address, the disguised maiden stood like one stupified, her eyes fixed on each of them alternately, without moving her lips, or uttering a word; like a country clown, when he sees on a sudden something curious, which he had never seen before. But the priest adding other persuasions to induce her to speak, she heaved a profound sigh, and, finding her voice, said, "Since neither the solitude of these rocks has been sufficient to conceal me, nor the discomposure of my hair suffered my tongue to belie my sex, it would be in vain for me now to dress up a fiction, to which, if you appeared to give credit, it would be rather out of complaisance, than for any other reason. This being the case, I take, gentlemen, in friendly part, the offers you have so kindly made me, and feel myself under an obligation to satisfy you in what you have desired; though I fear the relation I shall make of my misfortunes will give you pain rather than pleasure; since it will not be in your power, either to remedy, or alleviate them. Nevertheless, that my honour may not suffer in your opinion, from your having discovered me to be a woman, young, and alone, in this garb, circumstances sufficient to bring

discredit on any reputation, I must disclose what, if possible, I would gladly have concealed." All this was uttered so readily, with so much ease, such grace of manner, and sweetness of voice, that her good sense surprised them no less than her beauty; and repeating their offers of service and entreaties, that she would perform her promise, she, without farther importunity, having first modestly put on her shoes, and gathered up her hair, seated herself upon a stone, the three being placed round her, and after an effort to restrain the tears that came into her eyes, began the story of her life, with a clear and sedate voice, in this manner:

"In this province of Andalusia, there is a place, from which a duke, one of those called grandees of Spain, takes his title. This duke has two sons; the eldest, heir to his estate, and, in appearance, to his virtues; and the other, heir to, I know not what, unless it be to the treachery of Vellido,² and the deceitfulness of Galalon.³ My parents are vassals to this nobleman: they are of low extraction, but so considerable in wealth, that, if the advantages of their descent had equalled those of their fortune, they would have had nothing more to wish for, nor should I have had any reason to fear being exposed to the misfortunes in which I am now involved; for, it is from defect of birth they probably arise; which, though not so low, that I need to be ashamed of my condition, is not so high, as to overthrow my conjecture

as to the source of my affliction. In a word, my parents are farmers, plain honest people, without intermixture of bad blood, and, what are usually termed, old rusty christians; ⁴ so rusty, that their wealth, and handsome way of living, are, by degrees, acquiring them the name of gentlemen, and even of cavaliers: but what they valued above wealth and nobility, was their having me for a daughter; and, as they had no other child to inherit what they possessed, and were affectionate in their disposition, I was indulged to the utmost perfection of parental fondness. I was the mirror, in which they beheld themselves, the staff of their old age; she whose happiness, under the guidance of Heaven, was the sole object of all their wishes; and their wishes being so good, mine were always entirely conformable to them. As I was mistress of their affections, so was I of every thing belonging to them. Servants were hired and discharged as I pleased; through my hands passed the account and management of what was sowed and reaped; the oil-mills, the wine-presses, the number of herds, flocks, and bee-hives; in a word, all that so opulent a farmer as my father has, or can be supposed to have, was intrusted to my care: I was both steward and principal, and I used such diligence, that I cannot easily express to you their satisfaction. The hours of the day that remained, after giving directions, and assigning proper tasks to the head-servants, overseers, and day-labourers, I employed in such exercises

as are not only allowable, but necessary for young women, such as needle-work, lace-making, and sometimes spinning: and if now and then, to recreate my mind, I quitted these occupations, it was to entertain myself with reading some book of devotion, or touching the harp; for experience had taught me, that music composes the mind when it is disordered, and relieves the spirits after labour. Such was the life I led in my father's house; and that I have been minute in describing it, is not through ostentation, nor to make a display of the wealth of my family, but that you may be apprized how little I deserved to fall from that happy state into the wretched one I am now in. While I passed my time in so many occupations, my retirement might be compared to that of a nunnery, being seldom seen, as I imagined, by any one besides the family; for when I went to mass, it was very early in the morning, and always in company with my mother, and some female servant, and so closely veiled, that my eyes scarcely saw more ground than the space I set my foot upon; yet, notwithstanding all this, it so fell out, that the eyes of love, or rather of libertinism, to which those of a lynx are not to be compared, discovered me through the industrious curiosity of Don Fernando; for that is the name of the younger son of the duke whom I mentioned to you."

At the name of Don Fernando, Cardenio's colour changed, and he became so agitated, and began to

sweat so profusely, that the priest and the barber, who perceived it, were afraid one of those fits of frenzy was approaching, to which they understood he was subject. But he remained quiet, rivetting his eyes on the farmer's daughter, as he imagined he was not ignorant who she was; while she, taking no notice of his emotions, continued her story, in these words. "Scarcely had he seen me, when, as he afterwards declared, he fell desperately in love, as the proofs he then gave sufficiently evinced. But to shorten the account of my misfortunes, which are endless, I shall pass over in silence the diligence Don Fernando used to succeed in an opportunity of declaring his passion. He bribed every servant in the family; he made presents and offers of service to several of my relations. Every day was a day of rejoicing in our street; and at night nobody could sleep for serenades. Numberless were the billets-doux that came, I knew not how, to my hands, filled with amorous expressions, and containing as many promises and oaths, as there were words or letters in them. So far, however, was this assiduity from softening me, that I grew the more obdurate, as if he had been my mortal enemy, and all the measures he took to soften my heart had been designed for a quite contrary purpose: not that I disliked his gallantry, or thought him too importunate; for I acknowledge it gave me a secret satisfaction to be thus courted and loved by so considerable a cavalier; nor was it disagreeable to me to find my own praises in

his letters; for however ill-favoured a woman may be, she is always pleased at being called handsome. But all his lures were opposed by my own virtue, together with the repeated advice of my parents, who plainly saw through his design; for, indeed, he took no pains to conceal it from the world. They told me, that in my virtue and integrity alone, they reposed their credit and reputation: they bid me consider the inequality between Don Fernando and me, a circumstance sufficient of itself to prove, that his thoughts, whatever he might say to the contrary, were more intent upon his own pleasure, than upon my good: and they added, that if I could throw any obstacle in the way, to make him desist from his unjust pretensions, I should be married immediately, to whomsoever I pleased, either to one of the principal persons of our town, or some country gentleman in the neighbourhood: for their wealth, and my character, enabled them easily to provide a suitable match for me. With these parental cautions, I fortified my virtue, and would never send any reply to Don Fernando, that might afford him the most distant hope of success: but this reserve, which he ought to have considered as the effect of disdain, served rather to quicken his libidinous appetite; for I can call by no better name the passion he showed for me; since, had it been love, you would not now have to listen to my sad tale, nor should I have occasion to relate it.

“ At length Don Fernando discovered that my

parents were looking out for a match for me, in order to deprive him of all hope of gaining me, or at least provide me with a stronger guard for the security of my virtue ; and this news, or suspicion, put him upon an expedient to defeat their intentions. One night, as I was in my chamber, attended only by a maid-servant that waited upon me, the doors being fast locked, lest by any neglect my honour might be endangered, in the midst of all this precaution, solitude, silence, and retreat, without my knowing by what means he had effected his purpose, he stood before me ! At sight of him I was struck blind and dumb, and had not power to cry out ; nor do I believe he would have suffered me to have done so : for he instantly ran to me, and, seizing me in his arms, my confusion depriving me of the strength to resist, he began to pour forth such vows and protestations, that it would seem impossible falsehood should be able to frame them with such an appearance of truth. The traitor made his tears give credit to his words, and his sighs to the purity of his designs ; and I, a poor simple girl, bred at home, and devoid of experience in affairs of this nature, knew not how to disbelieve his falsities : not that his tears or sighs, or protestations, could move me to any criminal compassion : on the contrary, my first surprise being over, I began to recover my lost spirits, and, with more courage than I thought I could have assumed, said to him, ‘ If, sir, instead of being between your arms, I were

in the paws of a fierce lion, and my deliverance depended upon my doing or saying any thing to the prejudice of my virtue, it would be as impossible for me to do or to say it, as it is impossible for that which has been, not to have had existence: so that, though you hold my body confined, I hold my mind restrained within the bounds of virtuous inclinations, very different from yours, as you will see, if you proceed to violence. I am your vassal, not your slave: the nobility of your blood neither has, nor ought to have, the privilege to dishonour and insult the lowliness of mine; and though but a country-girl, a farmer's daughter, my reputation is as dear to me, as yours can be to you, who are a noble cavalier. Your employing force will little avail you; upon your riches I set no value; by your words I cannot be deceived, nor can your sighs and tears soften me. If in a person, whom my parents should assign me for a husband, I saw any of these tokens of regard, my will should conform itself to theirs, and I would return reciprocal affection; and thus, sir, with the safety of my honour, though I sacrificed my private satisfaction, I might freely bestow on you, what you are now endeavouring to obtain by force. I have been induced to say all this, to convince you, that I will never grant any favour to him who is not my lawful husband.'

“ ‘If that be your only objection, beautiful Dorothea,’ for that, gentlemen, is the name of your unhappy

narrator, 'lo! here I give you my hand,' said the treacherous cavalier, 'and let the Heavens, from which nothing is hid, and this image of our lady, be witnesses to the truth.' "

When Cardenio heard her call herself Dorothea, his surprise and agitation were renewed, for he was now thoroughly confirmed in his first opinion: but he would not interrupt the story, being desirous to hear the event of what he was partly acquainted with already, and he only said: "What! madam; is your name Dorothea? I have heard of a lady of that name, whose misfortunes very much resemble yours. But proceed; the time may come when I may tell you things, that will equally move your wonder and compassion." Dorothea, struck with Cardenio's words, and his strange and tattered dress, desired him, if he knew any thing of her affairs, to tell it without hesitation; for if fortune had left her any thing that was good, it was the courage to bear any disaster that might befall her, secure in this, that none could possibly happen, that could in the least add to those she already endured. "Madam," replied Cardenio, "I would not be the means of destroying that courage, by telling you what I know, if my conjecture be right; but hitherto there is no opportunity lost, nor is it of any importance that you should now be informed of it." "Be that as it may," answered Dorothea, "I will go on with my story."

"Don Fernando, taking the image that stood in

the room, and addressing it as a witness of our espousals, gave me his promise to be my husband, with all the solemnity of vows and oaths; though I warned him to consider what he was doing, and to reflect upon the uneasiness it must occasion his father, to see him married to the daughter of a farmer and his own vassal. I cautioned him also to beware, lest my beauty, such as it was, should blind him, since that would be a very insufficient excuse for his fault; and conjured him by the love he professed, if he intended my good, that he would suffer my lot to fall where the rank would be equal, since disproportionate matches were seldom blessed with happiness, or continued long in the state of pleasure with which they commenced.

“ All these reasonings, with many more which I do not remember, I repeated to him; but they were of no avail towards making him desist from his design; for he was like a man who boggles at nothing in making a bargain, when he never intends to pay. Unsuccessful in my attempts, I then briefly reasoned with myself. ‘ Well!’ thought I, ‘ I shall not be the first, who, in the way of marriage, has risen from a low to a high condition, nor will Don Fernando be the first, whom beauty, or rather blind affection, has induced to take a wife beneath his quality. Since then I originate no new custom, surely, I may be allowed to accept the honour, which fortune throws in my way, even though the inclination he shows for me should last no

longer than the accomplishment of his will ; for in the sight of God, I shall be his wife. Besides, should I reject him with disdain, I see him prepared to set aside the obligation of duty, and have recourse to violence ; in which case, I shall be dishonoured, and without excuse, in the estimation of those, who do not know how innocently I came into this perplexity : and by what arguments shall I persuade my parents, that this cavalier gained admittance into my apartment without my knowledge or consent ?' These questions and answers I revolved in my imagination in an instant : but what principally inclined me, thoughtless as I was, to my ruin, was Don Fernando's oaths, the witnesses by which he swore, the tears he shed, and, in fine, his insinuating carriage and address, which, together with the many tokens he gave me of unfeigned love, might have captivated any heart, though before as much disengaged, and as reserved, as mine. I called in my maid, to be a joint witness on earth with the witnesses in Heaven. Don Fernando repeated and confirmed his oaths. He attested new saints, and imprecated a thousand curses on himself, if he failed in the performance of his promise. The tears came again into his eyes ; he redoubled his sighs ; he pressed me closer between his arms, from which he had never released me ; and my maid having left the room, I ceased to be one, and he became a perjured and finished traitor.

“ The morning, that succeeded the night of my

misfortune, came, but not on so rapid a wing as, I believe, Don Fernando wished. For, when a man has accomplished his low desires, he is in haste to quit the scene of his wicked enjoyment. I say this, because Don Fernando was so anxious to leave me, that, by the diligence of the same maid, who had betrayed me, he was in the street before break of day. At parting, he said, though not with the same warmth and vehemence as at his coming, that I might depend upon his honour, and the truth and sincerity of his oaths: and, as a confirmation, he drew a ring of great value from his finger, and put it on mine. In short, he departed, leaving me in a state of mind that I know not whether to call joyful or sad: this I can truly say, that I remained confused, thoughtful, and almost distracted at what had passed; but, either my heart, or my memory failing me, I forgot to chide his accomplice for the treachery she had been guilty of, in conveying Don Fernando into my chamber: for, indeed, I had not yet determined with myself, whether what had befallen me was to my benefit or injury. I told Don Fernando, at parting, that, since I was now his own, he might, if he pleased, see me any other night, by the same method he had employed in the present instance, till he should be pleased to publish our union to the world. But, except the following night, he came no more, nor could I get sight of him in the street, or at church, during a whole month, though I tired myself with anxiously looking after

him ; for I knew he was in the town, and that he went almost every day to hunt, an exercise he was extremely fond of. Those days, those hours, I too well remember, were sad and dismal ones to me ; for in them I began to doubt, and at last to disbelieve, the fidelity of Don Fernando. Then, too, did I vent upon my maid, those reproofs for her presumption, which before she had escaped. I was forced to set a watch over my tears, and the expression of my countenance, that I might avoid giving occasion to my parents to inquire into the cause of my discontent, and prevent my having recourse to the invention of lies to deceive them. But this constraint was soon put an end to by a circumstance, which bore down all regard to my reputation, deprived me of all patience, and exposed my most secret thoughts on the public stage of the world. This was a report spread in the town, that Don Fernando was married, in a neighbouring city, to a young lady of extreme beauty, and whose parents were of considerable rank, but not so rich as that her dowry might entitle her to aspire to so noble an alliance. Her name was Lucinda, and many strange things were reported to have happened at their wedding."

Cardenio, on hearing the name of Lucinda, did not utter a word, but he shrugged up his shoulders, bit his lips, knit his brows, and soon after a stream of tears fell from his eyes. Dorothea, however, went on with her story, " This sad news soon reached my

ears ; and my heart, instead of being chilled, was so incensed, so inflamed with rage and resentment, that I could scarcely forbear running out into the streets, and publishing aloud, how basely and treacherously I had been used. But my fury was moderated, for the present, by a resolution I formed, and executed that very night ; which was, to put myself into this attire, which I borrowed of a swain⁵ in my father's service, to whom I discovered my misfortune, and begged him to attend me to the city, where I understood my enemy then was. He condemned the rashness of my undertaking, and blamed my resolution, but finding me bent upon my design, he complied, and offered to bear me company, as he expressed it, to the end of the world. I immediately packed up, in a pillow-case, a woman's dress, with some jewels and money, to provide against whatever might happen : and, in the dead of that very night, without letting my treacherous maid into the secret, I left the house, and, accompanied only by my servant, and a thousand anxious thoughts, took the way that led to the town on foot, the desire of getting thither giving wings to my flight, resolved, if I could not prevent what was already done, at least to demand of Don Fernando, with what conscience he had done it.

“ In two days and a half I arrived at the city, and inquiring for the house of Lucinda's father, the first person I addressed told me more than I desired

to hear. He directed me to the house, and related to me the whole story of what had happened at the young lady's wedding: all which, he said, was so public in the town, that the people assembled in every street to talk of it. He said too that, on the night Don Fernando was married to Lucinda, after she had pronounced the solemn 'I WILL,' by which she became his wedded wife, she fell into a swoon; that the bridegroom, in unclasping her bosom to give her air, found in it a paper written with her own hand, in which she affirmed, that she could not espouse Don Fernando, because she was already the wife of Cardenio, who, as the man told me, was one of the principal cavaliers of the same town, and that she had given her consent to Don Fernando, merely in obedience to her parents. In short, the paper led them to understand, that she intended to destroy herself as soon as the ceremony was over, and it contained her reasons for doing so: all which was confirmed by a poniard found concealed in some part of her clothes. Don Fernando, perceiving by all this, that he had been deluded, mocked, and despised by Lucinda, ran to her, before she recovered from her fainting, and with the same instrument would have stabbed her to the heart, if her parents, and the rest of the company, had not prevented him. It was farther reported, that he immediately absented himself, and that Lucinda remained in a state of insensibility till the next day, when she confessed to her parents that she was really

the betrothed wife of that same cavalier. I learned, moreover, that Cardenio was supposed to have been present at the ceremony, and that, seeing her married, so contrary to his just expectation, he fled from the town in despair, leaving behind him a written paper, in which he set forth at large the wrong Lucinda had done him, and his resolution of going where human eyes should never more behold him. All this was so public and notorious as to be in every body's mouth; and the talk was not diminished, when it was known that Lucinda also was missing from her father's house; at which her parents were almost distracted, not knowing what means to use, or in what direction to seek her. This intelligence rallied my scattered hopes, for I was better pleased with not finding Don Fernando, than to have found him married, flattering myself, that the door to my relief was not quite shut; and hoping, that Heaven might have laid this impediment in the way of his second marriage, to reduce him to a sense of what he owed to the first, and to make him reflect, that he was a christian, and consequently obliged to have more regard to his soul than to any worldly consideration. All these things I revolved in my imagination, and, having no real comfort, I consoled myself with framing some faint and distant hope by which to support a life I now abhor.

“ While in the town, without knowing what to do with myself, since I did not find him on whose account

I came thither, I heard a public crier describe my age, person, and the very dress I wore, at the same time offering a considerable reward to any one who should discover where I was to be found. It was said, too, that I had eloped from my father's house with the lad that attended me: which struck me to the very soul, to think how low my credit was sunk; as if it was not enough to publish my escape, but it must be added with whom, and he a person so much below me, so unworthy of my better inclinations. The moment I heard the crier, I quitted the town with my servant, who already began to discover signs of staggering in his promised fidelity; and that night took refuge in the thickest part of this mountain. But truly is it said, that evils never come singly, and that the end of one disaster is the beginning of a greater, and so it happened to me; for my servant, till then faithful and trusty, seeing me in this desert place, and incited by his own villany rather than by any beauty I possessed, took advantage of the opportunity this solitude afforded him, and, devoid of shame, with no fear of God, or respect to his mistress, began to talk of love: but, finding that I answered him with such language as the impudence of his attempt deserved, he laid aside entreaties, by which, at first, he hoped to succeed, and resorted to force. But just Heaven, that seldom fails to regard and favour righteous intentions, favoured mine so effectually, that with the little

strength I possessed, I pushed him down a precipice, where I left him, I know not whether dead or alive ; and with more alertness than could be expected from my surprise and weariness, I plunged deeper into this desert, without any other thought or design than to hide myself from my father and those he had employed to search after me. There, I know not how many months since, I met with a shepherd, who took me into his service, and led me to his habitation, situated in the very heart of the mountain. I served him, till lately, as a shepherd's boy, endeavouring to be in the fields as much as possible, the better to conceal that hair, which has now so unexpectedly discovered me. But all my cares were to no purpose ; for my master finding my dress to be a disguise, the same wicked thoughts sprung up in his breast, that had possessed my servant ; and, as fortune does not always with the difficulty present the remedy, and I had now no rock nor precipice to rid me of the one, as before of the other, I thought it more advisable to leave him, and hide myself once more among these brakes and cliffs, than to venture a trial either of strength or dissuasion. Accordingly, I again betook myself to these wilds, where, without molestation, I might beseech Heaven, with sighs and tears, to have pity on my disconsolate state, and either assist me to struggle through it, or put an end to my life in this solitude, where no memory might remain of a wretched crea-

ture, who, without any fault of her own, has afforded matter of conversation and censure, in more than one city."

CHAP. II.

Which treats of the beautiful Dorothea's discretion, with other very ingenious and entertaining particulars.

"THIS, gentlemen, is the brief detail of my tragic story: and now judge, whether you might not reasonably have expected more sighs than those you have listened to, more complaining words than those you have heard, and more tears than have yet flowed from my eyes: the quality of my misfortune considered, you will perceive that all council is in vain, since a remedy is nowhere to be found. I have therefore nothing to ask of you, but what you easily can, and ought to grant; which is, that you would inform me where I may pass my days without the continual dread and apprehension of being discovered by my pursuers: for though I may depend on the love and affection of my parents for a kind reception, yet such is the shame that overwhelms me at the bare thought of their having altered their opinion to my prejudice, that I choose rather to banish myself for ever from their sight, than that I should appear before them, the object of hateful suspicion,

estranged, in their eyes, from that integrity they had such good reasons to expect from me."

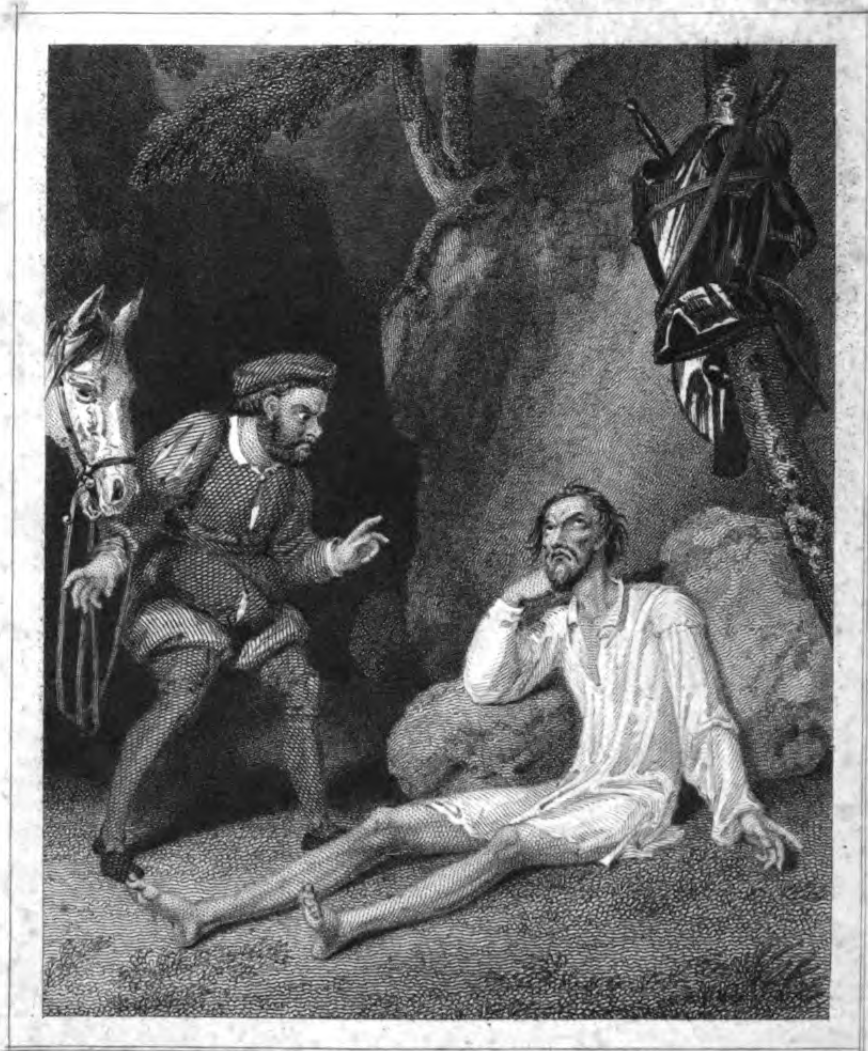
Here she left off speaking, and her face, overspread with blushes, plainly evinced the confusion and agony of her soul. The hearers felt in theirs no less pity than admiration at her misfortune; and the priest was about to offer comfort and counsel, when Cardenio thus addressed her. "It seems then, madam, you are the beautiful Dorothea, only daughter of the rich Clenardo." Dorothea was surprised at hearing her father's name uttered by so miserable a being; for we have already noticed how wretchedly Cardenio was apparelled; and said to him, "Pray, sir, who are you, that are so well acquainted with my father's name? for, if I remember right, I have not mentioned it in the account of my misfortune." Cardenio answered, "I am that unfortunate person, whom, according to your narrative, Lucinda owned to be her husband. I am the unhappy Cardenio, whom the base actions of the man who has reduced you to the state you are in, have brought to the woful plight in which you now see me, ragged, naked, destitute of all human comfort; and, what is worst of all, deprived of reason; for I enjoy it only when Heaven is pleased to bestow it for a short interval. I am he, who was an eye-witness of the wrong Don Fernando did me; and heard, in concealment, the fatal words, 'I will,' by which Lucinda confirmed herself his wife. I am he, who had not

the courage to wait the result of her swooning, nor what followed the discovery of the paper in her bosom ; for my soul was unable to bear such accumulated misfortunes ; and therefore I abandoned the house and my patience together ; and, leaving a letter with my host, whom I entreated to deliver it into Lucinda's own hands, betook myself to these solitudes, with the resolution of ending here my life, which, from that moment, I have abhorred as my mortal enemy. But fate would not second my wishes, contenting itself with depriving me of my understanding, perhaps to reserve me for the good fortune I have had in meeting with you ; and, as I have no reason to doubt the truth of what you have related, Heaven, peradventure, may have destined for us both a better issue out of our misfortunes, than we imagine : for, since Lucinda cannot marry Don Fernando, because she is mine, as she has publicly declared, nor Don Fernando Lucinda, because he is yours, there is still room for us to hope, that Providence will restore to each of us our own, since it is not yet alienated, nor lost beyond recovery. And, since we have this consolation, not arising from vague and distant hopes, nor founded in extravagant conceits, I entreat you, madam, to entertain in your honourable thoughts, other resolutions, as I intend to do in mine, preparing yourself to expect better fortune. For I swear to you, by the faith of a gentleman and a christian, not to forsake you, till I see you

in possession of Don Fernando ; and, if I cannot, by fair means, persuade him to acknowledge what he owes to you, then will I take the liberty, allowed me by my station in life, of calling him to an account with my sword for the wrong he has done you ; regardless of the injuries to myself, the revenge of which I will leave to Heaven, that I may the sooner redress yours upon earth."

Dorothea, in perfect amazement at what Cardenio said, and, not knowing what thanks to return him for such great and generous offers, would have thrown herself at his feet, to have kissed them ; but Cardenio would by no means suffer the condescension. The licentiate, answering for both, approved of Cardenio's manly determination, and earnestly besought them to accompany him to his village, where they might furnish themselves with whatever they wanted, and consult how to find Don Fernando, or conduct Dorothea to her parents, or do whatever else might be deemed expedient. Cardenio and Dorothea thanked him, and accepted of the favour he offered them. The barber, who all this time had stood silent, and in suspense, paid also his compliment, and, with no less good-will than the priest, made them a tender of whatever services were in his power. He told them also, briefly, the occasion that had brought them thither, with the strange derangement of Don Quixote, and that they were then waiting for his squire, who was gone to seek him. Cardenio, as if it had been a





Drawn by R. Westall R.A.

Page 27.

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DON QUIXOTE.

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dream, instantly recollected his quarrel with the knight, which he related to the company, but could not recollect from what circumstance it had proceeded.

At this instant a voice was heard, and the priest and the barber knowing it to be that of Sancho Panza, who, not finding them where he had left them, was calling as loud as he could; they went forward to meet him, and asking him after his master, he told them, that he had found him naked to his shirt, feeble, wan, half dead with hunger, and sighing for his lady Dulcinea; and though he had told him, that it was her express command that he should quit that place, and repair to Toboso, where she impatiently expected him, his answer was, that he was determined not to appear before her beauty, until he had performed exploits that might render him worthy of her favour: and, if his master persisted in that humour, he would run a risk of never becoming an emperor, as in honour bound, nor even an archbishop, which was the least he could expect; and he therefore entreated them to consider what was to be done to turn him from his purpose. The licentiate bid him be in no pain about that matter; for they would devise some means of drawing him from his retreat, whether he would or no.

He then explained to Cardenio and Dorothea, the scheme they had contrived for Don Quixote's cure, or at least for decoying him back to his own house.

Upon which Dorothea said, that the part of the distressed damsel would better become her than the barber, especially as she had a woman's apparel, with which she could act it to the life; and they need not fear her performing what was necessary for carrying on their design, as she had read many books of chivalry, and was well acquainted with the style the distressed damsels were wont to use, when they begged their boons of the knights-errant. "Then we have no more to do," quoth the priest, "than to put the project into immediate execution; for, doubtless, fortune declares in our favour, since she has unexpectedly opened a door for your relief, and furnished us so readily with what we stood in need of." Dorothea then took out of her pillow-case a petticoat of very rich stuff, and a mantle of fine green silk; and, from a casket, a necklace, and other jewels, with which, in an instant, she adorned herself in such a manner, that she had all the appearance of a rich and magnificent lady. All these, and other ornaments, she said, she had brought from home, to provide against what might happen; but as yet she had had no occasion to make use of them. Every one was delighted with the gracefulness of her person, the gaiety of her disposition, and her extraordinary beauty; and they agreed unanimously, that Don Fernando must be a man of little judgment or taste, who could slight so much excellence. But the greatest admirer of the party was Sancho Panza, who thought,

and it was really so, that in all the days of his life, he had never seen so handsome a creature ; and he therefore earnestly desired the priest to tell him, who she was, and what she was looking for in these outlandish places ? “ This beautiful lady, friend Sancho,” answered the priest, “ is, to say the least of her, heiress, in the direct male line, of the great kingdom of Micomicon ; and she comes hither, to beg a boon of your master ; which is, to redress a wrong or injury done her by a wicked giant : for such is the fame of your master’s prowess, which is spread over all Guinea, that it has brought this princess from thence to seek him.” “ A happy seeking, and a happy finding,” quoth Sancho Panza, with delight ; “ and especially, if my master prove so fortunate as to redress that injury, and right that wrong, by killing that whoreson giant you mention ; and kill him he certainly will, if he encounter him, unless he be a goblin ; for my master has no power at all over goblins. But one thing, among others, I would beg of your worship, signor licentiate, which is, that you would not let my master take it into his head to be an archbishop, which is what I fear, but that you would advise him to marry this princess out of hand, and then he will be disqualified to receive archiepiscopal orders ; and so he will come with ease to his kingdom, and I to the end of my wishes : for I have considered the matter well, and find, by my account, it will not be convenient for me, that my master

should be an archbishop ; for I am unfit for the church, as being a married man ; and for me to be now going about to procure dispensations for holding church-livings, having, as I have, a wife and children, would be an endless piece of work. So that, sir, the whole business rests upon my master's marrying this lady out of hand. I do not yet know her grace, and therefore do not call her by her name." "The princess Micomicona is her title," replied the priest ; "for her kingdom being called Micomicon, it is clear she must be called after it." "There is no doubt of that," answered Sancho ; "for I have known many take their title and surname from the place of their birth, as, Pedro de Alcala, John de Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid ; and, for ought I know, it may be the custom, yonder, in Guinea, for queens to take the names of their kingdoms." "It is certainly so," said the priest ; "and, as to your master's marrying, I will promote it to the utmost of my power." With which assurance Sancho rested as well satisfied, as the priest was amazed at his simplicity, when he found how strongly the same absurdities were rivetted in his fancy as in his master's, since he could so firmly persuade himself, that Don Quixote would, one time or other, come to be an emperor.

Dorothea having now mounted upon the priest's mule, and the barber fitted to his chin the ox-tail beard, they desired Sancho to conduct them to the place where Don Quixote was, cautioning him not to

say he knew the licentiate or the barber, since the success of his master's coming to be an emperor depended upon this circumstance. Neither the priest nor Cardenio would accompany them; the latter, that he might not put Don Quixote in mind of the quarrel he had had with him; and the priest, because his presence was not then necessary: they therefore let them go on before, while they followed themselves, fair and softly, on foot. The priest would have instructed Dorothea in her part; but she assured him, he need not give himself the trouble, for she would perform it to a tittle, observing the precise rules and precepts of chivalry.

They had not proceeded above three-quarters of a league, when, among some intricate rocks, they discovered Don Quixote, by this time clothed, but not armed: and as soon as Dorothea was informed by Sancho, that was his master, she whipped on her palfrey, being attended by the well-bearded barber, who, when she was near Don Quixote, threw himself from his mule, to help her to alight; but she dismounting nimbly, was in an instant on her knees, at the knight's feet; whom, regardless of his polite attempts to raise her, she addressed in these words:

“ Never will I rise from this place, O valorous and redoubted knight, until your goodness and courtesy shall vouchsafe me a boon, which will redound to the honour and glory of your person, and to the weal of the most disconsolate and aggrieved damsel

the sun has ever beheld. And if it be so, that the valour of your puissant arm be correspondent to the voice of your immortal fame, you are obliged to protect an unhappy wight, who, led by the odour of your renown, is come from regions so remote, to seek at your hands a remedy for her misfortunes." "I will not answer you a word, fair lady," replied Don Quixote, "nor will I hear a single circumstance of your business, until you rise from the ground." "I will not rise, signor," answered the afflicted damsel, "if, by your courtesy, the boon I beg be not first vouchsafed me." "I do vouchsafe, and grant it," answered Don Quixote, "provided my compliance therewith be of no detriment or disservice to my king, my country, or her who keeps the key of my heart and liberty." "It will not be to the prejudice or disservice of any of these, dear sir," replied the doleful damsel. As she said this, Sancho Panza approached his master's ear, and said to him, in a whisper, "Your worship, sir, may very safely grant the boon she asks; for it is a mere trifle; only to kill a great lubberly giant: and she, who begs it, is the mighty princess Micomicona, queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon in Æthiopia." "Let her be who she will," answered Don Quixote, "I shall do what is my duty, and what my conscience dictates, in conformity to the rules of my profession:" and, turning himself to the damsel, he said, "Fairest lady, arise; for I vouchsafe you whatever boon you

ask." "Then, what I ask," said the damsel, "is, that your magnanimous person will go with me, whither I will conduct you; and that you will promise me not to engage in any other adventure, or comply with any other demand whatever, until you have avenged me on a traitor, who, against all right, human and divine, has usurped my kingdom." "I repeat it, that I grant your request," answered Don Quixote; "and therefore, lady, from this day forward shake off the melancholy that depresses you, and let your fainting hopes recover fresh spirit and vigour: for, by the help of God, and of my arm, you shall soon see yourself restored to your kingdom, and seated on the throne of your ancient and high estate, in despite of all the miscreants that shall oppose it: and therefore all hands to the work; for most true is the common observation, that in delay lurks danger." The distressed damsel would fain have kissed his hands; but Don Quixote, who was in every thing a most gallant and courteous knight, would by no means consent to it, but, raising her up, embraced her with much politeness and respect, and ordered Sancho to get Rozinante ready, and help him on with his armour instantly. Sancho took down the arms, which were hung like a trophy on a tree, and, having adjusted Rozinante's girths, quickly equipped his master; who, finding himself armed, "Now," said he, "let us go hence, in God's name, to succour and avenge this great lady." The barber was still

kneeling, and had enough to do to forbear laughing, and keep his beard from falling off, which, had it happened, would probably have occasioned the miscarriage of their ingenious device; and seeing that the boon was already granted, and with what alacrity Don Quixote prepared himself to accomplish it, he got up, and taking his lady by one hand, Don Quixote having hold of the other, between them they set her upon the mule again. Immediately the knight mounted Rozinante, and the barber settled himself upon his beast. Sancho remained on foot; which renewed his grief for the loss of his Dapple: but he bore it cheerfully, with the thought that his master was now in the ready road, and just upon the point, of being an emperor: for he made no doubt that he would marry that princess, and be at least king of Micomicon; one thing, however, troubled him, which was that the kingdom was in the land of Negroes, and that the people, who would be his subjects, were all blacks: but he presently bethought himself of a special remedy for this, and said to himself, "What care I, if my subjects be blacks? what have I to do, but to ship them off for Spain, where I may sell them for ready money; with which money I may buy some title or employment; and on which title and employment live at my ease all the days of my life? No! sleep on, dolt, and have neither sense nor capacity to manage matters, nor to sell thirty or ten thousand slaves in the turn of a hand.¹ Before God, I will

make them fly, little and big, or as I can: and, let them be never so black, I will transform them into white and yellow: let me alone to lick my own fingers." With these conceits he went on, so busied, and so satisfied, that he forgot the pain of travelling on foot.

Cardenio and the priest, who had beheld all this from behind the bushes, were now at a loss how to contrive to join companies: but the priest, who was a grand schemist, soon hit upon an expedient; for, with a pair of scissors, which he carried in a case, he whipped off Cardenio's beard in an instant; then put him on a grey capouch, and gave him his own black cloke, himself remaining in his breeches and doublet: and so different now was the tattered cavalier's figure from what he appeared before, that, though he had looked in a glass, he would not have known himself. While they were thus disguising themselves, the knight and party had jogged on to a considerable distance before them, yet they easily contrived to reach the high road first; for the stones and narrowness of the way would not permit those on horseback to go on so fast as those on foot. In short, they reached the plain at the foot of the mountain; and, when Don Quixote and his company came up, the priest begun to gaze at him very earnestly for some time, exhibiting signs as if he was endeavouring to recollect him; and then ran to him with open arms, crying aloud, "In happy hour are you met, mirror of chivalry, my noble countryman Don Quixote

de la Mancha, the flower and cream of gentility, the shelter and relief of the needy, the quintessence of knights-errant!" And he embraced Don Quixote by the knee of his left leg; who, being amazed at what he saw and heard, set himself to consider him attentively. At length he knew him, and, surprised to see him in that place, made no small effort to dismount; but the priest would not suffer it: whereupon Don Quixote said, "Permit me, signor licentiate, to alight; for it is not fit that I should be on horseback, and so reverend a person as your worship on foot." "I will by no means consent to it," said the priest; "let your greatness continue on horseback; for on horseback you achieve the greatest exploits and adventures that our age hath beheld: as for me, who am a priest, though unworthy, it will suffice me to get up behind this gentleman, who travels in your worship's company, if it be not too troublesome to him; and I shall fancy myself mounted on Pegasus, or a Zebra,² or the sprightly courser bestrid by the famous Moor Muzaraque, who lies to this day enchanted in the great mountain Zulema, not far distant from the grand Compluto."³ "I did not think of that expedient, dear signor licentiate," said Don Quixote; "and I know, my lady the princess will, for my sake, order her squire to accommodate you with the saddle of his mule; and he may ride behind, if the beast will carry double." "I believe she will," answered the princess; "and I know, as to my squire, it will be

needless to lay my commands upon him ; for he is so courteous and well-bred, that he will not suffer an ecclesiastic to go on foot, when he may ride." " Very true, and please your majesty," answered the barber ; and alighting in an instant, he complimented the priest with the saddle, which was accepted without further entreaty. But it unluckily happened, that as the barber was getting up behind, the mule, which was no other than a hackney, and consequently a vicious jade, flung up her hind-legs twice or thrice into the air ; and had they met with master Nicholas's breast or head, he would have given his rambling after Don Quixote to the devil. As it was, he was so frightened that he tumbled to the ground, with so little heed of his beard, that it fell off ; and perceiving himself without it, he had no other shift but to cover his face with both hands, and to cry out that his jaw-bone was broken. Don Quixote, seeing such a mass of beard, without jaws, and without blood, lying at a distance from the face of the fallen squire, said : " Sinner that I am, this is very wonderful ! no barber could have shaved off this beard more clean and smooth." The priest, who saw the danger their project was in of being discovered, immediately picked up the beard, and ran with it to master Nicholas, who still lay bemoaning himself ; and holding his head close to his breast, at one jerk he fixed it on again, muttering over him some words, which he said were a specific charm for fastening on beards,

as they should soon see: and when all was adjusted, he left him, and the squire remained as well bearded, and as whole, as before: at which Don Quixote marvelled greatly, and desired the priest, when he had leisure, to teach him that charm; for he was of opinion, that its virtue must extend farther than to the fastening-on of beards, since it was clear, that where the beard was torn off, the flesh must be left wounded and bloody, and since it wrought a perfect cure, it must be good for other things besides beards. "It is so," said the priest, and he promised to teach it him the very first opportunity. They now agreed that the priest should have the first use of the mule, and that they should all three ride by turns, till they came to the inn, which was about two leagues off.

The three being mounted, that is to say, Don Quixote, the princess, and the priest; and the other three on foot, to wit, Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho Panza; Don Quixote said to the damsel, "Your highness, madam, will be pleased to lead on which way you like best." And before she could reply, the licentiate said, "Toward what kingdom would your ladyship go? toward that of Micomicon, I presume: for it must be thither you are bound, or I know little of kingdoms." She, being perfect in her lesson, knew very well she was to answer in the affirmative, and therefore said, "Yes, signor, my way lies toward that kingdom." "If it be so," said the priest, "you

must pass through our village ; and from thence must go straight to Carthage, where you may take shipping in God's name ; and, if you have a fair wind, a smooth sea, and no storms, in little less than nine years you may get sight of the great lake Meona, I mean Meotis, which is little more than an hundred days journey on this side of your highness's kingdom." " You are mistaken, good sir," said she ; " for it is not two years since I left it ; and though, in truth, I had very bad weather during the whole passage, hither I am arrived, and I behold with my eyes, what I so much longed for, namely, signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, the fame of whose valour reached my ears the moment I set foot in Spain, and put me upon seeking him out, that I might recommend myself to his courtesy, and commit the justice of my cause to the valour of his invincible arm." " No more ; cease your compliments," said Don Quixote, " for I am an enemy to every kind of flattery ; and though this be not flattery, still my chaste ears are offended at such discourse. What I can say, dear madam, is, that whether I have valour or not, what I have, or have not, shall be employed in your service, even to the loss of my life : and so, leaving these things to a proper time, I desire that signor the licentiate would tell me, what has brought him into these parts, so alone, so unattended, and so lightly clad, that I cannot withhold my surprise." " To this I shall answer briefly," replied the priest. " Your

worship, then, is to know, signor Don Quixote, that I, and master Nicholas, our friend and barber, were going to Seville, to receive some money, which a relation of mine, who went many years ago to the Indies, had sent me: and it was no inconsiderable sum; for it was above sixty thousand pieces of eight, all of due weight, which is no trivial matter: and passing yesterday through these parts, we were set upon by four highway robbers, who stripped us of all we had, to our very beards, and in such a manner, that the barber thought it expedient to put on a counterfeit one; and as for this youth here," pointing to Cardenio, "you see how they have transformed his.⁴ And the best of the story is, that it is publicly reported in this neighbourhood, that the persons who robbed us were certain galley-slaves, who, they say, were set at liberty near this very place, by a man so valiant, that he did it in spite of the commissary and all his guards: and, without doubt, he must needs have been out of his senses, or as great a rogue as they, or one void of all conscience and humanity, that could thus turn loose the wolf among the sheep, the fox among the hens, and the wasps among the honey. He has defrauded justice of her due, and has set himself up against his king and natural lord, by acting against his lawful authority: he has, I say, disabled the galleys of their hands, and disturbed the many years repose of the holy brotherhood: in a word, he has done a deed, whereby he may lose his soul,

and not gain his body." Sancho had related to the priest and the barber the adventure of the galley-slaves, achieved with so much glory by his master; and therefore the priest laid it on thick in the relation, to see what effect it would produce upon Don Quixote; whose colour changed at every word, and yet he durst not own that he had been the deliverer of those worthy gentlemen. "Such," said the priest, "were the persons that robbed us; and God of his mercy pardon him who prevented their being carried to the punishment they so richly deserved."

CHAP. III.

Which treats of the pleasant and ingenious method of drawing our enamoured knight from the very rigorous penance he had imposed on himself.

SCARCELY had the priest done speaking, when Sancho said, "Then, by my troth, signor licentiate, it was my master who did this feat; not but that I gave him fair warning, and advised him to beware what he did, and that it was a sin to set them at liberty, for that they were all going to the galleys for being most notorious villains." "Blockhead," said Don Quixote, "knights-errant have nothing to do, nor does it concern them, to inquire whether the afflicted, enchained, and oppressed, whom they meet upon the road, are reduced to those circumstances, or

that distress, by their faults, or their misfortunes: they are bound to assist them merely as being in distress, and to regard their sufferings alone, not their crimes. I chanced to light on a bead-roll and string of miserable wretches, and did by them what my profession requires of me; and for the rest I care not: and whoever takes it amiss, saving the holy dignity of signor the licentiate, and his honourable person, I say, he knows little of the principles of chivalry, and lies like a base-born son of a whore: and this I will make good with my sword in the most ample manner:" and he fixed himself in his stirrups, and let down the visor of his helmet; for the barber's bason, which to his fancy was Mambrino's helmet, hung at his saddle-bow, till the damage it had received from the galley-slaves could be repaired.

Dorothea, who was of a pleasant and facetious disposition, already perceiving Don Quixote's infirmity, and that every body, except Sancho Panza, made a jest of him, resolved not to be behindhand with the rest; and seeing his indignation thus raised, said to him, "Sir knight, be pleased to remember the boon you have promised me, and that you are thereby engaged not to intermeddle in any other adventure, be it ever so urgent: therefore assuage your wrath; for if signor the licentiate had known that the galley-slaves were freed by that invincible arm, he would sooner have sewed up his mouth with three stitches, and thrice have bit his tongue, than he would have

said a word that might redound to the disparagement of your worship." "I would so, I swear," quoth the priest, "and even have pulled off a mustachio to boot." "I will say no more, madam," said Don Quixote; "and I will repress the just indignation raised in my breast, and go on peaceably and quietly, until I have accomplished for you the promised boon. But, in requital of this good intention, I beseech you to tell me, if it be not too much trouble, what is the nature of your grievance, and who, how many, and of what description, are the persons on whom I must take due, satisfactory, and complete revenge." "That I will do, with all my heart," answered Dorothea, "if it will not prove tedious and wearisome to you to hear nothing but afflictions and misfortunes." "Not at all, dear madam," answered Don Quixote. To which Dorothea replied, "Since it is so, pray favour me with your attention." She had no sooner said this, but Cardenio and the barber placed themselves on each side of her, to hear what kind of story her ingenuity would invent. The same did Sancho, who was as much deceived about her as his master. And, after having settled herself well in her saddle, given a hem or two, and other preparatory airs, with much sprightliness she began thus.

"In the first place, you must know, gentlemen, that my name is ——" Here she stopped short, having forgotten the name which the priest had given her: but he soon helped her out; for he knew

what was the difficulty, and said, "It is no wonder, madam, that your highness should be disturbed, and in confusion, at recounting your misfortunes; for they are often of such a nature as to deprive us of our memory, and make us forget our very names; as they have now done by your ladyship, who have forgotten that you are called the princess Micomicona, rightful heiress of the great kingdom of Micomicon: and with this intimation your grandeur may easily bring back to your doleful remembrance whatever you have a mind to relate." "You are in the right," answered Dorothea, "and I believe I shall be able to conduct my history to a conclusion without farther prompting.

"My father, who was called Tinacrio the Wise, was deeply versed in what is called the magic art, and knew, by his skill therein, that my mother, the queen Xaramilla, would die before him, and that he himself must, soon after, depart this life; by which I should be left an orphan, deprived both of father and mother. But this, he used to say, did not trouble him so much as the fore-knowledge he had, that a monstrous giant, lord of a great island, nearly bordering upon our kingdom, called Pandafilando of the gloomy aspect; for it is averred, that, though his eyes stand right, and in their proper place, he always looks askew, as if he squinted; and this he does out of pure malignity, to scare and frighten those he looks at: I say, my father knew that this

giant would take the advantage of my being an orphan, and invade my kingdom with a mighty force, and take it all from me, without leaving me the smallest village to hide my head in: but that it would be in my power to avoid all this ruin and misfortune, by marrying him; though, as far as he could learn, he never believed I would hearken to so unequal a match: and in this he said the truth, for it never entered into my head to marry this giant, nor any other, though never so huge in bulk, or unmeasurable in height. My father therefore advised, that, after his death, when I should find Pandafilando beginning to invade my kingdom, I should not stay to make any defence against his attempts, for that would be my ruin; but, if I would avoid death, and prevent the total destruction of my faithful and loyal subjects, my best way would be, freely to leave the kingdom to him without opposition, since it would not be possible for me to defend myself against the hellish power of the giant; and immediately to set out, with a few attendants, for Spain, where I should find a remedy for my distress, by meeting with a knight-errant, whose fame, about that time, would extend itself over the whole kingdom,¹ and whose name, if I remember right, would be Don Acote, or Don Gigote.”² “Don Quixote, you would say, madam,” quoth Sancho Panza, “or as others call him, the knight of the rueful countenance.” “The very same,” said Dorothea. “He said farther,

that he would be a tall and thin-visaged person, and that, on his right side, under the left shoulder, or thereabouts, he would have a grey mole, with hairs like bristles."

Don Quixote, hearing this, said to his squire, "Come hither, son Sancho, and help me to strip: I would fain know whether I am the knight prophesied of by that wise king." "Why would you pull off your clothes, sir?" said Dorothea. "To ascertain whether I have the mole your father spoke of," answered Don Quixote. "You need not strip," said Sancho; "I know you have a mole, with those same marks, on the ridge of your back, which is a sign of being a strong man."³ "It is enough," said Dorothea; "for among friends, we must not stand upon trifles; and whether it be on the shoulder, or on the back bone, is of little importance; suffice it that there is a mole, let it be where it will, since it is all the same flesh: and doubtless my good father rightly hit the mark in every thing; nor have I aimed amiss in recommending myself to signor Don Quixote; for he must be the knight of whom my father spoke, since the features of his face correspond, as well as the extent of his fame, which resounds not only in Spain, but through the whole province of La Mancha:⁴ for I was hardly landed in Ossuna, before I heard so many exploits of his recounted, that my mind immediately suggested to me, that he must be the very person I came to seek." "But, dear madam,

how came you to land at Ossuna?" answered Don Quixote, "since it is no sea-port town." ⁵ But, before Dorothea could reply, the priest interposing said, "Doubtless the princess meant to say, that, after she had landed at Malaga, the first place where she heard news of your worship was Ossuna." "That was my meaning," said Dorothea. "Nothing is more plain," quoth the priest; "please your majesty to proceed." "I have little more to add," replied Dorothea, "but, that having at last had the good fortune to meet with signor Don Quixote, I already look upon myself as queen, and mistress of my whole dominion; since, out of his courtesy and munificence, he has promised, in compliance with the boon I requested, to go with me wherever I please to conduct him; which shall be only where he may have a sight of Pandafilando of the gloomy aspect, that he may slay him, and restore to me what that wretch has so unjustly usurped: for all this is to come about with the greatest ease, according to the prophecy of the wise Tinacrio, my good father; who, moreover, left it written in letters Chaldean or Greek, for I cannot read them, that, if this knight of the prophecy, after he has cut off the giant's head, should have a mind to marry me, I should immediately submit to be his lawful wife, without any reply, and give him possession of my kingdom, together with my person." ⁶

"What thinkest thou now? friend Sancho," quoth Don Quixote: "dost thou not hear what passes?"

did not I tell thee so? see whether we have not now a kingdom to command, and a queen to marry." "I swear it is so," quoth Sancho, "and pox take him for a son of a whore, who will not marry as soon as signor Pandafilando's weason is cut. About it then: her majesty's a dainty bit; I wish all the fleas in my bed were no worse." And so saying, he cut a couple of capers, with signs of very great joy; and presently, laying hold of the reins of Dorothea's mule, and making her stop, he fell down upon his knees before her, beseeching her to give him her hand to kiss, in token that he acknowledged her for his queen and mistress. Which of the by-standers, seeing the madness of the master, and the simplicity of the man, could forbear laughing? In short, Dorothea held out her hand to him, and promised to make him a grandee in her kingdom, when Heaven should be so propitious as to put her again in possession of it. Sancho returned thanks in terms which served to increase the mirth of the company.

"This, gentlemen," continued Dorothea, "is my history: it remains only to tell you, that of all the attendants I brought with me out of my kingdom, I have none left but this honest squire with the long beard; for the rest were all drowned in a violent storm, which overtook us when in sight of the port. He and I got ashore on a couple of planks, as it were by miracle; and indeed the whole progress of my life is miracle and mystery, as you may have ob-

served. And if I have exceeded in any thing, or not been so exact as I ought to have been, let it be imputed to what signor the licentiate said, at the beginning of my story, that continual and extraordinary troubles deprive the sufferers of their very memory." "I will preserve mine, O high and worthy lady," said Don Quixote, "under the greatest that can befall me in your service; and again I confirm the promise I have made you, and swear to bear you company to the end of the world, until I come to grapple with that fierce enemy of yours, whose proud head I intend, by the help of God, and of this my arm, to cut off, with the edge of this, I will not say good, sword—thanks to Gines de Passamonte, who carried off my own:"⁷ which he muttered between his teeth, and then went on saying, "And, after having cut it off, and put you into peaceable possession of your dominions, it shall be left to your own will to dispose of your person as you shall think proper; since, while my memory is taken up, my will enthralled, and my understanding subjected, to her who—I say no more, but it is impossible I should prevail upon myself so much as to think of marrying, though it were a phoenix."

What Don Quixote hinted last, about not marrying, was so displeasing to Sancho, that, in a great fury, he said, raising his voice, "I vow and swear, signor Don Quixote, your worship cannot be in your right senses: how else is it possible you should

scruple to marry so high a princess as this lady is? Think you, fortune is to offer you, at every turn, such good luck as she now offers? Is my lady Dulcinea more beautiful? no indeed, not by half! nay, I could almost say, she is not worthy to tie this lady's shoe-string. I am like, indeed, to get the earldom I expect, if your worship stands fishing for mushrooms in the bottom of the sea! Marry, marry, out of hand, in the devil's name, and take this kingdom that is ready to drop into your mouth; and, when you are a king, make me a marquis, or a lord-lieutenant, and then the devil take all the rest if he will." Don Quixote, hearing such blasphemies against his lady Dulcinea, could not bear it; and, lifting up his lance, without speaking a word, or giving the least warning,⁸ discharged upon Sancho two such blows, that he was laid flat on the ground; and, had not Dorothea called out to him to hold his hand, doubtless he had killed him on the spot. "Thinkest thou," said he to him, after some pause, "pitiful scoundrel, that I am always to stand with my hands in my pockets, and that there is nothing to be done but transgressing on thy side, and pardoning on mine? never believe it, excommunicated varlet; for so doubtless thou art, since thou hast dared to speak ill of the peerless Dulcinea. Knowest thou not, rustic, slave, beggar, that, were it not for the strength she infuses into my arm, I should not have enough to kill a flea? Tell me, envenomed scoffer, who, thinkest

thou, has gained this kingdom, and cut off the head of this giant, and made thee a marquis, for all this I look upon as already done, but the valour of Dulcinea, employing my arm as the instrument of her exploits? she fights in me, and overcomes in me; and in her I live and breathe, and of her I hold my life and being. O whoreson villain! what ingratitude, when thou seest thyself exalted from the dust of the earth to the title of a lord, to make so base a return for so great a benefit, as to speak contemptuously of the hand that raised thee!" Sancho was not so much hurt, but that he heard all his master said to him; and getting up as nimbly as he could, he ran behind Dorothea's palfrey, and from thence said to his master, "Pray, sir, if you are resolved not to marry this princess, it is plain the kingdom will not be yours; and in that case, what favours will you be able to bestow on me? this is what I complain of. Marry her, sir, once for all, now we have her, as it were, rained down upon us from Heaven, and you may still converse with my lady Dulcinea; for it is no new thing for kings to keep misses. As to the matter of beauty, I have nothing to say to that; for, if I must speak the truth, I really think them both very well to pass, though I never saw the lady Dulcinea in my life." "How! never saw her, blasphemous traitor!" said Don Quixote: "hast thou not just brought me a message from her?" "I say, I did not see her so leisurely," said Sancho, "as to

take particular notice of her beauty, and her features, piece by piece; but take her altogether, she looks well enough." "Now I excuse thee," said Don Quixote, and do thou pardon what I did in my displeasure; for the first motions are not in our own power." "I have found it so," answered Sancho; "and so in me, the desire of talking is always a first motion, and I cannot forbear uttering, for once at least, whatever comes to my tongue's end." "For all that," quoth Don Quixote, "take heed, Sancho, what thou utterest; for the pitcher goes so often to the well—I say no more." "Well then," answered Sancho, "God is in Heaven, who sees all guiles, and shall be judge who does most harm, I, in not speaking well, or your worship in not doing so." "Let there be no more of this," said Dorothea; "run, Sancho, and kiss your master's hand, and ask him forgiveness; and henceforward go more warily to work with your praises and dispraises; and speak no ill of that lady Toboso, whom I do not know any otherwise than as I am her humble servant; and put your trust in God, for there will not be wanting an estate for you to live upon like a prince." Sancho went hanging his head, and begged his master's hand, which he gave him with great gravity; and, when he had kissed it, Don Quixote gave him his blessing, and told him he would have him get on a little before, for he had some questions to put to him, and wanted to talk with him about some matters of great

consequence. Sancho did so; and, when they were a little before the rest, Don Quixote said, "Since thy return, I have had neither opportunity nor leisure to inquire after many particulars concerning the message I sent, and the answer thou hast brought back; and now, that fortune affords us time and leisure, do not deny me the satisfaction thy agreeable intelligence will afford me." "Ask me what questions you please, sir," answered Sancho: "I warrant I shall get out as well as I got in. But I beseech your worship, dear sir, not to be so very revengeful for the future." "Why dost thou press that, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote. "Because," replied Sancho, "the blows you were pleased to bestow on me, even now, were rather on account of the quarrel the devil raised between us the other night, than for what I said against my lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence, like any relic, though she be not one, only as she belongs to your worship." "No more of these discourses, Sancho, on thy life," said Don Quixote; "for they offend me: I forgave thee before, and thou knowest the common saying, For a new sin a new penance."

While they were thus talking, they saw, coming towards them, a man riding upon an ass; whom, when he came nearer, they supposed to be a gipsy: but Sancho Panza, who, wherever he saw an ass, had his eyes and his soul fixed there, no sooner beheld the man, than he knew him to be Gines de Pas-

samonte, and, by the clue of the gipsy, found the bottom of his ass; for it was really Dapple upon which Passamonte rode; who, that he might not be known, and that he might sell the ass the better, had put himself into the garb of a gipsy, whose language, as well as several others, he could speak as readily as if they were his own native tongue. Sancho saw and knew him; and scarcely had he seen and known him, when he cried out to him aloud, "Ah, rogue Ginesillo, leave my darling, let go my life, rob me not of my repose, quit my ass, leave my delight; fly, whoreson; get you gone, thief, and relinquish what is not your own." There needed not so much noise and railing; for, at the first word, Gines nimbly dismounted, and, taking to his heels, as if it had been a race, was gone in an instant, and out of reach of them all. Sancho ran to his Dapple, and, embracing him, said, "How hast thou done, my dearest Dapple, delight of my eyes, my sweet companion?" Then he kissed and caressed him, as if he had been a human creature. The ass held his peace, and suffered himself to be kissed and caressed by Sancho, without answering a word. The whole company wished him joy on the recovery of Dapple; especially Don Quixote, who assured him, that he did not, for all this, revoke the order for the three colts; for which Sancho thanked him heartily.

While this passed, the priest told Dorothea, that she had performed her part very ingeniously, as

well in the contrivance of the story, as in its brevity, and the resemblance it bore to chivalrous narrations. She replied, that she had often amused herself with reading such kind of books, but that she did not know the situation of provinces or of sea-ports, and therefore had said at a venture, that she landed at Ossuna. "I guessed so," said the priest, "and therefore I immediately said what you heard, which set all right again. But is it not strange, to see how readily this unhappy gentleman believes all these inventions and lies, only because they resemble the style and manner of his foolish books?" "It is, indeed," said Cardenio, "and so rare, and unprecedented, that I much question whether the power of invention, had it made the attempt, could have succeeded in delineating such a character."⁹ "There is another circumstance remarkable in the case of this honest gentleman," said the priest; "which is, that setting aside the follies he utters in every thing relating to his madness, he can discourse very sensibly upon other points, and seems to have a clear and settled judgment in all things; insomuch, that if you do not touch him upon the subject of chivalries, you would never suspect but that he had a sound understanding."

While the priest and his party were engaged in this conversation, Don Quixote proceeded in his, and said to Sancho, "Friend Panza, let us forget what is past,¹⁰ and tell me now, all rancour and

animosity apart, where, how, and when did you find Dulcinea? what was she doing? what did you say to her? what answer did she return? how did she look, when she read my letter? who transcribed it for you? and whatever else, in this case, is worth knowing, inquiring after, or being satisfied in, inform me of all, without adding any false circumstances to give me pleasure, or curtailing aught to deprive me of any satisfaction." "Sir," answered Sancho, "if I must tell the truth, nobody transcribed the letter for me; for I carried no letter at all." "That is very true," quoth Don Quixote, "for I found the pocket-book I had written it in, two days after thy departure; which troubled me exceedingly, not knowing what thou wouldst do, having no letter; and I still believed thou wouldst come back, as soon as thou shouldst discover the mistake." "So I should have done," answered Sancho, "had I not got it by heart, when your worship read it to me, and so perfectly, that I repeated it to a parish-clerk, who wrote it down, as I dictated it, so exactly, that he said, though he had read many letters of excommunication, he had never seen or read so pretty a letter as that in all the days of his life." "And hast thou it still by heart, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "No, sir," answered Sancho: "for after I had delivered it, seeing it was to be of no farther use, I forgot it on purpose; and if any part remain in my remembrance, it is that of 'the high and subterrane,' I mean 'sovereign, lady,'

and the conclusion, 'thine, until death, the knight of the rueful countenance:' and, between these two things, I put above three hundred souls and lives, and dear eyes."

CHAP. IV.

Of the relishing conversation which passed between Don Quixote and his squire Sancho Panza, with other accidents.

"ALL this does not displease me; go on," said Don Quixote. "You arrived; and what was that queen of beauty doing? Without doubt, you found her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device, with threads of gold, for this her captive knight." "No, I did not," answered Sancho; "but I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a back-yard of her house." "Then make account," said Don Quixote, "that the grains of that wheat were so many grains of pearl, when touched by her hands. And didst thou take notice, friend, whether the wheat was fine, or the ordinary sort?" "It was neither," answered Sancho, "but of the reddish kind." "Be assured, however," quoth Don Quixote, "that, when winnowed by her hands, it certainly made the finest manchet bread: but go on. When you gave her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she put it upon her head? Did she use any ceremony worthy of

such a letter? or what did she do?" "When I was going to give it her," answered Sancho, "she was very busy in winnowing a good sieve-full of the wheat; and she said to me, 'Put the letter, friend, upon that sack; for I cannot read it until I have done winnowing all that is here.'" "Discreet lady!" said Don Quixote; "this was, no doubt, that she might read it at leisure, and recreate herself with its contents. Proceed, Sancho, and tell me, while she was thus employed, what discourse had she with thee? what did she inquire concerning me? and what answer didst thou make? Make an end; let me have it all; leave nothing at the bottom of the ink-horn." "She asked me no questions," said Sancho; "but I told her how your worship was doing penance, for her service, among these rocks, naked from the waist upwards,^s as if you were a savage, sleeping on the ground, not eating bread on a napkin, nor combing your beard, but weeping and cursing your fortune." "In saying that I cursed my fortune, thou saidst amiss," quoth Don Quixote: "I rather bless it, and shall bless it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to love so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso." "So high indeed," answered Sancho, "that, in good faith, she is a handful taller than I am." "Why, how, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "hast thou been measuring with her?" "I measured thus," answered Sancho: "as I was helping her to put a sack of wheat upon an ass, we stood so close, that I perceived she was taller than

I by more than a full span." "If it be so," replied Don Quixote, "does she not accompany and set off this stature of body with a thousand millions of graces of the mind?"

"But, Sancho, conceal not one thing from me— When you stood so near her, did you not perceive a Sabeian odour, an aromatic fragrancy, and something so sweet, that I know not what name to give it? I mean, a scent, a smell, as if you were in some curious glover's shop?"^s "All I can say is," quoth Sancho, "that I perceived somewhat of a mannish smell, which must have proceeded from her being in a dripping sweat, with over-much pains-taking." "It could not be so," answered Don Quixote: "thou must either have had a cold in thy head, or have smelt thy own body; for I very well know the scent of that rose among thorns, that lily of the valley, that liquid amber." "All that may be," answered Sancho; "for the same smell often comes from me, as, methought, then came from my lady Dulcinea: but where's the wonder, that one devil should be like another?" "Well then," continued Don Quixote, "she has now done winnowing, and the corn is sent to the mill. What did she do, when she had read the letter?" "The letter!" quoth Sancho, "she did not read it; for she told me she could neither read nor write: on the contrary, she tore it to pieces, saying, she would not give it to any body to read, that her secrets might not be known in the village;

and that what I had told her by word of mouth, concerning the love your worship bore her, and the extraordinary penance you were doing for her sake, was enough: lastly, she bid me tell your worship, that she kissed your hands, and that she remained with greater desire to see you, than to write to you; and therefore she humbly entreated, and commanded you, at sight hereof, to quit those brakes and bushes, and leave off those foolish extravagancies, and set out immediately for Toboso, if some other business of greater importance did not intervene; for she had a mighty mind to see your worship. She laughed heartily, when I told her how you called yourself the knight of the rueful countenance. I asked her, whether the Biscayner of t'other day had been there with her: she told me, he had, and that he was a very honest fellow.⁴ I asked her also after the galley-slaves; but she told me she had not yet seen any of them." "All goes well, as yet," said Don Quixote. "But, tell me, what jewel did she give thee at thy departure, for the news brought her of her lover? for it is an ancient custom, both among knights-errant and ladies-errant, to bestow some rich jewel on the squires, damsels, or dwarfs, who bring them news of their mistresses or servants, as a reward or acknowledgment for the message." "Very likely," quoth Sancho, "and a very good custom it was; but it must have been in days of yore; for, now-a-days the custom is, to give only a piece of bread and

'cheese ; for that was what my lady Dulcinea gave me, over the pales of the yard, when she dismissed me ; by the same token, that the cheese was made of ewes' milk." "By nature, she is extremely generous," said Don Quixote ; "and if she did not give thee a jewel of gold, it must be because she had not one about her : but sleeves are good after Easter." I shall see her, and all shall be set right.

"But, dost know, good Sancho, what I am most surprised at? it is, that thou must have gone and come through the air ; for thou hast been little more than three days in doing both ; and the distance between this and Toboso is more than thirty leagues : whence I conclude, that the sage enchanter, who has the superintendence of my affairs, and is my friend, for such a one there is, and must of necessity be, otherwise I should be no true knight-errant,—I say, this same enchanter must have assisted thee in travelling, without thy perceiving it : for there are sages, who will take you up a knight-errant sleeping in his bed ; and, without his knowing any thing of the matter, he shall awake the next day above a thousand leagues from the place where he fell asleep. And, were it not for this, the knights-errant could not succour one another in their dangers, as they do at every turn. For example, a knight happens to be fighting, in the mountains of Armenia, with some dreadful monster, or fierce goblin, or some other knight, and has the worst of the combat, and is just upon the point of

being killed ; and, when he least expects it, there appears upon a cloud, or in a chariot of fire, another knight, his friend, who just before was in England ; who succours him, and delivers him from death ; and that same night, he shall find himself in his own chamber, supping with a very good appetite, though the distance between the two countries be two or three thousand leagues. And all this is brought about by the industry and skill of those sage enchanters, who take those valorous knights under their protection. So that, friend Sancho, I make no difficulty in believing, that thy journey hence and back was performed in so short a time, since, as I have already said, some sage our friend must have expedited it, though thou wert not sensible of it." " It may be so," quoth Sancho ; " for, in good faith, Rozinante went like any gipsy's ass with quicksilver in his ears." " With quicksilver !" said Don Quixote, " ay, and with a legion of devils to-boot ; a sort of cattle that travel, and make others travel, as fast as they please, without being tired.

" But, setting this aside, what wouldst thou advise me to do, as to my lady's injunction, that I would appear without delay in her presence ? For, though I know I am bound to obey her commands, I find myself, at present, under an impossibility of doing it, on account of the boon I have promised to this princess ; and the laws of chivalry oblige me to fulfil my promises, rather than indulge my pleasure.

On the one hand, the desire of seeing my lady persecutes and perplexes me: on the other, I am incited and called by my plighted troth, and the glory I shall acquire in this enterprise. What I propose to do, is, to travel as expeditiously as possible, to the place where this giant is, and, immediately after my arrival, to cut off his head, and settle the princess peaceably in her kingdom, and then as quickly return and see that sun that enlightens my senses; to whom I will make such an excuse, that she shall allow my delay was necessary; for she will perceive that all redounds to the increase of her glory and fame, since what I have won, do win, or shall win, by force of arms, in this life, proceeds wholly from the succour she affords me, and from my being hers." "Lord!" quoth Sancho, "how your worship is disordered in your head! Pray, tell me, sir, do you intend to take this journey for nothing? and will you let slip so considerable a match as this, when the dowry is a kingdom, which, as I have heard, is above twenty thousand leagues in circumference, and abounding in all things necessary for the support of human life, and bigger than Portugal and Castile together. For the love of God, say no more, and take shame to yourself for what you have said already; and follow my advice, and pardon me, and be married out of hand at the first place where there is a priest; and, if there be none, here is our licentiate, who will do it cleverly. And, pray take notice, I am of age to

give advice, and what I now give is as fit, as if it were cast in a mould for you: for A sparrow in the hand is worth more than a bustard on the wing; and He that may have good if he will, it is his own fault if he chooses ill." "Look thee, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "if thy motive in advising me to marry be, that, by killing the giant, I may immediately become a king, and have it in my power to reward thee by giving thee what I promised, I would have thee to know, that, without marrying, I can easily gratify thy desire: for I will covenant, before I enter into the battle, that, upon my coming off victorious, without marrying the princess, I shall be entitled to a part of the kingdom, to bestow it on whom I please; and, when I have it, to whom should I give it, but to thee?" "That is clear," answered Sancho: "but pray, sir, take care to choose it towards the sea, that, if I should not like living there, I may ship off my black subjects, and dispose of them as I said before.⁶ And please your worship, do not trouble yourself now to go and see my lady Dulcinea, but go and kill the giant, and let us make an end of this business; for, before God, I verily believe it will bring us much honour and profit." "Thou art in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and I will follow thy advice as to going first with the princess, before I visit Dulcinea. But say not a word to any body, not even to those who are in our company, of what we have been discoursing and conferring upon: for since Dul-

cinea is so reserved, that she would not have her thoughts known, it is not fit that I, or any one else for me, should discover them." "If it be so," quoth Sancho, "why does your worship send all those you conquer by the might of your arm, to present themselves before my lady Dulcinea, this being to give it under your hand, that you are in love with her? If these persons must fall upon their knees, and declare they come from you to pay their obeisance to her, how can your mutual inclinations be a secret?" "How dull and foolish thou art!" said Don Quixote. "Canst thou not perceive, Sancho, that all this redounds to her exaltation. For thou must know, that, in this our style of chivalry, it is a great honour for a lady to have many knights-errant, who serve her merely for her own sake, without expectation of any other reward for their good and manifold services, than the honour of being admitted into the number of her knights." "I have heard it preached," quoth Sancho, "that God is to be loved with this kind of love, for himself alone, without our being moved to it by the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment: though, for my part, I am inclined to love and serve him only for what he is able to do for me." "The devil take thee, for a bumkin," said Don Quixote; "thou art ever and anon saying such shrewd things, that one would almost think thou hadst studied." "And yet, by my faith," quoth Sancho, "I cannot so much as read."

While they were thus talking, master Nicholas called aloud to them to halt a little; for they had a mind to stop and drink at a small spring hard by. Accordingly, Don Quixote turned back, much to the satisfaction of Sancho, who began to be tired of telling so many lies, and was afraid his master would at last catch him tripping: for, though he knew Dulcinea was a farmer's daughter of Toboso, he had never seen her in his life. Cardenio meanwhile had dressed himself in the clothes which Dorothea had on when they found her; and, though they were none of the best, they greatly exceeded those he had put off.⁷ They all alighted near the fountain, and, with what the priest had furnished himself with at the inn, appeased in some degree their hunger.

While they were thus employed, a lad happened to pass that way, who, looking very earnestly at the whole group, presently ran to Don Quixote, and, embracing his legs, fairly blubbered, saying: "Ah! dear sir, does not your worship know me? Consider me well: I am Andre, the lad whom you delivered from the oak, to which I was tied." Don Quixote recollected him, and, taking him by the hand, he turned to the company, and said, "To convince you of what importance it is that there should be knights-errant in the world, to redress the wrongs and injuries committed in it by insolent and wicked men; you must know, good people, that, a few days ago, as I was passing by a wood, I heard certain out-

cries, and a very lamentable voice, as of a person in affliction and distress. Prompted by my duty, I hastened toward the place, from which the voice seemed to come; and I found, tied to an oak, this lad, whom you see: I am glad, to my soul, he is present; for he will attest the truth of what I say: he was naked from the waist upward; and a country-fellow, whom I afterward found to be his master, was cruelly lashing him with the reins of a bridle: and, as soon as I saw it, I asked him the reason of so severe a whipping. The clown answered, that he was his servant, and that he whipped him for some instances of neglect, which proceeded rather from knavery than simplicity. On which this boy said: ‘Sir, he whips me only because I ask him for my wages.’ The master replied, with I know not what speeches and excuses, which I heard indeed, but did not admit. In short, I made him untie the youth, and swear to take him home, and pay him every real down upon the nail, and perfumed into the bargain. Is not all this true, son Andre? and did you not observe, with what authority I commanded, and how submissively he promised to do whatever I enjoined, notified, and required of him? Answer; be under no concern, but tell these gentlefolks what passed, that they may see and reflect, how useful it is, as I said, that there should be knights-errant upon the road.” “All that your worship has said is very true,” answered the lad; “but the business ended

quite otherwise than you imagine." "How otherwise?" replied Don Quixote: "did not the rustic instantly pay you?" "He not only did not pay me," answered the boy, "but, as soon as your worship was out of the wood, and we were left alone, he tied me again to the same tree, and gave me so many fresh strokes, that I was flayed like any Saint Bartholomew; and, at every lash, he said something by way of scoff or jest upon your worship; at which, if I had not felt so much pain, I could not have helped laughing. In short, he laid me on in such manner, that I have been ever since in an hospital, under cure of the bruises inflicted on me by his barbarity. And your worship is in the fault of all this; for had you gone on your way, and not come where you were not called, nor meddled with other folks' business, my master would have been satisfied with giving me a dozen or two of lashes, and then would have untied me, and paid me what he owed me. But, by your worship's abusing him so unmercifully, and calling him so many hard names, his wrath was kindled; and, not having it in his power to be revenged on you, no sooner had you left him, but he discharged the tempest upon me, in such sort, that I shall never be a man again while I live."

"The mischief," said Don Quixote, "was in my going away; I should not have stirred until I had seen you paid; for I might have known, by long experience, that no rustic will keep his word, if he find

it convenient to do otherwise. But you may remember, Andre, that I swore, if he did not pay you, I would seek him out, and find him, though he hid himself in the whale's belly." "That is true," quoth Andre; "but it signified nothing." "You shall see whether it signifies," said Don Quixote: and he rose up hastily, and ordered Sancho to bridle Rozinante, who was grazing while they were refreshing themselves. When Dorothea asked what he intended to do, he answered, that he would go and find out the villain, to chastise him for so base a proceeding, and make him pay Andre to the last farthing, in spite and defiance of all the rustics in the world. She begged he would consider what he was undertaking, since, according to the promised boon, he could not engage in any other adventure, until he had accomplished hers; and, as he could not but know this better than any body else, she entreated him to suspend his resentment till his return from her kingdom.⁸ "You are right, madam," answered Don Quixote, "and Andre, as you say, must have patience till my return; but I again promise and swear not to rest till he is revenged and paid." "I do not depend much upon these oaths," said Andre; "and would rather have wherewithal to carry me to Seville than all the revenges in the world: therefore, if you have any thing to give me to eat, or to carry with me, let me have it; and God be with your worship, and with all knights-errant, and may they always err as much in

their own business, as they have done in mine." Sancho pulled a piece of bread, and another of cheese, out of his knapsack, and giving it to the lad, said to him, "Here, brother Andre, we have all a share in your misfortune." "Why, what share have you in it?" said Andre. "This piece of bread and cheese, which I give you," answered Sancho: "God knows whether I may not want it myself; for I would have you to know, friend, that we squires to knights-errant are subject to much hunger and ill luck, and to other things, too, which are more easily conceived than told." Andre took the bread and cheese, and, seeing that nobody else gave him any thing, he made his bow, and marched off; but said, at parting, to Don Quixote, "For the love of God, signor knight-errant, if ever you meet me again, though you see they are beating me to pieces, do not succour or assist me, but leave me to my misfortune, which cannot be so great, but a greater will follow from your worship's aid, whom may the curse of God light upon, and upon all the knights-errant that ever were born in the world." Don Quixote was getting up to chastise him; but he was so light of heel, that nobody offered to pursue him. The knight was mightily abashed at Andre's story; and the rest were forced to refrain, which was not a little difficult, from laughing, that they might not put him still more out of countenance.

CHAP. V.

Which treats of what befell Don Quixote's whole company in the inn.

THEIR notable repast being ended, they saddled immediately, and, without any thing happening to them worthy to be related, arrived the next day at the inn, that dread and terror of Sancho Panza, who, though he would fain have declined going in, could not now avoid it. The innkeeper, his wife, daughter, and Maritornes, seeing Don Quixote and Sancho at the door, went out to welcome them, with signs of much joy; but the knight received their welcome with a grave deportment, and a nod only of approbation, bidding them prepare him a better bed than they had done the time before: to which the hostess answered, that provided he would pay better than the time before, she would get him a bed fit for a prince. The knight promised that he would: and they made him a tolerable one in the same room in which he had been lodged before; and he immediately threw himself down upon it; for he arrived very much shattered both in body and brains. He was no sooner shut into his chamber, than the hostess fell upon the barber, and taking him by the beard, said, "By my faith, you shall use my tail no longer for a beard: give me my tail, I say; for my husband's thing is so tossed up and down, that it is a shame;

I mean the comb he used to stick in my good tail." The barber would not part with it, for all her tugging, until the licentiate bid him comply; for there was no farther need of it for a disguise, as he might now appear in his own shape, and tell Don Quixote, that, being robbed by those thieves, the galley-slaves, he had fled to this inn; and, if he should ask for the princess's squire, they would tell him that she had despatched him before, with advice to her subjects, that she was on the road, and bringing with her their common deliverer. The tail was accordingly surrendered willingly to the hostess, together with all the other appurtenances she had lent them, with a view to Don Quixote's enlargement. Every one at the inn was surprised, both at the beauty of Dorothea, and the comely person of the shepherd Cardenio. The priest ordered whatever the house afforded to be got ready, and the host, in the hope of better pay, soon served up a tolerable supper. All this while Don Quixote was asleep, and it was agreed not to awake him; for at that time he had more occasion for sleep than food.

The discourse at supper, in presence of the inn-keeper, his wife, his daughter, Maritornes, and all who happened to be at the inn, turned upon the strange madness of the knight, and the condition in which they had found him. The hostess related what befell him with the carrier; and looking round to see whether Sancho was by, and not perceiving

him, she gave a full account of the squire being tossed in a blanket, at which they were not a little diverted. The priest happening to say, that the books of chivalry, which Don Quixote had read, were the cause of his insanity; the innkeeper observed, I cannot conceive how that can be; for really, as far as I can understand, there is no choicer reading in the world; and I have by me three or four such books, with some manuscripts, which, in good truth, have kept me alive, and not me only, but many others beside. For, in harvest-time, the reapers come hither every day for shelter, during the noon-day heat; and there is always one or other among them that can read, and he takes one of these books in hand, and above thirty of us place ourselves round him, and listen to him with so much pleasure, that it prevents a thousand hoary hairs: at least, I can say for myself, that, when I hear of those furious and terrible blows, which the knights-errant lay on, I have a month's mind to be doing the same, and could sit and hear them day and night." "I wish you did," quoth the hostess; "for I never have a quiet moment in my house but when you are listening to the reading; for then you are so bamboozled with what you hear, that you forget to scold." "That's very true," said Martines, "and, in good faith, I too am very much delighted myself at hearing those things; for they are very fine, especially when they tell us how such a lady, and her knight, lie embracing each other under an

orange-tree, and how a Duenna stands upon the watch, dying with envy, and her heart going pit-a-pat. I say, all this is pure honey." "And pray, miss, what is your opinion of these matters?" said the priest, addressing himself to the innkeeper's daughter. "I do not know indeed, sir," answered the girl: "I listen too; and truly, though I do not understand it, I take some pleasure in hearing it: but I have no relish for those blows and flashes, which please my father so much: what I chiefly like is, the complaints the knights make when they are absent from their mistresses; and really, sometimes, they make me weep for pity." "Then you would soon afford them relief, young gentlewoman," said Dorothea, "if they wept for you." "I do not know what I should do," answered the girl; "only I know, that some of those ladies are so cruel, that their knights call them tigers and lions, and a thousand other ugly names. And Jesu! I cannot imagine what kind of folks they can be, who are so hard-hearted and unconscionable, that, rather than bestow a kind look on an honest gentleman, they will let him die, or run mad. For my part, I cannot see the why or wherefore of all this coyness: if it be out of honesty, let them marry them; for that is what the gentlemen would be at." "Hold your tongue, hussy," said the hostess: "methinks, you know a great deal of these matters; and it does not become young maidens either to know, or talk, so much." "When this

gentleman asked me a civil question, sure," replied the girl, "I could do no less than answer him."

"It is all very proper," said the priest; "but pray, landlord, bring me those books you mention, for I have a desire to see them." "With all my heart," answered the host; and, going into his chamber, he brought out a little old cloke-bag, with a padlock and chain to it; and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers, written in a fair character. The first book that was opened appeared to be Don Cirongilio of Thrace, the next Felixmarte of Hyrcania, and the third the History of the Grand Captain Gonzalo Hernandez of Cordova, with the Life of Diego Garcia de Paredes. When the priest had read the titles of the two first, he turned about to the barber, and said, "We want here our friend's housekeeper and niece." "Not at all," answered the barber; "for I myself can carry them to the yard, or to the chimney, where there is a very good fire." "What, sir, would you burn my books?" said the innkeeper. "Only these two," said the priest; "that of Don Cirongilio, and that of Felixmarte." "What, then, are my books heretical, or phlegmatical, that you have a mind to burn them?" "Schismatical, you would say, friend," said the barber, "and not phlegmatical." "It may be," replied the innkeeper, "but if you intend to burn any, let it be this of the Grand Captain, and this of Diego de Garcia; for I will sooner let you burn one of my

children than either of the other two." "Dear brother," said the priest, "these two books are great liars, and full of extravagant and foolish conceits; whereas this of the Grand Captain is a true history, and contains the exploits of Gonzalo Hernandez of Cordova, who, for his many and brave actions, deserved to be called, as he was, by all the world, the Grand Captain; a name renowned and illustrious, and merited by him alone. As for Diego Garcia de Paredes, he was a gentleman of note, born in the town of Truxillo in Estremadura, a very brave soldier, and of such great natural strength, that he could stop a mill-wheel, when in its greatest rapidity, with a single finger; and, being once posted with a two-handed sword at the entrance upon a bridge, he repelled a prodigious army, and prevented its passing over it. And he performed other exploits of so surprising a nature, that if, instead of being related by himself, with the modesty of a cavalier who is his own historian, they had been written by some other dispassionate and unprejudiced author, they would have eclipsed the actions of the Hectors, Achilleses, and Orlandos." "Persuade my grandmother to that," quoth the innkeeper; "do but see what it is he wonders at, the stopping of a mill-wheel! Before God, your worship should have read what I have read, concerning Felixmarte of Hyrcania, who, with one back-stroke, cut asunder five giants in the middle, as if they had been so many bean-cods, of which the

children make little puppet-friars.¹ At another time he encountered a very great and powerful army, consisting of above a million and six hundred thousand soldiers, all armed from head to foot, and defeated them all, as if they had been a flock of sheep. But what will you say of the good Don Cirongilio of Thrace, who was so stout and valiant, as you may see in the book, wherein is related, that, as he was sailing on a river, a fiery serpent appeared above water; and he, as soon as he saw him, threw himself upon him, and, getting astride upon his scaly shoulders, squeezed his throat with both his hands, with so much force, that the serpent, finding himself in danger of being choked, had no other remedy but to let himself sink to the bottom of the river, carrying along with him the knight, who would not quit his hold: and, when they got to the bottom, he found himself in a fine palace, and in so pretty a garden, that it was wonderful; and presently the serpent turned to a venerable old man, who said so many things to him, that the like was never heard. Therefore, pray say no more, sir; for, if you were but to hear all this, you would run mad with pleasure. A fig for the Grand Captain, and for that Diego Garcia you speak of!"

Dorothea, hearing this, said softly to Cardenio, "Our landlord wants but little to make the second part of Don Quixote." "I think so, too," answered Cardenio; "for, by the indications he gives, he takes

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all that is related in these books for gospel, and neither more nor less than matters of fact; and the bare-footed friars themselves could not make him believe otherwise." "Look you, brother," said the priest, "there never was in the world such a man as Felixmarte of Hyrcania, nor Don Cirongilio of Thrace, nor any other knights, such as the books of chivalry mention: they are all the contrivance and invention of idle wits, who composed them for the purpose of whiling away time, as you see your reapers do in reading them; for I vow and swear to you, there never were any such knights in the world, nor did such feats, or extravagant things, ever happen in it." "To another dog with this bone," answered the host; "as if I did not know how many make five, or where my own shoe pinches: do not think, sir, to feed me with pap; for, before God, I am no suckling. A good jest, indeed, that your worship should endeavour to make me believe, that all the contents of these good books are lies and extravagancies, being printed with the licence of the king's privy-council; as if they were people that would allow the impression of such a pack of falsehoods, battles, and enchantments, as are enough to make one distracted." "I have already told you, friend," replied the priest, "that it is done for the amusement of our idle thoughts: and as, in all well instituted commonwealths, the games of chess, tennis, and billiards, are permitted for the entertainment of those who have nothing to do, and

who ought not, or cannot work ; for the same reason they permit such books to be written and printed, presuming, as they well may, that nobody can be so ignorant as to take them for true histories. And, if this were a proper time, and my hearers required it, I could lay down such rules for the composing books of chivalry, as should, perhaps, make them not agreeable only, but useful : and I hope the time will come that I may communicate this design to those who can execute it ; in the mean while, signor innkeeper, believe what I have told you, and here take your books, and settle the point, whether they contain truths or lies, as you please ; and much good may you do with them, and God grant you do not halt on the same foot as your guest Don Quixote.” “ There is no fear of that,” answered the innkeeper ; “ I shall not be so mad as to turn knight-errant ; for I know very well that times are altered since those famous heroes wandered about the world.”

Sancho came in about the middle of this conversation, and was much alarmed and very pensive at what he heard, that knights-errant were not now in fashion, and that all books of chivalry were mere lies and fooleries ; and he resolved with himself to wait the event of this expedition of his master's, and, if it did not succeed as happily as he expected, to leave him, and return home to his wife and children, and to his accustomed labour.

The innkeeper was carrying away the cloke-bag

and the books ; but the priest said to him, “ Pray stay, for I would fain see what papers those are that are written in so fair a character.” The host took them out, and having given them to him to read, he found about eight sheets in manuscript, entitled, in large letters, *The Novel of the Curious Impertinent*. The priest having read three or four lines to himself, said, “ Really I like the title and beginning of this novel so well, that I am disposed to read it through.” To which the innkeeper answered, “ Your reverence may well venture to read it ; for I assure you that some of my guests who have read it, liked it mightily, and begged it of me, with great earnestness ; but I would not part with it, designing to restore it to the person who, through forgetfulness, left behind him this cloke-bag, with these books and papers ; for perhaps their owner may come this way again some time or other ; and though I shall miss them heavily, in faith, I will restore them ; for, though I am an innkeeper, thank God I am a christian.” “ You are much in the right, friend,” said the priest ; “ nevertheless, if the novel pleases me, you must give me leave to take a copy of it.” “ With all my heart,” answered the innkeeper. While the landlord and priest were talking, Cardenio had taken up the novel, and being likewise pleased with it, he desired the priest to read it aloud, that they might all hear it. “ I will,” said the priest, “ if we had not better spend our time in sleeping than in reading.” “ It

will be as well for me," said Dorothea, "to pass the time in listening to some story; for my spirits are not yet so composed, as to permit me to sleep, though it were needful." "Well then," said the priest, "I will read it, if only for curiosity; and perhaps we may be requited by something that is entertaining." Master Nicholas and even Sancho joined in the request; and the priest, perceiving that he should give them all pleasure, and receive some himself, said, "Be ye all attentive then, for the novel begins thus."

CHAP. VI.

*In which is recited the Novel of the Curious Impertinent.*¹

IN Florence, a rich and celebrated city of Italy, in the province called Tuscany, lived Anselmo and Lothario, two gentlemen of fortune and quality, and so closely united in the bands of amity, that all who knew them styled them, by way of eminence and distinction, the Two Friends. They were both bachelors, young, of the same age, and of similar manners; a foundation sufficient for reciprocal friendship. It is true, indeed, that Anselmo was more inclined to amorous dalliance than Lothario, who was fonder of country sports; but, upon occasion, Anselmo neglected his own pleasures, to pursue those of Lothario; and

Lothario quitted his, to follow those of Anselmo: and thus their inclinations went hand in hand, with such harmony, that no clock kept more exact time. Anselmo fell desperately in love with a beautiful young lady of condition in the same city, called Camilla, daughter of such good parents, and herself so good, that he resolved, with the approbation of his friend Lothario, without whom he did nothing, to ask her of her father in marriage; which he accordingly did. It was Lothario who carried the message, and it was he who concluded the match, so much to the advantage of his friend, that, in a short time, he found himself in the possession of what he desired, and Camilla so satisfied with having obtained Anselmo for her husband, that she ceased not to give thanks to Heaven, and to Lothario, by whose means such good fortune had befallen her.

For some days after the wedding, days usually dedicated to mirth, Lothario frequented his friend Anselmo's house as he was wont to do, striving to honour, please, and entertain him to the utmost of his power; but the nuptial season being over, and compliments of congratulation at an end, he began to remit the frequency of his visits, thinking, as all discreet men should, that to frequent the houses of friends, when married, in the same free manner as when they were single, was not decorous. For, though true friendship neither can nor ought to be suspicious in any thing, yet so nice is the honour of a married man, that it may suffer even by a brother,

and much more by a friend.² Anselmo took notice of Lothario's remissness, and complained of it greatly, telling him, that, had he suspected that his marriage would have been the occasion of their not conversing together as before, it should never have taken place; and since, by the entire harmony between them, while both were bachelors, they had acquired the appellation of the Two Friends, he desired he would not suffer so honourable and pleasing a title to be lost, by over-acting the cautious part; and therefore he besought him to return, if such a term might be used between them, and be joint master of his house, and come and go as heretofore; assuring him, that his wife Camilla had no other pleasure, or will, than what he desired she should have; and that, knowing how sincerely and ardently they loved each other, she was surprised and mortified at his shiness.

To all these, and many other reasons, which Anselmo urged to Lothario, to persuade him to frequent his house as usual, Lothario replied with so much prudence, discretion, and judgment, that Anselmo rested satisfied with the good intention of his friend; and it was agreed, that he should dine with him two days in a week, besides holidays: but though this was concerted between them, Lothario resolved to act in the manner he should think most conducive to the honour of his friend, whose reputation was dearer to him than his own. He said, and he said justly, that a married man, on whom Heaven has bestowed a beautiful wife, should be as careful what male per-

sonages he admits to his house, as what female friends she converses with abroad ; for that, what cannot be done, or concerted, in the market-places, at churches, at public shows, or assemblies, places from which husbands must not always debar their wives, may be concerted and brought about at the house of a female friend or relation, of whom we may deem ourselves most secure. Lothario³ said also, that a married man stood in need of some friend, to advertise him of any mistakes in his conduct ; for it often happens, that the fondness a man has for his wife, in the early days of his marriage, makes him either not take notice, or not tell her, for fear of offending her, that she ought to do, or avoid doing, this or that thing, the doing, or not doing of which, may reflect honour or disgrace ; all which might be easily remedied by the timely admonition of a friend. But where shall we find a friend so discreet, so faithful, and sincere, as Lothario here seems to require ? Indeed I cannot tell, unless in Lothario himself ; who, with the utmost diligence and attention, watched over the honour of Anselmo, and contrived to retrench,⁴ cut short, and abridge the number of visiting-days agreed upon, lest the idle vulgar, and the prying eyes of the malicious, should censure the free access of a young and rich cavalier, so well born, and of such accomplishments, as he could not but be conscious to himself he was master of, to the house of a lady so beautiful as Camilla ; and though his integrity and worth might bridle the tongues of the censorious, yet he

had no mind that his own honour, or that of his friend, should be in the least suspected; and therefore, on many of the days agreed upon, he busied and employed himself about such things as he pretended were indispensable: and thus the time passed on, in complaints on the one hand, and excuses on the other.

One day, however, as the two friends were walking in a meadow in the suburbs of the city, Anselmo addressed Lothario in words to this effect: "I am fully sensible, Lothario, that I can never be thankful enough to God for the blessings he has bestowed upon me; first, in making me the son of such excellent parents, and giving me, with so liberal a hand, what men call the goods of nature and fortune, and especially in having bestowed upon me such a friend as yourself, and such a wife as Camilla; two jewels, which, if I value not as highly as I ought, I value, at least, as highly as I am able. Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, which are usually sufficient to make men live contented, I am the most uneasy and dissatisfied man in the whole world; having been for some time past harassed and oppressed with a desire, so strange, and so much out of the common track of other men, that I wonder at myself, and blame and rebuke myself for it, when I am alone, endeavouring to stifle and conceal it even from my own thoughts; and yet I have succeeded no better in these endeavours at self-concealment, than if I had made it my business to publish it to all the

world. And since, in short, it must one day be disclosed to some one or other, I would fain have it lodged in the archives of your breast ; not doubting but that, through your secrecy, and friendly application to relieve me, I shall soon be freed from the vexation it gives me, and my joy will rise to as high a pitch by your diligence, as my discontent has done by my own folly."

Lothario was in anxious suspense at Anselmo's discourse, being wholly unable to guess at what he aimed, by so tedious a preparation and preamble ; and though he revolved in his imagination what desire it could be, that gave his friend so much disturbance, he still shot wide of the mark ; and, to be rid of the perplexity into which this suspense threw him, he said to Anselmo, that it was doing a notorious injury to the warmth of his friendship, to seek for round-about ways to acquaint him even with his most hidden thoughts, since he might depend upon him, either for advice to suppress, or assistance to support them. " I have no doubt of it," answered Anselmo ; " and in this confidence I will tell you, that the thing, which disquiets me, is a desire to know, whether my wife Camilla be as good and as perfect as I imagine her to be ; and I cannot be thoroughly informed of this truth, but by trying her in such a manner, that the proof may manifest the perfection of her goodness, as fire does that of gold. For it is my opinion, my friend, that a woman is honest only so far as she is, or is not, courted and solicited : " and that she alone

is really chaste, who has not yielded to the force of promises, presents, and tears, or the continual importunities of persevering lovers. For, what thanks are due to a woman for being virtuous, when nobody persuades her to be otherwise? or what mighty matter, if she be reserved and cautious, who has no opportunity given her of going astray, and knows she has a husband, who will be sure to take away her life, should he once catch her transgressing? The woman, therefore, who is honest out of fear, or for want of opportunity, I cannot hold in the same degree of esteem with her, who, after solicitation and importunity, comes off with the crown of victory. So that, for these reasons, and for many more I could assign in support of my opinion, my desire is, that my wife Camilla may pass through these trials, and be purified and refined by the ordeal of courtship and solicitation, and that by some person worthy of placing his desires on her: and if she prove under this conflict, as I believe she will, unsullied, I shall applaud my matchless fortune: I shall then have it to say, that I have attained the utmost bounds of my wishes, and may safely boast, that the virtuous woman is fallen to my lot, of whom the wise man says, 'Who can find her?' And even if the reverse of all this should happen, the satisfaction of being confirmed in my opinion will enable me to bear, without regret, the trouble so costly an experiment may reasonably give me. And, as nothing you can urge against my design can be of any avail towards hindering me from

carrying it in execution, I would have you, my friend, dispose yourself to be the instrument of performing this work of my fancy ; and I will give you every opportunity, and you shall want for no means, that I can think necessary, towards gaining upon a modest, virtuous, reserved, and disinterested woman. Among other reasons, which induce me to trust this nice affair to your management, one is, my being certain, that, if Camilla should be overcome, you will not push the victory to the last extremity, but only account that as done, which, for good reasons, ought not to be done ; and thus I shall be wronged only in the intention, and the injury will remain hidden in the virtue of your silence, which, in what concerns me, will, I am assured, be eternal as that of death. Therefore, if you would have me enjoy a life that deserves to be called such, you must immediately enter upon this amorous combat, not languidly and lazily, but with all the fervour and diligence my design requires, and with the confidence of assured friendship.”

This was what Anselmo addressed to Lothario ; who was so attentive, that, excepting what he is already said to have uttered, he opened not his lips till his friend had done ; but now perceiving that he was silent, after he had gazed at him earnestly, as if he had been looking at something he had never seen before, and which occasioned in him wonder and amazement, he said to him, “ I cannot persuade myself, friend Anselmo, but that what

you have been saying to me is all in jest; for, had I thought you in earnest, I would not have suffered you to proceed so far; and, by not listening to you, I should have prevented your long harangue. I cannot but think, either that you do not know me, or that I do not know you. But, no: I well know that you are Anselmo, and you know that I am Lothario: the mischief is, that I think you are not the Anselmo you used to be, and you must imagine I am not the Lothario I ought to be: for neither is what you have said to me becoming that friend of mine, Anselmo; nor is what you require of me to be asked of that Lothario whom you know. For true friends ought to prove and use one another, as the poet expresses it, "usque ad aras;" meaning, that they ought not to employ their friendship in matters against the law of God. If a heathen had this notion of friendship, how much more ought a christian to have it, who knows, that the divine friendship ought not to be forfeited for any human friendship whatever. And when a friend goes so far, as to set aside his duty to Heaven, in compliance with the interests of his friend, it must not be for light and trivial matters, but only when the honour and life of his friend are at stake. Tell me then, Anselmo, which of these two are in danger, that I should venture to compliment you by undertaking a task, so detestable as that you require of me? Neither, assuredly: on the contrary, if I understand you right, you would have me take pains to deprive you of honour and life, and, at the

same time, myself too of both. For, if I must do that which will deprive you of your honour, it is plain I take away your life, since a man, without honour, is worse than if he were dead: and I being the instrument, as you would have me to be, of doing you so much harm, shall I not bring dishonour upon myself, and, by consequence, rob myself of life? Hear me, friend Anselmo, and have patience, and forbear answering, until I have done urging what I have to say, as to what your desire exacts of me; for there will be time enough for you to reply, and for me to hear you." "With all my heart," said Anselmo; "say what you please."

Then Lothario went on, "Methinks, O Anselmo, you are at this time in the same disposition as the Moors, whom you cannot convince of the error of their sect, by citations from holy scripture, or by arguments drawn from reason, or founded upon articles of faith; but you must produce examples that are plain, easy, intelligible, demonstrative, and undeniable, with such mathematical proofs as cannot be denied; as 'If from equal parts we take equal parts, those that remain will also be equal.' And, when they do not comprehend this in words, as in reality they do not, you must show it to them with your hands, and set it before their very eyes; and, after all, nothing can convince them of the truths of our holy religion. In this very way and method must I deal with you; for this desire, which possesses you, is so extravagant and wide of

all that has the least shadow of reason, that I look upon it as misspending time, to endeavour to convince you of your folly; for, at present, I can give it no better name; nay, I am even tempted to leave you to your indiscretion, as a punishment of your preposterous desire: but the friendship I have for you will not let me deal so rigorously, nor will it consent that I should desert you, when you are in such manifest danger of undoing yourself. And, that you may clearly see that this is the case, say, Anselmo, have you not told me, that I must solicit her that is reserved, persuade her that is virtuous, bribe her that is disinterested, and court her that is prudent? yes, you have told me so. If then you know, that you have a reserved, virtuous, disinterested, and prudent wife, what is it you would have more? And if you are of opinion she will come off victorious from all my attacks, as doubtless she will, what better titles do you think to bestow on her afterwards, than those she has already? or what will she be more than, than she is now? Either you do not take her for what you pretend, or you do not know what it is you ask. If you do not take her for what you say you do, to what purpose would you try her, and not rather suppose her guilty, and treat her as such? But, if she be as good as you believe her to be, it is impertinent to try experiments upon truth itself, since, when that is done, it will remain but in the same degree of esteem it had before. And therefore we must conclude, that to attempt things, from which mischief

is more likely to ensue, than any advantage, is the part of rashness and inconsideration ; and especially when they are such as we are in no respect forced or obliged to attempt, and when it may be easily seen at a distance, that the enterprise itself is downright madness. Difficult things are undertaken for the sake of God, of the world, or of both together : the first are enterprised by the saints, who endeavour to live a life of angels in human bodies : the second by those, who traverse boundless oceans, visiting various climates, and many foreign nations, to acquire what are usually called the goods of fortune : and lastly, those which are undertaken for the sake of God and the world together, are the actions of brave soldiers, who if they espy in the enemy's wall a breach, though no bigger than may be made by a single cannon-ball, laying aside all fear, without deliberating, or regarding the manifest danger that threatens them, and borne upon the wings of desire to act in defence of their faith, their country, and their king, will throw themselves intrepidly into the midst of a thousand opposing deaths that await them. These are the difficulties, which are commonly attempted ; and it is honour, glory, and advantage, to attempt them, though so full of dangers and inconveniencies. But that, which you would have attempted and put in execution, will neither procure you the favour of Heaven, nor the goods of fortune, nor reputation among men. For, supposing the event to answer your desires, you will be neither happier, richer, nor more honoured,

than you are at present : and, if you should miscarry, you will find yourself in the most miserable condition that can be imagined ; for then it will avail you nothing to think, that nobody knows the misfortune that has befallen you : it will sufficiently afflict and undo you, to know it yourself. And, as a farther confirmation of this truth, I will repeat a stanza from the famous poet Louis Tansilo, at the end of his first part of the Tears of Saint Peter.⁶

When conscious Peter saw the blushing east,
 He felt redoubled anguish in his breast,
 And, though by privacy secur'd from blame,
 Saw his own guilt, and seeing died with shame.
 For generous minds, betray'd into a fault,
 No witness want, but self-condemning thought :
 To such the conscious earth alone and skies
 Supply the place of thousand prying eyes.

And therefore its being a secret will not prevent your sorrow, but rather make it perpetual, and be a continual subject for weeping, if not tears from your eyes, tears of blood from your heart, such as that simple doctor wept, who, as the poet⁷ relates of him, made trial of the cup, which the prudent Reinaldo more wisely declined. And, though this be a poetical fiction, there is a concealed moral in it, worthy to be observed, studied, and imitated. But I have still something more to say upon this subject ; which, I hope, will bring you to a full conviction of the great error you are going to commit.

“ Tell me, Anselmo : if Heaven, or good fortune,

had made you master and lawful possessor of a superlatively fine diamond, of the goodness and beauty of which all jewellers, who had seen it, were fully satisfied, and should unanimously declare, that, in weight, excellence, and beauty, it equalled whatever the nature of such a stone is capable of, and you yourself should believe as much, as knowing nothing to the contrary: would it be right, that for some wild freak you should place this diamond between the anvil and the hammer, and, by mere dint of blows, try whether it was as hard, and as fine, as it was thought to be? And further, supposing this put in execution, and that the stone resist so foolish a trial, would it acquire thereby any additional value or reputation? and, if it should break, as it might, would not all be lost? yes, certainly, and its owner pass for a simple fellow in the opinion of every body. Make account then, friend Anselmo, that Camilla is an exquisitely fine diamond, both in your own opinion, and in that of other people, and that it is unreasonable to put her to the hazard of being broken, since, though she should remain entire, she cannot rise in her value; and, should she fail, and not resist, consider in time what a condition you would be in without her, and how justly you might blame yourself, for having been the cause, both of her ruin and your own. There is no jewel in the world so valuable as a chaste and virtuous woman; and all the honour of the sex consists in the good opinion the world has of them: and since that of your wife is unquestionably good, why will

you bring this truth into doubt? Consider, friend, that woman is an imperfect creature, and that we should not lay stumbling-blocks in her path, to make her trip and fall, but rather remove them, and clear the way before her, that she may, without hinderance advance towards her proper perfection, which consists in being virtuous. Naturalists inform us, that the ermine is a little white creature with a fine fur, and that when the hunters are desirous of catching it, they make use of this artifice: knowing the way it usually takes, or the places it haunts, they spread those places with dirt, and then frighten the creature with noise, and drive it towards them; and when the ermine comes to the dirt, it stands still, suffering itself rather to be taken, than, by passing through the mire, destroy and sully its whiteness, which it values more than liberty or life. The virtuous and modest woman is an ermine, and the virtue of chastity is whiter and cleaner than snow; and he who would not have her lose, but rather guard and preserve it, must take a quite different method from that which is used with the ermine: he must not lay in her way the mire of the courtship and assiduity of importunate lovers, since perhaps, and without a perhaps, she may not have virtue and natural strength enough to enable her, of herself, to trample down and get clear of those impediments: but must remove such things out of her way, and set before her eyes pure and unspotted virtue, and the charms of an unblemished reputation. A virtuous woman may also be com-

pared to a mirror of crystal, shining and bright, but liable to be sullied and dimmed by every breath that comes near it. A virtuous woman is to be treated in the same manner as relics are treated, to be adored, but not handled; or to be looked after and prized, like a fine garden full of roses and other flowers, the owner of which suffers nobody to walk among them, or touch them; but only at a distance, and through iron rails, to enjoy their fragrancy and beauty. Lastly, I will repeat to you some verses, which I remember to have heard in a modern comedy, and which seem very applicable to our present purpose. A prudent old man advises another, who is father of a young maiden, to look well after her, and lock her up; and, among other reasons, gives the following:

I.

If woman's glass, why should we try
 Whether she can be broke, or no?
 Great hazards in the trial lie,
 Because perchance she may be so.

II.

Who that is wise, such brittle ware
 Would careless dash upon the floor,
 Which, broken, nothing can repair,
 Nor solder to its form restore?

III.

In this opinion all are found,
 And reason vouches what I say,
 Wherever Danaës abound,
 There golden showers will make their way.



“ All that I have hitherto said, O Anselmo, re-

lates only to you: it is now fit I should say something concerning myself; and pardon me if I am prolix; for the labyrinth, into which you have involved yourself, and from which you would have me extricate you, requires amplification. You look upon me as your friend, and yet, against all rules of friendship, would deprive me of my honour: nor is this all; you would have me take away yours. That you will rob me of mine, is plain; for, when Camilla finds that I make love to her, as you desire I should, it is certain she will look upon me as a man dishonourable and base, since I attempt, and do a thing so contrary to what I owe to myself, and to your friendship. That you would have me deprive you of yours there is no doubt: for Camilla, perceiving that I make addresses to her, must think I have discovered some mark of lightness in her character, which has emboldened me to declare to her my guilty passion; and her looking upon herself as dishonoured, affects you as being her husband. And hence arises what we so commonly find, that the husband of the adulterous wife, though he does not know it, nor has given his wife any reason for transgressing her duty, and though his misfortune be not owing to his own neglect, or want of care, is nevertheless called by a vilifying and opprobrious name, and those who are not unacquainted with his wife's incontinence, are apt to look upon him with an eye, rather of contempt than of pity. But I will tell you the reason, why the husband of

a vicious wife is justly dishonoured, though he does not know that he is, nor has been at all in fault, or connived at, or given her occasion to become such: and be not weary of hearing me, since the whole will redound to your own advantage.

“ When God created our first parent in the terrestrial paradise, as the holy scripture informs us, he infused a sleep into Adam; and, while he slept, he took a rib out of his left side, of which he formed our mother Eve: and, when Adam awaked, and beheld her, he said, ‘ This is flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.’ And God said, ‘ For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and they two shall be one flesh.’ And at that time the holy sacrament of marriage was instituted, with such ties as death only can unbind. And this miraculous sacrament is of such force and virtue, that it makes two different persons to be but one flesh; nay, it doth more in the properly married; for though they have two souls, they have but one will. And hence it is, that, as the flesh of the wife is the very same with that of the husband, the blemishes or defects thereof are participated by the flesh of the husband, though, as is already said, he was not the occasion of them. For, as the whole body feels the pain of the foot, or of any other member, because they are all one flesh; and the head feels the smart of the ankle, though it was not the cause of it: so the husband partakes of the wife’s dishonour, by being the self-same thing with her. And as the honours and dishonours of the world all

proceed from flesh and blood, those of the vicious wife being of this kind, the husband must of necessity bear his part in them, and be reckoned dishonoured, though he may not know it. Behold then, O Anselmo, the danger to which you expose yourself, in seeking to disturb the quiet your virtuous consort enjoys. Consider, through how vain and impertinent a curiosity, you would stir up the humours that now lie dormant in her chaste breast. Reflect, that what you adventure to gain is little, and what you may lose will be so great, that I will pass over in silence what I want words to express. But, if all I have said be not sufficient to dissuade you from your preposterous design, you must look out for some other instrument of your disgrace and misfortune, for I resolve not to act this part, though I should thereby lose your friendship, which is the greatest loss I am able to conceive."

Here the virtuous and discreet Lothario ceased, and Anselmo was so confounded and pensive, that, for some time, he could not answer him a word; but at last he said, "I have listened, friend Lothario, to all you have been saying to me, with the attention you may have observed; and in your arguments, examples, and comparisons, I plainly discover your great discretion, and the perfection of that friendship to which you have attained: I see also and acknowledge, that, in rejecting your opinion, and adhering to my own, I fly the good and pursue the evil. Yet,

this supposed, you must consider, that I labour under the infirmity, to which some women are subject, who have a longing to eat dirt, chalk, coals, and other things still worse, even such as are loathsome to the sight, and still more so to the taste. And therefore some art must be made use of to cure me; and it may be done with ease, only by your beginning, though but coldly and feignedly, to court Camilla, who cannot be so yielding and pliant, that her modesty should fall to the ground at the first onset; and with this faint beginning I shall rest satisfied, and you will have complied with what you owe to our friendship, not only by restoring me to life, but by persuading me not to be the cause of my own dishonour. And there is one reason especially, which obliges you to undertake this business, which is, that, whereas I am determined to put this experiment in practice, it behoves you not to let me disclose my phrensy to another person, and so hazard that honour you are endeavouring to preserve: and though your own should lose ground in Camilla's opinion, while you are making love to her, it is of little or no consequence; since, in a short time, when we have experienced in her the integrity we expect, you may then discover to her the pure truth of our contrivance; upon which you will not fail to regain your former credit with her. And, since you hazard so little, and may give me so much pleasure by the risque, do not decline the task, whatever inconveniencies may

appear to you in it, since, as I have already said, I shall give up the cause for determined, if you will but make a beginning attempt."

Lothario, perceiving Anselmo's fixed resolution, and not knowing what other examples to produce, nor what farther reasons to offer, to dissuade him from his purpose, and finding he threatened to impart his extravagant desire to some one else, resolved, in order to avoid a greater evil, to gratify him, and undertake what he desired; but with a full purpose and intention so to order the matter, that, without giving Camilla any disturbance, Anselmo should rest satisfied: and therefore he returned for answer, that he should have no occasion to communicate his design to any other person, for he would take the business upon himself, and would begin it whenever he pleased. Anselmo embraced him with great tenderness and affection, thanking him for this offer, as if he had done him some great favour; and it was agreed between them, that he should set about the work the very next day, when he would give him opportunity and leisure to talk with Camilla alone, and would also furnish him with money and jewels to present her with. He advised him to ply her with music, and to write verses in her praise, and, if he thought it too much trouble, he would himself make them for him. Lothario consented to every thing, but with an intention very different from what Anselmo imagined. Things thus settled, they returned to Anselmo's house, where they found Camilla waiting with

great uneasiness and anxiety for her spouse, who had that day been absent longer than usual. Lothario, after a while, retired to his own house, and Anselmo remained in his, as contented as Lothario was pensive, reflecting what stratagem to invent to extricate himself handsomely out of this impertinent business: and at night he thought of a way by which to deceive Anselmo, without offending Camilla.

The next day Lothario went to dine with his friend, and was kindly received by Camilla, who always entertained and treated him with singular good-will, knowing the affection her husband had for him. Dinner being ended, and the cloth taken away, Anselmo desired him to stay with Camilla while he went upon an urgent affair, which he would despatch, and be back in about an hour and half. Camilla intreated him not to go, and Lothario offered to bear him company: but Anselmo would listen to neither; on the contrary, he importuned Lothario to wait his return; for he had a matter of great importance to talk to him about, and desired Camilla to entertain his friend, in the best way she could, during his absence. In short, he knew so well how to counterfeit a necessity for leaving them, though that necessity proceeded only from his own folly,^s that no one could perceive it was feigned.

Anselmo went out, and Camilla and Lothario remained at table by themselves, the rest of the family being gone to dinner. Thus Lothario found himself fairly in the lists, as his friend had wished, with an

enemy before him, able to conquer, by her beauty alone, a squadron of armed cavaliers: judge then, if he had no cause to fear. All he did, however, was to lean his cheek on his hand, his elbow resting on the arm of his chair, and, begging pardon of Camilla for his ill manners, expressed a wish to be indulged with a little sleep. Camilla answered, that he would be more at ease on a couch than in a chair, and desired him to walk into an adjoining room, where he would find one: but he excused himself, and continued where he was till the return of Anselmo; who, seeing him in the posture we have described, and Camilla retired to her chamber, believed, that, as he had staid so long, they had found time sufficient both for conversation and repose, and he was impatient for Lothario to awake, that he might inquire into the nature of his success. Every thing fell out to his wish. Lothario roused himself, they walked out together, and Anselmo having asked every question that suggested itself upon the subject of his curiosity, Lothario answered, that he had not thought it prudent, in the first opening scene, to proceed too far, and had therefore contented himself with telling her how extremely handsome and fascinating she was, of which the whole town seemed sensible, for it rung with the praises of her wit and beauty. This he thought a happy introduction, as it might serve to insinuate him into her good graces, and dispose her to listen favourably to him the next opportunity: and it was the same artifice which the devil employs,

when he would seduce those who are on their guard, by transforming himself from an angel of darkness into an angel of light, and, setting plausible appearances before them, carries his point, if the cloven foot be not seen in the beginning. Anselmo was pleased and satisfied, and said, that he would give him a similar opportunity every day, without quitting his house, as he could easily contrive some employment, so that Camilla should never suspect his stratagem.

Many days passed, in which, though Lothario never addressed a word on the subject of love to Camilla, he told Anselmo, that he had made repeated attacks, without perceiving in her conduct the slightest tendency to weakness, or discovering a shadow of hope for himself: on the contrary, she threatened, if he did not relinquish his base design, to inform her husband of his perfidy. "So far, it is well," said Anselmo: "she has withstood words; we must next see how she will withstand deeds: to-morrow I will give you two thousand crowns as a present for her, and as many more to purchase jewels as a lure; for women, however chaste, if they are handsome, love dress and decorations; and if she resist this temptation, I shall be satisfied, and will give you no farther trouble." Lothario promised, that, as he had begun, he would go on with the enterprise, though he was sure he should come off humiliated and repulsed. The next day he received the four thousand crowns, and with them four thousand confusions, not

knowing what new lie to invent: however, he determined to tell his friend, that Camilla was as inflexible to presents as to words, and he need therefore weary himself no farther, for it was time wholly misspent. But fortune, which directed matters otherwise, so ordered it, that Anselmo, having left them together as usual, should shut himself up in an adjoining room, and by listening and looking through the key-hole, observe how they conducted themselves; when he discovered, that for more than half an hour, Lothario never addressed a syllable to her, nor would he have done, apparently, had he listened for an age. Hence he concluded that all his friend had told him of Camilla's answers was mere fiction and falsehood; and to ascertain whether it was so or not, he came out of the apartment, and, calling Lothario aside, asked, what news he had for him, and in what humour he found his wife. He replied, that he was resolved to pursue the business no farther, for she had treated him with such asperity and indignation, that he had not the courage to open his lips to her again upon the subject. "Ah! Lothario, Lothario!" cried Anselmo, "how treacherously you fulfil your engagement, and abuse the confidence I reposed in your affection! I am just come from looking through the key-hole of that door, and have found that you have not spoken one word to Camilla; whence I infer that the preceding interviews have been the same, and that a first declaration is still to be made. If it be so, as I have no doubt, why thus

deceive me? Why industriously deprive me of the means I might otherwise find to compass my desire?" He said no more, but what he had said was sufficient to abash and confound Lothario; who, thinking his honour concerned, by being detected in a falsehood, swore to his friend, that from that moment he would faithfully undertake to satisfy him, and would no longer prevaricate; which he would find, if he had the curiosity to watch him; but he might save himself the trouble of doing so, for he would enter on the task so earnestly, that there should be no room for suspicion.

Anselmo had faith in his protestations; and that his opportunities might be secure, and less liable to surprise, he resolved to absent himself for a week, on a visit to a friend, who lived a few miles from the city, and who, as an excuse to Camilla, he contrived should give him a pressing invitation. Rash and unhappy Anselmo! what is it you are doing? what is it you are contriving? what is it you intend? Consider, you are acting against yourself, designing your own dishonour, contriving your own ruin. Camilla, your wife, is virtuous; you possess her peaceably and quietly; nobody disturbs your enjoyment; her thoughts stray not beyond the walls of your house; you are her heaven upon earth; the aim of her desires; the accomplishment of her wishes; the rule by which she measures her will, adjusting it wholly according to yours and that of the Supreme. If then the mine of her honour, beauty, virtue, and

modesty, yield you, without toil, all the wealth it contains, why will you ransack for other veins, of new and unheard of treasures, and thereby endanger the whole, since, in truth, it is supported only by the feeble prop of woman's weak nature? Consider, that he who seeks after what is impossible, ought in justice to be denied what is possible, as a poet has expressed it in these lines :

In death I life desire to see,
Health in disease, in tortures rest,
In chains and prisons liberty,
And truth in a disloyal breast.

But adverse fate and heav'n's decree
In this, to baffle me, are join'd,
That, since I ask what cannot be,
What can be I shall never find.

The next day Anselmo went on his visit, having previously informed Camilla, that, during his absence, Lothario would take charge of the house, and regularly dine with her, and he requested her to treat him with the same respect, as she would his own person. Camilla, like a discreet and virtuous woman, was troubled at this intelligence, and represented to her husband how improper it was, that any one in his absence should take his place at his table; and begged, if he were led to this step, from doubting her ability to manage the concerns of the family, that he would put her to the trial, and he should find that she was equal to trusts of greater importance. Anselmo replied, that it was his pleasure it should be

so, and she had nothing to do but to show a ready obedience. She accordingly acquiesced, though much against her inclination. Anselmo departed, and the next day Lothario came, and was received by Camilla with a kind and modest welcome. But she never exposed herself during the whole day to be left alone with him, being constantly attended by one or other of her servants, and especially by her own maid Leonela, to whom, as they had been brought up together from their infancy in her father's house, she was much attached, and who, upon her marriage with Anselmo, had been induced still to live with her.

During the first three days, Lothario never uttered a word to Camilla in furtherance of the project he had undertaken, though he had opportunities when the cloth was removed, and the servants were gone to make a hasty dinner; for so Camilla had directed; and Leonela was to dine every day before her mistress, that she might always be at her side: but she, having her thoughts intent upon other matters, and wanting to employ those hours, and every opportunity, to her own purposes and pleasures, did not always observe her mistress's injunctions, but often left them together, as if she had been expressly commanded to do so. Nevertheless the modest presence of Camilla, the gravity of her countenance, and her composed behaviour, awed Lothario, and bridled his tongue. But this influence of her virtues redounded to the greater prejudice of them both. For, if his

tongue were still, his thoughts were in motion ; and he had leisure to contemplate, one by one, those manifold perfections of worth and beauty, of which Camilla was mistress, and which were sufficient to inspire love into a statue of marble, and how much more into a heart of flesh. Lothario gazed at her, when he might have talked to her, and considered how worthy she was to be beloved : and, by little and little, this consideration began to undermine the regard he had for Anselmo ; and, a thousand times, he was on the point of withdrawing from the city, and going where his friend should never see him more, nor he see Camilla : but the pleasure he took in beholding her, had already thrown an obstacle in the way of his virtuous intention. He did violence to his feelings, however, and had frequent struggles with his heart, to get the better of the pleasure he received in gazing on her charms. When alone, he blamed himself for his rashness ; he called himself a perfidious friend, and a bad christian. But he also reasoned upon, and made comparisons between, his own conduct, and that of Anselmo ; and the inference he drew was, that Anselmo's folly and presumption were greater than his own infidelity ; and, if what he had in his thoughts were but as excusable before God, as it was before men, he should have no punishment to fear for his crime. In fine, the beauty and accomplishments of Camilla, together with the opportunity which the thoughtless husband had put into his hands, quite overturned his integrity ; and with-

out regarding any thing but what tended to the gratification of his passion, at the expiration of three days from the commencement of Anselmo's absence, during which he had been in perpetual struggle with his desires, he commenced the plan of solicitation, and addressed such disordered, vehement, and amorous discourse to Camilla, that she was astonished, and could only rise from her seat and retire, being wholly incapable of uttering a word in reply. But Lothario's hope was not withered by this sudden blast, for hope being born with love, always lives with it. On the contrary, he was the more eager in the pursuit of his object; while she, discovering in him what she could never have imagined, was at a loss what conduct to adopt: but deeming it neither safe, nor decorous, to give him another opportunity, she resolved on writing to Anselmo, and that very night despatched a servant to him with the following letter.

CHAP. VII.

In which is continued The Novel of the Curious Impertinent.

CAMILLA'S LETTER TO ANSELMO.

“IT is commonly said, that an army makes but an ill appearance without its general, or a castle without its governor; but a young married woman, in my opinion, makes a still worse, without a hus-

band, when there is no just cause for his absence. I am so uneasy without you, and so entirely unable to support this absence, that, if you do not return immediately, I must pass the remainder of the time at my father's house, though I leave yours without a guard: for the guard you left me, if you left him with that title, is, I suspect, more intent upon his own pleasure, than upon any thing which concerns your interest: but, as you are wise, I shall say no more, nor is it proper that I should."

Anselmo, on receiving this letter, inferred from it, that Lothario had begun the attack, and that Camilla must have received his addresses unfavourably, as he had wished; and, overjoyed at this good news, he sent her a verbal message, not to move from her house upon any account, for he should speedily return. Camilla was surprised at this answer, which increased the perplexity she was in: for now she durst neither stay in her own house, nor retire to her father's; since, in staying, she hazarded her virtue, and in going, she would act contrary to her husband's positive command. At length, she resolved upon that, which proved the worst of all; namely, to remain, and not shun Lothario, lest it should give her servants occasion to talk; and she was sorry for what she had written to Anselmo, fearing he might think his friend had observed signs of lightness in her conduct, which had emboldened him to lay aside the respect he owed her. But, with conscious integrity, she trusted in God, and her own virtuous

disposition, resolving to oppose silence to whatever Lothario should say to her, without giving her husband any farther account, lest it should involve him in some quarrel or perplexity. She even began to consider how she might excuse him to Anselmo, when he should inquire into the cause of her writing such a letter.

With these thoughts, more honourable, than prudent or beneficial, she sat the next day quietly listening to Lothario; who pleaded his cause so warmly, that her firmness began to totter; and her virtue with difficulty gained access to her eyes, to prevent outward indications of an amorous compassion, which his tears and eloquence had awakened in her breast. All this Lothario observed, and it contributed to inflame him the more. In short, he thought it necessary, whilst he had the time and opportunity, which Anselmo's absence afforded him, to shorten the siege of this fortress; and therefore he assailed her pride with praises of her beauty; for there is nothing which sooner levels the towering castles of the vanity of the fair sex, than vanity itself, when posted upon the tongue of flattery. In effect, he undermined the rock of her integrity with such engines, that, though she had been made of brass, she must have fallen to the ground. He wept, entreated, flattered, and solicited with such earnestness and demonstrations of sincerity, that all her reserve was quite overthrown, and he at last triumphed over what he least expected, and most desired. She sur-

rendered, even Camilla surrendered; and what wonder, when even Lothario's friendship could not stand its ground? A striking example, showing us, that the passion of love is to be vanquished by flight alone, and that we must not pretend to grapple with so powerful an adversary, since, though the force be human, divine succours are necessary to subdue it. Leonela alone was privy to the frailty of her lady; for the two faithless friends, and new lovers, could not hide it from her. Lothario would not acquaint Camilla with Anselmo's project, nor with his having designedly given him the opportunity of arriving at the point he had gained, lest she should esteem his passion the less, or should think he had made love to her by compulsion, rather than the more flattering one of choice.

In a few days, Anselmo returned, but did not miss what he had lost, what indeed he took least care of, yet valued most. He went in search of Lothario, and found him at home. They embraced each other, and he eagerly inquired, "What news as to my life or death?" "The news I have for you, my friend," said Lothario, "is, that you have a wife worthy to be the pattern and crown of all good women. The words I addressed to her were given to the wind; my offers have been despised, my presents refused; and of my feigned tears she made a jest and mockery. In short, as Camilla is the sum of all beauty, so is she the repository in which goodness, modesty, re-

serve, and every virtue which can make a woman praise-worthy and happy, are treasured. Therefore, friend, take back your money, which I had no occasion to use ; for Camilla's integrity is not to be shaken by things so mean, as promises and presents. Be satisfied, Anselmo, and seek for no farther proof ; and since you have safely passed the gulf of those doubts and suspicions men are apt to entertain of women, do not expose yourself again on the deep sea of new disquiets, nor make a fresh trial, with another pilot, of the soundness and strength of the vessel, which Heaven has allotted you for your passage through the ocean of this world : but consider yourself arrived safe in port ; and, secure with the anchor of serious consideration, lie by, until you are required to pay that duty, from which no human rank is exempted."

Anselmo was entirely satisfied with Lothario's account, and believed it as implicitly, as if it had been delivered by an oracle. But he desired him nevertheless not to give over the chase, though he should continue it merely out of curiosity and amusement ; adding, however, that, for the future, he need not ply the vessel so close. All he had now to wish was, that under the name of Chloris, he would write some verses in her praise, and he would give Camilla to understand that he was in love with a lady, to whom he had given that name, that he might celebrate her with the regard due to her modesty : and, if he was averse to the trouble of writing the verses

himself, he would do it for him. "There will be no occasion for that," said Lothario; "for the Muses are not so unpropitious, but that, now and then, they make me a visit. Tell Camilla your thoughts of my counterfeit passion, and leave the verses to me; which, if they should not be as good as the subject deserves, shall, at least, be the best I can write." This agreement being settled between the impertinent husband and the treacherous friend, Anselmo returned to his house, and inquired of Camilla what she was astonished he had not before made inquiry respecting, namely, the occasion of her writing the letter she had sent him. Camilla answered, that she fancied Lothario looked at her with a little more licence than he was accustomed to do when Anselmo was at home; but that now she was undeceived, and believed it to have been mere imagination; for, of late, he had avoided all opportunities of being alone with her. Anselmo replied, that she might be very secure upon that subject; for, to his knowledge, Lothario was in love with a young lady of condition in the city, whom his muse celebrated under the name of Chloris; and, though it were not so, she had nothing to fear, considering Lothario's virtue, and the close friendship that subsisted between them. Had not Camilla been advertised beforehand by Lothario, that this story of his love for Chloris was a fiction, and that he had told it Anselmo, that he might have an opportunity, now and then, of employing himself in the praises of herself, she had doubtless fallen into the desperate

snare of jealousy : but, thus prepared, it gave her no disturbance.

The next day, while they were at table together, Anselmo requested Lothario to favour them with the recital of some of the verses he had composed in praise of his beloved Chloris; for, since Camilla did not know her, he might safely repeat what he pleased. “ And if she did know her,” answered Lothario, “ I should have no reason to conceal what I have written ; for when a lover praises the beauty of his mistress, and, at the same time, taxes her with cruelty, he casts no reproach upon her reputation. But, be that as it will, I yesterday wrote a sonnet on the ingratitude of Chloris, which I will read.

SONNET.

In the dead silence of the peaceful night,
 When others' cares are hush'd in soft repose,
 The sad account of my neglected woes
 To conscious Heaven and Chloris I recite.
 And when the sun, with his returning light,
 Forth from the east his radiant journey goes,
 With accents, such as sorrow only knows,
 My grief to tell, is all my poor delight.
 And when bright Phœbus, from his starry throne,
 Sends rays direct upon the parched soil,
 Still in the mournful tale I persevere.
 Returning night renews my sorrow's toil ;
 And though from morn to night I weep and moan,
 Nor Heaven nor Chloris my complainings hear.

Camilla seemed much pleased with the sonnet, and Anselmo still more ; and he added to his commenda-

tions, that the lady must be cruel indeed, who made no return to so true and pathetic a complaint. "What then!" replied Camilla, "are we to take all that the enamoured poets tell us for true?" "Not all they tell as poets," answered Lothario, "but as lovers; for though, as poets, they may exceed, as lovers they always fall short of the truth." "There is no doubt of that," replied Anselmo, resolved to support the credit of every thing Lothario said to Camilla, who was now become as indifferent to Anselmo's artifice, as she was in love with his friend. Pleased therefore with every thing that was his, and knowing besides that all his desires and poetical effusions were in reality addressed to her, who was the true Chloris, she begged him, if he could recollect any more sonnets or verses, that he would repeat them. "I remember one," answered Lothario; "but I fear it is not so good as the one you have just heard, or, to speak properly, less tolerable; but you shall judge:—

SONNET.

I die, if not believed, 'tis sure I die,
 For ere I cease to love and to adore,
 Or fly, ungrateful fair, your beauty's pow'r,
 Dead at your feet you shall behold me lie.
 When to the regions of obscurity
 I hence am banish'd to enjoy no more
 Glory and life, you, in that luckless hour,
 Your image graven in my heart shall see.
 That relick, with a lover's generous pride,
 I treasure in my breast, the only source

Of comfort, whilst thy rigour lets me live.
Unhappy he, who steers his dangerous course
Through unfrequented seas, no star to guide,
Nor port his shatter'd vessel to receive.

Anselmo commended this second sonnet as much as he had done the first; and thus he went on, adding link after link to the chain, with which he bound himself, and secured his own dishonour; for Lothario then dishonoured him most, when he assured him his honour was safest; and thus, every step of the ladder which Camilla descended toward the centre of her disgrace, in her husband's opinion, she ascended toward the uppermost round of virtue and good fame.

Now it happened one day, that Camilla, being alone with her maid, said to her, "I am ashamed, dear Leonela, to think how greatly I undervalued myself, in suffering Lothario to have gained so quickly the entire possession of my heart: I fear he will look upon my easy surrender as levity, without reflecting on the violence of his suit, which it was impossible to resist." "Dear madam," answered Leonela, "let not this scruple, so slight in itself, trouble you: the value of a gift, if it be really good, and worthy of esteem, cannot be lessened by being given freely and expeditiously; and therefore it is said, he who gives quickly, gives twice." "Ah, but it is said, also," quoth Camilla, "that which costs little is less valued." "That does not affect your case," answered Leonela; "for love, they say, sometimes flies and sometimes walks; runs with one person, and halts

with another: some he warms, some he burns, some he wounds, and others he kills: in one and the same instant he begins and concludes the career of his desires; in the morning lays siege to a fortress, and in the evening has it surrendered to him; for no force is able to resist his will. And, this being so, of what are you afraid? It was this love that assisted Lothario, making my master's absence the instrument to oblige you to surrender, it being absolutely necessary to finish, in that interval, what love had decreed, lest, by giving time himself time to bring back Anselmo, the work, by his presence, might be rendered imperfect; for love has no surer minister by whom to execute his designs than opportunity; and he makes use of him in all his exploits, and especially in the beginning of them. All this I am well acquainted with, and from experience, rather than report; and, one day or other, madam, I may let you see, that I also am a girl of flesh and blood. Besides, madam, you did not declare your passion, nor surrender yourself so quickly, but that you had first seen, in his eyes, in his sighs, in his expressions, in his promises, his oaths, his presents, Lothario's whole soul; and in that, and all his accomplishments, how worthy he was of your love. Let not then such niceties disturb you; but rest assured, that he esteems you no less than you do him; and live contented and satisfied, that, since you are fallen into the snare of love, it is with a person of worth and character, and one who possesses not only the four SS,¹ which no

true lover ought to be without, but the whole alphabet of good qualities. Hear me, and you shall see how I have it by heart. He is, if I judge rightly,² amiable, bountiful, constant, daring, enamoured, faithful, gallant, honourable, illustrious, kind, loyal, mild, noble, obliging, prudent, quiet, rich, and the SS, as they say; lastly, true, valiant, and wise: the X suits him not, because it is a harsh letter; the Y stands for young; and the Z makes him zealous of your honour.”³

Camilla smiled at the alphabet of her maid, and found that she was more conversant in matters of love than she had hitherto owned; and indeed she now confessed to Camilla, that she was engaged in an intrigue with a young gentleman of the same city. Camilla was much disturbed at this intelligence, fearing her own honour might be in danger from the intercourse; and she therefore sifted her, to know whether her amour had gone farther than words. With much boldness and less shame, she owned that it had: for the slips of the mistress take off all modesty from the maid-servants, who, when they see their betters tripping, make nothing of downright halting, nor of its being known. Thus circumstanced, Camilla had no other resource but to beg of Leonela to say nothing of her affair to the person who was her lover, and to manage her own intrigue with such secrecy, that it might not come to the knowledge of Anselmo or Lothario. Leonela promised she would be cautious: but she kept her word in a manner that

justified Camilla's fears, that by her means she might lose her reputation: for the lewd and confident maid, when she found that her mistress's conduct was not distinguished by the same purity as it used to be, had the assurance to introduce and conceal her lover in the house, presuming that her lady, should she discover it, would not dare to complain. And thus another inconvenience attends the failings of mistresses, that they become slaves to their very servants, and are obliged to conceal their dishonesty and lewdness; as was the case with Camilla: for, though she saw, not once only, but often, that Leonela entertained her gallant in the house, so far was she from daring to reprimand her, that she gave her opportunities of concealing him, and did all she could to prevent his being observed by her husband. But all their caution could not screen him from the eyes of Lothario, who seeing him one morning at break of day, coming out of the house, and not knowing who he was, thought at first, it must be some apparition: but when he saw him steal off, muffling himself up, and concealing himself with care, he changed one foolish opinion for another, which would have been the ruin of them all, if Camilla had not remedied it. Lothario was so far from thinking that the man, whom he had discovered hurrying out of Anselmo's house, at so unseasonable an hour, had come thither upon Leonela's account, that he did not so much as remember there was such a person as Leonela in the world. What he thought, was, that Camilla, as she

had been easy and complying to him, was so to another person: for this additional mischief attends an indiscreet woman, that her credit is weakened even with the man to whose entreaties and persuasions she has surrendered her honour; and he is ready to believe, upon the slightest grounds, that she yields to new lovers with still greater facility.

All Lothario's good sense, and prudent reasonings, seem to have failed him upon this occasion: for, without making one proper, or even rational reflection, impatient, blinded with a jealous rage, that gnawed his bowels, and dying to be revenged on Camilla, who had offended him in nothing, he posted, without farther examination, to Anselmo before he was up, and said to him, "Anselmo, for several days past, I have struggled with myself, to keep from you what it is no longer possible or just to conceal. Know, then, that the fort is surrendered, and submitted to my will and pleasure. I have delayed discovering to you this truth, that I might satisfy myself, whether it proceeded from any wanton desire in your wife, or that she had a mind to try, if, in the love, which, with your connivance, I made to her, I was in earnest. I waited also to ascertain, whether she would give you an account of my solicitations, which, had she been what she ought, and we believed her to be, she would have done: that however not being the case, I conclude she intends to keep the promise she has made, of giving me a meeting, the next time you are from home, in the wardrobe (and, indeed, that was

the place where Camilla used to entertain him.) Since the crime however is not yet committed, except in thought, I would not have you run precipitately to your revenge ; for, perhaps, between this and the time of executing her promise, she may change her mind, and repent. And therefore, as you have hitherto followed my advice, in whole or in part, follow and observe what I shall now give you, that, without the possibility of being mistaken, you may satisfy yourself, and then determine, upon the maturest deliberation, what is best to be done. Pretend an absence of three or four days, as you have done before, and contrive to hide yourself in the wardrobe, where the tapestry, and other moveables, may serve to conceal you : and you will see with your own eyes, as I shall with mine, what are Camilla's intentions ; and if they incline to wickedness, as is rather to be feared than hoped, you may, with secrecy and caution, be the avenger of your own injury."

Anselmo was confounded, astonished, thunder-struck at Lothario's declaration, which came upon him at a time when he least expected it ; for he already looked upon Camilla as victorious over Lothario's feigned assaults, and began to enjoy the glory of the conquest. He stood silent for a while, his eyes fixed motionless on the ground, and at length said, " Lothario, you have executed faithfully what I expected from your friendship ; I shall follow your advice in every thing ; do what you please, but be as secret as so unlooked for an event requires." Lo-

thario promised him that he would ; but scarcely had he quitted the room, when he began to repent of every thing he had said, and was convinced he had acted a most absurd part, since he might have revenged himself on Camilla by a less cruel and less dishonourable method. He cursed his want of sense, condemned his heedless resolution, and was at a loss how to undo what was done, or to get decently out of the scrape. At last he resolved to discover all to Camilla ; and, as he could not long want an opportunity of doing it, that very day he found her alone ; but immediately, on his coming in, before he could say a word to her, she thus accosted him : “ Know, my dear Lothario, that I have an uneasiness at heart, which tortures me to such a degree, that I feel as if it were ready to burst ; and, indeed, I am surprised it does not ; for Leonela’s impudence is arrived to such a pitch, that she, every night, entertains a gallant in the house, who stays with her till daylight, to the extreme prejudice of my reputation, which is thus exposed to the censure of whoever may see him go out at such an unseasonable hour : and what adds to my concern is, that I dare not chastise, or so much as reprimand her for her effrontery ; for her being in the secret of our correspondence, puts a bridle into my mouth, and obliges me to conceal hers ; from which I cannot help fearing some unlucky event will befall us.”

At first, when Camilla said this, Lothario believed it a stroke of cunning to deceive and persuade him, that the man he saw going out was Leonela’s gallant,

and not hers ; but, perceiving that she wept, and afflicted herself, and begged his assistance in finding a remedy for the evil, he changed his opinion, and was filled with confusion and sorrow for what he had done. He desired, however, that she would make herself easy, for he would soon take an effectual course to restrain Leonela's insolence. He then informed her what the furious rage of jealousy had instigated him to do, and how it was agreed, that Anselmo should hide himself in the wardrobe, to be an eye-witness, from thence, of her disloyalty to him. He begged pardon for this madness, and requested her advice how to counteract what was done, and extricate them out of the perplexed labyrinth in which his rashness had involved them. Camilla was astonished at what she heard, and reproached him for the ill thoughts he had entertained of her ; at the same time setting before him, with many and discreet reasons, the folly and inconsiderateness of the step he had taken. But, as women have naturally a more ready invention, be it for good or bad purposes, than men, though it often fails them in premeditated schemes, Camilla instantly hit upon a way to remedy an affair seemingly incapable of all remedy ; and bid Lothario take care that Anselmo hid himself the next day in the place he had proposed ; for she hoped by this very circumstance to secure, for the future, their mutual enjoyment, without fear of surprise : and, without letting him into the whole of her design, she only desired, when Anselmo was at his post, that he

would be ready at Leonela's call, and take care to answer to whatever she should say to him, just as he would do, if he did not know that Anselmo was listening. Lothario pressed her to explain herself further, that he might, with the more safety and caution, be upon his guard in all that he might deem necessary. "No other guard," said Camilla, "is necessary, but that you answer directly to what I shall ask you." For she was not willing to let him into the secret of what she intended to do, lest he should disapprove of the plan, which she thought so good, and devise some other, not likely to prove equally successful.

Lothario then left her; and, the next day, Anselmo, under pretence of going to his friend's villa, quitted the house, but turned presently back to conceal himself; which he might conveniently do, for Camilla and Leonela were out of the way on purpose. Being now in his hiding-place, with all that palpitation of heart, which may be imagined in one who expected to see with his own eyes the bowels of his honour ripped up, and upon the point of losing, as he supposed, that supreme bliss of which he thought himself possessed in his beloved Camilla; she and Leonela, assured of the fact that he was behind the hangings, entered the room, and instantly Camilla, heaving a deep sigh, said, "Ah, my dear Leonela, would it not be better, before I carry into execution, what I would keep secret from you, lest you should endeavour to prevent it, that you should take Anselmo's dagger, and plunge it into this infamous

breast? But no; it is not reasonable that I should bear the punishment of another's fault. I will first know, from his own lips, what the bold and wanton eyes of Lothario saw in me, that could give him the assurance to disclose to me so wicked a passion, in contempt of his friend's honour and my own. Go to the window, Leonela, and call him; for doubtless he is waiting in the street, in the hope of succeeding in his villanous purpose. But first my cruel, but honourable, intentions shall be executed." "Ah, dear madam," answered the cunning and well-instructed Leonela, "what is it you intend to do with this dagger? Is it to take away your own life, or Lothario's? Whichever of the two it be, it will rebound alike to the ruin of your credit and fame. Is it not better to dissemble your wrong, than to let this wicked creature into the room, alone as we are? Consider, madam, we are weak women, and he a young man, and resolute; and, as he comes blinded by his hellish purpose, he may, perhaps, before you can execute yours, do what would be worse for you than taking away your life. A mischief upon my master Anselmo, for giving this impudent fellow such an ascendant in his house. But pray, madam, if you kill him, as I imagine you intend, what shall we do with him after he is dead?" "Do with him?" answered Camilla, "why, leave him here for Anselmo to bury; for it is but just he should have the agreeable trouble of interring his own infamy. Go, call him, I say; for every moment I lose in delaying

to take revenge for my wrong, methinks I offend against the loyalty I owe my husband."

All this Anselmo listened to, and, at every word Camilla spoke, his sentiments changed. But when he understood that she intended to use the dagger against Lothario's life, he was inclined to prevent it, by coming out and discovering himself; but was withheld by the strong desire he had to see what would be the end of so brave and virtuous a resolution; purposing, however, to appear time enough to prevent mischief. Camilla was now seized with a strong fainting fit; and throwing herself upon a couch, Leonela began to weep bitterly, bewailing, "Ah! woe is me! that I should be so unhappy as to see die here, between my arms, the flower of the human virtue, the crown of good women, the pattern of chastity!" with other expressions of similar import, that nobody, who had heard her, but would have taken her for the most compassionate and faithful damsel in the universe, and her lady for another persecuted Penelope. Camilla soon recovered from her swoon, and, when she was come to herself, she said, "Why do you not go, Leonela, and call the most faithless of all friends that the sun ever beheld, or the night ever covered? Be quick, run, fly! let not the fire of my rage be spent by delay, and the just vengeance I mean to take, pass off in empty threats and revilings." "I am going," said Leonela; "but, dear madam, you must first give me that dagger; lest, when I am gone, you should do a thing which

might give those who love you cause to weep all the days of their lives." "Go, dear Leonela, and fear not," said Camilla; "I will not do it: for though I am resolute in defending my honour, I shall not act like that Lucretia, of whom it is said, that she killed herself without having committed any fault, and without first taking his life, who was the cause of her misfortune. Yes, I will die, if die I must; but it shall be after I have satiated my revenge on the wretch, who is the occasion of my being now here to bewail his insolence, which no misconduct of mine has in the slightest degree authorised."

Leonela wanted a great deal of entreaty, before she would call Lothario; but at last she went, and, while she was away, Camilla, as if she was talking to herself, said, "Good God, would it not have been more adviseable to have dismissed Lothario, as I have often done before, than to give him reason to think wantonly of me, though it be only for the short time that I defer the undeceiving him? Doubtless it would have been better; but neither shall I be revenged, nor will my husband's honour be satisfied, if from an attempt, to which his wicked thoughts alone have led him, he escape so smooth and clean. No! let the traitor pay with his life for the enterprise of so lascivious a desire. Let the world know, if perchance it comes to know, that Camilla not only preserved her loyalty to her husband, but revenged him on the man who dared attempt to wrong him.

But, after all, it would perhaps be a better step still to disclose the whole to Anselmo: I have already hinted the subject to him, in the letter I wrote while he was in the country; and his neglecting to remedy the threatened mischief must be owing to his own purity of heart, and a blind confidence in Lothario, which would not let him believe, that the least thought, to the prejudice of his honour, could be lodged in the breast of so faithful a friend: nor did I myself believe it for many days, nor should ever have believed it, had not his daring, by presents, large promises, and continual tears, put it beyond all dispute. But why do I talk thus? Does a brave resolution stand in need of counsel? No, certainly. Traitor, avaunt! hasten vengeance! let the false one come, enter, die, and then befall what will! Unspotted I came into the power of him whom Heaven allotted me for my husband, and unspotted will I leave him, though bathed in my own chaste blood, and the impure gore of the falsest friend, that friendship ever honoured with the title." And she walked up and down the room, with such disordered steps and strange gestures, the drawn dagger in her hand, that she seemed quite beside herself, and might have been taken for some desperate ruffian, instead of a soft and delicate woman.

Anselmo, in perfect amazement, observed all this from behind the arras, where he had hid himself, and he already thought what he had seen and heard more than sufficient to balance his suspicions, had they

been greater than they were, and began to wish that Lothario might not come, for fear of some sudden disaster. Indeed, he was upon the point of discovering himself, of flying out to embrace and undeceive his wife, when he was prevented by seeing Leonela return with his friend, whom Camilla no sooner beheld, than she drew with the dagger a long line between her and him, and said, "Take notice, sir, of what I say: if you shall dare to pass this line, or even come near it, the moment I perceive the attempt, I will pierce my breast with this weapon: and, before you answer a word to this, hear, sir, what I have farther to say, and then reply as you please. In the first place, I would ask, whether you know Anselmo, my husband, and in what estimation you hold him? And, in the next place, I would be informed, whether you know me? The questions are not difficult, and may be answered promptly, without perturbation or study." Lothario was not so ignorant, but that, from the instant Camilla desired him to advise Anselmo to hide himself, he guessed what she intended, and accordingly humoured her design so well, that they were able, between them, to make the counterfeit pass for something more than truth; and he therefore answered in this manner:—"I did not imagine, fair Camilla, that you called me hither to answer to things so wide of the purpose for which I supposed myself invited. If you do it, to delay the promised favour, why did you not adjourn the assignation to another opportunity? For the

nearer is the prospect of possession, the more eager are we to enjoy the desired bliss. But, that you may not reproach me with not answering your questions, I reply, that I know your husband, Anselmo, well, for we have been intimate from our tenderest years: of our friendship I will say nothing, that I may not be a witness against myself of the wrong which love, that powerful excuse for greater faults, has led me to commit. You, too, I know, and prize as highly as he does: for, were it otherwise, did you possess less excellence, I should not have acted so contrary to my duty as a gentleman, and so much against the holy laws of true friendship, which I have broken and violated, through the tyranny of that uncontrollable power I have mentioned." "If you acknowledge so much," replied Camilla, "with what face, mortal enemy of all that justly deserves to be loved, dare you appear before her, whom you know to be the mirror that reflects him, and in whose affection you might have seen, whether you had reasonable grounds on which to build your presumption? But ah! unhappy that I am! a light dawns upon me, leading me to discover what it was that made you forget yourself: it was, doubtless, some indiscretion on my part; for I will not call it by the name of immodesty, since it proceeded not from design, but from some one of those inadvertencies into which women frequently fall unawares, when there is nobody present before whom they think they need be upon the reserve. But tell me, O traitor, when did

I ever answer your addresses with any word or sign, that could give you the least shadow of hope, that you should ever accomplish your nefarious desires? When were your amorous expressions not repulsed and rebuked with rigour and severity? When were your promises and presents believed or accepted? But, knowing that no one can persevere long in an affair of love, unless it be kept alive by some hope, I take upon myself the blame of your impertinence; and therefore I will chastise and inflict that punishment on myself, which your offence merits. And, to convince you, that being so severe to myself, I could not possibly be otherwise to you, I have invited you hither, to be a witness to the sacrifice I intend to make to the offended honour of my worthy husband, injured by you with the greatest imaginable deliberation, and by me, through carelessness in not shunning the occasion, if occasion I gave, of countenancing, in any way, your wicked intentions. I say again, that the suspicion, that some inadvertency of mine has been the cause of such licentious thoughts in you, disturbs me so, that I am resolved to punish it with my own hands: for should some other executioner do it, my crime, perhaps, would but be the more public. Yes, I will die, but I will die bearing with me the blood of one whose death shall entirely satisfy the thirst of that revenge, which I partly enjoy already, in the reflection, that I shall have before my eyes, to what place soever I go, the sentence of impartial justice strictly executed

on the villain, who has reduced me to this desperate condition."

Saying this, she flew at Lothario, with the drawn dagger, so quickly, so violently, and with such seeming earnestness, to stab him to the heart, that he was almost in doubt himself, whether the efforts were feigned or real; and was obliged to use his dexterity and strength to prevent his being wounded. Indeed, she played the counterfeit part so much to the life, that, to give this strange imposture a colour of truth, she resolved to stain it with her own blood. Perceiving, therefore, or pretending, that she could not wound Lothario, she said, "Since fortune denies to my just desires a complete satisfaction, it shall not defeat it entirely." And struggling to free her dagger-hand, which was held by Lothario, she succeeded; and, directing the point of the weapon to a part where it might give but a slight wound, she stabbed herself above the breast, near the left shoulder, and fell upon the floor as in a swoon. Leonela and Lothario were now in greater astonishment than before, and more at a loss what to think of the event, especially when they saw Camilla lying at her length, and bathed in her own blood. Lothario, frightened, and breathless, hastened to draw out the dagger; when, perceiving the wound had but little depth, his fears vanished, and he could not help admiring anew, the sagacity, prudence, and great ingenuity of the fair tragedian. And now, to act his part, he began a long and sorrowful lamentation over the body of

Camilla, as if she were dead, imprecating heavy curses, not only on himself, but on him who had been the original cause of this calamitous scene ; and knowing that his friend Anselmo was listening to what passed, he uttered such things, that whoever had heard them would have pitied him more than Camilla herself, though they had judged her to be really dead. Leonela took her in her arms, and having laid her on the couch, besought Lothario to procure, and introduce privately, some one to dress the wound ; and was anxious for his advice and opinion, as to what should be said to Anselmo, should he unfortunately come home before it was healed. To this he replied, that she might say what she pleased ; that he was not in a condition to give advice worth following ; he bid her, however, endeavour to stanch the blood ; and, as for himself, he would go where he should never be seen more. And, with a show of much sorrow and concern, he left the house ; but when he found himself alone, and unseen, he crossed himself repeatedly, in admiration of the cunning of Camilla, and the no less subtle behaviour of her maid. He was pleased, too, with reflecting, that now Anselmo must have a thorough assurance of his wife being a second Portia ; and he longed to be with him, that they might rejoice together at the imposture, so nearly resembling truth, that perhaps no artful disguise was ever carried farther.

Leonela, as desired, stopped the flowing of her mistress's blood, which was just as much as was

necessary to give the wanted effect to the stratagem; and washing the wound with a little wine, she bound it up as well as she could, uttering all the while such pathetic things in her praise, that Anselmo could not but believe his wife the very mirror of chastity. To those of Leonela, Camilla added her lamentations, calling herself poor-spirited and a coward, in that she had failed in resolution, at a time when she stood most in need of it, to deprive herself of a life which she so much abhorred. She asked her maid's advice, whether she should disclose what had happened to her beloved spouse; and the maid advised that nothing should be said about it, since, if he knew it, he would be under the necessity of revenging himself on Lothario, which would be attended with danger to himself; and it was the duty of a good woman not only to avoid all occasion of involving her husband in a quarrel, but, as far as lay in her power, to prevent it. Camilla expressed her approbation of this advice, and said she would follow it; but then what could she say to Anselmo about the wound, which he must needs see. The maid affected to be at a loss here, observing, that, for her part, she could not tell a lie, even in jest. "How, then, can I?" replied Camilla, "who dare not invent, or persist in one, though my life were at stake? If we cannot contrive some means of conquering this difficulty, it will be better to tell at once the whole truth, than be detected in a false story." "Be in no pain, madam," answered Leonela, "about the matter; for, between

this and to-morrow morning, I will study what is best to be done ; and perhaps, the wound being where it is, he may not observe it, and Heaven may befriend us. Compose yourself, therefore, good madam ; endeavour to quiet your spirits, that my master, should he return, may not find you in this disorder ; and leave the rest to my care, and to that of Heaven, which never fails to favour just and honourable intentions."

Anselmo stood listening, with the utmost attention, to this tragedy of the death of his honour, which the actors represented with such strange and appropriate passions, that it seemed, as if they were transformed into the very characters they personated ; and he longed for night, that he might have an opportunity of escaping to his dear Lothario, and rejoice with him on finding, in the confirmed virtue of his wife, which the denouement evinced, so precious a jewel. The opportunity he wanted, they took care he should not be long without, and he did not fail to embrace it ; and, having found his friend, it would be difficult to describe the eagerness with which he embraced him, the satisfaction he expressed at his conduct, and the praises he heaped on Camilla. In Lothario, however, there were no signs of corresponding joy, for he could not but reflect how cruelly his friend was deceived, and how ungenerously he treated him. Anselmo observed that he did not partake of his joy ; but he ascribed it to the wound Camilla had inflicted on herself, and of which he had been the

occasion; he therefore requested him to be in no pain on that account, for the wound could be but slight, as she had agreed with her maid upon concealing it; and as there was nothing to be feared, he hoped he would cast off his gloom, and be jocund with him, since it was by his means, by his friendly diligence, he found himself raised to the highest pitch of happiness he could wish to attain: and he added, that henceforth it should be the occupation and amusement of his life, to compose verses in praise of Camilla, to perpetuate the remembrance of her transcendent worth. Lothario applauded what he called his good resolution, and said, that he too would aid in the erection of so deserving and illustrious an edifice.

Anselmo, the most agreeably deceived man in the world, now led home by the hand the instrument, as he thought, of his glory, but, in reality, the perdition of his fame. The imposture was carried on for several months; but fortune at last turned her wheel, and the iniquity, till then so artfully concealed, came to light, and poor Anselmo's Impertinent Curiosity cost him his life.

CHAP. VIII.

The conclusion of the novel of the Curious Impertinent, with the dreadful battle Don Quixote fought with certain wine-skins.

THERE remained but little more of the novel to be

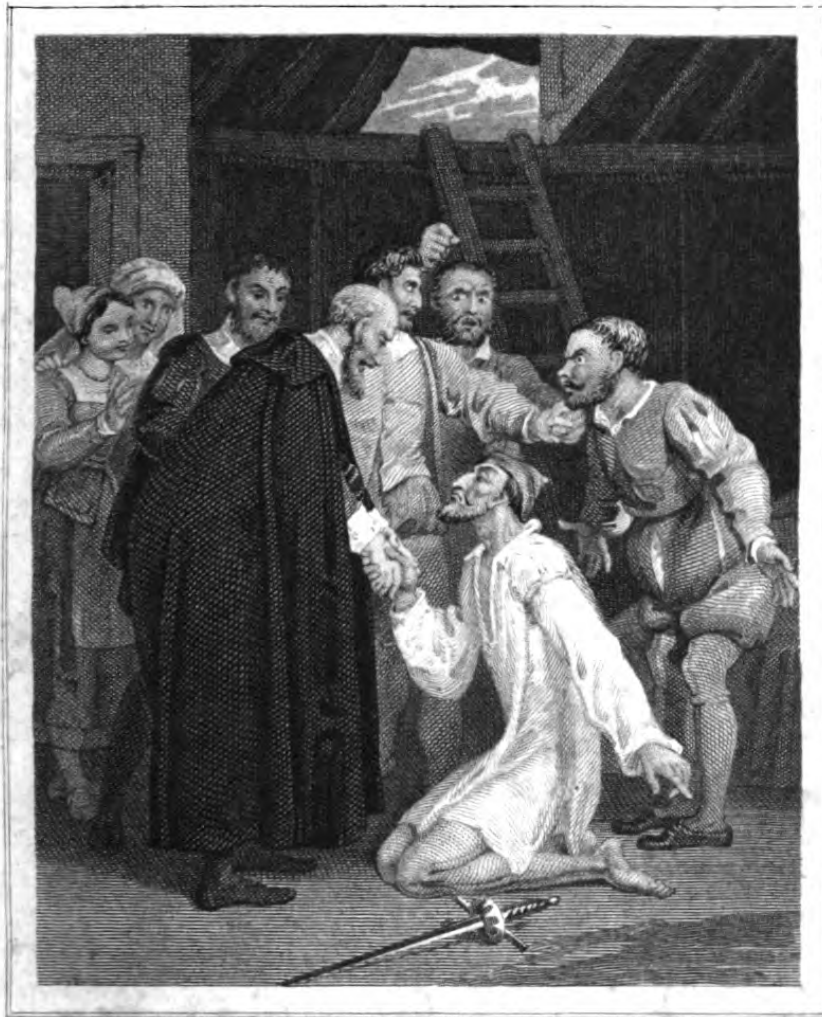
read, when Sancho Panza descended in a fright from Don Quixote's garret, bawling aloud, "Haste, gentlemen, pray haste, to the succour of my master, who is over head and ears in the closest and toughest battle my eyes ever beheld. As God shall save me, he has given the giant, that enemy of the princess Micomicona, such a stroke, that he has cut off his head close to his shoulders as clean as if it had been a turnip!" "What do you mean, brother?" quoth the priest, leaving off reading; "are you in your right senses? How the devil can this be, when the giant is two thousand leagues off?" At that instant they heard a great noise above, and Don Quixote calling aloud, "Stay, thou cowardly thief, robber, villain! for here I have thee, and thy scimitar shall avail thee nothing!" And it seemed from the sounds, as if he were hacking and slashing against the walls. "Do not stand listening, gentlemen," quoth Sancho, "but go in and part the fray, or aid my master: though by this time there will be no occasion; for doubtless the giant is already dead, and giving an account to God of his past wicked life; for I saw the blood run about the floor, and the head fall off, and roll on one side, and as big as a great wine-skin."¹ "I will be hanged," quoth the innkeeper, on hearing this, "if Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not given a gash to some of the wine-skins that stand at his bed's head, and the wine he has let out must be what this wisecrack takes for blood:" and he went into the room, the whole company following him; and they found the knight in

the strangest situation in the world. He was in his shirt, which was not quite long enough before to cover his thighs, and behind was six inches shorter: his legs were long and lank, covered with hair, and not over clean, and on his head, he had a little red cap, somewhat greasy, which belonged to the innkeeper. About his left arm, he had twisted the blanket of his bed, to which Sancho owed a grudge, he well knew why, and in his right hand was his drawn sword, with which he was laying furiously about him, and talking as if he had really been fighting with a giant: and what was still more surprising, his eyes were shut; for he was asleep, and dreaming that he was engaged in this encounter: for his imagination was so full of the adventure he had undertaken, that it made him dream he was already arrived at the kingdom of Micomicon, and engaged in fight with his enemy; and, fancying he was cleaving down the giant, he had given the skins so many cuts, that the whole room was afloat with their contents. The innkeeper, perceiving the mischief that was done, fell so wrathfully upon Don Quixote, and belaboured him with his clenched fists, in such a manner, that, if Cardenio and the priest had not interfered, he would have put an end to the war of the giant; and yet, notwithstanding all this, the poor gentleman did not awake, until the barber brought a bucket of cold water from the well, and soused it over his body: nor did this rouse him sufficiently, as to make him sensible of the pickle he was in. Dorothea, perceiving

how scantily he was arrayed, would not go in to witness the fight between her champion and her adversary, and Sancho was searching about the floor for the head of the giant; and not finding it, said, "Well, I see plainly, that every thing in this house is enchantment: for, the time before, in the very place where I now am, I had several thwacks and thumps bestowed upon me, without knowing from whence they came, or seeing any body: and now the head is vanished, which with my own eyes I saw cut off, and the blood spout from the body like any fountain." "What blood, and what fountain? thou enemy to God and his saints!" said the innkeeper: "dost thou not see, thief, that the blood and the fountain are nothing but these skins pierced and ripped open, and the red wine floating about the room? I wish I may see his soul floating in hell that pierced them!" "I know nothing of the matter," said Sancho, "save and except, unfortunate as I am, that for want of finding this head, my earldom will melt away like salt in water." Thus Sancho awake, was madder than his master asleep; so infatuated was he with the promises he had made him. The innkeeper lost all patience at the squire's phlegm, and the knight's wicked havoc; and he swore they should not escape, as they did before, without paying; nor should the privileges of chivalry exempt them this time from discharging both reckonings, even to the necessary patches for mending the torn skins.

The priest had hold of the hands of Don Quixote;

who, imagining the adventure² to be finished, and that he was in the presence of the princess Micomicona, fell on his knees before him, and said, "High and renowned lady, from this day forward your highness may live satisfied and secure, now that this ill-born creature can do you no injury: and I also, from this day forward, am freed from the promise I gave you, since, by the assistance of the Most High, and through the favour of her by whom I live and breathe, I have so happily accomplished the undertaking." "Did not I tell you so?" quoth Sancho, hearing what the knight said; "so that I was not drunk: see, if my master has not already put the giant in pickle: here are the bulls;³ my earldom is cock-sure!" Who could forbear laughing at the absurdities alike of both master and man? the company could not, the innkeeper excepted, who cursed himself to the devil. At length, the barber, Cardenio, and the priest, succeeded, though not without difficulty, in throwing Don Quixote on the bed; and covering him up, he fell fast asleep, with signs of extreme fatigue. They left him to his repose, and went to the inn-door, to comfort Sancho under his disappointment of not finding the giant's head: but the most arduous task was to pacify the innkeeper, who was out of his wits for the murder of his wine-skins. The hostess too muttered, and said, "In an unlucky minute, and in an evil hour, came this knight-errant into my house! O that my eyes had never seen him! he has been a dear guest to me.



Drawn by R. Westall R.A.

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DON QUIXOTE.

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The last time, he went away with a night's reckoning, for supper, bed, straw, and barley, for himself and for his squire, for a horse and an ass, telling us, forsooth, that he was a knight-adventurer,—evil adventures befall him, and all the adventurers in the world!—and that therefore he was not obliged to pay any thing; for so it was written, forsooth, in the registers of knight-errantry: and now again, on his account too, comes this other gentleman, and carries off my tail, and returns it me with two-penny worth of damage, all the hair off, so that it can serve no more for my husband's purpose: and as a finishing mischief, to rip open my skins, and let out my wine! would I could see his blood so let out! But let him not think to escape; for by the bones of my father, and the soul of my mother, he shall pay me down upon the nail every farthing, or may I never be called by my own name, nor be my own father's daughter." The hostess said all this, and more, in extreme wrath; and even honest Maritornes, her maid, seconded her. The daughter held her peace, but now and then smiled. The priest quieted all, promising to make the best reparation he could for their loss, as well in the wine-skins as the wine, and especially for the damage done to the tail, which they valued so highly. Dorothea comforted Sancho Panza, by telling him, that, whenever it should really appear, that his master had decapitated the giant, and she was peaceably seated on her throne, she would bestow upon him the best earldom in her dominions. This

had its effect; Sancho was comforted, and assured the princess, she might depend upon it, that he had seen the head, by the same token that it had a beard which reached down to the girdle, and the reason it could not be found was, that every thing in that house passed by enchantment, as he had experienced the last time he had the misfortune to lodge there. Dorothea replied, that she believed so; but bid him be in no pain, for all would be well in the end, and turn out to his heart's desire.

Tranquillity being now restored, the priest was desirous of reading the remainder of the novel, for he saw that it drew towards a close, and the rest of the company wishing him to do so, to please both himself and them, he went on with the story as follows.—

Now it was that Anselmo, from the satisfaction he felt in the supposed virtue of his wife, begun to taste the sweets of that felicity, which content and security could give him; while Camilla looked with seeming displeasure on Lothario, that her husband might think he was an object rather of hatred to her than love; and, as a further disguise, Lothario on his part begged his friend to excuse his coming to his house, since it was manifest, that his presence gave uneasiness to Camilla. But the deceived Anselmo would by no means consent to this: and thus, in a thousand different ways, he became the contriver of his own dishonour, while he thought he was laying up for himself an increasing store of happiness. As for

Leonela, she was so pleased to find herself thus at liberty to follow her amorous inclinations, that, regardless of every thing else, she let loose the reins, and took her swing, confident that her mistress would not only conceal her intrigue, but even put her in the most commodious way of carrying it on without detection.

One night, however, Anselmo heard somebody walking in her chamber, and being desirous of knowing who it was, he found, on attempting to go in, the door held against him. This increased his curiosity, and with an effort of strength he burst open the door, when, as he entered, he saw a man leap from the window into the street ; but he was not quick enough to lay hold of him, or ascertain who he was, being prevented by Leonela, who clung about him, crying, " Pray, dear sir, do not be angry, do not pursue the person who has escaped by the window : he came here on my account : he is, indeed he is, my husband." Anselmo would not believe a word of what she said, and, blind with rage, he drew his poniard, protesting, if she did not tell him the whole truth, he would instantly put her to death. Terrified, and not knowing what she said, she answered, " Do not kill me, sir, and I will tell you things of greater importance than you can imagine." " Be quick, then, in your communication," said Anselmo, " or you are a dead woman." " In my present perturbation, it is impossible," said Leonela ; " wait till to-morrow ;

and you shall learn what will amaze you : but I assure you, sir, he who jumped out of the window, is a young man of this city, who has given me a promise of marriage." With this declaration, Anselmo was in some degree pacified, and consented to wait the time she desired ; not dreaming he should hear any thing to the prejudice of Camilla, of whose virtue he was so satisfied and secure : but on quitting the room, he took the precaution of locking up Leonela, telling her that she should not stir out of it, till she had made the promised discovery. From the chamber of Leonela, he went immediately to Camilla, and related to her all that had passed, and the promise her maid had made, to acquaint him with things of the utmost importance. It is needless to ask, whether Camilla was disturbed at this intelligence : so greatly was she disturbed, that believing, and not without reason, that Leonela would disclose all she knew of her disloyalty, she had not the courage to wait the event of her suspicion ; but that very night, when Anselmo was asleep, taking with her all her best jewels and what money she could, she left the house, without being perceived by any one, and hastened to Lothario, to whom she recounted what had passed, begging him to conduct her to a place of safety, or fly with her to some retreat, in which they might live secure from her husband's pursuit. The confusion of Lothario at what she related was so great, that, for a while, he could not answer a word, much less resolve on what was to be done : at length, recovering him-

self, he determined on placing her in a convent, of which the prioress was his sister, and, Camilla consenting, he conducted her thither with all the expedition which the case required, and, commending her to the friendly offices of the abbess, departed himself in haste from the city, without communicating the occasion of his flight to any soul breathing.

As soon as it was day, Anselmo, without missing Camilla from his side, so impatient was he to know what Leonela had to impart, rose, and went to the room in which he had shut her up: but on opening the door and going in, he found that his prisoner was gone, and perceiving the sheets tied to the window, he wanted no other proof in what way she had effected her escape. Full of concern, he instantly returned to acquaint Camilla with the circumstance, and, not finding her in bed, nor any where in the house, he was in the utmost astonishment. He made inquiries of every servant, but no one could give him the least tidings. It happened, however, in the course of his search, that he found her cabinet open, and, upon inspecting it, most of her jewels gone; and then it was that the suspicion of his disgrace first entered his head, and that his wife, not Leonela, was the cause of his misfortune. Half dressed as he was, he went sad and pensive to give an account of his disaster to his friend Lothario, and when he learned from the servants, that he had gone away in the night, and had taken with him all the ready money he had, his senses nearly forsook him. To

complete his wretchedness, when he returned to his house he found it deserted, not a servant, male or female, being any where to be seen in it. In this miserable dilemma, he was at a loss what to think, say, or do, and was so truly bewildered, that his mind began to fail him. In an instant he found himself deprived of wife, friend, and servants, and abandoned, as he thought, by the heavens that covered him, and above all robbed of his honour, by the misconduct of Camilla, which he considered as the consummation of his ruin. Reflecting, as well as he could, he resolved at last to go to the country-house of his friend, whom he had visited when he furnished the opportunity of plotting this unhappy business. He accordingly locked the doors of his house, and, mounting his horse, set out, greatly oppressed in spirit; but before he had gone half way, overwhelmed by his melancholy thoughts, he was obliged to alight, and, tying his horse to a tree, he fell down at the foot of it, giving vent to the most heart-rending sighs and lamentations. Here he remained till the approach of night, when, seeing a man on horseback coming from the city, he saluted him, and inquired what news there was in Florence. "The strangest," replied the citizen, "that has been heard this many a day: for it is publicly reported, that Lothario, the particular friend of Anselmo the rich, who lived at St. John's, last night carried off Camilla, the wife of Anselmo, and that he also is missing. The discovery, it seems, was made by Ca-

milla's maid to the governor, who caught her in the night letting herself down by a sheet from a window of Anselmo's house. I am not acquainted with the particulars, but I know that the whole city is in a blaze at an event, so little to be expected from the intimacy that subsisted between the two gentlemen, which was of so extraordinary a nature, that they were styled on account of it the Two Friends." "Is it known what road the runaways have taken?" said Anselmo. "No, it is not," replied the citizen, "but the governor has ordered diligent search to be made after them."

This inauspicious news reduced Anselmo to the brink not only of losing his senses, but his life: he remounted, however, as well as he could, and arrived at the house of his friend, who had not heard of his misfortune, but from his looking so pale, spiritless and faint, concluded that some heavy affliction was upon him. He begged that he might be permitted to retire to a bed-room, and furnished with pen, ink, and paper, which being done, he was left alone on the bed, and the door locked, as he also requested. In this situation he felt his mind so overcharged with his misfortunes, that he plainly perceived his end was approaching, and resolving to leave behind him some account of his strange and unexpected death, he began to write; but, before he could execute his whole intention, his breath failed him, and he expired, a victim to that sorrow, which his own impertinent curiosity had occasioned. The master of the

house, finding it grow late, and that his friend did not call, resolved to go to him, to inquire if he were better, and he found him lying on his face, his body half in bed and half resting on the table, the paper lying open, and the pen still in his hand. Having spoken to him without receiving an answer, he was induced to take him by the hand, and he found him so cold and stiff, that he inferred, he had for some time breathed his last. Surprised and troubled, he called the family together to be witnesses of the sad disaster, and taking up the paper, he read these words, which he knew to be in the handwriting of Anselmo.

“A foolish and impertinent curiosity has deprived me of life. If the news of my death should reach the ears of Camilla, let her know, that I forgive her: for she was neither obliged to work miracles, nor I to require them at her hands: and since I have been the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason why—”

Thus far only had he written; by which it would appear, as if life had deserted him before he could finish the sentence. The next day his friend sent an account of the circumstance of his death to his relations, who had already heard of his misfortune, and of Camilla having retired to a convent, where she was almost in a condition to accompany him in the last inevitable journey; not from the intelligence of his death, but the absence of her lover. Though now a widow, it was said, she would neither quit the

convent, nor take the veil, till a short time after, that the news reached her of Lothario having been killed in a battle, fought about that time between the renowned captain Gonzalo Fernandez of Cordova, and Monsieur de Lantrec, in the kingdom of Naples, whither the too-late repenting friend had retreated: then she assumed the religious habit, and, in a few days, like the husband she had disgraced, resigned her life into the rigorous hands of grief and melancholy. Such was the untimely end of all the parties engaged in this fatal drama, which owed its rise to an instance of extravagant rashness and indiscretion.

“ I do not dislike this novel,” said the priest, as he finished it; “ but I cannot persuade myself that it is a true story; and if it be fiction, the author has erred greatly against probability: for there cannot be supposed a husband so senseless, as to venture upon so dangerous an experiment as that of Anselmo: had the story turned upon a gallant and his mistress, it might have passed; but between a husband and wife, requires too great a stretch of faith. The manner of telling, however, is not unpleasant.”

CHAP. IX.

Which treats of other uncommon accidents that happened in the inn.

As the priest finished his comment on the novel, the host, who stood at the inn-door, said, “ Here

comes a goodly company of guests : if they stop here, we shall sing *Gaudeamus*." * "What sort of persons are they?" said Cardenio. "Four gentlemen," answered the host, "on horseback a la gineta,¹ with lances and targets, and black masks on their faces ;² and a lady on a side-saddle, dressed in white, her face likewise covered ; and two lads behind on foot." "Are they near?" asked the priest. "So near," replied the innkeeper, "that they are already at the gate." Dorothea, hearing this, veiled her face ; and Cardenio retired to Don Quixote's chamber ; and scarcely had they done so, when the company mentioned by the host, entered the inn-yard. The four horsemen, who seemed by their appearance to be persons of distinction, having alighted, went to help the lady from her horse : and one of them, taking her in his arms, placed her in a chair, which stood at the door of the chamber, into which Cardenio had withdrawn. All this time, not one of them had unmasked, or spoken a word : but the lady, on sitting down in the chair, fetched a deep sigh, and then let her arms fall, like a person indisposed, and ready to faint. The servants on foot having taken the horses to the stable, the priest, desirous to know who they were in such odd guise, and observing such profound silence, followed the lads, and inquired of one of them. "Really, signor," said he, "I cannot inform you, but I take them to be persons of considerable quality, especially he who lifted the lady from her horse, because the

* O be joyful.

others pay him such respect, and do nothing but what he orders and directs." "And the lady, pray, who is she?" demanded the priest. "Neither can I tell that," replied the servant, "for I have not seen her face during the whole journey. I have indeed often heard her sigh bitterly, and utter such groans, that one would think any one of them enough to break her heart. But it is no wonder we know so little of them, for it is not more than two days, since my comrade and I came into their service: for having met us upon the road, they begged and persuaded us to accompany them as far as Andalusia, promising to pay us well for our trouble." "But have you heard none of them called by their names?" said the priest. "Not once," answered the lad: "for they travel in so much silence, that nothing is heard but the sobs and sighs of the poor lady, which move us to pity her. Wherever she is going, we believe it to be against her will; and, from what we can gather from her dress, we suppose her to be a nun, or, which is more probable, about to become one, and the reason she is so sorrowful perhaps is, that it does not proceed from her own choice." "Very likely," quoth the priest; and, leaving them, he returned to the room where he had left Dorothea; who hearing the sighs of the lady stranger, by a natural impulse of compassion, approached and accosted her thus: "May I presume to ask, dear madam, what is the matter with you? If it be any thing in which female aid can be of service, I offer you mine with the utmost

good will." The afflicted lady returned no answer to this, and though urged by Dorothea to speak, persisted in her silence, till the cavalier, whom the servant had represented as superior to the rest, addressing himself to Dorothea, said, "Do not trouble yourself, madam, to offer any kindness to this woman, for it is her disposition not to be thankful for any favours that are conferred upon her; nor endeavour to make her speak, unless you would hear falsehood from her lips." "Falsehood! no!" said the hitherto silent lady; "it is for my aversion to falsehood and deceit, that I am reduced to my present hard lot. Of this you are yourself a witness, who know that it is my truth alone that makes you act towards me so false and treacherous a part."

Cardenio being so near to the person who spoke these words, as to be separated only by the door of Don Quixote's room, heard them plainly and distinctly, and instantly exclaimed, "Good God! what sounds are these? What voice is that which reached my ears?" The lady, in perfect surprise, turned her head at this exclamation, and not seeing the person by whom it was uttered, rose from her seat, and was going into the chamber; but the cavalier perceiving it, stopped her, and would not suffer her to proceed a step farther. From her sudden rising, and the perturbation she was in, her mask fell off, and discovered a face of incomparable beauty, a most miraculous countenance, though pale and wild with horror; for she rolled her eyes round, examining every corner

with so much eagerness, that she appeared like a distracted person, and excited the compassion of Dorothea and the rest, who were ignorant of the cause of her extraordinary emotion. The cavalier held her fast by the shoulders, and his hands being thus employed, his mask, from inattention, also fell off, and Dorothea, who had her arms round the lady, looking up, discovered, in the supposed stranger, her own husband, Don Fernando. The single monosyllable, "Oh!" accompanied by a deep and dismal sigh, heaved from the very bottom of the heart, was all she uttered on the discovery, and she instantly fell back in a swoon; and, had not the barber, who stood by, caught her in his arms, would certainly have come to ground. The priest ran to take off her veil, and throw water in her face, which was no sooner exposed than it was recognized by Don Fernando, who stood motionless, as if struck dead at the sight. Nevertheless he would not quit his hold of Lucinda, who was the lady struggling so hard to get loose, for she knew Cardenio's voice in his exclamation, as he had known hers. Cardenio heard also the deep-fetched sigh which Dorothea uttered when she fainted away, and believing it to proceed from his Lucinda, he burst from the room in a fright, and the first person he saw was his enemy, holding her close in his arms. Don Fernando knew him also, and all three, namely, Lucinda, Cardenio, and Dorothea, were struck dumb with astonishment, and seemed insensible of what had happened. They all stood silent, gazing on

one another ; Dorothea on Don Fernando, Don Fernando on Cardenio, Cardenio on Lucinda, and Lucinda on him : but the first who broke silence was Lucinda, who thus addressed herself to Don Fernando. “ Suffer me, signor Don Fernando, by your character as a gentleman, since no other consideration will avail, suffer me to cleave to that wall, of which I am the ivy, to that prop, from which neither your importunities, threats, promises, nor presents, were able to separate me. Observe, how Heaven, by unusual, and, to us, hidden ways, has brought me into the presence of my true husband, whose image, you well know, by a thousand dear-bought proofs, nothing but death can efface from my memory. Farther attempts then being in vain, let this open declaration convert your love into rage, your good will into despite, and put an end to my life ; which I shall resign with pleasure in the presence of my dear lord, my lawful husband, who will be convinced by my death of the fidelity I preserved to the last moment of my existence.”

In the mean time Dorothea had recovered from her swoon, and having heard what Lucinda had said, had no difficulty in conjecturing who she was ; but seeing that Don Fernando did not quit his hold, or reply to her address, she fell on her knees before him, and, shedding a torrent of piteous yet lovely tears, said, “ If, my dear lord, your eyes were not dazzled and obscured by the rays of that sun you hold eclipsed within your arms, you would see, that she who thus

kneels at your feet, is the unhappy, so long as you are pleased to have it so, and unfortunate Dorothea. I am that humble country maiden, whom, through condescension or love, you deigned to raise to the honour of calling herself yours. I am she, who, confined within the bounds of modesty, lived a contented life, till, to the voice of your importunities, and apparently sincere passion, she opened the gates of her reserve, and delivered up to you the keys of her liberty: a gift but ill requited by you, as appears by the circumstances into which you find me driven through your neglect, as well as by your own unworthy situation. But do not imagine that I am brought hither by any dishonest motives: no, grief only, at seeing myself forsaken and forgotten by you, has urged my steps. You wished me to be yours, and your wish was accomplished in a way, that, though your sentiments may have changed, it is impossible you should cease to be mine. Consider, my lord, whether the matchless affection of my heart may not counterbalance the beauty and rank of her for whom I am abandoned. You cannot be the fair Lucinda's, because you are already mine; nor can Lucinda be yours, because she is already Cardenio's: and, judging reasonably, will it not be an easier task to reduce your inclination to love her who adores you, than to bring her to love you, who at present holds you in abhorrence? You importuned my indifference, you solicited my integrity, you were not ignorant of my condition; you know how unsuspect-

ingly I gave myself up to your will : on my part there was no trick, no subterfuge, no deceit ; you cannot charge me with any. If, then, you are as much a Christian as a gentleman, why delay, by such evasions, making the end of my lot as happy as was the beginning ? If you will not acknowledge me for what I really am, your true and lawful wife, admit me at least as your slave ; let me but be under your protection, and I shall deem myself fortunate and blessed. But do not, by abandoning me, give the world occasion to censure and vilify me. Do not so sorely afflict the declining years of my parents, whose faithful services, as your father's vassals, merit a very different return. If you think your blood will be debased by mixing with mine, reflect, that there is little or no nobility but what has flowed in the same channel, and that in illustrious descents, what is derived from women is not essential. Reflect also, that true nobility consists in virtue,³ and if, by denying me what is so justly my due, you forfeit that, I shall remain with greater advantages of nobility than yourself. In short, my lord, I shall only add, that whether you will or no, I am your wife : witness your words ; which, if you value that for which you undervalue me, ought not to be false ; witness your hand-writing ; and witness Heaven, which you invoked to bear testimony to your promises, vows, and protestations : and should all this fail, I appeal to your conscience, which will never cease whispering to you in the midst of your joys,

justifying the truths I have told you, and disturbing even your highest satisfactions."

These and other arguments were urged so feelingly, and with so many tears, by the afflicted Dorothea, that every one present sympathized with her, not excepting the companions of Don Fernando. He himself listened to her without answering a word, until she had ended her address, which was followed by such woful sighs and sobs, that the heart which was not softened by them, must have been as hard as iron. Lucinda gazed at her, with no less pity for her affliction, than admiration of her beauty and good sense, and would have hastened to comfort her, had she not been prevented by Don Fernando, who still held her fast in his arms: presently, however, he released her; and fixing his eyes for a while, in confusion and astonishment, on Dorothea, he at length exclaimed, "You have conquered, beauteous Dorothea, you have conquered; the force of so many truths united, it is not possible to withstand."

Lucinda was so faint when she found herself at liberty, that she would have fallen to the ground, had not Cardenio, who had placed himself behind Don Fernando that he might not be known, now laying aside all fear, and resolving to adventure every thing, ran to support her. "If," said he, as he caught her, "it shall please pitying Heaven at last to give you rest, my beloved mistress, my faithful and constant Lucinda, where can you enjoy it more securely than in these arms, which now receive you with the same

ardour of affection with which they formerly embraced you, when fortune allowed me to call you mine." At these tender expressions, Lucinda fixed her eyes intently on Cardenio. She had begun before to recollect his voice, and now knowing by a surer sense that it was he, almost beside herself, disregarding the forms of decency, she threw her arms round his neck, and pressing her face against his, "Yes, my beloved Cardenio," she exclaimed, "you are the true lord of this your slave, though fortune should frown more severely than it has already done, and the threats which have assailed my life should be increased; my life, which now depends wholly upon yours."

This was an affecting sight to all the by-standers, who were astonished at so unexpected an event. Dorothea observing, as she thought, Don Fernando change colour, and, by putting his hand towards his sword, indicate an intention to revenge himself on Cardenio, she flew to him, and embracing and kissing his knees, held him so fast, that he could not move; and, the tears trickling down her face without intermission, she said to him, "What means my only refuge? In this so unexpected crisis, what act are you meditating? Behold your wife kneeling before you, and she, whom you were desirous should be yours, encircled in the arms of her husband. Consider, whether it would be fitting or possible to undo that which Heaven has done. Why seek to raise her to an equality with yourself, who, regardless of every obstacle, steadfast in her truth and constancy, is

bathing, before your face, the bosom of her lawful spouse, with the tears of love that flow from her eyes? For God's sake, and the dignity of your own character, let this public declaration of mutual regard, so far from increasing your wrath, be the means of appeasing it, that these two lovers, unmolested by you, may pass their lives together in peace, be their days few or many that Heaven may please to allot them. By so doing, you will show the generosity of your noble and illustrious mind, and the world will see, that reason has more sway with you than appetite."

While Dorothea was saying this, Cardenio, though he had Lucinda in his arms, kept his eyes fixed on Don Fernando, resolved, if he saw in him any motion towards violence or assault, to defend himself as well as he could, both against him and his whole party, though it should cost him his life. But the friends of this young nobleman, and every one else present, not excepting honest Sancho Panza, crowded round him, beseeching him to have regard to Dorothea's tears, and, if what she had said was true, as they verily believed it was, suffer her no longer to be disappointed in her just expectations. They begged him to observe, that it was not by chance, but, apparently, by the intervention of Providence, that they had all met together so unexpectedly in this place: and the priest urged him to consider, that the hand of death alone could divide Lucinda from Cardenio; who, though they should be severed by the

edge of the sword, if they could not live united, would welcome death as a blessing: as, then, there was no remedy, his highest wisdom would be, to put a restraint upon himself, subdue his passion, and evince a noble mind, by permitting, of his own free will, this affectionate pair to enjoy the happiness which Heaven had already granted them. He then directed his eyes to the beauty of Dorothea, begging him to reflect, how few, if any, could equal, much less surpass her; and that to her beauty, he would add the ornament of her humility, and the extreme love she bore him: but especially, if he valued himself on being a gentleman and a Christian, that he would remember, that he could not do less than perform the promise he had given, by which he would act conformably to the will of God, and honourably in the eyes of all wise men, who know and feel, that it is the prerogative of beauty, even in humble life, when accompanied with virtue, to lift its possessor to the most distinguished rank, without any disparagement to him who may wish to raise it to an equality with himself; for in following the powerful dictates of inclination, provided the means are honest, there can be nothing deserving of reprehension.

To these arguments of the priest, the company added others of so forcible a nature, that the generous heart of Don Fernando, nourished by noble blood, was softened, and yielded to that truth, which, had he been disposed, he could neither deny nor resist: and the first signal he gave of surrender, was to stoop

down and embrace Dorothea, saying, " Rise, dear madam ; for it is not becoming that she should kneel at my feet, who is mistress of my soul : and if I have hitherto given little satisfactory proof of this, perhaps it has been so ordered by Heaven, that, the constancy of your affection being made manifest, I may know how to esteem you as you deserve. Reproach me not, therefore, for my past unkind behaviour and neglect ; since the same motive, the same overbearing influence, which induced me to take you for mine, led me also to endeavour to disengage myself ; for the truth of which, look at the eyes of the now satisfied Lucinda, and in them you will find an excuse for all my errors : she has at length attained what her heart desired, and in you I have found all I want : may she live many years, contented and happy with her Cardenio ! and I will beseech the heavenly powers, that the same felicity may be granted to me with my beloved Dorothea." And he embraced her again, and pressed his face to hers with such tenderness of passion, that it was with difficulty he could forbear evincing by tears the sincerity of his love and repentance. It was not thus with Lucinda and Cardenio, or the spectators in general : their tears flowed so freely, some for joy on their own account, some from sympathy with others, that it might have been supposed a heavy and dismal misfortune had happened to them all. Even Sancho Panza wept, though he owned afterwards, that his tears proceeded from the discovery that the lady Dorothea was not, as he had

imagined, the queen Micomicona, from whom he expected so many favours.

This joint wonder and weeping, which lasted some time, being a little abated, Cardenio and Lucinda fell on their knees to Don Fernando, and thanked him in such terms of respect and gratitude for the favour he had conferred upon them, that he knew not what to answer ; but he raised and embraced them both, with great courtesy, and the most unequivocal signs of affection. He then requested Dorothea to inform him of the circumstances, that had brought her to a place so far from her home ; and she gave a brief detail of what she had before related to Cardenio ; and so interesting was her narrative rendered by the graceful and happy manner in which it was delivered, that Don Fernando and his party could not help regretting that the story had not lasted longer. Having finished her task, Don Fernando communicated what had happened to him after he found, in Lucinda's bosom, the paper in which she declared, that she was the wife of Cardenio, and could not, therefore, be his. The first movement of his rage was to put her to death, and had not her parents interposed, he should certainly have executed his purpose : he then quitted the house, burning with shame and indignation, resolving to take vengeance on her the first opportunity that should present itself. The next day he learned, that she was missing from her father's house, without any body knowing whither she had fled ; and in about three months discovered

that she had sheltered herself in a convent, and there meant to pass the remainder of her days, unless those days could be spent with Cardenio. Upon this intelligence, choosing these three gentlemen for his companions, he posted instantly thither, but without seeking an interview, or making himself known, lest the convent should be more securely guarded. After being several days on the watch, he at last found the porter's lodge open; when, leaving two of his friends to secure the door, he entered the convent with the other; and finding in the cloisters the object of his search, in conversation with a nun, he bore her away, without giving her a moment's pause for reflection, to a place where they had provided every thing for the furtherance of their project. This exploit was the more easily effected, from the situation of the convent, which was in the fields, at a considerable distance from any village or town. He said, that Lucinda no sooner found herself in his power, than she fainted, and when her senses returned, she did nothing but weep and sigh, without speaking a word; and thus in silence and tears had they arrived at the inn, which to him was like arriving in heaven, where all earthly misfortunes have an end.

CHAP. X.

Wherein is continued the history of the famous infanta Micomicona, with other pleasant adventures.

SANCHO heard all this with no small grief of mind, seeing the hope of his preferment thus disappearing and vanishing into smoke ; the fair princess Micomicona transformed into Dorothea, and the giant into Don Fernando ; while his master was in a sound sleep, ignorant of, and therefore not troubling his head about what was passing. Dorothea could not persuade herself that the happiness she enjoyed was not a dream ; Cardenio had the same doubts as to his own good fortune ; and scarcely could Lucinda believe she was awake. Don Fernando gave thanks to Heaven for its blessed interference in delivering him out of the perplexed labyrinth, in which he was on the brink of losing both his honour and his soul. In short, all that were in the inn were pleased at the happy conclusion of such intricate and hopeless affairs. The priest, like a man of sense, placed every thing in its true light, and congratulated them, one by one, upon the share of good that had befallen them. But she who rejoiced most, and was loudest in expressions of delight, was the hostess, Cardenio and the priest having promised to pay her with interest for whatever damage she had sustained upon Don Quixote's account. Sancho, as we have said, was the only afflicted, unhappy, and sorrowful person ; and with

woe-begone looks he went to his master, who was then awake, and said: "Sir knight of the rueful countenance, your worship may now sleep your fill, without troubling yourself about killing any giant, or restoring the princess to her kingdom; for it is all done and over already." "I verily believe it," answered Don Quixote; "for I have had the most monstrous and dreadful battle with the giant, that perhaps I shall ever be engaged in as long as I live: with a single back-stroke I tumbled his head to the ground, and so great was the quantity of blood that gushed from it, that the streams ran along the field as if it had been water." "As if it had been red wine, your worship might better say," answered Sancho; "for I would have you to know, if you do not know it already, that the dead giant is a pierced wine-skin, and the blood, eighteen gallons of red wine contained in its belly; and the head cut off is—the whore, my mother, and the devil take the whole affair for me." "What does the fool mean?" replied Don Quixote; "Art thou in thy right senses?" "Pray, get up, sir," quoth Sancho, "and you will see what a fine piece of work you have made, and what a reckoning we shall have to pay; and you will find, besides, the queen converted into a private lady, called Dorothea, with other accidents, which, if you take them right, will make you stare with wonder." "I shall wonder at nothing of all this," replied Don Quixote; "for, thou mayest remember, the last time we were here, I told thee that every thing

was brought about by enchantment ; and as it was so then, where would be the wonder if it should be so now ?” “ I should believe so too,” answered Sancho, “ if my being tossed in a blanket had been a matter of this nature ; but it was downright real and true ; and I know that the innkeeper, who was here this very day, held a corner of the blanket, and jerked me towards heaven with notable alacrity and vigour, and with as much laughter as force ; and where it happens, that we know persons, in my opinion, simple and sinner as I am, there is no enchantment at all in the business, but much misusage and much mishap.” “ Well, God will remedy it,” quoth Don Quixote ; “ give me my clothes, that I may go and examine the accidents and transformations thou hast mentioned.”

While Sancho was helping his master to dress, the priest gave Don Fernando and the rest an account of Don Quixote’s madness, and of the artifice they had used to entice him from the poor rock, to which he imagined himself banished, through his lady’s disdain. He also related to them almost all the adventures which Sancho had recounted ; at which they were not a little astonished and amused, thinking, as every body did, that it was the strangest species of insanity that ever entered a disturbed imagination. The priest said farther, that since Dorothea’s good fortune would not permit her to go on with her part of their project, it was necessary to invent some other plan by which to get him to his village. Cardenio offered

to assist in carrying on the original design, and proposed that Lucinda should take the part of Dorothea. "No," said Don Fernando, "that must not be; I will have Dorothea resume the character: and as it is not far from hence to this good gentleman's village, I shall be glad to contribute to his cure." "It is only about two days journey," said the priest. "Though it were farther," said Don Fernando, "I would undertake it with pleasure, to accomplish so good a work."

Don Quixote now came forth, completely armed; Mambrino's helmet, though bruised and battered, on his head, his target braced, and his saplin or lance erect in his hand. The strange appearance he made greatly surprised Don Fernando and his company, though prepared, as they were, especially when they perceived his tawny skin and withered lantern jaws,¹ his ill-matched armour, and the stiffness of his measured pace. They stood in silent expectation of what he would say; when, with grave and solemn demeanour, fixing his eyes on the fair Dorothea, he commenced thus: "I am informed, fair lady, by this my squire, that your grandeur is annihilated, and your very being demolished, and that, from a queen and great lady, which you were wont to be, you are metamorphosed into a private maiden. If this has been done by order of the necromantic king your father, out of fear, lest I should not afford you the necessary and due aid, I say he neither knows, nor ever did know, one half of his trade,² and is besides

but little versed in histories of knight-errantry: for had he read and considered them, as attentively and as much at his leisure, as I have read and considered them, he would have found numberless instances of knights, greatly inferior in fame to myself, having achieved matters much more difficult, it being no such mighty business to kill a pitiful giant, however arrogant he may be: for not many hours have elapsed since I had a bout with one myself, and—I say no more, lest I should be thought to romance; but time, the revealer of all things, will proclaim the deed, when we least think of it.” “It was with a couple of wine-skins, and not a giant,” quoth the innkeeper; and he would have gone on, but Don Fernando commanded him to hold his peace, and in no wise to interrupt the knight’s discourse, who accordingly proceeded, saying, “In fine, high and disinherited lady, if, for the causes I have mentioned, your father has made this metamorphosis in your person, I would have you give no heed to it: for there is no danger upon earth, through which my sword shall not force a way, and, by bringing to the ground the head of your enemy, place the crown of your kingdom upon your own in a few days.”

Don Quixote ended here, waiting the princess’s answer; who, knowing Don Fernando’s inclination, that she should carry on the deceit till the knight was brought to his house, with equal gravity and grace answered, “Whoever told you, valorous knight of the rueful countenance, that I was changed or

transformed, did not tell you the truth; I am the same to-day that I was yesterday: some fortunate events, which have fallen out to my heart's desire, have indeed made some alteration in my feelings for the better: yet, I am still what I was before, and have the same thoughts I always had of employing the prowess of your redoubted and invincible arm. Therefore, dear sir, of your accustomed bounty, restore to the father ~~who~~ begot me his honour, and esteem him to be a wise and prudent man, since by his skill he found out so easy and certain a way to remedy my misfortune: for I verily believe, had it not been for you, sir knight, I should never have lighted on the happiness I now enjoy; and that I speak the truth in this, these gentlemen can testify. Nothing then remains but that to-morrow morning we set forward on our journey; for to-day we could not go far: and for the rest, the success of my hopes, I refer it to God, and to the valour of your magnanimous breast."

Thus spoke the discreet Dorothea; and Don Quixote, having heard her, turned to Sancho, and, with an air of triumphant indignation, said to him: "I tell thee, little Sancho, that thou art the greatest little rascal in all Spain: say, thief, vagabond; didst thou not tell me just now, that this princess was transformed into a damsel called Dorothea; and that the head, which I lopped off from a giant, was the whore that bore thee; with other absurdities, which put me into the greatest confusion I was ever in

since I drew my first breath? I vow," and here he looked up to heaven, and gnashed his teeth, "I have a great inclination to make such havoc of thee, as shall put wit into the noddles of all the lying squires of knights-errant, that shall from henceforward exist in the world." "Pray, dear sir, be pacified," answered Sancho; "for I may easily be mistaken as to the transformation of madam the princess Micomicona; but as to the giant's head, or at least the piercing of the skins, and the blood being nothing but red wine, I am not deceived, as God liveth: for the skins may be seen at your worship's bed's head, cut and slashed, and the red wine has turned the room into a pond; and so it will be found in the frying of the eggs,³ I mean, when his worship, signor the innkeeper here, demands damages. As for the rest, I rejoice in my heart, that madam the queen is as she was; for I have my share in it, as every neighbour's child has." "I tell thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou art an ass; forgive me, that's enough." "Quite enough," said Don Fernando, "and lét no more be said upon the subject; and since madam the princess wishes us to set forward in the morning, it being too late to-day, let us pass this night in agreeable conversation, and tomorrow we will all bear signor Don Quixote company, that we may be eye-witnesses of the valorous and unheard-of deeds, which he will doubtless perform in the progress of the grand enterprise which he has undertaken." "It is my bounden duty to wait upon

you, and bear you company," answered Don Quixote ; " and much am I obliged to you for the favour you do me, and the good opinion you entertain of me ; which it shall be my endeavour not to disappoint, though it may cost me my life, and even more, if more it could cost me."

Many compliments and proffers of service were passing between Don Quixote and Don Fernando, when a stop was put to them by a traveller just then entering the gates of the inn, who, by his garb, seemed to be a Christian, newly escaped from the Moors ; for he was clad in a blue cloth coat, with short skirts, half sleeves, and no collar ; his breeches and cap were of the same cloth, but his buskins were date-colour, and in a shoulder belt, that came across his breast, hung a Moorish scimitar. He was accompanied by a female, in a Moorish dress, mounted on an ass, her face veiled, a brocade turban on her head, and covered with a mantle from her shoulders to her feet. The man was of a robust, but agreeable figure, apparently a little turned of forty, of a dark complexion, with large whiskers, and a well-set beard : in short, his mien was so much the reverse of vulgar, that, had he been well-dressed, he might have been taken for a person of birth and quality. He inquired for a room, and being told there was not one in the inn unoccupied, he seemed troubled : he however went to his companion, and lifted her off in his arms : upon which Lucinda, Dorothea, the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, gathered round her, at-

tracted by the novelty of her appearance ; and Dorothea being always complaisant and obliging, perceiving that both she and her conductor were uneasy at not finding a vacant apartment, introduced herself, and said : “ Be not concerned, madam, at the want of accommodations, which is an inconvenience in travelling that will frequently occur ; but if you will be pleased to partake with us,” pointing to Lucinda, “ perhaps in the course of your journey, you may have been obliged to submit to harder fare.” The veiled lady returned no answer, except, that she rose from her seat, and, crossing her hands upon her breast, bowed both her head and body, in token of thanks.

Her companion, who had been employed about something else, coming in, and seeing the company thus surrounding his fair friend, who could make no reply to their interrogations, said to them, “ Ladies, this young woman does not understand Spanish, nor can she speak any other language than that of her own country, which is the reason she has not answered to any questions you may have been pleased to ask her.” “ No questions have been asked her,” Lucinda replied, “ but simply, whether she would accept of our company for the night, and partake of our lodging and the few accommodations we enjoy ; and we make the offer with the good will that is due to all strangers, and especially to such of our own sex as may stand in need of it.” “ Dear madam,” answered the stranger, “ I gratefully kiss your hands, both for her and for myself, and highly prize the

proffered favour, which, at such a time, and from such persons as your appearance denotes, I feel to be extremely kind and condescending." "Allow me, sir, to ask," said Dorothea, "whether the lady be a Christian or a Moor? for we are apprehensive, from her dress and her silence, that she is not what we cannot but wish her to be." "In her person, as in her dress, she is a Moor," answered the stranger; "but a Christian in her soul, having a most ardent desire to be admitted as a convert to our faith." "Then she is not yet baptized?" inquired Lucinda. "There has been no opportunity for that," answered the stranger, "since we left Algiers, which is the place of her birth, and, till lately, has been the place of her abode; nor hitherto has she been in such imminent danger of death as to render it necessary, before she has been instructed in the ceremonies which our holy church enjoins; but, if it please God, she shall shortly be baptized, with the decency becoming her rank, which is greatly above what either her appearance or mine would imply."

This little dialogue excited in all who heard it a strong desire to know who the Moor and stranger were; but they were too considerate to make the inquiry yet; deeming it more proper they should rest themselves, than be troubled with relating the history of their lives. Dorothea took the lady by the hand and led her to a seat, and, sitting down by her side, requested her to take off her veil. She gave an inquiring look at the stranger, as if asking

him what was said, and what she was to do. He told her in Arabic, and she accordingly unveiled, and discovered a face so beautiful, that Dorothea thought her handsomer than Lucinda, and Lucinda gave her the preference to Dorothea; and even their paramours seemed to express, that, if any beauty could be compared with theirs, it must be that of the Moor; nay, there were among the by-standers some, who thought she surpassed them both. As beauty has the prerogative and power to reconcile minds, and attract inclinations, they were all alert in polite attentions to the beautiful Moor. Don Fernando asked the stranger the name of the lady, who answered, Lela Zoraida; but as soon as she heard this, understanding what they had inquired of the Christian, she said, with a sprightly but concerned air, "No, not Zoraida; Maria, Maria;" signifying that her name was Maria, and not Zoraida. These words, and the earnest manner with which they were delivered, extorted more than one tear from those who heard her, and especially from the female part of the company, women being naturally tender-hearted and compassionate. Lucinda embraced her affectionately, and replied: "Yes, yes, Maria, Maria;" and the Moor joined in, "Yes, Maria, Zoraida macange;" meaning, not Zoraida.

By this time it was four in the afternoon, and, by order of Don Fernando and his party, the innkeeper had taken care to provide the best collation in his power; which being now ready, they all sat down at

a long table, like those used in halls, there being neither a round, nor a square one, in the house. They gave the upper end and principal seat, though he would have declined it, to Don Quixote, who would have the lady Micomicona sit next him, considering himself as her champion. Next sat Lucinda and Zoraida, and opposite to them Don Fernando and Cardenio, and then the stranger and the rest of the gentlemen; while the priest and the barber took their station close to the ladies: and thus they banqueted much to their satisfaction; and it gave an additional pleasure to the feast to hear Don Quixote, who, stirred by such another spirit as that which had moved him to talk so much, when he supped with the goatherds, instead of eating, harangued as follows:—

“ Verily, gentlemen, if it be well considered, great and unheard-of things do they see, who profess the order of knight-errantry. If any one present thinks otherwise, let me ask him, what man living, that should now enter at the gate of this castle, and see us regaling in this manner, could judge or believe us to be the persons we really are? who could imagine, that this lady, sitting by my side, is the great queen, that we all know her to be, and that I am that knight of the rueful countenance, so blazoned abroad by the mouth of fame? There can be no doubt, that this art and profession exceeds all that have ever been invented by men; and is so much the more honourable, as it is exposed to more and greater dangers. Away

with those who say, that letters have the advantage over arms: I will tell them, be they who they will, that they know not what they say. For the reason usually assigned, and upon which the greatest stress is laid, is, that the labours of the body are exceeded by those of the brain, and that arms are exercised by the body alone; as if the use of them were the business of porters, for which nothing is necessary but downright strength; or as if in the particular branch which we, who profess it, call chivalry, acts of fortitude were not included, to execute which, a very consummate understanding is requisite; or as if again the mind of the warrior, who has an army, or the defence of a besieged city, committed to his charge, did not labour with his mental as well as his bodily capacity. Were it not so, how, by mere animal strength, would he be able to penetrate into the designs of the enemy, form stratagems, overcome difficulties, and prevent impending dangers? things which are pure acts of the understanding, the body having no share in them.

“As arms then employ the mind as well as letters, let us next see whose mind labours most, the scholar’s, or the warrior’s. And this may be determined by the scope and tendency of each: for that is most entitled to esteem, which has for its object the noblest end. Now the end and design of letters, I do not now speak of divinity, which has for its aim to lift and conduct souls to heaven, for to an end so endless as this no other can be compared,—I speak of

human learning, the end of which is to regulate distributive justice, and give to every man his due ; to institute good laws, and cause them to be strictly observed ; an end most certainly generous and exalted, and worthy of high commendation ; but not equal to that which is annexed to the profession of arms, the object and end of which is peace, the greatest blessing mortals can wish for in this wearisome life. Accordingly, the first good news the world and men received, was what the angels brought, on that night which was our day, when they sung in the clouds, ‘ Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace and good-will towards men :’ and the salutation, which the best Master either upon earth or in heaven taught his followers and disciples, was, that, when they entered any house, they should say, ‘ Peace be to this house :’ and on many other occasions he said, ‘ My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you, peace be among you.’ A jewel and legacy worthy the hand that bequeathed it ! a jewel, without which there can be no happiness below, or felicity above ! This peace is the true end of war ; and arms and war are the same thing. Granting then, that the end of war is peace, and that in this it has the advantage of the end proposed by letters, let us look next to the bodily labours of the scholar, and those of the professor of arms, and see on which side the balance turns.”

Don Quixote went on with his discourse, in so rational a manner, using such appropriate expressions,

that no one who heard him could have supposed him insane. On the contrary, most of his auditors being gentlemen, to whom the use of arms properly belongs, they listened to him with delight while he thus proceeded.

“ I say then, that the hardships of the scholar are these : in the first place, poverty ; not that they are all poor, but I would put the case in the strongest manner possible : and when I have mentioned, that the scholar endures poverty, no more need be said to evince his misery ; * for he who is poor is destitute of every good thing : he has to contend with poverty in all its branches, sometimes in hunger, sometimes in cold, sometimes in nakedness, and sometimes in all three together. Yet his necessity is not so great, but that still he eats, though somewhat later than usual, either by partaking of the rich man’s scraps and leavings, or, which is his greatest misery, by going a sopping.⁴ Neither does he always want the fire-side or chimney-corner of some charitable person, where, if he is not quite warmed, at least the extreme cold is abated ; and lastly, at night he sleeps under cover. I will not mention other trifles, such as want of linen, deficiency of shoes, his thin and threadbare clothes, nor the surfeits to which he is liable from intemperance, when good fortune sets a plentiful table in his way. By this path, rough and difficult as I have described it, now stumbling, now falling,

* It is worthy of note, how feelingly Cervantes here speaks of poverty.

now rising, then falling and rising again, do scholars arrive at last to the end of their wishes; which being attained, we have seen many who, having passed these Syrtes, these Scyllas, these Charybdises, buoyed up as it were by a favourable tide, have exercised authority from a chair of state, and governed the world; their hunger converted into satiety, their pinching cold into refreshing coolness, their nakedness into embroidered raiment, and the bare mat to beds of down, with furniture of fine holland and damask: a reward justly merited by their virtue: but their hardships, when fairly brought together and compared, fall far short of those of the warrior, as I shall presently demonstrate."

CHAP. XI.

The continuation of Don Quixote's curious discourse upon arms and letters.

"SINCE, in speaking of the scholar," said Don Quixote, continuing his discourse, "we began with his poverty, and its several branches, let us see how it is with the soldier in that respect; and we shall find, such is his lot, that poverty itself is not poorer: for he depends on his wretched pay, which comes late, or perhaps never; or else on what he can plunder, with great peril both of life and conscience. Sometimes his nakedness is such, that his flashed buff-doublet serves him both for finery and for shirt;

and in the midst of winter, being in the open field, he has nothing but the breath of his mouth to warm him, which, issuing from an empty place, must needs be cold, against all the rules of nature. But come, Night, and let us see, whether his bed will make amends for these inconveniences. If it be not his own fault, it will never offend in point of narrowness; for he may measure out as many feet of earth as he pleases, and roll himself thereon at pleasure, without fear of rumpling the sheets. Suppose again the day and hour arrived of taking the degree of his profession; I mean, suppose the day of battle come; and his doctoral cap will be lint, to cure some wound made by a musket-shot, which, perhaps, has passed through his temples, or, it may be, only penetrated a leg or an arm: and though this should not happen, but merciful Heaven should keep and preserve him alive and unhurt, he shall remain, perhaps, in the same poverty as before; and there must be a second and a third engagement, battle after battle, and he must come off victor from them all, to get any thing considerable by it. But these miracles are rare: for, observe, gentlemen, how much smaller the number is of those who are rewarded for their services in war, than those who have perished in it. Doubtless, you must own, that there is no comparison between them; the dead cannot be reckoned up, whereas those who live and are rewarded, may be comprehended within three figures.* All this is quite otherwise with your

* i. e. Do not exceed hundreds.

scholars, who from the gown, I am loth to say the sleeves,¹ are all handsomely provided for. Thus, while the hardships of the soldier are greater, his reward is less. But to this it may be answered, that it is easier to reward two thousand scholars, than thirty thousand soldiers: for the former may have employments given them, employments, which can be bestowed upon none but persons of their profession; whereas the latter cannot be rewarded but with the very property of the master whom they serve: and this impossibility tends to strengthen my argument.

“But, waiving this point, which is a very intricate one, let us turn to the pre-eminence of arms over letters: a controversy hitherto undecided, so strong are the reasons, which each party has to allege in his own favour: for letters say, that, without their assistance, arms could not subsist: for war has laws to which it is subject, and laws are the province of letters, and learned men. To this arms reply, that neither can laws be supported without them: for by arms republics are defended, kingdoms preserved, cities guarded, highways secured, and the seas cleared from corsairs and pirates; in short, were it not for them, republics, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, journeys by land and voyages by sea, would be subject to the cruelties and confusion which war carries along with it, while it lasts, seldom failing to make use of its privileges and power. Moreover, it will not admit of dispute, that what costs most the attaining, is, and ought to be, most esteemed. Now, what does it cost

to arrive at eminence in learning? it costs time, watching, hunger, nakedness, dizziness in the head, indigestion in the stomach, and other inconveniences, in part mentioned before. But to rise gradually to be a good soldier, not only requires all this, but all this in a higher degree, since at every step he is in imminent danger of his life. What dread of necessity and poverty can affect or distress a scholar, equal to the apprehension which a soldier feels, who, being besieged in a fortress, and placed as a centinel in some ravelin or cavalier,² perceives that the enemy is mining toward the very place where he stands, and yet dares not stir from his post, or shun the danger that so nearly threatens him? All he can do, is, to give notice to his officer of what passes, that he may remedy it by a countermine, while he himself must stand his ground, in fearful expectation of being suddenly mounted to the clouds without wings, and then descending headlong to the deep against his will. If this be deemed a trifling danger, let us see whether it be equalled or surpassed by the encounter of two galleys, prow to prow, in the midst of the wide sea; and so locked and grappled together, that there is no room left for the soldiers but the two-feet plank at the beakhead: and though he sees as many threatening ministers of death, as there are pieces of artillery and small arms pointed at him, and not a spear's length from his body; and though he knows, that the first slip of his foot will send him to the profound and dreary caves of Neptune's bosom; notwithstanding

all this, with an undaunted heart, carried on by honour that inspires him, he exposes himself as a mark to all their fire, and endeavours, by that narrow pass, to force his way into the enemy's vessel; and what is most to be admired, scarcely is one fallen, to rise no more till the general resurrection, than another takes his place; and if he also be whelmed into the gulf, which lies in wait like an enemy to devour him, another and another succeeds without intermission; an instance of intrepid bravery, perhaps the greatest that can be found in all the extremities of war. A blessing on those happy ages, strangers to the dreadful fury of those infernal instruments of artillery, the author of which, I verily believe, is now in hell receiving the reward of his diabolical invention; by means of which it is in the power of a cowardly and base hand to take away the life of the most courageous cavalier; for in the midst of that resolution and bravery, which inflame and animate gallant spirits, comes a chance ball, shot off by one who, perhaps, fled in terror at the very flash of his own cursed instrument, and in an instant cuts the thread of life, and puts an end to the thoughts and career of him who deserved to have lived for ages. When I consider this, I could almost say, I repent of having undertaken this profession of knight-errantry, in so detestable an age; for though no danger can daunt me, still it gives me some concern, to think that powder and lead may chance to deprive me of the opportunity of making myself famous and re-

nowned over the face of the whole earth, by the valour of my arm and the keen edge of my sword. But Heaven's will be done: I have this satisfaction, that I shall acquire so much the greater fame, if I succeed, inasmuch as the perils, that lie in my way, are greater than those to which the knights-errant of past ages were exposed."

This long harangue was made by the knight while the rest were eating, himself forgetting to convey a morsel to his mouth, though Sancho Panza frequently desired him to mind the main chance; telling him, he would have time enough afterwards to talk as much as he pleased. The whole company were moved with fresh compassion to see a man, who had so good an understanding, and could talk so well upon every other subject, so egregiously want it, whenever the discourse happened to turn upon his unlucky and cursed chivalry; and the priest paid him the compliment of saying, there was great reason in all that he had said in favour of arms; and that he himself, though a scholar and a graduate, could not help being of his opinion.

The collation being over, and the cloth taken away, while the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes were preparing the chamber in which Don Quixote de la Mancha had been sleeping, and which was now to be appropriated to the ladies for the night, Don Fernando desired the stranger to relate to them the particulars of his life; which, from the manner of his arrival, accompanied with the fair Zoraida, could not

but be extraordinary and entertaining. The stranger answered, that he would very willingly do so, but that he feared the story would not afford them the pleasure they might expect; however, rather than appear ill-disposed to their wishes, he would undertake the task. They all joined in thanks for his complaisance, and in entreaties that he would begin: and thus solicited, he politely replied, "Where you may command, gentlemen, there is no need of solicitation; and if you will favour me with your attention, you shall hear a story, not to be equalled by any fiction, however curiously wrought, or artfully studied." They accordingly seated themselves, and were silent; when, with a pleasing and composed voice, he begun in this manner his recital.

CHAP. XII.

In which the captive relates his life and adventures.

"I WAS born in a certain village among the mountains of Leon, where my family had its origin, more blessed by nature than by the gifts of fortune; though, amidst the penury of the country, my father passed for a rich man, and would have been really such, had he possessed the art of saving, as he had of squandering, his estate. This disposition to expense, proceeded from his having been a soldier in his youth; for the army is a school in which the niggardly become generous, and the generous, prodigal; and if

there are instances of soldiers being misers, they are a species of monsters but rarely seen. My father exceeded the bounds of liberality, and bordered upon profusion: a disposition ill-suited to married men who have children to inherit their name and quality. He had three sons, arrived at an age to choose their way of life; and seeing, as he himself said, that he could not bridle his natural propensity, he resolved to deprive himself of the means of indulging it, by getting rid of his property; for without property, Alexander himself could not be generous. Accordingly, one day, calling us all three together into his chamber, he spoke to us in these, or the like words.

“ ‘ My sons, to tell you that I love you, is only to say that you are my children; and yet you may well think me deficient in affection, since I am not sufficient master of myself to forbear dissipating your inheritance. But that you may henceforth see, that I love you like a true father, and have no desire to ruin you, like a step-father, I am resolved to execute a plan in your favour, which I have long had in my thoughts, and have weighed with mature deliberation. You are now of an age to choose for yourselves a settlement in the world, or at least to fix upon some way of life which may redound to your honour and profit when you are more advanced in years. Now, my plan is, to divide what I possess into four parts; three of which I will give to you, share and share alike, without making any difference; and the fourth I will reserve for my own subsistence, during the

days, be they few or many, that Heaven may please to allot me. Having received your portions, my wish is, that each would choose one or other of the modes of life I shall point out to him. We have a proverb in Spain, in my opinion a very just one, as most proverbs are, being short sentences, drawn from long and wise experience: The church, the sea, or the court; the obvious meaning of which is, that whoever would thrive and be rich, must devote his time to the church, or go to sea and exercise the art of merchandise, or serve the king in his court; for there is another saying, that The king's bit is better than the lord's bounty. I mention this, because I would have you thus dispose of yourselves; one following letters, another commerce, and the third the service of the king in his wars; for it is difficult to get admission into his household: and though wars do not procure a man much wealth, he may acquire in them what is better than wealth, esteem and reputation. Within a week I will give each of you his share in ready money, without wronging you of a farthing, as you will in effect see. And now tell me, whether you are willing to follow my advice in what I have proposed.' And he bade me, being the eldest, to answer first. After requesting him not to diminish in this manner his property, but to spend it freely as he pleased, we being young, and able to shift for ourselves, I concluded with assuring him, that I would do as he desired, and I chose to serve God and the king, by the profession of arms. My second

brother preferred turning his portion into merchandise, and resolved on a voyage to the Indies ; while the youngest, and I believe the wisest, said he would devote himself to the church, and finish his studies at Salamanca.

“ As soon as we had thus agreed, and chosen our several professions, my father tenderly embraced us ; and within the time he had promised, he put his design in execution, giving to each his share, which, as I remember, was three thousand ducats ; his brother having purchased so much of the estate as would yield that sum, that it might not be alienated from the family. In one and the self-same day we all took leave of our beloved father ; and as it appeared to me inhuman to leave him in his old age with so scanty a subsistence, I prevailed on him to take back two thousand ducats out of my three, the remainder being sufficient to equip me with what was necessary for a soldier. Incited by my example, my two brothers returned him of their portion each a thousand ; so that he now had four thousand ducats in ready money, and three thousand more, the value of the land that fell to his share, and which he would not sell. In short, we took leave both of him and our good uncle, with much concern and many tears on all sides, they charging us to acquaint them with our success, whether prosperous or adverse, as often as we had opportunity, which we promised to do ; and having received a last embrace, and their blessing, one took the road to Salamanca, a second to Seville,

and I to Alicant, where I understood was a Genoese ship, loading with wool, for Genoa. It is now two-and-twenty years since I left my father's house ; and during that time, though I have written many letters, I have received no intelligence either of him or my brothers. What, in the course of so long a period, has happened to myself, I will briefly relate.

“ I embarked at Alicant, and had a favourable passage to Genoa ; from whence I went to Milan, where I furnished myself with arms, and some gay military accoutrements, intending to enter the service in Piedmont ; but learning upon the road to Alexandria de la Paglia, that the great duke of Alva was passing into Flanders with an army, I changed my mind, and accompanied and served under him in all his engagements. I was present at the death of the counts d'Egmont and Horn. I obtained an ensign's commission in the corps of a famous captain of Guadalajara, whose name was Diego de Urbina. Soon after my arrival in Flanders, news came of the league concluded between Spain and pope Pius V. of happy memory, against the common enemy the Turk ; who, about that time, had taken with his fleet the celebrated island of Cyprus, before subject to the Venetians ; a sad and unfortunate loss ! Of this league, it was known for certain, that the most serene Don John of Austria, natural brother of our good king Philip, was appointed generalissimo, and great preparations for war were every where loudly rumoured. This excited in me a vehement desire to be present

in the battle that was expected ; and though I had reason to believe, many promises, and even assurances having been given me, that on the first occasion that offered, I should be promoted to the rank of captain, I resolved to relinquish that prospect, and go into Italy ; and luckily for me, Don John of Austria was just then arrived at Genoa, on his way to Naples, to join the Venetian fleet, which he afterwards found at Messina. I was present at that glorious action, in the capacity of captain of foot, to which honourable post I was advanced, more by my good fortune, than my deserts. But that day, so happy to Christendom, on which the nations of Europe were convinced of their error in believing that the Turks were invincible by sea ; on that day, on which the Ottoman pride and haughtiness were broken, among so many happy persons as were present—for surely the Christians who died on that occasion were happier than the survivors and conquerors—I alone remained unfortunate ; since, instead of what I might have expected, had it been in the times of the Romans, some naval crown, I found myself, the night following that glorious day, with chains on my feet, and manacles on my hands ; which happened thus :

“ Uchali, king of Algiers, a bold and successful corsair, having boarded and taken the captain-galley¹ of Malta, in which three knights only were left alive, and those desperately wounded, the captain-galley of John Andrea D’Oria, on board of which I was stationed with my company, came to her relief ; and,

doing my duty upon this occasion, I leaped into the enemy's galley, which separating suddenly from ours, my soldiers could not follow me, and I was left alone among my enemies, whom, being so many, I could not resist: in short, I was taken prisoner, after being sorely wounded. And, as you must have heard, gentlemen, that Uchali escaped with his whole squadron, I remained a captive in his hands, being the only sad person, when so many were joyful, and a slave, when so many were freed; for no less than fifteen thousand Christians, who were at the oar in the Turkish galleys, that day recovered their long-wished-for liberty. I was conveyed to Constantinople, where Selim, the grand signor, made my master, Uchali, general of the sea, for having done his duty in the fight, and having brought off, as a proof of his valour, the flag of the order of Malta.

“The year following, which was seventy-two, I was at Navarino, rowing in the captain-galley of the Three Lanterns, and observed the opportunity that was lost by the Christians, of taking the whole Turkish navy in the harbour: for all the Levantines and Janizaries on board took it for granted they should be attacked, and had their baggage and passamaques, or shoes, in readiness for running away, intending to escape on shore, without waiting for an engagement, or making resistance, such terror had our navy struck into their hearts. But Heaven ordered it otherwise; not through any fault or neglect of the

general who commanded, but for the sins of Christendom, and because God permits and ordains that there should always be some scourge by which to chastise us. In short, Uchali got into Modon, an island near Navarino, and, landing his men, fortified the entrance of the port, and quietly kept his station, till Don John was forced by the season of the year to return home. During this expedition, the galley called the Prize, the captain of which was a son of the famous corsair Barbarossa, was taken by the captain-galley of Naples, called the She-wolf, commanded by that thunderbolt of war, that father of the soldiers, that fortunate and invincible captain, Don Alvaro de Basan, marquis of Santa Cruz: and I cannot forbear relating what happened on the occasion.

“The son of Barbarossa was so cruel, and treated his slaves so unmercifully, that, as soon as the rowers saw that the She-wolf was ready to board and take them, they all at once dropped their oars, and seizing their captain, who stood near the poop,² and calling out to the enemy at the same time to row hard, they passed him from bank to bank, and from the poop to the prow, giving him such blows by the way, that he had passed but little beyond the mast, before his soul was passed to hell; such was the hatred they bore him for the cruelty with which he treated them.

“We returned to Constantinople, and the year following, which was seventy-three, it was known there, that Don John had taken Tunis, and the whole kingdom, from the Turks, and put Muley Hamet in

possession of it, thereby cutting off the hopes of Muley Hamida, who, while he was one of the cruellest, was at the same time one of the bravest Moors that ever existed. This loss was most sensibly felt by the grand Turk; but putting in practice that sagacity which is inherent in the Ottoman family, he made a hasty peace with the Venetians, who desired it more than himself; and the next year, being that of seventy-four, he attacked the goleta fort, which Don John had left half finished, near Tunis. During these transactions, I was still at the oar, without any hope of redemption; at least by ransom, for I was determined not to write an account of my misfortune to my father. The goleta was lost, and the fort also; for in the siege the Turks had seventy-five thousand of their own troops, besides upwards of four hundred thousand Moors and Arabs from various parts of Africa: and this vast multitude was furnished with such abundance of ammunition and other warlike stores, and so many pioneers, that, by each man bringing only a handful of earth, they might have covered both places. The goleta, till then deemed impregnable, was first taken, not through any fault of the besieged, who performed all that men could possibly attempt; but experience had shown how easily trenches might be raised in that desert; for though the water used to be within two spans of the surface, the Turks now dug without finding any, even at the depth of two yards; and thus by the help of innumerable sacks of sand, they raised their works so

high as to command the fortifications ; and levelling from a cavalier,³ they discharged such vollies upon them, that it was out of the power of the besieged to make any defence. It was the general opinion, that instead of shutting themselves up in the goleta, our troops ought to have met the enemy in the open field, at the place of debarkment : but those, who talk thus, speak at random, and like men little experienced in military affairs. For scarcely were there seven thousand soldiers in the goleta and fort together ; and how could so small a number, however resolute, both take the field and leave a garrison, against a host like that of the enemy ? And how can a place be maintained, which is incapable of being relieved, especially when besieged by an army, that is both numerous and obstinate, and in their own country besides ? But others thought, and I was of the number, that Heaven manifested a particular grace and favour to Spain, in the destruction of that forge and refuge of all iniquity, that devourer, sponge, and moth of countless sums of money, so idly spent, as to answer no other purpose than to preserve the memory of its having been a conquest of the invincible Charles the Fifth ; as if it were necessary to his memory, which is sure to be eternal, that a pile of stones should keep it up. The fort was also taken at last : but the Turks were forced to purchase it inch by inch ; for the soldiers, who defended it, fought with such bravery and resolution, that they killed above twenty-five thousand of the enemy in two-and-twenty general assaults. And of

three hundred heroes that were left alive, not one was taken prisoner unwounded; an evident proof of the obstinacy and valour with which the place was defended. A small fort, or tower, in the middle of the lake, commanded by Don John Zanoguera, a cavalier of Valencia, a famous soldier, surrendered upon terms. The Turks took Don Pedro Portocarrero, general of the garrison, prisoner; but so deeply was he affected by its loss, after such noble exertions, that he died for grief on the way to Constantinople, whither they were carrying him captive. They took also the commander of the fort, called Gabrio Cerbellon, a Milanese gentleman, a great engineer, and a most valiant soldier. Several persons of distinction lost their lives in these two garrisons; among whom was Pagan D'Oria, knight of Malta, a gentleman of uncommon generosity, as appeared by his liberality to his brother, the famous John Andrea D'Oria; and what made his death the more lamented, was, that it was inflicted by the hands of some African Arabs, who, upon seeing that the fort was lost, offered to convey him, disguised as a Moor, to Tabarca, a small haven or settlement which the Genoese have on that coast, for the coral fishing: but these traitors cut off his head, and carried it as a present to the general of the Turkish fleet, who, however, made good upon them our Castilian proverb, that, 'though we love the treason, we hate the traitor:' for he ordered them to be instantly hanged, for not having brought him alive. Among the Christians who were taken,

was one Don Pedro d'Aguilar, a native of some town in Andalusia, who had been an ensign in the garrison, and was both a good soldier and a man of excellent capacity; in particular he had the happy gift of poetry. I mention this, because it was his fate to be slave to the same patron with myself: we served in the same galley, and at the same oar; and before we parted from that harbour, he composed two sonnets, by way of epitaph, one upon the goleta, and the other upon the fort. I have them by heart, and as I believe it will be entertaining, rather than disagreeable to you, I will repeat them."


When the captive mentioned Don Pedro d'Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his companions, and they all three smiled; and when he spoke of the sonnets, one of them said, "Pray, sir, before you proceed, allow me to ask, what became of that gentleman?" "All I know," answered the captive, "is, that after he had been two years at Constantinople, he escaped in the habit of an Arnaut,⁴ with a Greek spy; but whether he recovered his liberty, I am ignorant, though I believe he did; for about a year after, I saw the Greek in Constantinople, but had not an opportunity of asking him the success of their flight." "He returned to Spain," said the gentleman; "he is my brother, and is now at home, in health, and wealth, and blessed with a wife and three hopeful children." "I thank God," said the captive, "for, in my opinion, there is not a satisfaction on earth equal to that of recovered liberty." "I also have by

heart the sonnets you mention," replied the gentleman. "Then, pray, sir, repeat them," said the captive; "for you will probably do it more correctly than I can." "With all my heart," answered the gentleman: "the sonnet upon the goleta was this:

CHAP. XIII.

In which is continued the history of the Captive.

SONNET.



"O HAPPY souls, by death at length set free
 From the dark prison of mortality,
 By glorious deeds, whose memory never dies,
 From earth's dim spot exalted to the skies!
 What fury stood in every eye confess'd!
 What generous ardour fir'd each manly breast!
 Whilst slaughter'd heaps distain'd the sandy shore,
 And the ting'd ocean blush'd with hostile gore.
 O'erpower'd by numbers, gloriously ye fell:
 Death only could such matchless courage quell.
 Whilst dying thus ye triumph o'er your foes,
 Its fame the world, its glory Heaven bestows."

"You recite it correctly," said the captive. "The other, on the fort," said the gentleman, "if I do not forget, was as follows:

SONNET.

"From 'midst these walls, whose ruins spread around,
 And scatter'd clods, that heap th' ensanguin'd ground,
 Three thousand souls of warriors, dead in fight,
 To better regions took their happy flight."

Long with unconquer'd force they bravely stood,
And fearless shed their unavailing blood ;
Till, to superior force compell'd to yield,
Their lives they quitted in the well-fought field.
This fatal soil has ever been the tomb
Of slaughter'd heroes, buried in its womb :
Yet braver bodies did it ne'er sustain,
Nor send more glorious souls the skies to gain."

The sonnets were not disliked ; and the captive, pleased with the good fortune of his comrade, went on with his story.

" The goleta and the fort being delivered up, the Turks gave orders to dismantle the goleta ; which was unnecessary as to the fort, for it was in so wretched a condition, that there was nothing left to be demolished : and to accomplish the work with less labour, and more speed, they undermined it in three places. What seemed to be least strong, the old walls, they could not blow up, but whatever remained of the new fortification, erected by the engineer Fratin,¹ came easily down. In short, the fleet returned to Constantinople, victorious and triumphant ; and within a few months, my master, the famous Uchali, died : he was called Uchali Fartax, which means in the Turkish language, the scabby renegado : for he was so ; and it is customary with the Turks to give nicknames to persons, from some quality, good or bad, belonging to them. But four families, distinguished by particular names, contend for nobility with the Ottoman ; while the rest, as I have said, are named either from the blemishes of the body or the virtues

of the mind. This leper had tugged at the oar for fourteen years, being a slave of the grand signor; and, when about thirty-four years of age, being enraged at a blow given him by a Turk while he was at the oar, he renounced his religion to have it in his power to be revenged on him. So great was his valour, that, without resorting to those base methods practised by the minions of the grand signor, he was raised to the throne of Algiers, and afterwards made general of the sea, which is the third command in the empire. He was born in Calabria; was a man of good morals, and treated his slaves with great humanity. At his death he had three thousand, who were divided, as he had ordered by his last will, half to the grand signor, who is every man's heir in part, sharing equally with the children of the deceased,² and the rest among his renegadoes. I fell to the lot of a Venetian, who having been cabin-boy in a ship taken by Uchali, gained so much on his affections, that he became one of his greatest favourites; but was, perhaps, the most cruel renegado that ever existed: his name was Azanaga. He became rich, and, like his master, king of Algiers; and with him I came from Constantinople, a little comforted by being so near my native country: not that I intended to write to any one respecting my situation, but the hope revived that fortune would be more favourable to me in Algiers than it had been in the preceding city, where I had tried, ineffectually, a thousand ways of making my escape: and now I resolved on

other means of compassing what I desired ; for the hope of recovering my liberty never entirely abandoned me, and whenever one plan failed, without desponding, I immediately devised another, and thereby gained fresh hopes to sustain me, slight and inconsiderable as they might be.

“ Thus I made shift to support life, shut up in a prison, or house, which the Turks call a bath, in which their christian captives are incarcerated, whether belonging to the king or to private individuals, as are those also of the almazen, or captives of the council, who serve the city in its public works, and other offices. This last species of slaves find it very difficult to recover their liberty ; for as they have no particular master, there is no person with whom to treat for their ransom, though the price should be ready. In these baths the slaves of private persons, especially when their ransom is agreed upon, do not work, but are merely kept in safety till their ransom arrives. Neither do the king’s slaves who are to be ransomed, go out to work with the rest of the crew, unless when their money is long in coming ; in which case, to make them write for it with greater importunity, they are made to fetch wood with the rest, which is a work of no small toil and pains. As they knew I had been a captain, I was considered as upon ransom ; and though I assured them I wanted both interest and money, it did not hinder me from being thus placed, with a chain upon me, but rather as a sign that I was to be redeemed, than to secure

me ; so that I passed my life in the bath, with many other gentlemen and persons of condition, who were similarly situated : and though we had often, and indeed generally, both hunger and nakedness to contend with, nothing troubled us so much as to see, on every occasion, the unparalleled and excessive cruelties with which our master treated the Christians. Not a day passed without his hanging one, impaling another, and cutting off the ears of a third ; and that upon the least provocation, and sometimes no provocation at all ; insomuch that the very Turks were sensible he did it for the mere pleasure of the thing, to gratify his murderous and inhuman disposition. One Spanish soldier only, called something de Saavedra,³ happened to be so much in his good graces, that, whatever he did towards obtaining his liberty, and he did things that will long be remembered by those people, the tyrant never gave him a blow, nor ordered one to be given, nor even uttered a harsh word against him ; and yet for the least of many things which he did, we all feared he would be impaled alive, and more than once he had the same fear himself ; and would the time permit, I could relate pranks done by this soldier, that would entertain and surprise you more than the narrative of my own story.

“ But to return. The court-yard of our prison was overlooked by the windows of a house belonging to a rich Moor of distinction, which, as is common there, were rather peep-holes than windows ; and even these had their thick and close lattices. It

happened one day, as I was upon the terrace of our prison, with three of my companions, trying, by way of pastime, who could leap farthest with his chains, the rest of the Christians being gone out to work, I casually lifted up my eyes, and saw, from one of the little apertures I have mentioned, a cane projecting, with a handkerchief tied at the end of it, and moved up and down, as if making signs for us to come and take it. We looked earnestly at it for some time, and at last one of my companions ran and placed himself under it, to see whether the hand that held it would let it drop, or what would ensue; but as he drew near, the cane was drawn farther in, and moved from side to side, as if it had said No, as we imply a negative by a shake of the head. The Christian came back, and the cane was again thrust out as before. Another of my companions went, and the same happened to him as to the former; then the third, who had no better success. Seeing this, I resolved to try my fortune likewise; and I had no sooner placed myself under the cane, than it was dropped, and fell just at my feet. I immediately untied the handkerchief, and in a knot at a corner, I found ten zianiys, a sort of base gold coin used by the Moors, each of the value of about ten reals* of Spanish. I need not tell you whether I rejoiced at the prize; indeed I was no less pleased than surprised, ignorant as I was whence this good fortune could come; yet plainly perceiving, from the cane being refused to every one

* About an English crown.

else, that the favour was intended for me alone. I pocketed the welcome present ; I broke the cane to pieces ; I returned to the terrace ; I looked again to the window, and presently perceived a very fair hand open and shut it hastily. By this we understood, or fancied, that it must be some woman residing in the house of the Moor, who had been thus charitable to us ; and, to express our thanks, we made our obeisance after the Moorish fashion, by inclining the head, bending the body, and placing the hands on the breast.

“ Soon after, a small cross, made of cane, was held out at the same window, and then drawn in again. On this signal, we concluded that some christian woman was a captive in the house, and that it was she who had done us the kindness ; but the whiteness of the hand, and the bracelets we had a glimpse of, soon destroyed that idea. Then again we imagined it to be some christian renegade, whom their masters often marry, esteeming themselves fortunate in the opportunity, for they value them more than the women of their own nation : but all our reasonings and conjectures were wide of the truth. And now all our entertainment was to gaze at and observe the window, as the propitious quarter of the heavens from which that star, the cane, had appeared ; but a complete fortnight passed, during which we saw neither hand, nor any other signal whatever ; and though in this interval we endeavoured to inform ourselves by whom the house was inhabited, and

whether any christian renegade lived in it, we could learn nothing more, than that it belonged to a considerable and wealthy Moor, named Agimorato, who had been alcaide of Pata, an office in that country of great authority. But, when we least dreamed of its raining a farther shower of zianiys, we perceived, unexpectedly, another cane, with a handkerchief tied to it, the knot of which appeared larger than the former one; and this also luckily happened at a time when the bath, as before, was nearly empty of prisoners. We repeated the experiment, each of my three companions preceding me, as at first; but the cane was not let down till I approached, when it instantly dropped. I untied the knot, and found in it forty Spanish crowns in gold, and a paper written in Arabic, with a large cross at the top. I kissed the cross, took the crowns, and returned to the terrace, where we all made our reverences: the hand appearing again, I made signs that I would read the paper, and the window was then shut. Though overjoyed at this event, we were considerably perplexed; and great as was our desire to read the paper, the difficulty of coming at its contents was still greater, for no one of us understood the language in which it was written.

“ At last I resolved to confide in a renegado, a native of Murcia, who professed himself my friend, and with whom I had exchanged such pledges of confidence, that he could not well betray whatever secret I might impart to him: for it is usual with a person

of this description, who intends to return to Christendom, to carry with him certificates from the most considerable captives, attesting, in the most ample manner, and best possible form, that he is an honest man, and has always been kind and obliging to the Christians, and desirous to make his escape the first opportunity that offered. Some procure these certificates with a good view ; others for the purposes of craft ; for, going to rob and plunder on the christian coasts, if they happen to be shipwrecked or taken, they produce these written testimonials, 'as proofs of the true design of their cruising with the Turks, which was no other than to get into some christian country. By this means they escape the first fury, reconcile themselves to the church, and live unmolested ; waiting all the time an opportunity to return to Barbary, and pursue their former predatory course of life : whereas those who procure them with a good design, remain in the christian countries during the rest of their lives. Now of this description was my friend, and he had certificates from us all, in which we recommended him so warmly, that if the Moors had found these papers upon him, they would certainly have burnt him alive. I knew he understood Arabic so well, that he could not only speak, but write it. But, before I would let him into the whole affair, I desired him to read the paper, pretending I had found it by chance in a hole of my cell. He opened it, and stood thoughtfully conning and translating it to himself. I asked him, if he un-

derstood it. He said, he did perfectly, and, that if I desired to know its contents word for word, I must furnish him with pen and ink, that he might translate it with the more exactness. We supplied him with what he required, and when he had finished the task, he said, ‘What I have here written in Spanish, is precisely what is contained in this Moorish paper ; but take notice, that where the words, Lela Marien occur, they mean our lady the Virgin Mary.’ We read the translated paper, which ran thus :—

“ ‘ When I was a child, my father had a female-slave, who instructed me in the christian worship, and told me many things of Lela Marien. This Christian died, and I know her soul did not go to the fire, but to Alla ; for I saw her twice afterwards, and she bid me go to the country of the Christians, to see Lela Marien, who loved me very much. I know not how it is : I have seen many Christians from this window, and none has looked like a gentleman but yourself. I am young, and beautiful, and have a great deal of money to carry away with me. Try, if you can find out how we may escape, and you shall be my husband in the christian country, if you please ; and if not, I shall not care ; for Lela Marien will provide me a husband. I write this with my own hand : be careful to whom you give it to read : trust not to any Moor ; for they are all treacherous : therefore am I full of fears ; for I would not have you discover it to any body : because, should my father come to know it, he would

immediately throw me into a well, and cover me with stones. I will fasten a thread to the cane; with which you may tie your answer: and if you have nobody that can write Arabic, tell me by signs; for Lela Marien will make me understand you. She and Ala keep you, and this cross, which I very often kiss; for so the captive directed me to do.'

“Conceive, gentlemen, our joy and surprise at the contents of this paper: so manifest were our emotions, that the renegado discovered that the paper had not been found by accident, but was addressed to one of us; and therefore he entreated us, if what he suspected was true, to confide in him, and tell him all; for he would venture his life for our liberty: and he pulled a brass crucifix out of his bosom, and with many tears, swore by the God whom that image represented, in whom he, though a great sinner, truly and firmly believed, that he would faithfully keep secret whatever we should think proper to communicate: for he imagined, and was almost persuaded, that, by means of her, who had written that letter, himself and all of us should regain our liberty, and he, in particular, attain what he so earnestly desired, which was, to be restored to the bosom of holy church his mother, from which, like a rotten member, he had been separated, and cut off through his sin and ignorance. This was accompanied with so many tears, and other signs of sincerity, that we unani-

mously agreed to trust him; and accordingly we gave him an account of the whole affair, without concealing a single circumstance. We showed him the little window, out of which the cane had appeared, and he marked the house, resolving to inform himself who lived in it. We also agreed, as to the propriety of answering the billet; and, as we now had a person who could do it in the language she wished, the renegado that instant wrote what I dictated to him, which was precisely what I shall repeat to you; for of all the material circumstances, which befell me in this adventure, not one has yet escaped my memory, nor, whilst I have breath, shall I ever forget them. The answer was this:—

“ ‘The true Alla preserve you, dear lady, and that blessed Marien, the true mother of God, who has put the desire into your heart of going into the country of the Christians, because she loves you. Pray to her, that she will be pleased to instruct you, how to bring about what she commands you to do; for she is so good, she will assuredly not deny you. On my part, and that of all the Christians with me, I offer to do for you all that we are able, at the hazard of our lives. Do not fail writing to me, and acquainting me with whatever resolutions you take, and I will constantly answer you; for the great Alla has given us a christian captive, who speaks and writes your language well, as you may perceive by this paper. So that you may, without fear, give us notice of your in-

tentions. As to your condescending offer of becoming my wife, when you get into a christian country, I promise you, on the word of a good Christian, it shall be so; and know, dear lady, that the Christians keep their promises more faithfully than the Moors. Alla and Marien his mother have you in their holy keeping!

“ This letter being written and folded up, I waited two days till the bath was empty, as before, and then took my accustomed post upon the terrace, and it was not long before the cane made its appearance. As soon as I perceived the signal, though I could not discern by whom it was made, I held up the paper, intimating that I wished the string to be fastened to the cane, but I found it was already done; and shortly after I had tied on the letter with it, our star reappeared, with the white flag of peace, the handkerchief. This was dropped, and on taking it up, I found in it, in several kinds of coin, both of silver and gold, above fifty crowns; which multiplied our joy fifty times, confirming the hopes we had conceived of regaining our liberty. That same evening, our renegado returned, and told us, he had learned that the house was inhabited by the Moor I have mentioned under the name of Agimorato; that he was extremely rich, had an only daughter, heiress to all his possessions, who, in the general estimation, was the most beautiful woman in all Barbary; that several viceroys who had been sent thither, had sought her in mar-

riage, but that she had refused them all, and, lastly, that she used to be attended by a christian female, who died some time ago: all which perfectly agreed with the contents of the letter. We then consulted him as to the best means of carrying off the lady and making our escape into Christendom; but the decision was deferred till we had a further intimation from Zoraida, which was the name of her who now desires to be called Maria: for it was evident that by her, and her only, the difficulties which lay in our way could be surmounted. After we had come to this resolution, the renegado bid us be of good cheer, for he would set us at liberty, or lose his life. The bath after this was for four days full of people, and in all that time, no signal was exhibited; but on the fifth, being once more empty, we perceived the handkerchief, and in so pregnant a state, that it promised a most happy birth. It fell as in the preceding instances, and I found in it another paper, and an hundred crowns in gold only, without any other coin. The renegado being present, we gave him the paper to read in our cell, and he translated it in these words.—

“‘I do not know, dear sir, how to contrive a method for our escaping to Spain, nor has Lela Marien informed me, though I have implored her assistance. This, however, may be done: I will convey to you through this window a large sum of money in gold: redeem yourself and your friends therewith, and let one of your party go to the country of the Christians,

to purchase a bark, and return for the rest. You will find me in my father's garden, at the Babazon-gate close to the sea-side, where I am to remain all the summer with him and my servants. Thence you may carry me off by night without fear, and put me on board the bark: but remember you are to be my husband; otherwise, I will pray to Marien to punish you. If you can trust nobody to go for the bark, effect your own ransom, and go yourself; for I shall be more secure of your return than of another's, as you are a gentleman and a Christian. Take care not to mistake the garden. When I see you walking again where you now are, I shall conclude the bath to be empty, and will furnish you with more money. Alla preserve thee, dear sir!

“ These were the contents of the second letter: which being heard by us all, every one offered himself, as the person to be ransomed, promising to go and return with expedition and punctuality. I also offered: but the renegado opposed us all, and would in no wise consent, that one should get his liberty before the rest, experience having taught him, how wretchedly, when free, men keep the promises they make while in slavery; for several considerable captives, he said, had tried this expedient, ransoming one of their companions, to go to Valencia or Majorca, with money to purchase an armed vessel, and return for those who had ransomed him, but the person so sent has never come back: for liberty once regained,

by the fear of losing it again, all obligations are effaced from the memory. In confirmation of this truth, he told us briefly a case, which had happened lately to certain christian gentlemen, attended with the strangest circumstances that had ever taken place even here, where the most surprising and wonderful events occur every day. He concluded with saying, that the best way would be, to give the money designed for the ransom of a Christian to him, and he would buy a vessel here in Algiers, upon pretence of turning merchant, and trading on the coast, and to Tetuan; and being master of the vessel, he could easily contrive means to get them out of the bath, and put them on board. But if the fair Moor, as she promised, should furnish money enough to redeem them all, this would be easy of itself, since, being free, they might go on board even at noon-day: the greatest difficulty, he said, consisted in this, that the Moors do not allow any renegado to purchase or keep a vessel, unless it be a large one for pirating; for they suspect the owner of a small one, especially if he be a Spaniard, believing that his only design is to escape into Christendom: and this inconvenience, he said, he would further obviate, by taking a Tagarin * Moor as partner both of the vessel, and its profits: and under this colour becoming master of the vessel, he reckoned the rest as good as done.

“ Now, though to me and my companions it seemed better to send to Majorca for the vessel, as the Moorish

* See the beginning of the next chapter.

lady had suggested, yet we did not dare to contradict him ; fearing, that by not conforming to his wishes, he might be induced to betray our project, and thus endanger not only our own lives, but that of our fair correspondent, for whose life we would willingly have laid down our own : we therefore resolved to commit ourselves into the hands of God, and those of the renegado, and instantly answered Zoraida's letter, telling her, we would do in all respects as she had advised ; for she had directed as prudently, as if Lela Marien herself had inspired her ; and that it depended upon her alone, whether the business should be delayed, or carried into immediate execution ; and I renewed my promise of being her husband. The next day, in consequence of this intimation, the bath happening to be clear, she, at several times, by means of the cane and the handkerchief, conveyed to us two thousand crowns in gold, and a paper, in which she said, that the first Juma, which is Friday, she was to go to her father's garden, but that, before she went, she would supply us with more money : and if that was not sufficient, she begged we would inform her, and she would give us as much as we pleased ; for so vast was her father's store, that he would never miss it ; and she had the keys in her possession.

“ We immediately gave five hundred crowns to the renegado, to purchase the vessel : and with eight hundred more I ransomed myself, depositing the money with a merchant of Valencia, then at Algiers, who redeemed me from the king, by passing his word,

that on the arrival of the first ship from Valencia, my ransom should be paid: for if he had paid it immediately, suspicion would have been excited that the money had been a great while in his hands, and that he had employed it to his own use; and with a man of my master's disposition, every precaution was necessary.

“ The Thursday preceding the Friday on which the fair Zoraida was to set out for the garden, she gave us a thousand crowns more, and in a short note apprized us of her departure, and entreated me, if I ransomed myself, to hasten to her father's garden, and contrive an opportunity of seeing her. I answered in few words, that I would not fail to do as she desired, and begged she would recommend us to Lela Marien, using all those prayers which the captive had taught her.

“ Having succeeded thus far, means were concerted for redeeming my three companions, lest, seeing me ransomed, and themselves not, knowing there was money sufficient, they should be uneasy, and tempted by the devil to do something to the prejudice of our fair benefactor: for though their being men of honour might have freed me from such apprehension, I was unwilling to run the smallest hazard; and I therefore effected their liberty in the same way by which I had procured my own, depositing the whole money with the merchant, that he might safely and securely pass his word for us: though we confided no part of our secret to him, from the danger to which it might have exposed us.

CHAP. XIV.

In which the Captive continues the story of his adventures.

“ IN less than a fortnight our renegado had purchased a very good bark, capable of holding above thirty persons ; and to make sure work, by giving a good face to business, he took a short voyage to a place called Sargel, thirty leagues from Algiers towards the coast of Oran, where there is a brisk trade for dried figs. He made this trip two or three times, in company with the Tagarin mentioned before. In Barbary, the Moors of Aragon are called Tagarins, and those of Granada, Mudajares ; while in the kingdom of Fez the Mudajares have the name of Elches, and are the people of whom the king makes most use in his wars. Each time that he passed with his bark, the renegado cast anchor in a little creek, within two bow-shot of the garden, where Zoraida expected us ; and there he stationed himself with the Moors that rowed, either to perform a religious ceremony of the Moors, called the cala, or to practise in jest what he intended shortly to execute in earnest ; and with this view he would go into the garden, begging fruit, which her father gave him, without knowing who he was. But his chief design, as he afterwards told me, was to speak to Zoraida, and tell her, that he was the person, who, by my direction, was to carry her to Christendom, and that she might

be satisfied and secure of my fidelity : but he had no opportunity of doing so, the women of that country never suffering themselves to be seen either by Moor or Turk, unless when authorized by their husbands or fathers ; though christian slaves are allowed both to see and converse with them, and often with more freedom perhaps than is proper. I should have been sorry if he had spoken to her, as she might have been alarmed at finding that the business was intrusted to a renegado : but Heaven ordered it as I could have wished.

“ Finding how securely he passed to and from Sargel ; anchoring, when, how, and where he pleased ; that the Tagarin his partner had no will of his own, but approved whatever he directed ; that I was ransomed, and that there wanted nothing but a few more Christians to assist in the business of rowing ; he bid me consider whom I would employ, besides my friends, and to bespeak them for the first Friday ; for that was the time he fixed for our departure. Accordingly I engaged twelve Spaniards, all able men at the oar, and such as could most easily quit the city unsuspected ; a number not to be procured without difficulty at that juncture ; for no fewer than twenty corsairs being out on a pirating cruise, they had taken almost all the rowers with them ; and these had not been found, but that their master, having a galleot to finish that was then upon the stocks, did not go out that summer. I said nothing more to them, but that they would contrive to steal out of

the city one by one, the ensuing Friday, in the dusk of the evening, and wait for me in or about Agimorato's garden; and I gave the direction to each separately, with this caution, that, if they should see any other Christians there, they should only say, that I ordered them to stay for me in that place.

“The point being settled, one thing was yet wanting, and that the most essential of all; which was to advertise Zoraida of our proceedings, that she might not be alarmed at our appearance, so long before the time she could expect the vessel from Christendom to arrive. I therefore went myself to the garden, the day previous to that fixed on for our departure, under the pretence of gathering herbs, but in the hope of seeing her. When arrived thither, the first person I met was her father, who spoke to me in a language used throughout Barbary, and even at Constantinople, by the captives and Moors; it is neither Morisco nor Castilian, nor peculiar to any nation, but a medley of several languages, and generally understood. In this jargon, he asked me what I wanted in the garden, and to whom I belonged. I answered, that I was a slave of Arnaute Mami, whom I knew to be an intimate friend of his, and that I was merely in search of a few herbs for a salad for my master. He then asked me, if I was upon ransom, and how much my master demanded for me. While I was answering him, the fair Zoraida, who had perceived me from the house, came into the garden; and as the Moorish women make no scruple of appearing before Christians,

with whom, as I observed before, they are not at all shy, she directed her steps towards the place where I was standing with her father, who seeing her approach slowly, called to her to quicken her pace. It would be difficult for me to describe at present the blaze of beauty or splendour of dress with which my beloved Zoraida then appeared before my astonished eyes. More pearls hung about her lovely neck, and more jewels were suspended to her ears, or scattered over her tresses, I might almost say, than she had hairs on her head. Round her ancles, which were bare, according to the custom of the country, she had two carcaxes, for so they call the enamelled feet-bracelets in Morisco, of the purest gold, and set with so many diamonds, that, as she has told me since, her father valued them at ten thousand pistoles; and the bracelets on her wrists were not less costly. The pearls, that were strewed in abundance over every part of her dress, were of the purest quality; the pride and magnificence of the Moorish women consisting in these ornaments: for which reason, there are more pearls in Barbary, than in all the other countries of the globe taken together; and the father of Zoraida had the reputation of possessing the greatest number and the best in Algiers, and of being worth, besides, two hundred thousand Spanish crowns; of all which, she, who is now mine, was once mistress. Whether thus adorned, and in the height of prosperity, she appeared beautiful or not, may be judged from what she is now, after having undergone great

and numberless fatigues: for the beauty of women has its times and seasons, and is under the control of accidents, the passions of the mind increasing or diminishing, and sometimes totally destroying it. To me, however, she appeared as perfect in beauty, as she was rich in attire, the loveliest being I had ever beheld, and, considering my obligations to her, I could regard her in no other light than as an angel descended from heaven for my deliverance and felicity.

“ When she came up, her father told her, in his own language, that I was a captive of his friend Arnaut Mami, and the reason I had assigned for being in the garden; and joining in the discourse, using the medley of tongues before mentioned, she asked if I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself. I replied, that I was already ransomed, and she might judge in what esteem I was held by my master, from the price that was demanded, which was no less than fifteen hundred pieces of eight. To which she answered, ‘ Truly, had you belonged to my father, he should not have parted with you for twice that sum; for you Christians are never sincere in the account you give of yourselves, pretending to be poor, for the purpose of cheating the Moors.’ ‘ That may be the case sometimes, madam,’ I replied, ‘ but it was not so with me: I dealt honestly by my master, as I had been accustomed to do in my intercourse with mankind, and I hope I shall always follow the same upright course.’ ‘ And when do

you purpose to go away?' asked Zoraida. 'To-morrow, I believe,' said I; 'for a French vessel will then sail, and I mean to avail myself of the opportunity.' 'Had you not better,' replied Zoraida, 'wait the arrival of a ship from Spain, and return in that, than trust yourself to the French, who are not friendly to your nation?' 'No, madam,' I answered, 'unless a Spanish ship should arrive quickly, of which there is some hope; but the probability is, that I shall depart to-morrow; for the desire I have to be in my own country, and with those I love, is so strong, that any delay would be painful to me; nor shall I incur it by waiting for another, though a better, conveyance.' 'Without doubt, you are married in your own country,' said Zoraida, 'and are so anxious to be gone, that you may be at home with your wife.' 'No,' I replied, 'I am not married; but I have given my promise to marry, as soon as I get thither.' 'And is the lady whom you have promised, beautiful?' asked Zoraida. 'So beautiful,' answered I, 'that to compliment her, and tell you the truth, she is the very image of yourself.' The father laughed heartily at this, and said, 'Really, Christian, she must be beautiful indeed, if she resembles my daughter, who is esteemed the handsomest woman in the kingdom: look at her, and see if she be justly estimated.' Zoraida's father served as an interpreter during the greater part of this conversation, as understanding Spanish; for though she knew a little of the bastard language spoken by the

Moors, she expressed her meaning to me more by signs than by words.

“ While we were thus engaged, a Moor came running to us, crying aloud, that four Turks had leaped over the pales or wall of the garden, and were gathering the fruit, though it was not yet ripe. At this information, the old man, as well as Zoraida, was alarmed; for the Moors have a natural dread of the Turks, and particularly of the soldiers, who are so insolent and imperious, that they treat them worse than if they were their slaves. The father therefore said to the daughter, ‘ Retire, child, into the house, while I go and talk to these dogs: and you, Christian, gather your herbs, and be gone in peace, and Alla conduct you safe to your own country.’ I made my obeisance, and he went in search of the Turks, leaving me alone with Zoraida, who feigned compliance with his injunction, but returned the moment he was out of sight among the trees, and said to me, with tears in her eyes, ‘ Ameni, Christiano? ameni?’ Meaning, ‘ Are you going away, Christian? are you going away?’ I answered, ‘ Yes, madam, but not without you. Expect us to-morrow, which is Juma, and be not terrified, or apprehensive, for we shall certainly escape to Christendom.’ In saying this, I gave as much expression as I could to my manner, so that she understood me; and throwing her arm about my neck, she moved soft and tremblingly towards the house; when, unfortunately, as it might have proved, but Heaven ordained otherwise, her father returned

from sending away the Turks, and saw us in that attitude. We were sensible that he discovered us, but Zoraida had the discretion and presence of mind not to take her arm from around my neck, but rather held me closer; and leaning her head against my breast, and bending her knees a little, pretended to be fainting; while I, on my part, endeavoured to appear as if supporting her from necessity, to prevent her falling. Her father, seeing her in this situation, hastened towards us, and anxiously inquired what was the matter; and, receiving no answer, said, 'The insolence of these Turkish dogs has frightened her into a swoon:' and he took her from me, and gently inclined her head to his own bosom. Presently, fetching a deep sigh, her eyes still filled with tears, she said again, but in a different tone, 'Ameni, Christiano, ameni!' 'Be gone, Christian, be gone!' To which her father answered, 'There is no occasion, child, for the Christian's going away; he has done you no harm, and the Turks are fled: be not terrified, there is no danger; they are really gone: at my entreaty, they left the garden the same way by which they came in.' 'They have indeed frightened her extremely,' said I, 'and as she wishes it, I will take my leave; but, with your permission, will come again occasionally, for my master says, there is no place so good for salads in the whole vicinity of Algiers. God be with you.' 'You may come whenever you please,' said Agimorato: 'for my daughter does not wish you gone, from anger to you, or any other

Christian ; she thought, perhaps, she was bidding the Turks begone, or that it was time you should go and gather your herbs.' I left them, and she, as if her soul had been rent from her body, walked towards the house with her father. Under pretence of gathering herbs, I roamed over the whole garden at my pleasure, carefully observing both the inlets and outlets, the strength of the house, and every convenience that might tend to facilitate our project.

“ Having finished my observations, I returned to give an account of my excursion to the renegado and my companions ; longing eagerly for the hour, when, without fear of surprise, I might enjoy the happiness which fortune presented, in the beautiful and charming Zoraida. The period fixed upon for the execution of our purpose, a period so much wished for, at length arrived ; and observing the order and method, which, after mature deliberation, and long debate, we had agreed upon, we were blessed with the desired success. On the day after my interview with Zoraida, Morenago, for that was the renegado's name, cast anchor, at the close of the evening, almost opposite to the house in which my fair one resided. The Christians, who were to be employed in rowing, were ready in their hiding-places, their hearts beating, in anxious expectation of my coming, being eager to surprise the bark, which lay at anchor before their eyes : for they were ignorant of our plan, and supposed they were to gain their liberty by mere force,

putting to death every Moor belonging to the vessel : as soon, therefore, as I and my friends appeared, they came forth, one after another, and quickly joined us. The hour was fortunate, for the city gates being by this time shut, there were no persons in the fields to observe our proceedings. Being all met, we deliberated, whether it would be better to go first for Zoraida, or secure the Moors who were in the boat ; and while we were in this uncertainty, our renegado arrived, and asked what we were waiting for ; for now was the time for action, all his crew being thoughtless of danger, and most of them asleep. We told him the cause of our suspense, and he instantly said, that the most important step was to secure the vessel, which might be done with all imaginable ease, and without incurring the least danger ; and that then we might go for Zoraida with the greater confidence. We approved of his counsel, and, with him for a guide, repaired to the vessel, into which he leaped first ; and drawing a cutlass, said in Moresco, ‘ Let no man stir, unless he is willing to lose his life.’ The Christians were with him in a moment, and the Moors, cowards by nature, hearing their master speak thus, were terrified, and without resistance, for indeed they had few or no arms, tamely suffered themselves to be bound ; which the Christians performed expeditiously, threatening, if they raised any outcry, or made the least noise, they should instantly be put to the sword.

“ This done, leaving half of our men on board as a

guard, we proceeded with the rest, the renegado being still our leader, to the garden of Agimorato; the gate of which, fortunately, yielded to our pressure, as if it had not been locked, and we reached the house in silence, without being perceived by any one. The lovely Zoraida was expecting us at the window, and hearing our approach, she asked in a low voice, if we were Nazareni; that is, Christians. I replied, that we were, and requested her to come down. As she knew my voice, she complied, without a moment's delay; and opening the door, she appeared to us all so beautiful, and so richly attired, that it would be vain to attempt a description. As soon as I saw her, I took her hand and kissed it, as did the renegado and my two comrades; and the rest of the party, without knowing its meaning, followed the example, thinking it the mere expression of our thanks and acknowledgments to her as the instrument of our deliverance. The renegado asked her, in the Morisco tongue, if her father were in the house: she said he was, but that he was asleep. 'Then we must wake him,' replied the renegado, 'and carry him with us, and all that is of value in this delightful villa.' 'No,' said she, 'my father must not be touched; and there is nothing valuable here, but what I have secured, which is sufficient to satisfy and enrich you all: stay a little, and you shall see.' And she went back into the house, requesting us to be quiet, and make no noise, for she would return in an instant. In her absence, I asked the renegado what had passed be-

tween them ; and being informed, I insisted upon his complying in every thing with the wishes of Zoraida, who now appeared with a trunk, so full of gold crowns, that she could hardly carry it.

“ As ill fortune would have it, her father in the mean time happened to wake ; and hearing a noise in the garden, looked out at the window ; and, finding we were Christians, cried out as loud as he could, in Arabic, ‘ Christians ! Christians ! thieves ! thieves ! ’ which threw us all into the utmost terror and confusion. The renegado, however, seeing the danger we were in, and how much it imported him to achieve the enterprise before it was discovered, flew to the chamber of Agimorato, accompanied by several others, while I remained in the garden, not daring to quit Zoraida, who, at the voice of her father, had fainted in my arms. They acquitted themselves so well, that they were down in a moment, bringing Agimorato with them, his hands tied, and his mouth stopped with a handkerchief, and threatening, if he made the least noise, that it should cost him his life. When his daughter saw him, she covered her eyes, to avoid the continuance of so painful a sight ; while he was astonished at seeing her, not knowing how willingly she had put herself into our hands. As it was now of the utmost importance to fly, we hastened as speedily as we could to the bark, where our comrades expected us with impatience, fearing we had met with some accident ; and scarcely had two hours of the night passed away, when we were all safe on

board. We now untied the hands of Zoraida's father, and took the handkerchief from his mouth; but the renegado warned him again as to silence, threatening as before. When the poor old man perceived that his daughter was also in our power, both sighs and tears escaped him, especially when he saw that I held her closely embraced, and that she sat quiet and contented, without showing either opposition, complaint, or coyness; but he held his peace, lest the menaces of the renegado should be put into execution.

“ Zoraida finding herself on board, and seeing us, by our manning the oars, about to leave the coast, while her father remained a prisoner, and the rest of the Moors fettered, she requested, by the renegado, that I would order the Moors to be released, and they, as well as her father, to be put ashore; for she would sooner throw herself into the sea, than see a parent by whom she was so tenderly loved, carried away captive before her eyes, and upon her account. When I understood from Morenago the nature of her request, I begged she might be gratified; but he said that it would be the most imprudent thing in the world; for if they were landed, the whole city and country round would be in a state of alarm; light frigates would be sent out against us; and thus, beset both by sea and land, it would be impossible for us to escape: but he agreed to give them their liberty at the first Christian port we should touch at. We were all of the same opinion, and Zoraida, when we told her why we could not grant her wishes, and

what we had determined on, was satisfied. Then with joyful silence, and cheerful alacrity, each of our brave rowers plying his oar, and we recommending ourselves to God with all our hearts, set forward, intending to make the island of Majorca, which is the nearest Christian coast. But the north wind beginning to blow, and the sea becoming rough, we found it impracticable to steer that course, and were obliged to keep in shore, towards Oran, not without great apprehension of being discovered from the town of Sargel, lying on that coast, about sixty miles from Algiers: we were also afraid of meeting in our passage with some of those galeots, which usually came with merchandise from Tetuan: though, stout of heart as we were, each relying, not only on his own courage, but that of his comrades in general, a single galeot, if not a cruiser, would not have dismayed us; on the contrary, we should probably have encountered and taken it, and thus have obtained a vessel by which we might more securely pursue our voyage. Hitherto, Zoraida had kept her head between my hands, that she might not look on her father, and I perceived she was continually calling on Lela Marien to assist us.

“ When we had rowed about thirty miles, the day broke upon us, and we found ourselves at no greater distance than three musket-shot from the shore, which appeared to be a desert, without a human creature to betray us. However, by dint of labour, we gained more sea, which was now become calmer ;

and when we had made about two leagues, we wished the rowers to rest in turns, for the purpose of refreshments, with which the bark was well supplied; but they refused to quit their oars, observing, that it was not a time for rest, and they could row and eat too, if those who were unemployed would supply them with provision. This was accordingly done, but a brisk gale springing up, they were obliged to lay down their oars, and with sails set, steer directly for Oran, no other course being practicable. All this was done with great expedition; we sailed at the rate of more than eight miles an hour, without any other fear than that of meeting some corsair. We ordered some food to be given to the Moorish prisoners; and the renegado comforted them with the assurance, that they were not slaves, and should have their liberty the first opportunity; and he made the same declaration to Zoraida's father, who answered, 'I might reasonably, O Christians, expect, from your liberal and generous practice, any other favour; but think me not so simple as to believe, that you mean to give me my liberty; for you would never have exposed yourselves to the danger of depriving me of it, to restore it again so freely; especially as you know who I am, and the advantage that may accrue to you from my ransom; which, do but name, and from this moment I promise whatever you demand for myself, and this my unhappy child, or for her alone, who is the better part of my soul.' And he wept so bitterly, that we were moved to compassion, and Zo-

raida could no longer keep her eyes from him ; and when she saw him in this piteous state, she also burst into tears, and quitting my arms, ran to embrace him ; and a scene so tender then took place between them, that several of the company could not help joining in their lamentations. But when her father observed the nature of her dress, and the profusion of jewels, he said to her, in their language, ‘ How is this, my child? Yesterday evening, before this terrible misfortune befel us, I saw you in your common and ordinary dress ; and now, without having had time for change, or any pleasing news that requires to be thus solemnised, I see you in your gayest apparel, and richest ornaments? Account for this, for it surprises me more than the misfortune itself.’ The renegado interpreted to us all that the Moor said to his daughter, who gave no answer to his question ; but when he saw the box in which she kept her jewels, and which he knew he had left at Algiers, when he removed to his country-house, he was still more confounded, and asked her, how it came into our hands, and what was in it. To which the renegado replied, without giving time for Zoraida to speak, ‘ Trouble not yourself, signor, by asking your daughter so many questions ; for I can satisfy you with a single word. Know, therefore, that she is a Christian ; that she has filed off our chains, and given us liberty ; that she is here with her own consent, and pleased, I have reason to think, with her condition, like one delivered from darkness to light, from death to life,

and from suffering to glory.' 'Is this true, child?' said the Moor. 'It is,' answered Zoraida. 'And thou art really a Christian? And it is to thee I owe that I am in the power of my enemies?' said the old man. 'I am indeed a Christian,' she replied; 'but it was not I who reduced you to your present condition: I meant no harm to you; I only intended good to myself.' 'And what good hast thou done thyself?' 'Ask that,' she replied, 'of Lela Marien, who can tell you better than I can.'

"The Moor no sooner heard this, than, with incredible precipitation, he threw himself headlong into the sea, and would certainly have perished, had not his wide and cumbrous garments kept him for a while afloat on the water. Zoraida, in a shriek, begged we would save him, and we all hastened, and, laying hold of his robe, dragged him on board, half drowned and senseless; a sight which so much affected her, that she uttered a most tender and sorrowful lamentation over him, as if he had really been dead. We placed him so that the water he had swallowed might run out of his mouth, and in two hours he came to himself. In the mean time, the wind shifting, we were obliged to ply our oars, to prevent being driven ashore; and, by good fortune, we came to a creek, by a small promontory, or head-land, called by the Moors the cape of Cava Rumia, meaning the wicked Christian woman; for the Moors have a tradition, that Cava, who occasioned them the loss of Spain, lies buried there; Cava signifying a wicked

woman, and Rumia, Christian ; and therefore it is considered by them as an ill omen to be obliged to land, and they never do it but from necessity, though it proved to us, considering how high the sea ran, a safe harbour and retreat. We placed scouts on shore, and never dropped our oars ; and having made a second meal on what the renegado had provided, we devoutly prayed to God and our Lady, for assistance and protection, that the termination of our enterprise might prove as happy as the beginning. We now promised, at the entreaty of Zoraida, to set her father on shore, before our departure, as well as the Moors, whom we had hitherto kept fast bound : for her tender heart could not bear to see her parent and countrymen thus held in captivity before her face ; and we had the less hesitation in gratifying her, as, by leaving them in a place so desolate, we could incur no danger. Our prayers were not in vain : Heaven heard them : for the wind presently changed in our favour, and presenting a calm sea, invited us to return into the course from which we had been driven, and proceed on our intended voyage. We accordingly unbound the Moors, and, one by one, put them all ashore, to their utter astonishment. But when we came to disembark Zoraida's father, who was now perfectly in his senses, he said, ' Know you, Christians, why this wicked woman is desirous of my being set at liberty ? Think you, it is from filial piety ? No, certainly ; but because, when she would indulge her evil inclinations, my presence would disturb her.

Neither imagine, that she is induced to change her religion, from thinking yours preferable to ours: no, it is because she knows, that in your country there is greater libertinism than in her own.' Then turning to her, myself and another holding him, lest he should commit some outrage, he said, 'Infamous girl, ill-advised maiden! whither goest thou, blindfold and precipitate, in the power of these dogs, our natural enemies? Cursed be the hour in which I begat thee, and cursed the indulgence and luxury in which I brought thee up!'

"Seeing him not likely to terminate his upbraidings, I hurried him ashore, where he continued his exclamations and wailings, praying to Mahomet, that he would beseech God to confound, overwhelm, and destroy us; and when we were out of hearing, we could see the frenzy he acted, plucking off his hair, tearing his beard, and rolling himself on the ground: and once he raised his voice so high, that we could distinguish words like these: 'Come back, my beloved child, come back! I forgive thee all! Let those wretched men keep the money they have in their possession, and come thou back, and comfort thy disconsolate father, who, if thou forsakest him, must lose his life in this desert!' Zoraida both heard and felt this pathetic appeal, but could only say in reply, 'Alla grant, my dear father, that Lela Marien, who has been the cause of my turning Christian, may comfort you in your affliction. Alla well knows, that I could not have acted otherwise than I have done;

and these Christians owe me no thanks for any particular goodwill I bore them, since, had I been ever so unwilling to have accompanied them, and ever so desirous of staying with you, my dear father, it would have been impossible: for my mind would not let me rest, till I performed this work, which to me seems to be as righteous and good, as in your eyes it appears wicked and abominable.' These words never reached her father, for whom they were uttered; for we were at so great a distance from him, that we could not even perceive him. I endeavoured to console her as well as I could, while the rest were intent upon the voyage, which was now made so easy to us by a favourable wind, that we had no doubt of being the next morning on the coast of Spain.

“ But, as good seldom, if ever, comes pure and unmixed, being sure to be attended or followed by some evil, to alarm and disturb our enjoyment, it unfortunately happened, perhaps in consequence of the curses bestowed by the Moor upon his daughter, for a father's curse is to be dreaded, whoever he may be, —I say it happened that, when we were far out at sea, the third hour of the night already passed, the oars lashed, a fair wind easing us of the labour of making use of them, we discovered, by the light of the moon, which broke from the clouds with remarkable brightness, a round vessel, with all her sails out, steering a little upon the wind, right ahead of us, but so very near, that we were obliged to shorten sail, that we might not run foul of her, while

she clapped her helm a-weather, to give us time to pass. The men upon deck hailed us, asking who we were, whence we came, and whither we were bound; but as they spoke French, our renegado said, 'Let no one answer, for this is one of the French corsairs, to whom all is fish that comes to the net.' Upon this caution we were all silent, and continued our course, leaving their ship a little to windward, when they suddenly fired upon us two guns, both, as it appeared, loaded with chain-shot; for one of them cut our mast through the middle, which, with the sail, fell into the sea, while the other, following instantly upon it, took us amidships, laying open the side of our bark, but without wounding any of us. Finding ourselves on the point of going to the bottom, we cried aloud for help, beseeching those in the vessel to save us from destruction. They then struck their sails, and hoisted out the boat or pinnace, manned by twelve Frenchmen, armed with muskets, and their matches lighted, who, coming close to us, and seeing how few we were, and that the bark was sinking, took us in, telling us, that what we suffered was through our own incivility, in not returning an answer to their questions: but the renegado found an opportunity, unperceived by any one, of throwing the trunk, containing Zoraida's treasure, into the sea. In short, we all passed into the French ship, the crew of which, after informing themselves of all they wished to know, proceeded to strip us of every thing we possessed, as if they had been our enemies, plun-

dering Zoraida even of the bracelets which she wore on her anclés : but this gave me less uneasiness, than the apprehension by which I was haunted, that, having pilfered her rich and precious jewels, they might proceed to rob her of that which was of greater value than all of them combined, and by her esteemed as such. But the desires of those banditti seldom extend farther than money, and in that respect their rapacity is never satisfied, as the present instance evinced, for they would have taken away the very clothes we wore as slaves, if they had thought they could have made any thing of them. Some of them proposed wrapping us altogether in a sail, and throwing us into the sea : for their design being to trade in some of the Spanish ports, pretending to be from Britany, should they carry us thither, they would be seized and punished for the robbery. But the captain, who had rifled my dear Zoraida, said he was satisfied with the prize he had got, and would touch at no port in Spain, but pass the Straits of Gibraltar in the night, or as privately as he could, and make the best of his way for Rochelle, the place from which he commenced his cruise ; and in consequence of this determination they agreed to give us their ship's boat, and such provisions as were necessary for so short a voyage as we had now to make. This they did the next day, as soon as we were in view of the Spanish coast ; at sight of which all our miseries were as completely forgotten, as if nothing untoward had happened to us ; so exquisite

is the delight afforded by the hope of regained liberty. It was about noon when we were put into the boat, with a supply of two casks of water and some biscuit: and strange to say, the captain, by some unaccountable impulse of compassion, gave the beautiful Zoraida forty crowns, and would not suffer any of the clothes which she now wears to be taken from her: so that at parting, instead of feeling resentment for what we had suffered, we expressed our thanks, as if, with goodwill, they had conferred upon us extraordinary favours.

“ They stood out to sea, shaping their course for the straits; while we, regardless of any other north-star than the land before us, plied so lustily our oars, that at sunset we were at so short a distance from the shore, that we thought we might reach it, without stealing more than an hour or two from the night; but having no moon to guide us, and the sky being cloudy, it was deemed in general unsafe to land upon a coast of which we were wholly ignorant, while some of our party were disposed to venture though among rocks, and far from any town; as by so doing we should avoid the danger we had reason to fear from the corsairs of Tetuan, who at night are in Barbary, and in the morning on the Spanish coast, whence, having taken some prize, they return to sleep at their own homes. At last it was agreed, that we should row slowly, and, if the sea proved calm, land at the first convenient place that offered: accordingly, a little before midnight, we arrived at the foot of a very

large and lofty mountain, not so close upon the sea, out that there was room enough for effecting our purpose. Having disembarked, and dragged the boat on shore, we kissed the ground, with tears of satisfaction and joy, thanking God for the mercy he had vouchsafed us, in the happy termination of our perilous voyage. We then took the provisions from the boat, and ascended the mountain, still in trembling apprehension, scarcely believing, though it was really so, that our feet trod upon Christian ground. The day, which we thought long in coming, arrived at last, and we reached the summit of the mountain, hoping to discover some village, house, or shepherd's hut; but through the country round, as far as the eye could reach, no village, house, highway, path, or trace of human resort was visible: we therefore proceeded farther into the country, trusting that fortune would throw some kind soul in our way, to inform us where we were. But what troubled me most was to see Zoraida travel on foot over the flinty rocks: for though I once or twice carried her in my arms, she was more distressed than relieved by my doing so, from the fatigue she saw it occasioned me, and would accept no farther service than my arm, resting on which, she trudged on with exemplary patience and good spirits.

“ We had not gone in this manner more than a quarter of a league, when the tinkling of a little bell reached our ears, a sure signal that some flock was near us; and looking round with searching eyes, we

descried a shepherd lad, sitting tranquilly at the foot of a cork-tree, shaping a stick with his knife. When we called to him, he raised his head, and started nimbly on his feet, and, believing, as we afterwards understood, the renegado and Zoraida, who were in Moorish dress, being the first objects that presented themselves to his sight, that all the Moors in Barbary were upon him; ran with incredible speed towards a wood that was at a little distance, crying out as loud as he could, 'Moors! the Moors are landed! Moors, Moors! arm, arm!' We were so confounded at this outcry, that for a moment we were at a loss what to do; but reflecting, that the shepherd's noise would alarm the country, and that the guards of the coast would soon be on the alert, to see what was the matter, it was agreed, that the renegado should throw off his Turkish habit, and put on a slave's cassock or jerkin, which one of us immediately supplied, remaining himself in his shirt. Then recommending ourselves to Heaven, we followed the same road, which the shepherd had taken, expecting every moment to be surrounded with soldiers; nor were we deceived; for in less than two hours, as we descended into the plain, we saw about fifty horsemen making towards us, on a hand-gallop; upon which we stood still, waiting their approach. When they came near, perceiving, instead of the Moors they had expected, a company of poor Christian captives, they were surprised; and one of them asked, if we had been the

occasion of the shepherd's alarming the neighbourhood. I answered in the affirmative, and was about to acquaint him, whence we came, and who we were, when one of our party, recollecting the features of the person who had addressed us, prevented me, by exclaiming exultingly, ' Thank God, my friends, for having brought us to so good a part of the country ; for, if I am not mistaken, the ground we stand upon is the domain of Velez Malaga, and you, sir, who now question us, if the length of my captivity has not impaired my memory, are my very good uncle, Pedro de Bostamente.' Scarcely had the captive said this, than the person thus recognised dismounted, and flew to embrace him, saying, ' Dear nephew of my soul, I have not forgotten you ; though I have often bewailed your supposed death, with my sister your mother, and the rest of your kindred, who are all well, God in his mercy having preserved their lives, that they may have the pleasure of seeing you again. We knew you were in Algiers ; and your dress, and that of your companions, plainly show, that you have recovered your liberty in some miraculous manner.' ' It is even so,' answered the nephew ; ' but we shall find time and opportunity hereafter to relate the particulars of our story.'

As soon as the party understood that we were Christians escaped from captivity, every man dismounted, and civilly offered his horse to aid us in reaching the city of Velez Malaga, which was only about a league and a half from the place where we were. Some of

them went to take the boat round to the town, when informed where we had left it: others took us up behind them, while Zoraida had the seat of honour, behind the captive's uncle. News of our coming having outstripped our pace, crowds came out of the city to meet us. It was not to see captives freed, or Moors in captivity, that they came; for to both of these sights they were accustomed, residing so near the coast: it was to gaze on the beauty of Zoraida, then in its meridian perfection, for the fatigue of walking, combined with the joy she felt at finding herself in a christian country, and in safety, gave a glow and animation to her countenance, that, if my affection did not deceive me, a more beautiful being never existed, nor in my eyes one equally handsome.

“ Our hearts directed us first to the church, to give God thanks for the mercy of our deliverance; and as Zoraida entered, she said, that she saw faces very like that of Lela Marien. We told her they were pictures of her, and the renegado explained to her as well as he could, their meaning, that she might adore them, as if every one of them was the very Lela Marien, who had spoken to her. Possessing good sense, and a clear and ready apprehension, she had little difficulty in understanding him. From the church they conducted us to lodgings in different parts of the town: but the nephew took Pedro de Bastamente, the renegado, Zoraida, and me, to the house of his parents, who were in comfortable cir-

cumstances, and treated us with as much kindness, as if we had been part of their family. We staid in Velez six days, during which the renegado, having informed himself of what it was necessary for him to do on the subject of his conversion, repaired to the city of Granada, there to be re-admitted into the bosom of our holy mother the church. The rest of the freed captives went every one his way, as he pleased, while Zoraida and I remained by ourselves, furnished with no other means for our subsistence than the crown-pieces, which the courtesy of the French corsair had given to my beloved. With part of them I purchased the animal on which she came hither, and, waving the prerogatives of a husband, have attended her in the capacity of her squire, and cherished her with the pure affection of a parent. We are going to my native village, to ascertain if my father be living, and either of my two brothers have had better fortune than myself; though, since Heaven has given me Zoraida, no fortune could have befallen me, which I should have valued at so high a rate. The patience with which she bears the inconveniences poverty brings in its train, and the fervour of her zeal to become a Christian, are so great, that my admiration can rise no higher, and I consider myself as bound to love and serve her all the days of my life. Yet is the delight I take in reflecting that she is mine, and I am hers, frequently interrupted and almost destroyed by my ignorance, whether I shall find a corner in my own country in which to shelter

her, and whether time or death may not have made such alterations, both as to fortune and life, in my family, as scarcely to have left a single creature to acknowledge me.

“ This, gentlemen, is my story: whether it be an entertaining and uncommon one, it is for you to judge. I can only say, I would gladly have related it with more brevity; though many circumstances have been omitted, lest, by being minute, I should weary you.”

CHAP. XV.

Which treats of what farther happened at the inn, and of many other things worthy to be known.

THE captive having finished his narration, Don Fernando complimented him by saying, “ Really, sir, the agreeable manner in which you have related your story, can only be equalled by the novelty and surprising nature of the events of it; events, so extraordinary and interesting, that, had it lasted till to-morrow, we could have listened with pleasure, and then have wished you to begin it again.” Cardenio and the rest of the auditors joined in this compliment, and offered him whatever services were in their power, with such expressions of kindness and seeming sincerity, that he could not but be satisfied with their good will. Don Fernando in particular generously said, that if he would return with him, he would

prevail on the marquis his brother to stand godfather at Zoraida's baptism ; and, on his own part, would accommodate him with whatever was requisite to enable him to appear in his own country with the dignity and distinction due to his rank in society. Though these offers were declined, the captive expressed his thanks in the most grateful and gentlemanly manner.

The evening had now closed, when a carriage, attended by several servants on horseback, drove up to the inn. They wanted accommodations for the night. The hostess answered, that there was not an inch of room in the house, but what was already occupied. "That may be," said one of the attendants, "but room must be found for my lord judge, for all that." At this title the hostess was a little disturbed, and said, "Sir, the truth is, I have no bed ; but mayhap his worship has brought one with him, and if he has, he may come in and welcome ; and I and my husband will give up our own chamber to accommodate his honour." "Be it so, then," quoth the attendant. By this time a gentleman had alighted from the coach, whose long gown and high tucked-up sleeves sufficiently evinced the dignified office he bore. He led by the hand a young lady, about sixteen years of age, dressed in a riding-habit, so sprightly yet genteel in her motions, and so lovely in her person, that every beholder was struck with admiration ; and if our gentlemen had not seen Dorothea, Lucinda, and Zoraida, they would scarcely have believed, that such

another beautiful maiden could have been found. Don Quixote seeing them enter, instantly said, "Your lordship may securely venture in, and avail yourself freely of the privileges of this castle; for though it be narrow and inconvenient, there is no narrowness or inconvenience here, or in any portion of the globe, which will not make room for arms and letters; especially if they bring beauty for their guide and conductor, as do your worship's letters in this fair damsel; to whom not only castles ought to throw open their gates, but rocks divide, and mountains bow their lofty heads, in grateful and joyous token of her coming. Enter, I say, this paradise; for here you will find stars and suns worthy the sphere of that brilliant heaven you have brought with you; here you will find arms in their zenith, and beauty in perfection."

The judge marvelled greatly at this speech, and looked wistfully at the speaker, struck no less by his figure than his words, and was still gazing at him with astonishment, not knowing what to answer, when Lucinda and Dorothea, attracted by the report of the new guests, and the account the hostess had given of the loveliness of the young lady, made their appearance to pay their respects to her; while Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest, accosted and welcomed the judge; but in terms more intelligible than those which the knight had employed in his salutation. His astonishment, however, was not diminished by this concourse of persons of distinction,

in such a place, for so he perceived they were, though the mien, visage, and garb of Don Quixote, greatly perplexed him. Thus civilly pressed, he accepted the invitation, and entered their apartment, and the usual courtesies having passed on all sides, and the conveniences which the inn afforded being duly considered, it was arranged as before, that the ladies should occupy the larger room, while the gentlemen were to keep guard, as their squires, in the smaller one; an arrangement perfectly satisfactory to the judge, who was pleased that his daughter, for such the young maiden was, would be so well accommodated, and no less satisfactory to herself, who was delighted with her intended associates: and thus with part of the innkeeper's scanty bed, and what the judge had brought with him, they passed the night in a less incommodious manner than they had reason to expect.

Our captive, who, from the moment he beheld the judge, felt his heart beat, from a presentiment, that this gentleman was his brother, inquired of one of the servants what his name was, and what part of Spain was considered as the place of his birth. The servant answered, that he was the licentiate Juan Perez de Viedma, and was born, as he understood, in some town in the mountains of Leon. This account, with what he had observed himself, confirmed him in the belief, that he was his youngest brother, who, following the advice of his father, had chosen the path of learning. Overjoyed at the discovery, he

called aside Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest, and communicated the singular intelligence; adding, as he had learned from the same authority, that his brother had arrived thus far on his way to South America, having been appointed supreme judge of the courts of Mexico; that the young lady was his daughter, whose mother had unfortunately died in giving her birth, and that he was become extremely rich by her dowry, which would one day wholly devolve on this his only child. He asked their advice, as to the method he should take to make himself known; or rather, how he should be able to ascertain, whether, having done so, seeing him so poor, he would be ashamed to own him, or would receive him with the bowels of affection. "Leave the experiment to me," said the priest; "though I have no doubt, in whatever way it be done, that you will meet with a kind reception; for in your brother's demeanour there are no signs of pride and arrogance; on the contrary, he appears to be endowed with that virtue and good sense, which are sure to make due allowance for the accidents of fortune." "Nevertheless," said the captive, "I should not like to come upon him suddenly and unawares, but had rather prepare him by some indirect hint or roundabout intimation." "Leave it wholly to me," said the priest again, "and I will manage the matter to the entire satisfaction of both parties."

Supper was now ready, and they all sat down to table, except the captive, who absented himself from

prudence, and the ladies, who supped by themselves in their chamber. They had not sat long, when the priest said, "My lord, I had once a comrade of your name in Constantinople, where I was several years in slavery, one of the bravest soldiers and best officers in the Spanish infantry, but as unfortunate as he was resolute and brave." "Pray, sir, what was the name of this soldier?" said the judge, in a tone of interesting inquiry. "Ruy," answered the priest; "Ruy Perez de Viedma; and he was born, as he told me, in a village in the mountains of Leon. He related to me a circumstance which happened between his father, his two brothers, and himself, which, if I had not sufficiently known his adherence to truth, I should have considered as one of those tales which garrulous old women tell by a fire-side in winter. His father, he said, divided his estate equally among his three sons, giving them at the same time advice in the form of precepts, of so salutary a nature, that he even outshone the sage Cato. This son, my comrade, followed the profession of arms, and succeeded in it so well, that, with no other aid than that of his extraordinary virtue and valour, he rose to be a captain of foot, and was in the high road to the promotion of colonel, when fortune proved adverse where he had most reason to expect her smiles, and he was deprived of her favours and his freedom together, in that glorious action in which such multitudes recovered theirs; I mean the battle of Lepanto. My own freedom I lost in the goleta; and afterwards, by

different adventures, we became fellow slaves in Constantinople; whence we were conveyed to Algiers, where he met with one of the strangest incidents, that, in the diversified life of man, was ever experienced." The priest then recounted with brevity what had passed between his comrade and Zoraida, and was listened to by the judge, as no judge ever listened before; carrying the story, however, no farther than the period when the Christians were plundered by the French, and his comrade and the beautiful Moor left in consequence, in the most destitute situation; pretending to be ignorant of their subsequent fate, whether they arrived in Spain, or were taken by their plunderers into France.

The captive stood at a distance, listening to what the priest said, and watching the emotions of his brother, who, when the priest had done speaking, uttered a deep sigh, and said, "O sir, you know not how nearly I am concerned in what you have related; so nearly, that the tears will flow from my eyes in spite of my endeavours to restrain them. That gallant soldier you mention, is my elder brother, who, stouter in constitution, and entertaining more elevated thoughts, than I, or my younger brother, chose the honourable profession of arms, which was one of the three callings recommended to us by my father in his parting advice, with which you appear to be acquainted. I applied myself to learning, which, by God's blessing on my industry, has been the means of raising me to my present exalted station. My

younger brother is in Peru ; so rich, that, with the large sums he has remitted, my father has been enabled to indulge his natural disposition to liberality, and I to prosecute my studies to greater advantage, and better fit myself for the promotion, that by the decrees of Providence awaited me. My father is still alive, but pining with desire to hear of his long-lost son ; and begging incessantly of Heaven, that death may not close his eyes, till he has once more seen and embraced him. It is surprising, that this dear brother, discreet as he was known to be, should never, either in his prosperous state, or in his many troubles and afflictions, have written any account of himself to his family : for, had his situation been known to us, the miracle of the cane would not have been necessary to have obtained his ransom. Now the most afflicting thought is, how he has been treated by the French ; whether they have set him at liberty, or murdered him, to conceal their robbery. This uncertainty respecting his fate, will render my voyage, which I undertook with so much satisfaction, sad and melancholy. O my dear brother, did I but know where to find thee, I would fly to deliver thee from thy troubles, though at the expense of my own repose. Who shall carry the news to our aged father, of thy being alive ? Wert thou incarcerated in the deepest dungeon of Barbary, all our wealth should be employed to deliver thee. O generous and lovely Zoraida, who shall repay thy kindness to him ? Who shall be so happy as to witness thy regeneration by

baptism? Who be present at the ceremony of thy nuptials, which would afford such gladness to us all?" These pathetic expressions, with others of a similar nature, were uttered by the judge in so genuine a strain of fraternal affection, that all who heard him joined in demonstrations of tender concern for his sorrow.

The priest, finding he had gained his point according to the captive's wish, and unwilling to prolong either the anguish of the judge or the painful suspense of the company, instantly quitted the table and the room, and presently returning, leading in Zoraida, who was followed by the rest of the ladies, and taking in his other hand the captive, who had waited in anxiety to see what he intended, he introduced them to the judge, saying, "Cease, my lord, your tears and lamentations, and enjoy the happiness that is presented to you by the sight of your good brother, and your fair sister-in-law; for in this gentleman you behold captain Viedma, and in this lady, the beautiful Zoraida, to whom he owes so many obligations; both reduced to poverty by the French, that you may have an opportunity of showing the generous and affectionate feelings of your noble breast." The captain ran to embrace his brother, who prevented him for a moment, by putting his hands against his breast, the better to recognise his features; which he had no sooner done, than he pressed him closely to his bosom, shedding such tears of joy, that every eye melted at the scene: the tenderness and

rapture of which, it would be difficult for the imagination to conceive, and impossible for the pen to write. Now the two brothers attempted a brief account of their adventures, then broke off to renew their demonstrations of affection: now the judge embraced Zoraida, offering her all his wealth; then he told his daughter to embrace her, and the mutual caresses of these lovely maidens renewed the tears of the company. Now Don Quixote engaged the attention, who stood silently wrapt in the passing events, associating them with chimeras of chivalry. Then the future was thought of, and it was agreed, that the captain and Zoraida should accompany their brother to Seville, and thence inform their father of his lost son being found and at liberty, that the good old man might be present at the baptism and nuptials; for it would be impossible for the judge to go out of his way, as the flota would sail in the course of a month, and he might lose his passage. In short, all were satisfied and all in ecstasy; and the night being far advanced, they now proposed to retire and pass the remainder of it in sleep; Don Quixote offering his service to guard the castle, lest some giant or wicked adventurer, tempted by the vast treasure of beauty which it contained, should break in to despoil it. Those of the party, who were acquainted with the knight thanked him, and when he had left the room, gave an account of his strange frenzy to the judge, who was much amused by the detail of his extravagance. Sancho Panza alone was

out of all patience at sitting up so late, though in point of lodging, he was better accommodated than any one, having the accoutrements of his ass to repose upon, which however cost him dear, as will presently be seen.

The ladies having retired to their chamber, and every other individual disposed of himself, in the best manner he was able, Don Quixote sallied out of the inn to take his stand as centinel at the castle gate, according to his promise; when, a little before morning, a voice so harmoniously sweet reached the ears of such of the ladies as were awake, that they could not help listening attentively, and especially Dorothea, by whose side slept Donna Clara, the judge's daughter. Nobody could imagine who the singer was, or whence the sounds proceeded, for it was a single voice, unaccompanied by any instrument, and seemed to come sometimes from the stable, and sometimes from the inn-yard. While they were pondering in this uncertainty, Cardenio tapped at the chamber-door, and said, "You that are not asleep, listen, and you will hear one of the muleteers singing in the stable most enchantingly." Dorothea told him, that they had already been struck by the sweetness of the voice; and when he was gone from the door, and the muleteer began again, she gave a more attentive ear, and plainly distinguished the following words:—

CHAP. XVI.

Which treats of the agreeable history of the young muleteer, with other strange accidents that happened in the inn.

SONG.

A MARINER I am of love,
 And in his seas profound,
 Toss'd betwixt doubts and fears, I rove,
 And see no port around.

At distance I behold a star,
 Whose beams my senses draw,
 Brighter and more resplendent far
 Than Palinure e'er saw.

Yet still, uncertain of my way,
 I stem a dangerous tide,
 No compass but that doubtful ray
 My wearied bark to guide.

For when its light I most would see,
 Benighted most I sail :
 Like clouds, reserve and modesty
 Its shrouded lustre veil.

O lovely star, by whose bright ray
 My love and faith I try,
 If thou withdraw'st thy cheering day,
 In night of death I lie.

The person who sung, pausing here, Dorothea thought it a pity, that Clara should lose the opportunity of hearing so charming a voice, and she jogged her gently to wake her, saying, " Pardon me,

my dear, for disturbing you, but I do it, that you may have the pleasure of hearing the sweetest sounds that perhaps the human voice ever uttered."

Clara, still half asleep, did not at first understand what Dorothea had said ; and having asked her what it was, she repeated it ; and Clara listened accordingly ; but scarcely had she heard two lines of the song, which the singer resumed, than she fell into as strange a trembling, as if seized with a violent ague fit ; and, clasping Dorothea in her arms, she said to her, " Ah ! dear lady of my soul and life, why did you wake me ? for the greatest good that fortune could bestow upon me at this present time would be, to keep my eyes and ears closed, that I might be wholly insensible to the voice of this unhappy musician." " What, dear child, are you saying ? Why it is only a muleteer." " Oh ! no, he is no muleteer," replied Clara ; " but a young gentleman, heir to a large estate, and so much master of my heart, that, unless he is desirous of parting with it, it will be his eternally." Dorothea was perfectly astounded at these passionate expressions, thinking them far beyond what, from a girl of her tender years, might have been expected. She therefore said to her, gravely, " You speak in so strange a language, Donna Clara, that I cannot understand you ; explain yourself, I pray, and tell me what you mean by the words heart, and estate, and the disturbance the voice of this musician gives you ? But wait a moment ; for I will

not lose the pleasure of hearing him, on account of your flutterings; and he is beginning a new song, and a new tune." "With all my heart," answered Clara, stopping her ears with her fingers; which confounded Dorothea still more, and increased her attention to the words of the song, which were these.

SONG.

Sweet hope, thee difficulties fly,
 To thee disheartening fears give way:
 Not ev'n thy death impending nigh,
 Thy dauntless courage can dismay.

No conquests bless, no laurels crown
 The lazy general's feeble arm,
 Who sinks reposed in bed of down,
 Whilst ease and sloth his senses charm.

Love sells his precious glories dear,
 And vast the purchase of his joys;
 Nor ought he set such treasures rare
 At the low price of vulgar toys.

Since perseverance gains the prize,
 And cowards still successless prove,
 Borne on the wings of hope I'll rise,
 Nor fear to reach the heaven of love.

Here the voice ending, and Clara's sighs beginning afresh, Dorothea's curiosity was roused to know the cause of such sweet music, and so sad a plaint. She therefore inquired what it was she was just now about to impart: when Clara, again clinging round her bedfellow, and putting her mouth close to her ear, that she might speak securely, without being

overheard by Lucinda, said, in a whisper, " The singer, dear madam, is the son of a gentleman of Arragon, who is lord of two towns, and when at court, lives opposite to my father. Though the windows of our house are guarded with canvas in the winter, and lattices in summer, I know not how it happened, but this young gentleman, who was pursuing his studies, seeing me, either at church, or elsewhere, fell in love with me, and imparted his passion from the windows of his own apartment, by such plain signs, and so many tears, that I could not help believing, and even loving him in return, without knowing what I desired. Among other signs, one was that of joining hands, signifying his desire to marry me ; and though I should have been extremely glad it might have been so, yet, having no mother to consult, and knowing no female friend to whom I might communicate the affair, I let it rest, without granting him any other favour, than occasionally, when both his father and mine were from home, lifting up the canvas or lattice,¹ to give him a fuller view of my person ; at which he appeared so transported, that an indifferent beholder would have thought him insane. Now the time of my father's departure drew nigh, and he hearing of it, but not from me, for I never had an opportunity of telling him, he fell sick, as I understand, of grief ; so that, on the day we came away, I could find no opportunity of bidding him farewell, even so much as with my eyes. We had, however, scarcely finished two days of our journey,

when, on driving up to an inn in a village, I saw him at the door, dressed as a muleteer ; and so naturally, that, had not his image been deeply imprinted in my soul, it would have been impossible for me to have known him. But I did know him instantly, and my surprise could only be equalled by my joy. He stole many a look at me unobserved by my father, whom he carefully avoids, whenever he meets him, whether on the road, or at our resting-places. And considering who and what he is, and that he travels on foot, and takes such pains for love of me, I am ready to die with concern, and cannot help following him with my eyes wherever he sets his feet. What he proposes to himself, I cannot even conjecture, nor how he could escape from his father, who loves him passionately, because he has no other heir, and is besides so deserving in himself, as you will perceive, when you see him. I have heard, that he is both a scholar and a poet ; and can assure you, that all he sings is of his own invention. Every time I see him, or hear his voice, I tremble in every limb, lest my father should recognise his features, and thus discover our mutual inclinations : for though I never spoke a word to him in my life, I love him so truly, that existence will be a burden to me without him. This, dear madam, is all I can tell you of this musician, whose voice has pleased you so much ; and is sufficient of itself to convince you, that he is no muleteer, but master of hearts, as well as heir to titles and towns, as I mentioned before."

“ Say no more, my dear Clara,” said Dorothea, kissing her a thousand times ; “ say no more, but wait patiently till to-morrow ; when I hope, with the blessing of Heaven, so to manage your affair, that the end shall be as happy, as so innocent a beginning merits.” “ Ah ! madam,” said Clara, “ what happy end can be hoped for, since his father is a man of such rank and fortune, that he will deem me not worthy to be the servant, much less the wife of his son ? And as to marrying him without my father’s consent, I would not be guilty of the fault for all the world. What I wish is, that this young gentleman would go back, and leave me ; perhaps, by not seeing him, time, and the great distance I shall be from him, may alleviate the pains I now endure on his account ; though I have little faith in this remedy. Surely, this love is witchcraft, for I know not how else it possessed me, being both of us so young ; for I believe we are of the same age, and I shall not be sixteen, my father says, till Michaelmas.” Dorothea could not forbear smiling at these innocent observations, yet made no other reply than saying, “ Let us try now, my dear, to compose ourselves to rest the short remainder of the night ; to-morrow is a new day, and I shall be mightily out in my reckoning, if it does not produce events agreeable to our wishes.”

They composed themselves accordingly, and there was a profound silence through the inn, every soul being asleep but the innkeeper’s daughter, and her

maid Maritornes; who, very well knowing Don Quixote's absurd humour, and that he was without, armed, and on horseback, keeping guard, agreed to put some trick upon him, or at least to amuse themselves by listening to his extravagant speeches.

Now it happened, that the inn had no window or opening towards the field, except a hole in the loft, by which hay and straw were taken in; and at this hole, this pair of demi-lasses [demi-donzellas] planted themselves, and perceived Don Quixote on horseback, leaning forward on his lance, and uttering every now and then, such mournful and profound sighs, that they were enough to tear his very soul from his body. Presently he began his soliloquies, and they heard him say, in a soft, soothing, and amorous tone, "O my dear lady Dulcinea Del Toboso, perfection of beauty, sublimate of discretion, treasury of wit and good-humour, pledge of modesty, and lastly, the idea and model of all that is beneficial, becoming, or delectable in the world! in what sweet occupation may your dignified person be now engaged? Art thou, peradventure, thinking of thy captive knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many perils, for thy sake? O thou triformed luminary, bring me, I beseech thee, swift tidings of her: perhaps thou art now gazing at her, envious of her beauty, as she is walking through some gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leaning over some balcony, considering how, without offence to her modesty and greatness, she may assuage the torment which this

poor afflicted heart of mine endures on her account ; or perhaps meditating what glory to bestow on my sufferings, what rest on my cares, what life on my death, and what reward on my services. And thou, bright sun, who must now be harnessing thy steeds, to come early abroad, and visit my sovereign mistress, I entreat thee, as soon as thou seest her, to salute her in my name : but beware, in doing so, thou dost not kiss her face ; for I shall be more jealous of thee, than ever thou wert of that swift ingrate, who made thee sweat, and run so fast over the plains of Thessaly, or along the banks of Peneus, for I do not well remember over which it was thou spedst thy rapid course, so jealous, and so enamoured."

When Don Quixote had proceeded thus far in his piteous soliloquy, the innkeeper's daughter called to him, in a whisper, " Sir, sir, pray come a little this way, if you please." And in obedience to the summons, he turned his head, and perceived by the light of the moon, which then shone forth as if to assist his vision, a head peeping from the loft-hole, which to him seemed a window with gilded bars, suited to the grandeur of so rich a castle, as he fancied the inn to be. Instantly it came again into his mad imagination, that the fair damsel, daughter of the lord of the castle, being irresistibly in love with him, was come, as before, to solicit a return of affection : and impressed with this thought, that he might not appear discourteous and ungrateful, he approached the loft, and, seeing the two wenches, said, " I pity

you from my soul, fair lady, for having placed your amorous inclinations where it is impossible they should meet the return, to which from your great worth and beauty they are entitled: yet blame not this unfortunately enamoured knight, whom love has rendered incapable of devoting himself to any other than to her, whom he made sovereign mistress of his affections, the moment his eyes beheld her. Pardon me, therefore, dear lady, and retire to your chamber, lest by a farther disclosure of your wishes, I may appear still more ungrateful. But if, through the passion with which you honour me, you can find any other way in which I can satisfy you, you may freely command my services, and I swear, by that absent sweet enemy of my soul, to bestow upon you immediately whatever you may ask, though it should be a lock of Medusa's hair, which was all snakes, or one of the sun-beams enclosed in a vial." "Sir," quoth Maritornes, "my lady wants nothing of all this." "What then is your fair lady's pleasure, discreet Duenna?" answered Don Quixote. "Only one of your beautiful hands," quoth Maritornes, "by which she may in part satisfy that longing desire, which has brought her to this window, so much to the peril of her honour, that, if her lord and father should come to know it, the least slice he would whip off would be one of her ears." "I would fain catch him at that," answered Don Quixote: "he had best beware what he does, unless he would incur the most disastrous fate that father ever experienced, for having laid

violent hands on the delicate members of an enamoured daughter." Maritornes having no doubt that Don Quixote would comply with her request, resolving instantly what she would do, went down into the stable, and taking the halter of Sancho's ass, returned to her station in the loft, just as the knight had contrived to place himself erect on his feet upon Rozinante's saddle, to reach the gilded window, where he imagined the love-smitten damsel stood; when presenting his hand, he said, "Take, madam, this hand, or rather this chastiser of the evil-doers of the world; this hand, which no woman's hand ever touched before, not even hers who has the entire right to my whole body. I do not present it to be kissed, but that you may behold the contexture of its nerves, the firm knitting of its muscles, its large and spacious veins, whence you may infer what strength must be in the arm itself, to which such a hand belongs."² "We shall soon see that," quoth Maritornes; and making a running-knot in the halter, she put it on his wrist, and fastened the other end of it to the staple of the hay-loft door.³ Don Quixote, feeling the rope a little harsh about his wrist, said, "You seem, fair lady, rather to rasp than grasp my hand: pray, treat it less roughly, since it is not to blame for the injury done you by my unyielding inclination; nor is it right to vent the whole of your displeasure on so small a part; nor are lovers wont to take revenge at this cruel rate." But nobody heard a word of all this; for, as soon as Maritornes had fastened the rope, both

she and her companion fled, ready to die with laughing, and left him so secure, that, had it been a giant's arm, he could not have got loose.

In this untoward situation, standing upright on his steed, his arm thrust within the aperture of the loft, and his wrist fast tied to the bolt of the door, our knight was in the utmost consternation, lest, by Rozinante stirring ever so little on one side or the other, he should lose his balance, and thus remain completely suspended: he dared not therefore make the least movement, though he had faith in the patience and sobriety of his beast, that he would have stood stock still for an entire century. In short, finding himself thus bound, and the ladies vanished, he began to imagine, that it was all the effect of some wicked spell, as in the former instance, when, in that very castle, the enchanted Moor of a carrier so belaboured and mauled him. Then, he cursed within himself, his want of conduct and discretion, in having entered a second time, after coming off so ill before, knowing, as he did, that maxim of chivalry, that if an adventure be not attended with success, farther attempts would be ineffectual, its accomplishment being destined for some other knight. He pulled his arm, however, to try if he could disengage himself, using gentle means, for fear of disturbing Rozinante; but he was so securely bound, that all his manœuvres were unavailing. Glad too would he have been to have regained his seat on the saddle; but that was alike impracticable; and he had no al-

ternative, but to continue in his present upright posture, or, by a daring effort, tear his hand piecemeal from its hempen manacle. How did he now wish for the sword of Amadis, against which no enchantment had power! Then he would curse his fortune, exaggerating the loss the world would sustain, while he remained under this malign influence. Then he bethought himself anew of his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso: then called upon his good squire Sancho Panza, who, stretched upon his ass's pannel, buried in sleep, did not, at that instant, so much as dream of the mother that bore him: then he invoked the aid of the sages Lirgandeo and Alquife: then called upon his special friend Urganda, to assist him: lastly, there the morning overtook him, in a state of such confusion and despair, that he bellowed like a bull; for he did not expect that the day would bring any relief to his distress; which, believing himself enchanted, he concluded would be eternal; and he was confirmed in this by the stedfast immobility of his steed, who never budged a hair's breadth; and he verily thought, that himself and Rozinante must remain as they were, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, until the evil star should pass over, or some more sage enchanter dissolve the spell.

But he was mistaken in his thought; for scarcely did the day begin to dawn, when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, well mounted and accoutred, with carbines hanging at their saddle-bows. As the inn-door was not yet opened, they called and knocked

so loud, that Don Quixote, from the place where he still stood centinel, cried out, in an arrogant tone, "Knights, or squires, or whatever you are, you have no business thus to disturb the peaceful slumbers of the inhabitants of this castle, who are not accustomed to open the gates of their fortress till the sun has spread his beams over the whole horizon; retire therefore from the glacis until broad daylight shall show, whether you are persons proper to be admitted." "What the devil of a fortress or castle is this," quoth one of them, "that we must observe all this ceremony? if you are the innkeeper, order somebody to open the door; for we are travellers, and only want to bait our horses, and proceed on our journey, for we are in haste." "Do I look, gentlemen, like an innkeeper?" answered Don Quixote. "I know not what you look like," answered the other; "but this I know, that you talk preposterously, to call this inn a castle." "A castle it is," replied Don Quixote, "and one of the best in the whole province; and it has persons within, who have had sceptres in their hands, and crowns on their heads." "You had better have reversed the matter," quoth the traveller, "and said the sceptre on the head, and the crown in the hand: but, perhaps, it is some company of strolling players, who frequently wear the insignia you talk of: for in no other case can I conceive that, in so small and paltry an inn, and where all is so silent, there can be lodged persons worthy either to wear crowns, or wield sceptres." "You know little of the

world," replied Don Quixote, "if you are ignorant, that such incidents frequently occur in knight-errantry." The other horseman, tired with this dialogue, knocked again with such increased violence, as to wake every one in the house, and the innkeeper among the rest, who left his bed to inquire into the cause.

Now it happened, that the horse of one of the strangers civilly came to smell at Rozinante, who, melancholy and sad, his ears hanging down, had borne up his distended master without stirring; but, being a horse of flesh, though apparently a motionless statue, he could not but be sensible of the compliment, and turning round to repay it by a similar caress, Don Quixote instantly lost his footing on the saddle, and must have fallen to the ground, had he not hung by the arm: which put him to so much torture, that he fancied his wrist was sundering from his arm, or his arm tearing from his body; and he hung so near the ground, that he could just reach it with the tips of his toes, which increased the evil: for, feeling how little he wanted to be able to rest his feet, he strove as much as he could to effect it; like those poor wretches tortured by the strappado, who, suspended at a similar height, extend their bodies, in the hope of finding a resting-place and relief, and thereby render their misery the greater.

CHAP. XVII.

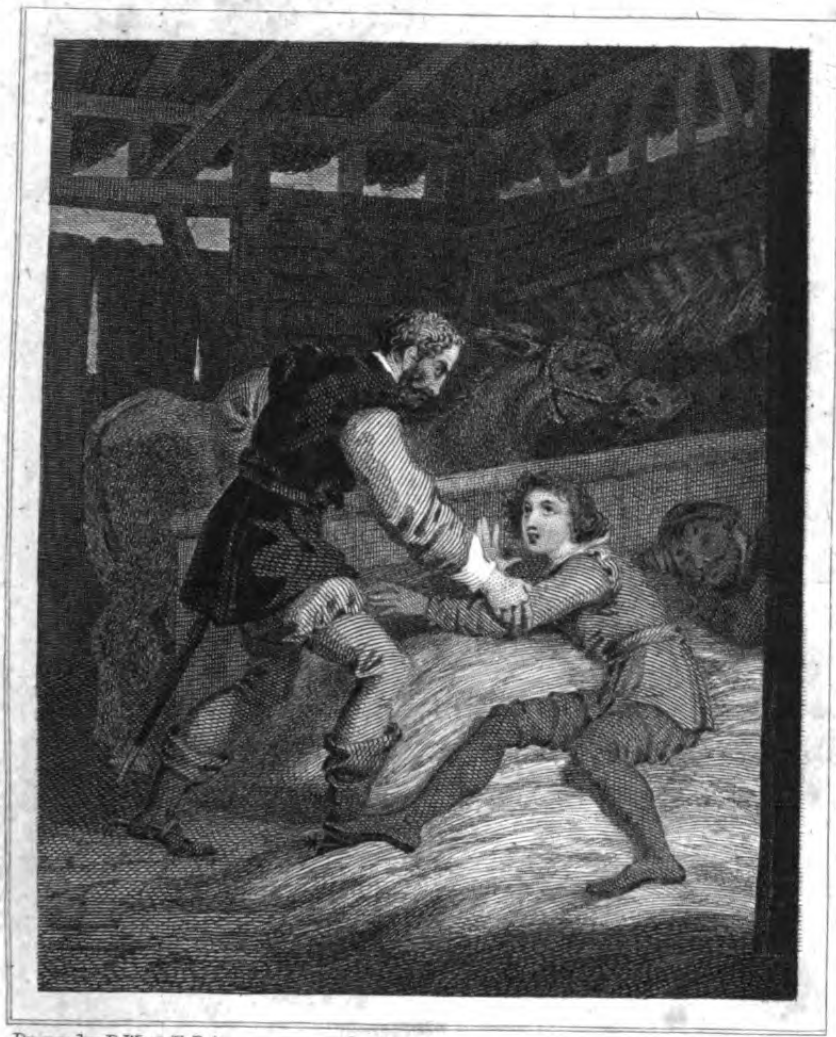
A continuation of the unheard-of adventures of the inn.

DON Quixote roared out so lustily, that the host in a fright opened the inn-door hastily, to see from what pair of lungs the outcry proceeded. Maritornes, who was waked by the same noise, guessing what was the matter, went to the loft, and, without being perceived, untied the halter; upon which Don Quixote immediately fell like a sack to the ground, in sight of the innkeeper and the travellers; who, running to him, asked what misfortune had befallen him, that he made such a clamour? But he, without answering a word, slipped the rope from his wrist, and rising up, mounted Rozinante, braced his target, couched his lance, and, taking a good compass about the field, came up at a half-gallop, saying, "Whoever shall dare to affirm, that I have merited this vile enchantment, I tell him to his beard, he lies, and, with permission of my sovereign lady the princess Micomicona, I here challenge him to single combat." The new comers were amazed at these strange words; but the innkeeper removed their wonder by telling them who Don Quixote was; and that they need not mind his ravings, as he was disordered in his intellects. They then inquired of the host, whether there was not in the inn a youth about fifteen years of age, dressed like a muleteer, with

such and such marks, describing exactly Donna Clara's lover. The host answered, there were so many people in the inn, that really he could not tell, but he had not noticed any such person. "He certainly must be here," said one of them, espying the coach the judge came in, "for there stands the very carriage he follows. Let one of us guard the door, while the rest search the house; nor would it be amiss for one to ride round the inn, that he may not escape over the pales of the yard." This plan was no sooner formed than executed, a little to the annoyance of the landlord, who could not judge with certainty why all this bustle was made, though he was disposed to believe the motive they assigned to be the true one.

By this time it was clear day, and every soul in the house, disturbed by the various noises that had been made, were stirring, and especially Donna Clara and Dorothea, who had slept but indifferently; the one from concern at being so near her lover, and the other from the desire of seeing him. Don Quixote, perceiving that none of the four travellers paid him the least attention, or answered his challenge, was ready to burst with the inward workings of rage and despite; and, could he have found a precedent in the statutes and ordinances of chivalry, that a knight-errant might lawfully undertake any other adventure, till he had finished that to which he had pledged his faith and troth, he would have attacked them all, and made them answer whether they would or no.

But thinking himself bound first to reinstate the princess Micomicona in her kingdom, he thought it best to chew the cud in quiet, until he saw what would be the issue of the inquiry and search those travellers were so diligently making; one of whom found the youth they were in quest of, sleeping by the side of a muleteer, his dreams employed upon a very different subject from that of being pursued and discovered. The man shook him by the arm, and said, "Upon my word, signor Don Louis, this dress is very becoming a gentleman; and the bed you lie on most suitable to the tenderness with which your mother brought you up." The youth rubbed his drowsy eyes, and, looking earnestly at the person who held him by the arm, soon recollected him to be one of his father's servants; which surprised him so much, that he could not speak a word; while the servant went on, saying, "Come, signor Don Louis, get upon your legs, and prepare, with a patient mind, to return home, unless you would have my master, your father, take a journey to the other world; for nothing less can be expected from the grief he is in at your absence." "How did my father know," said Don Louis, "that I had taken this road, and assumed this dress?" "A student," answered the servant, "to whom you confided your charming secret, discovered it, moved to pity by the lamentations your father made the instant he missed you: and he has despatched four of us in pursuit of you; and we are all here at your service, overjoyed



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beyond imagination at having found you, and that we shall return so soon, and restore you to those eyes that love you so dearly." "That will be as I please, or rather as Heaven shall ordain," answered Don Louis. "What should you please, or Heaven ordain, but that you return home?" quoth the servant; "for there is no possibility of avoiding it."

The muleteer, who had been Don Louis's comrade for the night, hearing this contest, rose, and went to acquaint Don Fernando, and the rest of the company, who were now risen and dressed, with what had passed; telling them, that the man had stiled the lad Don, and urged him to return to his father's house, from which he had eloped, and how the youth stubbornly refused. This information, with the knowledge of how sweet a voice Heaven had bestowed upon him, so much interested them in his favour, that they were not only anxious to know who he was, but resolved to interpose, if violence should be resorted to; and with this view they went towards the place where he was talking and contending with his servant. At this moment Dorothea coming out of her chamber, followed by Donna Clara, in great disorder, called Cardenio aside, and related to him in few words the history of the musician and her young friend; and he, on his part, communicated what had passed relative to the counterfeit muleteer and the servants; and, though he spoke in a whisper, so acute was Donna Clara's sense of hearing upon the subject,

that not a word escaped her, and so grievously was she afflicted by what she heard, that had not Dorothea supported her, she would have sunk to the ground. By Cardenio's advice, they returned to their chamber, and he hastened himself to examine how affairs stood, with the hope, if it were practicable, to set them to rights. He found Don Carlos in the inn, surrounded by the four servants, who were urging him to return without delay to comfort his father. But the youth declared he would not do so, till he had accomplished a business, in which his life, his honour, and his soul, he said, were all concerned. The servants repeated their entreaties, which they terminated with a threat, saying, that they dared not go without him, and that they were resolved he should accompany them, whether he would or no. "Then it shall be a corpse," replied Don Carlos, "for you shall never carry me back alive."

The contention had brought together almost every person in the inn, particularly Don Fernando and his party, as well as the judge, the priest, the barber, and even Don Quixote, who deemed it unnecessary any longer to keep guard. Cardenio, already acquainted with the story, asked the servants why they persisted in this manner in taking the youth away against his will. "Because," replied one of them, "we would save the life of his father, who is in danger of losing it by this young gentleman's absence." To which Don Louis replied, "There is no need of proclaiming my affairs to every one here; I

am free, and will go back, if I please ; and if I do not please, no power shall force me." " But reason will force you, we hope," answered the servant ; " and if it should not, we must be governed by it at least, and, by executing your father's commands, do our duty." The judge then interposed, saying, " Patience awhile, till we have examined this business a little more to the bottom : " when one of the servants, knowing the judge, from his living near his master, replied, " Pray, my lord, does not your honour recollect this young gentleman ? He is your neighbour's son, and has absented himself from his noble father's house in a disguise wholly unworthy of him, as your honour may well perceive." The judge having looked at him attentively, and recognised his features, kindly embraced, and then mildly questioned him : " What childish frolic is this, signor Don Louis ? " said he : " or what serious cause has induced you to come hither, in a garb so little suited to your rank and fortune ? " To these questions the judge obtained no other reply than a flood of tears : seeing therefore his distress, he requested the servants to cease their importunities, and leave him in quiet, and he had no doubt all would be well : then taking him by the hand, he led him aside, to question him anew, and begged him to confide to his friendship the cause of his sorrows.

While the judge was thus employed, a great outcry was heard at the door of the inn ; the occasion of which was, that two guests, who had lodged there

that night, seeing every body busy in the affair of the youth and the servants, had attempted to decamp without paying their reckoning. But the host, who was more mindful of his own business than that of other people, laid hold of them just as they were quitting the door, and demanding his money, in words of no very civil import, they were provoked to return an answer with their fists; and in so impressive a manner, that the poor innkeeper was forced to call out for help. The hostess, and her daughter, seeing nobody so disengaged, and therefore so proper to succour him, as Don Quixote, the daughter said to him, "Sir knight, I beseech you, by the valour which God has given you, to come to the assistance of my poor father, whom two wicked fellows are beating to a mummy." To which Don Quixote, very leisurely, and with much phlegm, replied, "Fair maiden, your petition, I am grieved to say, cannot be granted at present, because I am incapacitated from meddling with any other adventure, until I have accomplished one in which my honour is already engaged; but what I can do for your service I am ready and willing to do: run, therefore, and bid your father maintain the fight in the best manner he can, and not suffer himself to be vanquished, while I go and ask permission of the princess Micomicona to relieve him in his distress, which, if she grant me, rest assured this arm will not fail to deliver him." "As I am a sinner," quoth Maritornes, who stood by, "before your worship can obtain the licence you talk of, my master

may be gone into the other world." "Permit me, madam, to obtain the permission I speak of," answered Don Quixote, "and though he should be in the other world, I would fetch him back, in spite of the other world itself, should it dare to contradict or oppose me; or at least will take such ample revenge on those, who shall have sent him thither, that you shall be more than moderately satisfied." And, without saying a word more, he went and kneeled before Dorothea, beseeching, in most knightly and chivalrous expressions, that her grandeur would vouchsafe to give him leave to go and succour the governor of the castle, who was in grievous distress. The princess having graciously consented, he instantly braced on his target, drew his sword, and ran to the inn-door, where the two guests were still lugging and pummelling the poor host; but, when he saw them, he stopped short and stood irresolute, and being asked by Maritornes and the hostess why he delayed giving the succour he had promised, "I delay," said he, "from reflecting, that it is not lawful for a knight to draw his sword against such unknighly combatants: but call hither my squire Sancho; for to him this defence and revenge most properly belongs." This passed at the door of the inn, where the boxing and cuffing continued briskly, to the cost of the innkeeper, and the rage of Maritornes, the hostess, and her daughter, who were half distracted at beholding the cowardice, as they deemed it, of Don Quixote, and

the injury sustained by their respective master, husband, and father.

And there let us leave him awhile ; for he will not want somebody or other to relieve him ; or, should it be otherwise, let him suffer and be silent, for being so fool-hardy as to engage in what is above his strength ; and let us turn fifty paces back, to see what answer Don Louis made to the judge, whom we left apart asking the cause of his coming so far on foot, and so meanly apparelled. To which the youth, pressing both his hands, as if some great affliction was wringing his heart, and pouring down tears in abundance, replied, “ All I can say, dear sir, is, that, from the moment Heaven was pleased, by means of our near residence to each other, to bless me with a sight of Donna Clara, your daughter, she became sovereign mistress of my affections ; and if you, my true lord and father, do not oppose it, this very day she shall be my wife. For her I left my father’s house, and put myself into this dress, resolved to follow whithersoever she went, undeviatingly, as the arrow to the mark, or the needle to the pole. As yet she knows no more of my passion, than what she may have inferred from occasionally seeing at a distance my eyes full of tenderness and tears. You know, my lord, the wealth and rank of my family, and that I am sole heir : if you think these motives sufficient for venturing to make me perfectly happy, receive me immediately for your son ; and, though

my father, biassed by views of his own, should not approve of this my self-chosen felicity, time may work some favourable change, and lead him to bless it with his approbation." Here the enamoured youth was silent, and the judge remained in the utmost suspense, surprised at the ingenuous manner in which Don Louis had made known his passion, and no less at a loss what measures to take in an affair of so sudden and unexpected disclosure ; and therefore he returned no other answer, than desiring him to calm his emotions, and endeavour to detain his servants till the next day, that there might be time to consider what was most expedient to be done. Don Louis kissed his hands by force, and even bathed them with tears, in such grateful transport, that it was enough to soften a heart of marble, and much more that of our judge, who, being a man of sense, soon saw how advantageous and honourable this match would be for his daughter ; though he wished it could be effected with the consent of Don Louis's father, who, he knew, had higher pretensions for his son.

By this time peace was established between the innkeeper and his guests, who had been induced to pay their reckoning, more through the persuasion and arguments of Don Quixote, than his threats ; and the servants were waiting till the judge should have ended his admonitory discourse with their young master ; when the devil, who never sleeps, so ordered it, that, at that very instant, there came to the inn the barber, from whom Don Quixote had

taken Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza the ass-furniture, which he had exchanged for his own; which barber, leading his beast to the stable, espied Sancho Panza, who was mending the very pannel itself; and, as soon as he saw him, he exclaimed, "Ah mister thief, have I got you at last! give me my basin and my pannel, and the furniture you stole from me." Sancho, finding himself attacked so unexpectedly, and in such opprobrious language, with one hand contended for the pannel, and with the other gave the barber such a salute, that he bathed his mouth in blood. But for all that the barber did not let go his hold; but raised his voice so high, that the noise once more called together nearly all who were in the inn; to whom he cried, "Help, in the king's name; in the name of justice, help! for this rogue and highway-robber would murder me, for endeavouring to recover my own goods." "You lie," answered Sancho, "I am no highway-robber: my master, Don Quixote, won these spoils in fair combat." Don Quixote was now present, and not a little pleased to see how well his squire performed both on the offensive and defensive, and from thenceforward, regarding him as a man of mettle, resolved in his mind to dub him a knight the first opportunity that offered, thinking the order of chivalry would sustain no disgrace by being bestowed upon him.

Among other things which the barber alleged during the skirmish, in vindication of his claim, was the following appeal: "Gentlemen," quoth he, "this

panel is as certainly mine as the death I owe to God, and I know it as well as if it were a child of my own body; and yonder stands my ass in the stable, who will not suffer me to lie: do but try it, and, if it does not fit him to a hair, let me be esteemed infamous: and by the same token, the very day they took this panel from me, they robbed me likewise of a new brass basin, never hanelled, that cost me a bright crown-piece." Here Don Quixote could not forbear interposing; and, thrusting himself between the two combatants, he made them lay the panel on the ground in public view, till the truth should be decided, and said, "Sirs, you shall presently see clearly and manifestly the error this honest squire is in, in calling that a basin, which was, is, and ever shall be, Mambrino's helmet: I won it in fair battle, and am therefore its right and lawful possessor. As to the panel, I intermeddle not with that: all I can say of the matter is, that my squire, Sancho, asked my leave to take the trappings from the horse of this conquered loon, to adorn his own withal; and having my permission, he took them; and, if from horse-trappings they are metamorphosed into an ass's panel, I can give no other reason for it, but that common, yet just one, that these transformations are frequent in adventures of chivalry: for confirmation of which, run, son Sancho, and fetch hither the helmet, which this honest man will needs have to be a basin." "In faith, sir," quoth Sancho, "if we have no better proof of the justness of our cause than

what your worship mentions, Mambrino's helmet will prove as errant a basin, as this honest man's trappings are a pack-saddle." "Do what I bid thee," replied Don Quixote; "for surely all things in this castle cannot be governed by enchantment." Sancho brought the basin; and as soon as Don Quixote saw it, he took it in his hands, and said, triumphantly, "Behold, gentlemen, with what face this squire can affirm this to be a basin, and not the helmet I have mentioned. I swear by the order of knighthood, which I profess, that this is the very helmet I took from him, without addition or diminution." "There is no doubt of that," quoth Sancho; "for, from the time my master won it, to the present moment, he has fought but one battle in it; which was when he freed those unlucky galley-slaves: from which, had it not been for this basin-helmet, he had not got off so well, from the power of stones that were hurled at him in that skirmish."

CHAP. XVIII.

In which the dispute concerning Mambrino's helmet, and the pannel, is decided; with other adventures that really and truly happened.

"PRAY, sirs," quoth the barber, addressing the company, "what is your opinion of the matter in which these gentlemen so obstinately persist, that this is no basin, but a helmet?" "Ay, a helmet,



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and whoever shall affirm the contrary," said Don Quixote, "I will make him know, if he be a knight, that he lies; and, if a squire, that he lies again and again, a thousand times." Our barber, master Nicholas, who was present all the while, and well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, being inclined to work up his madness, and carry on the jest, for the amusement of the company, addressed himself to his brother barber, and said, "Signor barber, or whoever you are, you must know, that I am a chip of the same block as yourself, and have had my certificate of examination above these twenty years, and am very well acquainted with all the instruments of barber-surgery, without excepting one. I have also been a soldier in my youth, and therefore know what a helmet is, what a morrion or steel cap, what a casque with its beaver, as well as every other matter relating to soldiery; I mean appertaining to arms commonly used by soldiers in the field. And, with submission always to better judgments, I say, that the piece here before us, which this honest gentleman holds in his hands, not only is not a barber's basin, but is as far from being so, as white is from black, and truth from falsehood: I affirm also, that, though it be an helmet, it is not a complete one." "Certainly not," said Don Quixote; "for the beaver, that should form half of it, is wanting." "It is so," quoth the priest, who perceived his friend the barber's designs; and Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions, joined in the same burden; and even the

judge, but for the business of Don Louis, would have helped the jest ; but his thoughts were preoccupied, and his mind so perplexed, that he scarcely attended to these pleasantries.

“ Mercy on me,” quoth the bantered barber, “ how is it possible so many honest gentlemen, in spite of their senses, should maintain that this is not a basin, but a helmet? A circumstance enough to astonish a whole university, though never so wise! Well, if the basin be a helmet, then the pannel must needs be a horse’s furniture, as the gentleman has said.” “ To me, it seems but a pannel,” quoth Don Quixote ; “ but I have already said, that I will not interfere with the dispute.” “ All that remains,” said the priest, “ is, that signor Don Quixote declare his opinion ; for, in matters of chivalry, these gentlemen, and myself, cannot but yield to his superior judgment.” “ By the living God, gentlemen,” said Don Quixote, “ so many and such unaccountable things have befallen me twice that I have lodged in this castle, that I dare not vouch positively for any thing that may be asked respecting it ; every event that happens in it being, in my opinion, conducted by enchantment. The first time, I was very much harassed by an enchanted Moor ; and Sancho fared but little better among some of his comrades ; and to-night I have been suspended nearly two hours by this arm, without being able to conjecture, how or why so strange a mischance befell me : for me, therefore, to meddle in so perplexed a business, and be

giving my opinion, would be to exercise my judgment rashly. To the other question, whether this be a helmet or a basin, I have already answered ; but as to the pannel, I must leave it to your discretion to decide. Perhaps, not being knights, as I am, the enchantments of this place may have no power over you, and you may have your understandings free, and so may judge of the things of this castle as they really and truly are, and not as they appear to my entranced imagination." " Doubtless," answered Don Fernando, " what signor Don Quixote has said is right, that the decision of this case belongs to us : and, that we may proceed in it upon solid grounds, I will take the votes of these gentlemen privately, and then give you a clear and full account of the result."

To those who were acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, all this was most excellent sport ; whilst to the rest, who were ignorant upon the subject, it seemed to be the height of absurdity ; and of this number were Don Louis and his four servants, besides three other guests, troopers of the holy brotherhood, as it afterwards appeared, who had just then arrived at the inn. As for the barber, he was quite at his wit's end, to see his basin converted into Mambrino's helmet before his eyes ; and he had no doubt but his pannel would presently be turned into a rich caparison for a horse. It was truly amusing to see Don Fernando walking the round, and gravely taking the opinion of each person at his ear, whether that pre-

cious commodity, about which there had been such a contention, was a pannel or a caparison : and, after he had applied to every one who knew Don Quixote, he said aloud to the barber, “ Truly, honest friend, I am quite weary of collecting votes ; for the answer is the same from every body, that it is quite ridiculous to call it the pannel of an ass, when it is manifestly the caparison of a horse, and even of a well-bred horse : so that you must have patience ; for, in spite of you and your ass too, this is no pannel, and the proofs you allege for its being so, I pronounce to be very trivial and invalid.” “ May I never enjoy a place in Heaven,” quoth the enraged barber, “ if your worships are not all mistaken ; and so may my soul appear before God, as this appears to me a pannel, and not a caparison ; but, so goes the law of¹—I say no more ; and verily I am not drunk, for as yet I am fasting from every thing but sin.”

The barber’s simplicity caused no less merriment than the follies of the knight, who, upon this decision, said, “ There is nothing now to be done, but for every one to take his own ; and to whom God has given, may St. Peter add his blessing.”² One of the four servants of Don Louis here interposed ; “ If this be not a premeditated joke, I cannot comprehend how men of sound understanding, as all here are, or seem to be, should venture to say and affirm, that this is not a basin, nor that a pannel : but seeing they do actually say and affirm it, I suspect there must be some mystery in obstinately maintaining a thing so

contrary to truth and experience: for, by ——,” and out he rapped a round oath, “all the men in the world shall never persuade me that this is not a barber’s basin, and that a jack-ass’s pannel.” “May it not be a she-ass’s?” quoth the priest. “That is all one,” said the servant; “for the question is only, whether it be, or be not a pannel.” One of the officers of the holy brotherhood, who had heard the dispute, full of choler and indignation, also said, “It is as much a pannel as my father is my father; and whoever says, or shall say, to the contrary, must be drunk.” “You lie, like a pitiful scoundrel,” answered Don Quixote; and, lifting up his lance, which he had never quitted, he aimed such a blow at the head of the officer, that if he had not slipped aside, he would have been laid flat on the ground, on which the lance was broken to splinters. The other officers, seeing their comrade abused, cried out, “Help, in God’s name! help the holy brotherhood!” The inn-keeper, who was one of the troop, ran for his wand and sword, and espoused the cause of his comrades: Don Louis’s servants crowded about their young master, lest he should escape in the confusion: the barber, perceiving the house turned topsy-turvy, laid hold again of his pannel, and Sancho seized it too: Don Quixote drew his sword, and fell upon the troopers: Don Louis commanded his servants to leave him, and assist Cardenio and Don Fernando, who took part with Don Quixote: the priest exhorted, the hostess shrieked, her daughter roared, Maritornes blubbered, Dorothea

was confounded, Lucinda stood amazed, and Donna Clara fainted away: the barber cuffed Sancho, and Sancho pommelled the barber; Don Louis gave one of his servants, who presumed to seize him by the arm, lest he should run away, such a blow on the chops, that his mouth was the worse by a tooth or two; on which the judge interposed in his defence: Don Fernando threw one of the troopers to the ground, and kicked him to his heart's content: the innkeeper reinforced his voice, bawling for farther help: and thus the whole inn was one entire scene of weeping, cries, shrieks, confusions, fears, frights, mischances, cuffs, kicks, cudgellings, and effusion of blood. In the midst of this hurly-burly, this chaos and labyrinth of mischief, it came into Don Quixote's fancy, that he was plunged over head and ears in the discord of king Agramante's camp;³ and therefore, with a voice which made the whole inn shake, he said, "Hold every soul of you; put up your swords; be pacified, and hearken to me, if you would continue to live." As they all desisted at this tremendous admonition, he went on, saying, "Did I not tell you, sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of devils must inhabit it? in confirmation of which, behold with your own eyes, how the discord of Agramante's camp is transferred hither: see how we fight, one for the sword, another for the horse, another for the eagle, another for the helmet; all contending, and no one understanding his fellow. Advance, therefore, my lord judge, and you, Mr. priest, and in the

persons of king Agramante, and king Sobrino,⁴ restore peace ; for, by the eternal God, it is lamentable, that so many gentlemen of quality as are here, should kill one another for matters of such trivial importance." The troopers, who did not understand Don Quixote's language, and found themselves roughly handled by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their companions, would not be pacified ; but the barber submitted, for both his beard and his pannel were demolished in the scuffle. Sancho, as became a dutiful servant, obeyed the least voice of his master. Don Louis's four servants were also quiet, seeing how little they got by being otherwise. The innkeeper alone was refractory, and insisted, that the insolence of that madman ought to be chastised, who was continually turning his house upside down. At last the tumult ceased ; the pannel was to remain a caparison, the basin a helmet, and the inn a castle ; and, in Don Quixote's imagination, till the day of judgment.

Things being thus, by the persuasion of the judge and the priest, restored to their former order, the servants began again to press their young master to go with them without farther delay ; and, while they were debating the point, the judge consulted Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest, what he should do in this emergency, telling them all that Don Louis had imparted to him : the result of which consultation was, that Don Fernando should inform the servants who he was, and that it was his desire

that Don Louis should accompany him to Andalusia, where he would be treated by the marquis, his brother, according to his rank and merit; assuring them, at the same time, that it was their young master's intention, and indeed resolution, not to return at present into his father's presence, though they should tear him to pieces. Upon receiving this information, the four servants determined among themselves, that three of them should return to give his father an account of what had passed, and the other remain to wait upon Don Louis, until the rest should come back for him, or until they knew what farther orders his father would give.

Though the general contention was thus appeased by the authority of Agramante, and the prudence of king Sobrino, the enemy of peace and concord was not completely laid, and finding himself illuded and disappointed, and that he had gathered but a thin crop from that large field of confusion, he resolved to try his hand once more, by contriving fresh brangles and disturbances; which arose thus. The troopers, on learning the quality of those who had attacked them, had desisted from the fray, and retreated; reflecting with themselves, that, let matters go how they would, they were likely to come off with the worst. But one of them, namely, he who had been kicked and buffeted by Don Fernando, recollected, that, among other warrants for apprehending delinquents, he had one against Don Quixote, whom the holy brotherhood had ordered to be taken into cus-

today for setting at liberty the galley-slaves, as Sancho had very justly feared. Having this in his head, he had a mind to be satisfied, whether the person of Don Quixote answered to the description; and, pulling a parchment scroll from his bosom, he soon found the paper he looked for; and reading it leisurely, for he was no great scholar, at every other word he fixed his eyes on Don Quixote, comparing the marks in his warrant with the lines of the knight's physiognomy, and perceiving, that, beyond all doubt, he was the person described, he rolled up the parchment, and holding the warrant in his left hand, with his right he laid so fast hold of Don Quixote by the collar, that he scarcely suffered him to breathe, crying out aloud, "Help the holy brotherhood! and, that you may see I require it in earnest, read this warrant, wherein I am expressly commanded to apprehend this highway robber." The priest took the warrant, and found all that the trooper had said to be true, for the marks corresponded to a tittle with the person of Don Quixote; who, finding himself so roughly handled by this scoundrel, his choler mounted to the utmost pitch, and, all his joints trembling with rage, he caught the trooper so firmly by the throat, with both hands, that, had he not been rescued by his comrades, he would have lost his life before Don Quixote had loosed his hold. The innkeeper, who was bound to aid his brethren in office, ran immediately to his assistance. The hostess, seeing her husband again engaged in battle, raised her voice anew. Her

daughter and Maritornes joined in the same tune, imploring Heaven and the standers by for aid. Sancho, seeing what passed, exclaimed, "As God shall save me, my master says true concerning the enchantments of this castle ; for it is impossible to live an hour in it in quiet." At length Don Fernando interfered to part the officer and the knight, and, to the content of both, unlocked their hands, from the doublet-collar of the one, and the windpipe of the other. Nevertheless the troopers did not desist from demanding their prisoner, whom they required to have bound and delivered up to them ; for so the king's service, and that of the holy brotherhood, enjoined, in whose name they repeated their demand of help and assistance in apprehending that common robber, padder, and highwayman. Don Quixote smiled at these expressions, and, with great calmness, said, "Come hither, ye base and ill-born crew ; call ye it robbing on the highway, to loose the chains of the captive, to set the imprisoned free, to succour the miserable and oppressed, raise the fallen, and relieve the needy? Ah, scoundrel race ! undeserving, by the meanness and degeneracy of your understandings, that Heaven should reveal to you the worth inherent in chivalry, or make you sensible of your own sin and ignorance in not reverencing the very shadow, much more the presence, of any, the humblest knight-errant ! Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, not troopers, highwaymen with the licence of the holy brotherhood, and tell me who was the madman

that signed the warrant for apprehending such a knight-errant as I am? Who was the ignoramus, that knew not, that knights-errant are exempt from all judicial authority, that their sword is their law, their bravery their privileges, and their will their edicts? Who the blockhead, I say again, ignorant that no patent of gentility contains so many privileges and exemptions, as adhere to the knight-errant, the moment he is dubbed, and gives himself up to the rigorous exercise of his profession? What knight-errant ever paid custom, poll-tax, subsidy, quit-rent, portorage, or ferry-boat? What tailor ever brought in a bill for making his clothes? What governor, that lodged him in his castle, ever made him pay a reckoning? What king did not seat him at his table? What damsel was not in love with him, and did not yield herself up to his whole will and pleasure? And lastly, what knight-errant has there ever been, is now, or shall hereafter be in the world, who has not courage to bestow, with his single arm, four hundred bastinadoes on four hundred troopers of the holy brotherhood, that shall dare to present themselves before him, in opposition to his will?"

CHAP. XIX.

In which is finished the notable adventure of the troopers of the holy brotherhood, with the surprising ferocity of our good knight Don Quixote.

WHILE Don Quixote was haranguing at this rate, the priest was endeavouring to persuade the troopers, that he was a man disordered in his mind, as they might easily perceive both by what he did and what he said, and that they need not give themselves any farther trouble as to the arrest; for, though they should apprehend and carry him away, they must soon release him, as insane. To which the officer that had produced the warrant answered, that it was not his province to judge either of his sanity or insanity, but to obey the orders of his superiors; and that, when he had once secured him, they might set him free three hundred times if they pleased. "For all that," said the priest, "you must be lenient for once; nor do I think he will suffer himself to be taken." In short, the priest argued so forcibly, and Don Quixote committed such extravagancies, that the officers must have been more mad than he, had they not discovered his infirmity: they therefore judged it best to be quiet, and even become mediators of peace between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still continued their scuffle with great animosity, as officers of justice, compounding the matter, and arbitrating it in such a manner, that both parties rested, if

not entirely contented, at least somewhat satisfied : for they exchanged pannels, but neither girths nor halters. As for Mambrino's helmet, the priest, unknown to Don Quixote, privately gave the barber eight reals * for the basin, for which he received a discharge in full, acquitting the knight of all fraud from thenceforth and for evermore, amen.

These two quarrels, as the chief and of greatest weight, being thus made up, it was finally settled, as had before been suggested, that three of Don Louis's servants should return, while the fourth remained to wait upon and accompany him whithersoever Don Fernando should be pleased to conduct him. And now, as good luck and better fortune had begun to pave the way, and smooth the difficulties, in favour of the lovers and heroes of the inn, these ministers of fate seemed disposed to carry it through, and bring every thing to a happy conclusion ; for the servants consenting to do as Don Louis enjoined, Donna Clara was so delighted, that nobody could look in her face without discovering the joy of her heart. Zoraida, though she did not understand every thing she saw, was sad or cheerful as she read the varying sentiments expressed in the countenances of others, and especially that of her Spaniard, on whom not her eyes only, but her very soul rested. The innkeeper, observing what recompense the priest had made the barber, demanded Don Quixote's reckoning, together with ample satisfaction for the damage done to the

* i. e. Four shillings.

skins, and the loss of his wine ; swearing, that neither • Rozinante nor the ass should stir from the inn, till he had been paid the uttermost farthing. The priest pacified him a little, and Don Fernando still more, by paying him his whole demand, though the judge very generously offered it: and thus all was peace and quiet, and the inn appeared no longer a type of the discord and confusion of Agramante's camp, as Don Quixote had called it, but resembled rather the tranquil days of Octavius Cæsar: ' and it was the general opinion, that all this was owing to the good intention and sound eloquence of the priest, and the incomparable liberality of Don Fernando.

Our knight, now finding himself disentangled from the broils in which both he and his squire had been involved, thought it high time to enter upon his voyage, and bring that grand adventure to a termination, whereunto he had been called and elected: and therefore being resolutely determined, he went and kneeled before Dorothea; but as she would not listen to him while he remained in that posture, he rose in obedience to her wishes, and addressed her thus: " It is a common saying, fair lady, that diligence is the mother of success; and experience has shown its truth, in many and weighty matters, particularly in the care of the solicitor, by which the doubtful suit is brought to a happy issue: but in nothing is it more evident than in matters of war, the designs of the enemy being prevented by expedition and despatch, and the victory obtained, before he

can put himself in a posture of defence. I am induced to say all this, high and deserving lady, because our abode in this castle appears to me to be now no longer necessary, and may be so far prejudicial, that we may one day repent it: for who knows but your adversary the giant, by means of secret and diligent spies, may get intelligence of my coming to destroy him? and, time giving him opportunity, he may fortify himself in some impregnable castle or fortress, against which my industry, and the force of my unwearied arm, may be of little avail. And therefore, sovereign lady, that his designs may be thwarted by our diligence, let us depart quickly, in the name of that good-fortune, which is sure to be yours, the moment I come in contest with your gigantic foe." Here Don Quixote paused, with great solemnity waiting the answer of the beautiful infanta; who, with an air of princely grandeur, and in a style suited to our hero's infirmity, answered: "I am obliged to you, sir knight, for the inclination you show, to favour me in my great and perilous need, like a true professor of the honourable order to which you belong, whose office and employment it is to succour the fatherless and distressed; and Heaven grant that your desire and my expectation may be soon accomplished, that you may see there are some women in the world who can be grateful. As to my departure, let it be instantly, for I have no will but yours: and, pray dispose of me according to your own pleasure: for she, who has once committed the defence of her person,

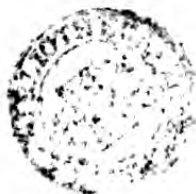
and the restoration of her dominions, into your able hands, must be an ideot to contravene or any way impede whatever your wisdom shall ordain." "In the name of God," quoth Don Quixote, "since it is so, that a lady humbles herself, I will not lose the opportunity of exalting her, and setting her on the throne of her ancestors. Let us be gone then; for the desire of success, the length of the journey, and the knowledge that delays are dangerous, act as spurs upon my resolution, and since Heaven has not created, nor hell witnessed any danger that can daunt or terrify me, saddle Rozinante, Sancho, and get ready thy own beast, and her majesty's palfrey; and let us take an expeditious leave of the governor of the castle, and of these nobles, that we may not lose a moment unnecessarily."

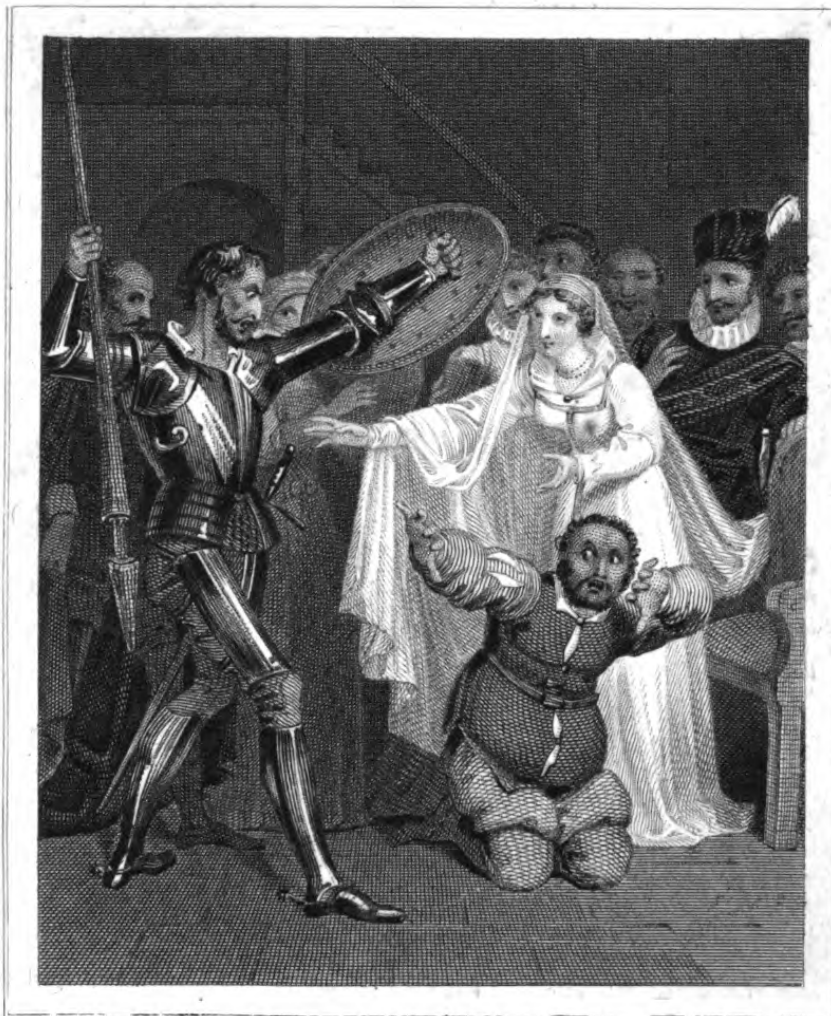
Sancho, who was present all the while, said, shaking his head in seeming wisdom, "Ah, master, master, there are more tricks in a town than are dreamt of, with respect to the honourable coifs and lappets be it spoken." "What tricks can there be to my discredit, in any town, or in all the towns in the world, thou bumpkin?" said Don Quixote. "If your worship must put yourself in a passion," answered Sancho, "I will hold my tongue, and forbear to say what, as a faithful squire and a dutiful servant, I am bound to say." "Say what thou wilt," replied Don Quixote, "so thy words no not tend to make me afraid: for to thee fear is natural, and will of necessity show itself in thy character, while the dignity of mine consists

in the total absence of so mean a passion." "Nothing of all this was in my thoughts, as I am a sinner to God," answered Sancho; "only that I am sure and positively certain, that this lady, who calls herself queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more a queen than my mother; for, were she what she pretends, she would not be nuzzling, at every turn, and in every corner, with somebody that is in this company." Dorothea's cheeks were crimsoned by what Sancho said, it being true indeed, that her spouse, Don Fernando, now and then, by stealth, had snatched with his lips an earnest of that reward his affection merited; which Sancho having remarked, he thought it a freedom more becoming a lady of pleasure, than the sovereign of so vast an empire: but as she took no notice of his observation, he went on with his discourse, saying, "I say this, sir, because, supposing that, after we have travelled through thick and thin, and passed many a night and worse day, one, who is now solacing himself in this inn, should chance to reap the fruit of our labours, I need be in no haste to saddle Rozinante, nor to get the ass and the palfrey ready; for we had better be quiet; and let every drab mind her spinning, and let us to our dinner." Good Heaven! what was the indignation of Don Quixote, when he heard his squire speak thus disrespectfully! It was so extreme, that with stammering speech, faltering tongue, and eyes darting fire, he burst forth; "Scoundrel!" said he, "designing, unmannerly, ignorant, ill-spoken, foul-

mouthed, impudent, murmuring, and back-biting villain! darest thou utter such vile words in my presence, and the presence of these illustrious ladies? darest thou even entertain such rude and insolent thoughts in thy confused imagination? Avoid my sight, monster of nature, treasury of lies, magazine of deceits, storehouse of rogueries, inventor of mischiefs, publisher of absurdities, and enemy of the respect due to royal personages! be gone; nor dare appear before me again, on pain of my utmost indignation!" And as he poured forth this torrent, he arched his brows, puffed his cheeks, stared round him, and gave a violent stamp with his right foot on the floor, with other tokens of the rage that was still locked up in his breast, notwithstanding what had vented itself. Sancho was so terrified, at his furious words, and no less furious gestures, that he would have been glad the earth had opened that instant, and swallowed him up: and not knowing what to do, he turned his back, and stole from the presence of his incensed master.

But the discreet Dorothea, who so perfectly understood Don Quixote's humour, said, to pacify his wrath, "Be not offended, good sir knight of the rueful countenance, at the follies your poor squire has uttered: for, perhaps, he might have had some reason for what he said; and as it cannot be suspected, considering his good understanding and christian conscience, that he would bear false witness against any one; I am disposed to believe, since all things in





Drawn by R. Westall R.A.

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DON QUIXOTE.

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this castle, as you have yourself observed, are under enchantment, that perhaps, Sancho, by means of the same diabolical illusion, may have seen what he says he saw, so much to the prejudice of my honour.”

“ By the omnipotent God I swear,” quoth Don Quixote, “ your grandeur has hit the mark, and some wicked apparition must have appeared to this sinner, and have made him see in that way what it was impossible for him to see in any other ; for I am perfectly assured of the simplicity and innocence of this unhappy wretch, and that he is incapable of inventing a slander against any living soul.” “ So it is, and so it shall be,” said Don Fernando: “ and therefore, signor Don Quixote, you ought to pardon him, and restore him to the bosom of your favour, ‘ sicut erat in principio,’ before these illusions turned his brain.” Don Quixote answering, that he would freely pardon him, the priest went for Sancho, who came in very humble guise, and, falling down on his knees, begged his master’s hand, who held it out to him, and, after he had permitted him to kiss it, gave him his blessing, adding, “ Thou wilt now be thoroughly convinced, son Sancho, of what I have often told thee, that all things in this castle are conducted by enchantment.” “ I believe it with all my soul,” quoth Sancho, “ the business of the blanket excepted, which really fell out in the ordinary way.” “ Thou must learn to think otherwise,” answered Don Quixote ; “ for, were it so, I would have revenged thee at that time, as I would do now. But neither

could I then, nor can I now, discover on whom the revenge of the injury ought to fall." They all desired to know what the business of the blanket was; and the innkeeper, pleased to gratify their curiosity at the expense of the squire, gave them a very circumstantial account of Sancho's aerial caperings; which, though it diverted them, would have put him to fresh shame, had not his master again assured him, that it was all a business of enchantment. Yet Sancho's folly never rose so high, but that he believed it to be downright truth, without any mixture of illusion or deceit, that he had been tossed in the blanket by persons of flesh and blood, and not by imaginary beings or visionary phantoms, as his master supposed.

Two days had this illustrious company already passed in the inn; and thinking it now time to depart, they contrived a scheme by which, without giving Dorothea and Don Fernando the trouble of going back with Don Quixote to his village, under pretence of restoring the queen of Micomicon, the priest and the barber might of themselves effect the business of having him conveyed safely to his house, where endeavours might be used for the cure of his unfortunate malady. Their mode of proceeding was this. Having agreed with a waggoner, who chanced to pass by with his team of oxen, for his conveyance, they made a sort of cage with poles, grate-wise, large enough to hold the knight conveniently; then Don Fernando and his companions, the servants of Don

Louis, the officers of the holy brotherhood, and the inn-keeper, by the contrivance and direction of the priest, covered their faces, and disguised themselves, so as to appear to him quite different persons from those he had seen in the castle. This done, they silently entered the room in which he was reposing himself after his late fatigue, and, being fast locked in the arms of sleep, little dreaming of any such accident, they bound him hand and foot, so securely, that, when he awoke, he could not move, nor do any thing but look with wonder at the strange faces that surrounded his bed. Instantly his disordered imagination, taking its customary course, presented these shapes to him as goblins of the enchanted castle, and led him to believe, that he was himself enchanted, since he could not stir, to defend himself: which the priest, the inventor of this stratagem, had predicted would be the case. Sancho alone, of all that were present, was in his proper figure; and, though he wanted but little of being infected with his master's disease, yet he was not so mad as to be ignorant who all these counterfeit goblins were; but he durst not open his lips, till he saw in what this surprisal and imprisonment of his master would terminate: neither did the knight utter a word, waiting patiently the issue of his own misfortune. Having brought the cage into the apartment, they shut him up in it, and nailed the bars so fast, that it was impossible he should pull them asunder. They then took him on their shoulders, and, on going out of the room, a voice was heard of

as dreadful intonation as the barber's lungs would admit (not he of the pannel, but the other), saying :
“ O knight of the rueful countenance ! let not the confinement you are under afflict you ; since it is expedient for the more speedy accomplishment of the adventure, in which your great valour has engaged you : which shall be finished when the furious Manchegan lion shall be coupled with the white Tobosian dove, after having first submitted their stately necks to the soft matrimonial yoke ; from which unheard-of conjunction shall spring into the light of the world brave whelps, who shall emulate the tearing claws of their valorous sire. And this shall come to pass before the pursuer of the fugitive nymph shall have twice performed his visit through the bright constellations, in his rapid and natural course.² And thou, O the most noble and obedient squire that ever had sword in belt, beard on face, and smell in nostrils, be not dismayed nor afflicted, to see the flower of knight-errantry carried thus away before thine eyes. For, ere long, if it so please the Fabricator of the world, thou shalt see thyself so exalted and sublimated, that thou shalt not know thyself, in fulfilment of the promises made thee by thy noble lord. And I avouch, in the name of the sage Mentironiana,³ that thy wages shall be punctually paid thee, as thou wilt see in effect : follow, therefore, the footsteps of the valorous and enchanted knight, for it is expedient for ye to go where ye may both find rest : more I am not permitted to say ; so God be

with you ; for I must return—I well know whither.” And, as he drew towards the close of his prophecy, he raised his voice so high, and then sunk it by degrees into so soft an accent, that even they, who were in the secret of the jest, were almost ready to believe what they heard to be true.

Don Quixote remained much comforted by what he had heard thus thundered forth ; for he quickly apprehended the whole signification of the prophecy, and was sure, that it promised he should be joined in holy and lawful wedlock with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose happy womb would issue the whelps his sons, to the everlasting honour of La Mancha. And, with this firm persuasion, he exclaimed, fetching a deep sigh, “ O thou, whoever thou art, who hast prognosticated in my favour so much good, I beseech thee to entreat, on my behalf, the sage enchanter who has the charge of my affairs, that he suffer me not to perish in this prison, in which I am now borne away, until I see accomplished the joyful and incomparable promises thou hast now made me : for, so they come to pass, I shall account the pains of my imprisonment glory, the chains with which I am bound refreshment, and this couch, whereon I am laid, not a hard field of battle, but a soft bridal bed of down. And, as touching the consolation of Sancho Panza, my squire, I confide in his love and integrity, that he will not forsake me, either in good or evil fortune : for though it should fall out,

through his or my hard hap, that I should not be able to bestow upon him the island, or something equivalent, that I have promised, at least he cannot lose his wages ; for, in my will, which is already made, I have declared what shall be given him, not indeed proportionable to his many and good services, but according to my own poor ability." Sancho Panza bowed with great respect, and kissed both his master's hands ; for one alone he could not kiss, they being both tied together. The goblins then took the cage on their shoulders, and placed it securely on the waggon.

CHAP. XX.

Of the strange and wonderful manner, in which Don Quixote de la Mancha was enchanted, with other remarkable occurrences.

OUR knight, finding himself thus caged, and carted,¹ said, " Many and most grave histories have I read of knights-errant ; but I never read, saw, or heard of enchanted knights being transported in this manner, or so slowly as these lazy, heavy animals seem to promise. For the custom invariably was to be carried through the air with wonderful speed, wrapped in some thick and dark cloud, or seated in a chariot of fire, or mounted upon a hippogrif, or other extraordinary animal. But to be conveyed in a waggon drawn by a team of oxen, by the living God, it overwhelms me with confusion. But, perhaps, the chivalry

and enchantments of these our times may have taken a different turn from those of the ancients; and perhaps also, as I am a new knight in the world, and the first who have revived the long-forgotten exercise of chivalry, new enchantments may have been invented, and new methods of conveying those who are under their influence. What is thy opinion of this, son Sancho?" "I do not know what to think of the matter," answered Sancho, "not being so well read as your worship in scripture-errantry: yet I dare affirm and swear, that these hobgoblins are not altogether catholic." "Catholic! my father;" answered Don Quixote; "how can they be catholic, being devils, who have assumed fantastic shapes, on purpose to come hither and put me into this state? and to be convinced of this, touch them and feel them, and thou wilt find they have no bodies, but are all air, mere semblances, bodies in appearance only." "Before God, sir," replied Sancho, "I have already touched them, and this same devil, who is so very busy about us, is as plump as a partridge, and has another property very different from what your devils are wont to have, who all smell of brimstone, and other worse scents; but this spark is scented with amber, as may be perceived at the distance of half a league." Sancho meant this of Don Fernando, who being a cavalier of quality, was probably perfumed, as the squire hinted. "Wonder not at that, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "for your devils are a knowing sort of people; and may carry perfumes about them, though

they have no scents in themselves, being spirits; or, if any odour proceed from them, it cannot be of a pleasing, but must be of a loathsome and stinking nature; because they carry their hell with them wherever they go, and can receive no respite from their torments: now, a perfume being pleasing and delightful, it is not possible they should smell of so good a thing: and if this devil to thy sense smells of amber, either thou deceivest thyself, or he would deceive thee, thereby to hide his Satanic essence more effectually." This dialogue between the master and the squire, being overheard by Don Fernando and Cardenio, they were afraid Sancho would light upon their plot, for he was already so hot in the pursuit, as to be nearly upon the game: they resolved therefore to hasten their departure, and, calling the innkeeper aside, they ordered him to saddle Rozinante, and put the pannel on the ass, which he did with all practicable expedition. Meanwhile the priest had agreed to give the troopers of the holy brotherhood so much a day, to accompany Don Quixote to his village. Cardenio hung the buckler on one side, and the basin on the other, of the pommel of Rozinante's saddle, and having made signs for Sancho to mount his ass, and take Rozinante by the bridle, he placed two troopers, with their carbines, on each side of the waggon. But, before the equipage moved forward, the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes, came out to take their leave of Don Quixote, pretending to shed tears at his misfortune; which the knight

observing, said, " Weep not, my good ladies ; for mishaps of this nature are incident to those who profess what I profess ; and if they did not befall me, I should not deem myself a knight-errant of any considerable renown : for to knights of little reputation, such accidents never happen, since nobody in the world thinks of them : but to the valorous it is otherwise ; as princes and other knights, envious of their extraordinary virtue and courage, are constantly endeavouring, by indirect ways, to destroy them. Notwithstanding all which, so powerful is virtue, that of herself, in spite of all the necromancy that its first inventor Zoroaster ever knew, she will come off victorious from every encounter, and spread her lustre round the world, as the sun spreads his over the heavens. Pardon me, fair ladies, if, through inadvertency, I have incurred in any way your displeasure ; for willingly and knowingly I never offended a living soul : and pray to God, that he would deliver me from these bonds, into which some evil-minded enchanter has thrown me : for, if ever I find myself at liberty, I shall not forget the favours you have conferred upon me in this castle, but shall acknowledge and requite them with the gratitude they deserve."

While this passed between the ladies of the castle and Don Quixote, the priest and the barber were taking leave of Don Fernando and his companions, the captain and his brother the judge, and all the now happy ladies, especially Dorothea and Lucinda. They all embraced, promising to give each other an

account of their future fortunes. Don Fernando gave the priest directions where to write to him, and acquaint him with what became of Don Quixote, assuring him, that nothing would afford him greater pleasure ; and that, on his part, he would inform him of whatever might amuse or please him, either in relation to his own marriage, or the baptism and marriage of Zoraida, and the success or otherwise of Don Louis's adventure, and the return of Lucinda to her parents. The priest having promised to perform every thing that was desired of him with the utmost punctuality, they again embraced, and, renewing their mutual offers of service, parted. The innkeeper then came to the priest, and put into his hands a bundle of papers, telling him, they were what he found in the lining of the wallet, in which was the novel of the Curious Impertinent, and, as the owner had never come back to claim them, he was welcome to take them all with him ; for, as he could not read, he had no desire to keep them. The priest thanked him, and, opening the papers, found written as a title, *The Novel of Rinconete and Cortadillo* ;² and concluding, as that of the Curious Impertinent was a good one, this must be so too, both being probably written by the same author, he packed it up carefully, intending to read it the first opportunity that offered. He and his friend the barber then mounted on horseback, with their masks on, that Don Quixote might not know them, and joined the cavalcade, the order of which was this : first went the car, guided

by the driver, and guarded on each side by the troopers with their firelocks; then followed Sancho upon his ass, leading Rozinante by the bridle; in the rear were the priest and the barber, on their puissant mules, and their faces masked, marching with a grave and solemn air, no faster than the slow pace of the oxen would allow; while Don Quixote sat in the cage, with his hands tied, and his legs stretched out, leaning against the bars, with as much patience and silence as if, instead of a man of flesh and blood, he had been a statue of stone. In this slowness and silence, they travelled about two leagues, when they came to a valley, which the waggoner thought a convenient place for resting and baiting his cattle; and acquainting the priest with his purpose, the barber recommended that they should travel a little farther, as behind the next rising ground was a vale, that afforded more and better grass than that in which the waggoner proposed to stop. This advice was followed, and they went on accordingly.

Now the priest, happening to turn his head, perceived behind, six or seven men, well mounted and accoutred, who soon came up with them; for they did not travel with the phlegmatic pace of the oxen, but like persons who bestrode good ecclesiastic mules, and were in haste to arrive at an inn, which appeared to be about a league before them, in time to shelter themselves from the mid-day sun. The speedy overtook the slow, and the parties having courteously saluted each other, one of the travellers,

who was a canon of Toledo,* and master of the rest, observing the orderly procession of the waggon, the troopers, Sancho, Rozinante, the priest, the barber, and especially Don Quixote caged so securely, could not forbear inquiring what was the meaning of all this; though he already guessed, by observing the badges of the troopers, that they were conveying to prison some notorious robber, or other criminal, the punishment of whom belonged to their fraternity. The trooper, of whom the inquiry was made, answered: "Sir, if you would know the reason of this gentleman's being thus conveyed, he must tell it you himself; for we are wholly ignorant of the matter." Don Quixote overhearing the discourse, said, "Perchance, gentlemen, you are versed and skilled in matters of chivalry; if you are, I will acquaint you readily with my misfortunes; but if not, I shall save myself the trouble of recounting them." The priest and the barber, perceiving the travellers in conversation with Don Quixote, drew near, to be ready to give such answers as might prevent the discovery of their plot. The canon, in reply to Don Quixote, said, "In truth, brother, I am more conversant with books of chivalry, than with the Summaries of Villalpando; therefore, if that be the sole requisite, you may safely communicate to me whatever you please." "With Heaven's permission, then," replied Don Quixote, "since it is so, you must know, signor cavalier, that I am enchanted in this cage, through

* The author himself.

the envy and fraud of malignant necromancers ; for virtue is more persecuted by the wicked, than beloved by the good. A knight-errant I am, not one of those, whose names fame has forgotten to eternize, but one, who, maugre and in despite of envy herself, with all the magicians Persia ever bred, the Brachmans of India, and the gymnosophists of Ethiopia, shall have his name enrolled in the temple of immortality, to serve as an example and mirror to future ages, in which knights-errant may see the track they are to follow, if they are ambitious of reaching the honourable summit and pinnacle of arms." " Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha says the truth," quoth the priest ; " for he is enchanted in this waggon, not through his own fault or demerit, but the malice of those to whom virtue is odious, and courage offensive. This, signor, is the knight of the rueful countenance, of whom you have perhaps heard, whose valorous exploits and heroic deeds shall be written on solid brass and everlasting marble, whatever pains envy may take to obscure, or malice to conceal them." When the canon heard both the one that was imprisoned, and the other who was at liberty, talk in so incoherent a style, he was ready to cross himself with amazement, not being able to imagine what had befallen them ; and all his attendants were in equal admiration : but Sancho, whose ear had not been deaf to what was passing, here put in, resolving, by unloading his mind of his suspicions, to set the matter right. " Look ye, gen-

lemen," said he, "let it be well or ill taken, I will out with it: the truth of the case is, my master, Don Quixote, is just as much enchanted as my mother; he is in his perfect senses, he eats, and drinks, and does his occasions like other men, and as he did yesterday, before they cooped him up. This being so, will you persuade me he is enchanted? Enchanted persons, I have been told, neither eat, sleep, nor speak; and my master, if nobody thwarts him, will talk ye more than thirty barristers." Then turning to the priest, he continued, "Ah, master priest, master priest, do you think I do not know you? Do you think I do not perceive and guess what these new enchantments drive at? Let me tell you, I know you well, though you disguise your face never so much; and I would have you to know I understand you also, though you manage your contrivances never so sily. In short, virtue cannot live where envy reigns, nor liberality subsist with niggardliness. Evil befall the devil! had it not been for your reverence, my master had been married by this time to the infanta Micomicona, and I had been an earl at least; for I could expect no less from the generosity of my master, the knight of the rueful countenance, and the greatness of my services. But I find the proverb true, that the wheel of fortune turns swifter than a mill-wheel, and they who yesterday were at the top, are to-day on the ground. I am grieved for my poor wife and children; for, when they might reasonably expect to see their father

come home a governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, they will now see him return a mere groom. I say all this, master priest, only as a hint to your paternity, to make a little conscience of your evil treatment of my master; and take heed that God does not call you to an account, in the next life, for this imprisonment of my lord, and require at your hands all those succours, and all the good he might have done, during this barbarous time of his confinement." "Snuff me these candles," quoth the barber at this juncture; "what! Sancho, art thou also of thy master's fraternity? As God shall save me, I begin to think thou art likely to keep him company in the cage, and be as much enchanted as he, for thy share of his humour and his chivalry. In an evil hour wert thou with child by his promises, and in an evil hour the island, so longed for, took possession of thy pate." "I am not with child by any body," answered Sancho, "nor will I suffer myself to be got with child by the best king that ever wore crown; for though I am a poor man, I am an old Christian, and owe nobody any thing; and if I covet islands, there are others who covet worse things; and every one is the son of his own works; and, being a man, I may come to be pope, and still more easily governor of an island, since my master may win so many, that he may be at a loss on whom to bestow them. Pray, master barber, take heed what you say; for shaving of beards is not all, and there is some difference between Pedro and Pedro. I say this, be-

cause we know one another, and there is no putting false dice upon me: as for my master's enchantment, God knows the truth, and let that rest, for it is the worse for stirring." The barber would not answer Sancho, lest, by his simplicity, he should discover what he and the priest took so much pains to conceal; and for the same reason the priest desired the canon to ride on a little before, and he would let him into the secret of the encaged gentleman, with other particulars that would divert him.

The canon rode on accordingly with his servants, listening attentively to all the priest was pleased to tell him of the quality, employment, manners, and madness of Don Quixote; for he briefly recounted the beginning and cause of his distraction, with the whole progress of his adventures, and the necessity of securing him, as they had done, that they might convey him to his own house, and endeavour to find some cure for his distemper. The canon was astonished anew at this strange history; and when it was ended, said to the priest, "Truly, sir, I cannot help thinking, that those books of chivalry are very prejudicial to the commonweal; and though, led away by an idle and false taste, I have read the beginning of almost all that are printed, I could never prevail on myself to go through any one of them, for they appear to me to be all of the same stamp, all brothers of the same family. In my opinion, this kind of writing and composition falls under the denomination of the fables called Milesian, which are extravagant

stories, tending to please only, not to instruct; whereas the tendency of moral fables, is both to delight and instruct at the same time. And though the principal end of such books be to please, I do not see how they can attain even that, stuffed as they are with so many and such monstrous absurdities. For the pleasure, which is conceived in the mind, must proceed from the beauty and harmony it observes or contemplates in the objects, which the sight or the imagination sets before it; and nothing, in itself ugly or deformed, can afford any real satisfaction. For example, what beauty can there be, what proportion of the parts to the whole, or of the whole to the parts, in a book or fable, in which a youth of sixteen years hews down with his sword a giant as big as a steeple, and splits him in two, as if he were made of paste? And when you have a description of a battle, after having said, that, on the side of the enemy were a million of combatants, let but the hero of the fable be against them, and, in despite of our teeth, we must believe, that a single knight carried the victory by the single valour of his strong arm. Then again, that facility, with which a queen or an empress throws herself into the arms of an errant and unknown knight? And what mind, not wholly barbarous and uncultivated, can be satisfied with reading, that a vast tower, crowded with knights, scuds though the sea, like a ship before the wind, and is this night in Lombardy, and the next morning in the country of Prester John, or the Indies, or some

other country, that Ptolemy never discovered, nor Marcus Paulus³ ever saw? If it should be replied to this, that the authors of such books write them professedly as lies, and therefore are not obliged to stand upon niceties, or truth: I reply, that fiction is so much the better, by how much the nearer it resembles truth; and pleases the more, the more it has of the probable and possible. Fables should be suited to the understanding of the reader, and so contrived, that, by facilitating the impossible, lowering the vast, and keeping the mind in suspense, they may at once surprise, delight, amuse, and entertain, allowing admiration and pleasure to unite, and go hand in hand: which cannot be effected by him who pays no regard to probability and imitation, in which the perfection of writing consists. I have never yet found in any book of chivalry, a fable forming a complete body, with all its members, so that the middle corresponds with the beginning, and the end with the beginning and middle: on the contrary, they are composed of so many members, that the authors seem rather to design a chimæra or monster, than intend to exhibit a well-proportioned figure. Besides all this, they are harsh in their style, incredible in their exploits, lascivious in their amours, impertinent in their civility, tedious in their battles, foolish in their reasonings, extravagant in their travels; and, lastly, being devoid of all ingenious artifice, deserve to be banished the christian commonwealth, as an unprofitable race."

The priest listened with great attention, and considered the canon as a man of excellent understanding, and right in all he said: he therefore told him, that, being of the same opinion as to books of chivalry, and bearing them an old grudge, he had burned all those belonging to Don Quixote, which were not a few. He then gave an account of the scrutiny, telling him which had been condemned to the flames, and which reprieved; to the great amusement of the canon, who laughed heartily, and said, “ Notwithstanding what I have spoken to the disparagement of such books, I find one thing good in them, which is, the opportunity they present for a good genius to display itself, the field being large and ample, in which the pen may expatiate without let or incumbrance, describing shipwrecks, tempests, encounters, and battles; delineating a valiant captain, with all the requisite qualifications, as prudence in preventing the stratagems of his enemy; eloquence in persuading or dissuading his soldiers; mature in council, prompt in execution, equally brave in expecting, as in attacking the enemy: sometimes he may paint a sad and tragical, then a joyful and unexpected event: here a most beautiful lady, modest, discreet, and reserved: there a christian knight, valiant and courteous: now an unruly and barbarous braggadocia; then an affable, generous, and good-natured prince: he may describe the faith and loyalty of vassals, and the greatness and condescension of nobles: he may show himself an excellent astronomer, geographer,

musician, statesman, and, even necromancer, if he please: he may set forth the subtilty of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the bravery of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the treachery of Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the valour of Cæsar, the clemency and probity of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the wisdom of Cato, and finally all those attributes which serve to make an illustrious character perfect; sometimes placing them in one person alone, then dividing them among many: and if all this be done in a smooth and agreeable style, and with ingenious invention, approaching as near as possible to truth, he will, doubtless, weave a web of such various and beautiful contexture, that, when it is finished, the ultimate end of writing will thereby be attained, which, as I observed before, is both to instruct and delight: besides, the unrestricted nature of this species of composition, gives an author room to display his skill in the epic or lyric, in tragedy or comedy, with all the various branches of the sweet and charming arts of poetry and rhetoric; for epics may be written in prose as well as in verse.”⁴

CHAP. XXI.

In which the canon prosecutes the subject of books of chivalry, with other matters worthy of his genius.

“IT is indeed as you say, sir,” quoth the priest to the canon; “and for this reason those, who have

hitherto composed such books, are the more to blame, proceeding, as they do, without the least regard to good sense, or art, or those rules, by the attentive practice of which they might become as celebrated in prose, as the two princes of the Greek and Latin poetry are in verse." "I myself," replied the canon, "was once tempted to write a book of knight-errantry, in which I purposed to observe all the restrictions I have mentioned; and, to confess the truth, I had completed no less than a hundred sheets, which I submitted to the perusal of sundry persons, some learned and judicious, others uncultivated and ignorant, to ascertain how far I had succeeded in my wishes; and I was fortunate enough to have the kind approbation of all: yet I proceeded no farther in the work, partly, because I looked upon it as foreign to my profession, and partly from reflecting, how much fools abounded in the world: and though it is better to be praised by the few wise, than laughed at by the many that are foolish, I was unwilling to expose myself to the confused judgment of the giddy multitude. But what chiefly moved me to lay aside my pen, and abandon the design altogether, was an argument I formed to myself from the comedies of the present day. 'If,' said I, 'those now in fashion, whether founded on fiction, or wholly historical, are all, or most of them, acknowledged absurdities, things without head or tail, and yet delight the vulgar, who crowd to applaud them; and if the

authors who compose, and the actors who represent them, agree in saying, that there is no remedy for this ; that the people will have such, and no other ; that those which are regularly written, and carry on the plot according to the rules of art, serve only for entertainment to half a score of men of sense, who understand them, while all the rest of the audience are puzzled, and can make nothing of the contrivance ; and that it is better for them to get bread by the many, than reputation by the few :—so, thought I, might it fare with my book ; and, after I had scorched every hair in my eyebrows, in poring over it, to observe the precepts I have mentioned, I should gain nothing but my labour for my pains.’¹ I have often endeavoured to convince the actors of their mistake, and that they would draw more company, and gain more credit, by plays written according to the rules of art ; but they are so attached and wedded to their own opinion, that no evidence, nor even demonstration, can wrest it from them. Talking one day to one of these headstrong fellows, I said, ‘ Do you not remember, that, a few years ago, three tragedies were acted, composed by a celebrated poet of this kingdom, which raised surprise, delight, and admiration, in all who saw them, the gentle as well as the simple, the learned as well as the ignorant, and that they brought more money to the performers, than any thirty of the best that have appeared since ?’ ‘ Your worship doubtless means,’ said the actor, ‘ Isabella, Phillis, and Alexandra.’ ‘ The very same,’ said I. ‘ And

were not the rules of art carefully observed in them? And did that hinder them from appearing what they really were, and pleasing all the world? The fault, therefore, is not in the people's coveting absurdities, but in those who know not how to exhibit any thing better: for there is nothing absurd in the play of Ingratitude revenged; nor in Numantia; nor in the Merchant-Lover; nor in the Favourable female Foe, and others I could mention, written by ingenious and judicious poets, to their own fame and renown, and the great benefit of those who represented them.' And I made use of many more arguments, by which he seemed to be confounded, but was neither so convinced nor satisfied, as to be induced to reform this erroneous practice."

"Signor canon," said the priest, "you have touched upon a subject which has awakened in me a grudge I have long borne to the comedies now in vogue, scarcely surpassed by what I entertain against books of chivalry. According to Cicero, comedy ought to be a mirror of human life, an exemplar of manners, and an image of truth; whereas, the plays of the present day are mirrors of inconsistency, patterns of folly, and images of wantonness: for what can be more inconsistent, than for a child, in the first scene of the first act, to appear in swaddling-clothes, and in the second, to enter a full-grown man, with a beard? What more ridiculous, than to represent an old man valiant, a young man a coward, a footman a rhetorician, a page a privy-counsellor, a king a water-

carrier, and a princess a scullion? Then as to the observance of time and place, in which the actions represented are supposed to have happened—I have seen a comedy, the first act of which was laid in Europe, the second in Asia, the third in Africa; and, had there been another act,² the piece would doubtless have concluded in America, and thus have taken in all the four quarters of the globe. If imitation be the chief aim of comedy, how can any tolerable understanding endure to see an action, which passed in the time of king Pepin or Charlemagne, ascribed to the emperor Heraclius, who is introduced carrying the cross into Jerusalem, or recovering the holy sepulchre, like Godfrey of Bouillon; numberless years having passed between the existence of the one and the other? Or, a comedy being grounded upon fiction, to see truths of history, mixed up with facts relating to different persons and times, with no appearance of probability, but, on the contrary, every appearance of blunders and incongruity? And what is still worse, there are persons so besotted, as to call this perfection, and pronounce every thing of a more chaste character, mere pedantry. If we go on to plays upon divine subjects, how many false miracles do they invent, how many that are apocryphal and misunderstood, those of one saint being ascribed to another? And, even in plays upon profane subjects, the authors must still be working miracles; for no other reason in the world, but that they think a prodigy will here do well, or make a figure there;

call forth applause from the ignorant, and profitably fill the house. Now all this redounds to the prejudice of truth, the discredit of history, and the reproach of our Spanish wits: for foreigners, who accurately observe the unities of the drama, conceive us to be in a state of ignorance and barbarism, from the absurdity and extravagance of our theatrical productions. It would not be a sufficient excuse to say, that the principal intent of well-governed commonwealths, in permitting stage-plays to be acted, is, that the populace may be entertained with some innocent recreation, to divert, at times, the ill-humours which idleness is wont to produce; and, since this end may be attained by any play, whether good or bad, there is no need of prescribing laws, or confining those, who write or act them, to the strict rules of composition. This, I say, is no sufficient excuse; for I affirm, that the object of the legislature may, beyond all comparison, be much better attained by plays that are good, than by those that are not so: for the hearer, after attending to an artful and well-contrived comedy, would go away diverted by what is witty, instructed by what is serious, admiring the incidents, improved by the reasoning, forewarned by the frauds, made wise by the examples, incensed against vice, and in love with virtue: for a good drama will awaken all these passions in the mind of the hearer, however gross or stupid he may be; and of all impossibilities it is the most impossible, not to be more pleased, entertained, and satisfied with a

representation which has all these requisites, than with one wholly defective in them, as most of our comedies now are. Nor is this abuse to be charged chiefly on the poets themselves; for there are individuals among them, who know wherein they err, and are perfectly acquainted with what they ought to do: but, as plays are made a saleable commodity, they say, and they say truly, that the actors would not purchase them if they were of any other stamp; and therefore the writer endeavours to accommodate himself to what is required by the player, who is to pay him for his work. This truth may be evinced by the great number of plays written by a most happy genius of these kingdoms,³ with so much sprightliness, elegant versification, happy turns of expression, admirable sentiments, and lastly, such richness of elocution, and loftiness of style, that the world resounds with his fame: yet, by his sometimes adapting himself to the taste of the actors, his productions have not all reached the degree of perfection they would otherwise have attained.⁴ Others, in writing plays, so little consider what they are doing, that the actors are often under the necessity of absconding, for fear of being punished, which has frequently happened, for having exhibited things to the prejudice of the crown, or the dishonour of noble families. Now these inconveniences, with many others I might mention, would cease, if some intelligent and judicious person of the court were appointed, to examine all plays before they were represented,⁵ not

only at Madrid, but throughout all Spain; without whose approbation, signed and sealed, the civil magistrate should suffer no play to be represented within his jurisdiction: and thus the comedians, obliged to send all their plays to the court, might act them afterwards with entire safety; while the writers would take more care and pains, knowing their performances must pass the rigorous examination of some competent judge. By this method good plays would be written, and the design of them happily attained, namely, the entertainment of the people, the reputation of the wits of Spain, the interest and security of the players, and the magistrate be saved the trouble of resorting to chastisement. And if the same person, or some other, were commissioned to examine the books of chivalry that may hereafter be written, without doubt some might be published with all the perfection you speak of, enriching our language with the pleasing and precious treasure of eloquence, and, by their superior lustre, superseding the old books, would furnish rational amusement, not only to the idle, but those also who are most industrious; for the bow cannot be always bent, nor can human nature, or human frailty, subsist without some innocent recreation."

Thus far had the canon and the priest proceeded in their conversation, when the barber, coming up to them, said, "This, signor licentiate, is the place I mentioned as best suited for us to pass the heat of the day in, and where the cattle would have fresh

grass in abundance." "Be it so then," said the priest; and acquainting the canon with his intention, he also resolved to stay, invited by the beauty of a pleasant valley, which presented itself to their view: and that he might enjoy the pleasure of the place, and the conversation of the priest, of whom he began to be fond, and see and hear more of Don Quixote, he ordered one of his servants to go to the inn, which was not far off, and bring from thence a sufficiency of refreshments for the whole company; for he would spend the whole afternoon where he was. The servant answered, that the sumpter-mule, which by that time must have reached the inn, had provisions enough for the purpose he required, and that they would want nothing from the inn but barley. "Then," said the canon, "let the other mules be taken thither, and the sumpter be brought back quickly."

While this passed, Sancho, perceiving he might talk to his master without the continual presence of the priest and the barber, whom he regarded with a suspicious eye, approached the cage, and thus addressed the knight: "To disburden my conscience, sir, I must tell you something about this enchantment of yours; and it is this, that they who are riding with us, and have their faces covered, are no other than the priest and barber of our town; and I guess they have played you this trick, and are conveying you in this manner, out of pure envy, for having surpassed them in famous achievements: and supposing this to be true, it follows, that you are not

enchanted, but gulled and besotted ; for proof whereof I would ask you one thing, and if you answer me, as I believe you must, you shall lay your finger upon this palpable cheat, and find that it is no spell, but blind infatuation." " Ask whatever thou wilt, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, " and I will satisfy thee to thy heart's content : but that those beings yonder are the priest and the barber, our townsmen and acquaintance, as thou wouldst have me to understand, it may easily be, that they may seem so to thy apprehension ; but that they are so really and truly, thou must in no wise believe ; but rather, that those under whose malign influence I am, have assumed the appearance and likeness of our friends ; for enchanters can take what form they please, to mislead thy senses, and involve thee in such a labyrinth of imaginations, that, though thou hadst the clue of Theseus, thou wouldst not be able to find thy way out : they may have done it also, to make me waver in my judgment, and prevent me from discovering from what quarter this injury proceeds. For if, on the one hand, it is affirmed by thee, that the priest and barber of our village bear us company, and, on the other, I find myself locked up in a cage, in which I know no force but what is supernatural could hold me imprisoned ; what can I say or think, but that the manner of my enchantment is more extraordinary than any I have ever read of in the histories of knights-errant ? Therefore set thy heart at rest as to these persons being what thou hast supposed ; for

they are just as much so as I am a Turk. As to thy desire of asking me questions, ask them freely ; for I will answer thee, though thou shouldst continue asking till to-morrow morning." " Blessed virgin !" replied Sancho, raising his voice, " is it possible your worship can be so thick-skulled and devoid of brains, as not to perceive, that what I tell you is the very truth, and that there is more roguery than sorcery in this confinement and disgrace of yours ? and seeing it is so, I will proceed to prove most evidently, that your worship is not enchanted at all. Now tell me, as God shall save you from this storm, and as you hope to find yourself in my lady Dulcinea's arms, when you least think of it——" " Cease conjuring me," said Don Quixote, " and ask what questions thou wilt : for I have already told thee I will answer them with the utmost punctuality." " That is precisely what I would have your worship do," replied Sancho, " and what I have a mind to know is, that, without adding or diminishing a tittle, with all the plain truth and candour expected from and practised by all who profess the exercise of arms, as your worship does, under the title of knights-errant, you would tell me——" " I tell thee, I will lie in nothing," answered Don Quixote : " therefore make either a beginning or an end of asking ; for, in truth, I am tired out with so many salvos, postulatus, and preparatives, Sancho." " I say," replied Sancho, " that I am fully satisfied of the goodness and veracity of my master, and that being to the purpose

in our affair, I ask, with respect be it spoken, whether, since your being cooped up, or as you term it, enchanted in this cage, your worship has not had an inclination to open either the greater or lesser sluices, as the saying is?" "I do not understand, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "what is thy meaning by opening sluices: explain thyself, if thou wouldst have me give a direct answer." "Is it possible," quoth Sancho, "your worship should not understand that phrase, when the very children at school are weaned with it? you must know then, it means, whether you have not had a mind to do what nobody can do for you?" "Ay, now I comprehend thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and, in truth, I have often had such a mind, and have at this very instant: help me out of this strait, if thou canst; for I doubt all is not so clean as it should be."

CHAP. XXII.

Of the ingenious conference between Sancho Panza and his master Don Quixote.

"HA!" quoth Sancho, "now I have caught your worship: this is what I longed to know with all my heart and soul. Come on, sir; for there is no possibility of denying what is commonly said by every body, when a person is in the dumps: 'I know not what ails such or such a one; he neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps, nor answers to the purpose when

he is asked a question ; he looks as if he were enchanted.' From whence it is just to infer, that those alone, who do not eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor perform the natural actions I speak of, are enchanted, and not those who have such calls as your worship has, and who both eat and drink when they can get it, and answer to all that is asked them." "Thou art right, Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "but I have already told thee, that there are sundry sorts of enchantments, and it may have so fallen out, that, in process of time, they may have been changed from one to another, and that now it may be the fashion for those who are enchanted to do as I do, though formerly they did not ; so that there is no arguing, nor drawing consequences, against the custom of the times. I know, and am verily persuaded, that I am enchanted ; and that is sufficient for the discharge of my conscience, which would be heavily burdened, if I thought I was not so, yet should suffer myself to lie in this cage like a coward-loon, defrauding the necessitous and oppressed of that succour I might have afforded them, when, perhaps, at this very moment, they may be in extreme want of my aid and protection." "But for all that," replied Sancho, "I must needs say, for your greater and more abundant satisfaction, that your worship would do well to endeavour to get out of this prison ; which I will undertake to facilitate with all my might, and even to accomplish : and then you may once more mount your trusty Rozinante,

who seems as if he were enchanted too, so melancholy and dejected is he. And, when this is done, we may again try our fortune in search of adventures: and should it not succeed well, we shall have time enough to return to the cage, in which I promise, on the faith of a trusty and loyal squire, to shut myself up with your worship, if perchance you prove so unhappy, or I so simple, as to fail in the performance of what I forebode." "I am content to follow thy counsel, brother Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "and when thou seest a proper opportunity for working my deliverance, I will be ruled by thee in every thing; but, depend upon it, Sancho, thou wilt find thyself mistaken as to the nature of my misfortune."

With this conversation the knight-errant and the evil-errant squire amused themselves, till they came where the priest, the canon, and the barber, who were already alighted, waited for them. The waggoner presently unyoked the oxen, and turned them loose in that green and delicious spot, the freshness of which was inviting to persons not only as much enchanted as Don Quixote, but as intelligent and discreet as his squire, who besought the priest to permit his master to come out of the cage for a while; as the prison otherwise would not be quite so clean as the decorum of such a knight required. The priest understood him, and said, that he would, with all his heart, consent to what he desired, but that he feared lest his master, finding himself at liberty, should play one of his old pranks, and be gone where

nobody should set eyes on him more. "I will be security for his not running away," replied Sancho. "And I also," said the canon, "especially if he will pass his word as a knight, that he will not leave us without our consent." "I do pass it," answered Don Quixote, who was listening to all they said; "and the rather, because whoever is enchanted, as I am, is not at liberty to dispose of himself as he pleases; for the enchanter can so completely deprive him of his locomotive power, that he shall not be able to stir for three centuries, and, if he should attempt an escape, will instantly fetch him back on the wing." This being the case, he said, they might safely let him loose, especially it being so much for the advantage of them all; for should they not do so, he protested he must of necessity offend their noses, unless they removed to a greater distance. The canon took him by the hand, though he was still manacled, and, upon his faith and word, they uncaged him. At the recovery of his liberty, he was rejoiced above measure; and the first thing he did was, to stretch his whole body and limbs: then he approached Rozinante, and, giving him a couple of slaps on the buttocks with the palm of his hand, said, "I have still hope in God, and in his blessed mother, O flower and mirror of steeds, that we two shall soon see ourselves in the state our hearts desire, thou curvetting with thy lord on thy back, and I valiantly mounted, exercising the function for which Heaven sent me into the world." And saying this, attended

by Sancho, he retired to a remote place, and returned more lightsome, and more desirous to put in execution what his squire had projected. The canon gazed earnestly at him, struck with admiration at the strange and unaccountable symptoms of his infirmity; perceiving in all his discourse and answers, proofs of an excellent understanding, and, as observed before, that he only lost his stirrups¹, when the conversation happened to turn upon the subject of chivalry. Accordingly, after they were all sat down on the green turf, in expectation of the sumpter-mule, the canon being moved with compassion, addressed him thus:

“ Is it possible, worthy sir, that the crude and idle study of books of chivalry should have influenced your brain in such manner, as to make you believe you are now under the power of enchantment, with other absurdities of the same stamp, which are as far from truth, as is falsehood itself? Is it possible any human understanding can persuade itself there ever existed in the world that countless multitude of Amadis, that rabble of famous knights, so many emperors of Trapisonda, so many Felixmartes of Hyrcania; so many palfreys, damsels-errant, serpents, dragons, giants; so many unheard-of adventures, enchantments, battles, encounters; so much sumptuousness of attire; so many princesses in love, squires made earls, witty dwarfs, billets-doux, courtships, valiant women, and lastly, so many and such absurd events, as your books of knightly-errantry contain? For my own part, when I read them,

without reflecting that they are all falsehood and folly, they give me some pleasure: but, when I consider what they are, I dash the very best of them against the wall, and should throw them into the fire, if a fire were near, as richly deserving such punishment, for being impostors and counterfeits, broachers of new sects and new ways of life, unnatural, and out of the road of common sense, and inveigling the ignorant vulgar to believe the multitude of absurdities they contain, as if they were so many truths. Nay, they have the presumption to disturb the understandings of ingenious and well-born gentlemen, as appears too evidently in the effect they have had upon your worship, whom they have reduced to such a pass, that you are forced to be shut up in a cage, and carried from place to place on a waggon, like some lion or tiger, exhibited as a show for money. Ah, signor Don Quixote, have pity on yourself, return into the bosom of discretion, and learn to make a right use of those happy talents Heaven has been pleased to bless you with, by employing them in some other kind of reading, which may redound to the benefit of your conscience, and to the increase of your honour. Or if a strong natural impulse must still lead you to books of exploits and chivalries, read, in the holy scripture, the book of Judges, where you will meet with wonderful events, and achievements no less heroic than true. Portugal produced a Viriatus, Rome a Cæsar, Carthage an Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a Count Fer-

nando Gonzales, Valencia a Cid, Andalusia a Gonzalo Fernandez, Estremadura a Diego Garcia de Paredes, Xerez a Garci Perez de Vargas, Toledo a Garcilasso, and Seville a Don Manuel de Leon; the perusal of whose valorous exploits may entertain, instruct, delight, and raise admiration in the most elevated genius. This, indeed, my dear friend, would be a study worthy of your understanding, by which you would become learned in history, enamoured of virtue, instructed in goodness, bettered in morals, valiant without rashness, and cautious without cowardice; and thus would it redound to the glory of God, to your own profit, and the fame of La Mancha, from whence, I understand, you derive your birth and origin."

Don Quixote listened with profound attention to the canon's discourse, and when he had done speaking, having looked stedfastly in his face for a while, he said in reply, "I perceive, sir, that the whole drift of what you have been saying is to persuade me, that there never were any knights-errant in the world; that all the books of chivalry are false, lying, mischievous, and unprofitable to the commonwealth; that I have done ill in reading, worse in believing, and worst of all in imitating them, by taking upon me the rigorous profession which they teach: and lastly, you deny there ever was an Amadis either of Gaul or of Greece, or that so much as one of the numerous knights, with whose history those books are

so full, had any real existence." "You comprehend my meaning exactly," quoth the canon. "You were also pleased to add," said the knight, "that such writings had done me much prejudice, by turning my brain, and reducing me to the humiliating condition of being carried about in a cage; and that it would be better for me, to change and amend my course of study, by reading books, more true, more pleasant, and more instructive." "I did so," quoth the canon. "Why then," said Don Quixote, "in my opinion, you, sir, are the mad and enchanted person, who have presumed to utter such blasphemies against what is so universally received, held for such truth in the world, that he, who should deny it, would deserve the same punishment you are pleased to bestow on the books themselves, when you read them, and they disgust you. What! no Amadis ever in being, nor any of those glorious knight-adventurers, the sweet themes of history! Why, sir, you might as well endeavour to persuade me, that the sun does not enlighten, nor the frost give cold, nor the earth yield sustenance. Is there a man of sense in the world able to convince another man of sense, that the affair of the Infanta Floripes and Guy of Burgundy did not happen? or that of Fierabras, at the bridge of Mantible, which fell out in the time of Charlemagne? which, I vow to God, are as true, as that it is now daylight? If these be lies, so must it also be, that there ever was a Hector, or an Achilles, or a Trojan war, or the twelve peers of France, or king

Arthur of England, who is still wandering about in the form of a raven, and is every minute expected in his kingdom. Will any one have the hardihood to say, that the history of Guarino Mesquino, that of the lawsuit of saint Grial,² that of the amours of sir Tristram and queen Iseo,² together with those of Ginebra and Lancelot, are false and apocryphal? so far are they from it, there are persons, who almost remember to have seen the duenna Quintannona, who was the best skinker of wine Great Britain could ever boast of. And so certain is this, that I remember my grandmother by my father's side, when she saw any duenna reverently coifed, would often say to me, 'Look, grandson, that old woman is very like the duenna Quintannona.' Whence I infer, that she must either have known her personally, or at least have seen some portrait of her. Then, who can deny the truth of the history of Peter of Provence and the fair Magalona, since, to this very day, is to be seen, in the king's armoury, the very peg that turned the wooden horse, upon which he travelled through the air; which peg is to the full as large as the pole of a coach: and close by it stands Babieca's saddle; while in Roncesvalles may be seen Orlando's horn, of no less magnitude than a good stout beam: from which circumstances, it is evident that the twelve Peers, the Peters, the Cids, and such other knights as the world calls adventurers had a real existence: otherwise the unbelievers may as well assert, that the valiant Portuguese, John de Merlo, was no

knight-errant ; he, who went to Burgundy, and in the city of Ras contended with the famous lord of Charni, Monseigneur³ Pierre, and afterwards, in the city of Basil, with Monseigneur Enrique of Remestan, coming off from both engagements victor, and loaded with honourable fame : they may as well deny the challenges and feats achieved in Burgundy, by the valiant Spaniards Pedro Barba, and Gutierre Quixada, from whom I am lineally descended, who vanquished the sons of the count Saint Paul : they may as well deny, that Don Fernando de Guevara travelled into Germany in quest of adventures, where he fought with messire⁴ George, a knight of the duke of Austria's court. They may say, also, that the justs of Suero de Quinones of the Pass⁵ were all mockery ; with the enterprises of monseigneur Louis de Falses against Don Gonzalo de Guzman, a Castilian knight ; and numberless other exploits, performed by christian heroes of these and of foreign kingdoms ; all so authentic and true, that, I affirm again, whoever denies them must be void of all sense and reason."

The admiration of the canon was increased at hearing this medley of truth and fiction, and finding how skilled our knight was in all matters any way relating to chivalry, he thus replied to him, " I cannot but confess, signor Don Quixote, that there is some truth in what you say, especially with regard to the Spanish knights-errant ; and I am also ready to allow, that the twelve peers of France really existed : but I can never believe they performed all

the exploits which are ascribed to them by archbishop Turpin: for the truth is, they were knights chosen by the kings of France, and called peers, as being all equal in rank and prowess: ⁶ at least, if they were not, they ought to have been so: and in this respect they were not unlike our religious-military orders of Saint Jago or Calatrava, all the professors of which are presumed to be cavaliers of worth, valour, and family: and, as we now say, a knight of St. John, or of Alcantara, in those times they said, a knight of the Twelve Peers, those of that military order being twelve in number, and all equal. That there was a Cid, is beyond all doubt, and a Bernardo del Carpio; but I must be allowed to suspect the truth of the wonders that are told of them. As to Peter of Provence's peg, and its standing close by Babieca's saddle, in the royal armoury, I confess my sin, in being so ignorant, or short-sighted, that, though I have seen the saddle, I never could discover the peg; which is rather strange, considering your account of its size." "Yet, without doubt, there it is," replied Don Quixote, "and as a proof, they say it is kept in a leathern case, that it may not take rust." "It may be so," answered the canon; "but, by the holy orders I have received, I do not remember to have seen it. But granting it to be there, I do not, on that account, think myself bound to believe the countless stories that are related of so many Amadis, and such a rabble-rout of knights: nor can I reconcile it to reason, that a gentleman like you, of so

honourable a nature, of such excellent parts, and endued with so good an understanding, should give credence to the strange follies and falsehoods, which in the absurd books of chivalry are written."

CHAP. XXIII.

Of the ingenious contest between Don Quixote and the canon, with other accidents.

"A GOOD jest, truly!" answered Don Quixote, "that books, printed with the licence of kings, and the approbation of sage examiners, read with general pleasure, and applauded by high and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, gentry and commonalty, in short, by every person, of whatever state or condition, should be all lies, and yet bear the special face of truth! for do they not tell us the father, mother, country, kindred, age, birthplace, and give a particular detail of every action, as daily performed by this or that knight? Good sir, be silent, and do not suffer your tongue to utter such blasphemies; and, believe me, in cautioning you thus, I am advising you to act like a person of sense and discretion. Read these books once more, and you will find what abundant pleasure the perusal will afford. For what can be more delightful, than to see, placed as it were before our eyes, a vast lake of boiling pitch, and in it a prodigious number of serpents, snakes, crocodiles, and divers other kinds of fierce and dreadful creatures,

swimming up and down ; and from the midst of the lake to hear a most horrible voice, saying, ‘ O knight, whoever thou art, that now standest beholding this tremendous lake, if thou wouldst enjoy the happiness, that lies concealed beneath these sable waters, show the valour of thy undaunted breast, and plunge thyself headlong into the midst of the black and burning liquor ; for, if thou dost not, thou wilt not be worthy to see the mighty wonders enclosed therein, and contained in the seven castles of the seven enchanted nymphs, who dwell beneath this horrid blackness.’ And scarcely has the sound of the fearful voice ceased, when without farther consideration, without reflecting upon the danger to which he exposes himself, and even without putting off his cumbersome and weighty armour, recommending himself to God and his mistress, the knight plunges into the middle of the boiling pool ; and, when he is valiantly careless what may become of him, he finds himself in the midst of flowery fields, with which those of Elysium can in no wise compare : there the sky seems more transparent, and the sun shines with a fresher brightness : before him appears a pleasing forest, so verdant and shady, that it rejoices the sight, whilst the ear is entertained with the sweet and artless notes of a countless number of little painted birds, hopping among the intricate branches : in one place he discovers a winding brook, whose cool waters, resembling liquid crystal, run murmuring over the fine sands and snowy pebbles, out-glittering sifted

gold and the purest pearl: in another, an artificial fountain, formed of variegated jasper and polished marble: in a third, a rustic grotto, in which the minute shells of the muscle, with the white and yellow wreathed houses of the snail, placed in orderly confusion, interspersed with pieces of shining crystal, and pellucid emeralds, compose a work of such variety, that art while imitating nature seems to surpass her: then on a sudden he descries a strong castle, or stately palace, of which the walls are of massy gold, the battlements of diamonds, and the gates of hyacinths; in short, the structure so admirable, that, though the materials of which it is framed are no other than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold, and emeralds, yet is the workmanship still more precious¹. After having seen all this, can any thing be more charming than to behold, sallying forth at the castle-gate, a goodly troop of damsels, whose beauty and gorgeous attire should I pretend to describe at large, as the histories do, I should never have done; and presently she, who appears to be the chief of the group, takes by the hand the daring knight who threw himself into the burning lake, and silently conducting him into the rich palace, or castle, strips him as naked as his mother bore him, and bathes him in milk-warm water, and anoints him all over with odoriferous essences, and puts on him a shirt of the finest lawn, all sweet-scented and perfumed: then comes another damsel, and throws over his shoulders a costly mantle, of the value of a city, at the very least. This

ceremony over, he is led into another apartment of the palace, where he beholds the tables spread in such admirable order, that he is struck with suspense and wonder ! then to see him wash his hands in water distilled from amber and odoriferous flowers ! to behold him seated in a chair of ivory ! to observe the damsels waiting upon him in marvellous silence ! to view the variety of delicious viands, so savourily dressed, that the appetite is at a loss to direct the hand ! to hear soft music while he is eating, without knowing who it is that sings, or whence the sounds proceed ! And when the repast is ended, and the cloth taken away, while the knight is lolling in his chair, perhaps indolently picking his teeth, according to custom, lo ! there enters unexpectedly a damsel, much more beautiful than any of the preceding, who, seating herself by his side, gives him an account of the castle, and how she is herself enchanted in it, with sundry other matters, which equally surprise the knight, and raise the admiration of those who read his history. But I will enlarge no farther on this subject ; for it cannot but be evident from what I have said, that every part of every history of knights-errant must be a source of delight and wonder to every reader. Believe me in this, sir, and as I have already advised, give these books a further perusal, and you will find, that they will banish melancholy, and if your disposition happens to be a bad one, will render it better. For my own part, I can safely aver, that, since I entered on the profession of knight-errantry, I have become va-

liant, courteous, liberal, well-bred, generous, daring, affable, and a patient sufferer of toil, captivity, and enchantment: and though so short a time has elapsed since I was enclosed in a cage like a madman, yet, by the valour of my arm, Heaven favouring, and fortune not oppugning, do I expect in a few days to see myself king of some kingdom, when I may display the gratitude and liberality sterily existing in this breast of mine: for, upon my faith, sir, the poor man is disabled from practising the virtue of liberality, in however eminent a degree he may possess it; and the gratitude, which consists only in inclination, is a dead letter, even as faith without works is dead. For which reason I should be glad that fortune would offer me speedily some opportunity of becoming an emperor, that I may show my heart, by doing good to my friends, and especially to poor Sancho Panza here, my squire, who is the honestest man in the world; and I would fain bestow on him an earldom, as I have long since promised, but that I fear he will not have ability sufficient to govern his estate."

Sancho overhearing his master's last words, said, "Take you the pains, signor Don Quixote, to procure me this same earldom, so often promised by you, and so long expected by me, and I will answer for it, there shall not be wanting ability sufficient to govern it. For supposing my head non compos to the matter, I have heard there are people in the world who farm these lordships, paying the owners so much a year, and taking upon themselves the

whole management thereof, whilst the lord himself, with outstretched legs, lolls at his ease, enjoying the rent they give him, without concerning himself any farther about it. Just so will I do, and give myself no more trouble than needs must, but throw it all upon the shoulders of another, and live upon my means like any duke, and let the world rub." "This, brother Sancho," quoth the canon, "is to be understood only as to the revenue of the earldom: but as to the administration of justice, the lord himself must look to that; and here ability, sound judgment, and especially an upright intention, are requisite; for if these be wanting in the beginning, the middle and end will always be erroneous; and therefore God usually prospers the good intentions of the simple, and disappoints the evil designs of the cunning." "I do not understand these philosophies," answered Sancho; "but this I know, I wish I may as speedily have the earldom, as I should know how to govern it; for I have as big a soul as another, and as big a body too as the best of them; and I should be as much a king of my own dominions as any he that wears a head: and being so, I would do what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and having my will, I should be contented; and when contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there's an end of it; and let the estate come in God's name; and let us see it, as one blind man said to another." "These are no bad philosophies, as you term it, Sancho,"

quoth the canon ; “ nevertheless there is a great deal more to be said upon the subject of earldoms.” To which Don Quixote replied : “ I know not what more can be said ; since I govern myself in this matter by the example of the great Amadis de Gaul, who made his squire knight of the Firm-Island ; and therefore I may, without scruple of conscience, make an earl of Sancho Panza, who is one of the best squires that ever served knight-errant.”

The methodical and orderly madness, thus evinced by Don Quixote, the manner of his describing the adventure of the knight of the lake, and the impression made upon him by those premeditated lies he had read in his books, both amused and astonished the canon, and scarcely was the simplicity of Sancho, who so vehemently desired to obtain the earldom his master had promised him, a source of less admiration.

By this time the canon’s servants had returned from the inn with the sumpter-mule ; and, spreading a carpet on the green grass, the company sat down under the shade of some trees, and dined there, that the waggoner might not lose the conveniency of the fresh pasture, as we have mentioned. While they were regaling, they heard, on a sudden, a threatening voice, and the sound of a little bell, in a thicket of briars and thorns that was near ; and at the same instant skipped from the thicket, a beautiful she-goat, speckled with black, white, and gray, followed by a goatherd, calling to her, in his wonted language,

to stop and come back to the fold. The fugitive goat, trembling and affrighted, betook herself to the company, and there stopped, as if for protection. The goatherd approached, and taking her by the horns, as if she were capable of discourse and reasoning, said to her, " Ah! wanton, spotted fool! what caprice hath made thee ramble thus of late? Has any wolf terrified thee, child? Tell me, pretty one, what it means? But what else can it mean, but that thou art a female, and therefore canst not be quiet? A plague on thy humours, and on all theirs, whom thou resemblest so much! Turn back, my love, turn back; for though, perhaps, thou wilt not be so contented, at least thou wilt be more safe in thy own fold, and among thy own companions: and if thou, who shouldst look after, and guide them, go so much astray, what must become of them?" These words of the goatherd delighted all who heard them, and especially the canon, who said to him; " I entreat you, brother, not to be in such haste to force back this goat to her fold; for since, as you say, she is a female, she will follow her natural bent, whatever pains you may take to hinder her. Here, take this morsel, and a cup of wine; it will assuage your choler, and in the mean while the goat will rest herself." And he gave him the hind quarter of a cold rabbit on the point of a fork, which the goatherd thankfully received, and having drank, he sat down quietly, and said, " I would not have you, gentlemen, take me for a fool, for talking sense to this animal:

for the words I spoke to her are not without a mystery. I am a rustic, it is true, yet not so much a bumpkin but I know the difference between conversing with men and brutes." "I believe so," said the priest; "for I have myself known the mountains breed learned men, and the cottages of shepherds contain philosophers." "At least, sir," replied the goatherd, "they afford instances of men who have gained knowledge from experience; and to convince you of this, though I seem to invite myself without being asked, if it be not tiresome to you, and you are pleased, gentlemen, to lend me your attention, I will tell you a true story, which will confirm what I, and this same gentleman," pointing to the priest, "have said."

To this Don Quixote replied, "Seeing the business wears the face of an adventure, I, for my part, will listen to you, brother, with all my heart, and so I know will these gentlemen, who are discreet and ingenious persons, and such as love to hear curious novelties, that surprise, gladden, and entertain the senses, as I have no doubt your story will do. So begin, friend, for we are all attention." "I draw my stake," quoth Sancho, "and, with permission, shall hie me with this pasty to yonder brook, where I intend to lay in store for three days; for I have heard my master, Don Quixote, say, that the squire of a knight-errant must eat when he can, and till he can eat no longer, because it often happens, that they get into some wood so intricate, that there is no

hitting the way out in six days ; and then, if a man has not his belly well lined, or his wallet well provided, there he may remain, and often does remain, till he is turned into a mummy." "Thou art in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote ; "go whither thou wilt, and eat what thou canst ; for my part, I am already sated, and want only to give my mind its repast, which I am going to do by listening to this honest man's story." "We will all do the same," quoth the canon, who desired the goatherd to begin the tale he had promised. The goatherd gave his spotted nanny, which he held by the horns, two kindly slaps on the back with the palm of his hand, saying, "Lie thee down by me, speckled fool ; for we have time and to spare for returning to our fold." The goat seemed to understand him ; for, as soon as her master was seated, she laid herself quietly at his feet, and, looking up in his face, seemed to signify she was attentive to what he was going to relate, and he began his story thus.—

CHAP. XXIV.

Which treats of what the goatherd related to all those who accompanied Don Quixote.

"ABOUT three leagues from this valley is a town, which, though but small, is one of the richest for many miles round ; and in that town dwelt a farmer of so excellent a character, that, though esteem is

usually annexed to riches, yet was he more respected for his virtue, than for the wealth he possessed. But what completed his happiness, as he used to say to himself, was his having a daughter of such extraordinary beauty, rare discretion, graceful manners, and virtuous conduct, that whoever knew and beheld her was in admiration, to see the surpassing endowments wherewith Heaven and nature had enriched her. She was pretty when a child, and, as she grew up, became still more and more so, till, at the age of sixteen, she was beauty itself. And now her fame began to extend itself through all the neighbouring villages: villages, do I say? It spread to the remotest cities, and even made its way into the palaces of kings, and reached the ears of all sorts of people, who flocked from every quarter to see her, as if she had been some relic, or wonder-working image. Her father guarded her, and she guarded herself; for there are no padlocks, nor bolts, nor bars, that secure a maiden better than her own reserve. The wealth of the father, and the beauty of the daughter, induced many, both of the town and strangers, to ask her in marriage. But he, whose right it was to dispose of so precious a jewel, was perplexed, not knowing, amidst so great a number of importunate suitors, on which to bestow her. Among the many, who were thus disposed, I was one, and I flattered myself with no small hope of success, being known to her father, born in the same village, untainted in blood, in the flower of my age, tolerable as to worldly circumstances,

and of no despicable understanding. With the very same advantages, another of our village asked her also in marriage; which occasioned a suspense and balancing of will in her father, who thought his daughter would be very well matched with either of us: and, to get out of this perplexity, he determined to acquaint Leandra with it,—for that is the damsel's name who has reduced me to this wretched state,—considering, that, since our pretensions were equal, it was best to leave the choice to her; an example worthy the imitation of all parents, who would marry their children happily. I do not say, they should give them their choice in things prejudicial to their interest; but they should place what is good before them, and let them choose according to their taste. For my part, I know not which of us Leandra liked best: but her father put us both off, by pleading the too tender age of his daughter, and in so civil a way, that, while it laid no obligation upon him, disobliged neither of us. My rival's name is Anselmo, and mine Eugenio; for it is proper you should know the names of the persons concerned in this tragedy, the catastrophe of which is still depending, though it is not difficult to foresee it will be disastrous.

“ About that time there came to our town one Vincent de la Rosa, son of a poor farmer of the village, of that name; which Vincent was just returned out of Italy, and other countries, where he

had served in the wars. A captain, who happened to march through the town with his company, had decoyed him away at twelve years of age, and the young man came back, at the end of twelve more, in the garb of a soldier, set off with manifold colours, and bedecked with a thousand crystal trinkets and fine steel chains. To-day he put on one gay suit, to-morrow another: but all his finery was slight and counterfeit, of little weight and less value. The country-folks, who are naturally malicious, and, when idle, even malice itself, observed, and reckoned up all his several trappings and gewgaws, and found that they did not exceed three suits of apparel, of different colours, with hose and garters: but he disguised them so many different ways, and had so many ingenious inventions, that, had they not been counted, one would have sworn he had above ten suits, and more than twenty plumes of feathers: and you must not, gentlemen, look upon this account of his dress as impertinent or superfluous; for it forms a considerable part of the story. He used to seat himself on a stone bench, under a great poplar-tree in our market-place, and there would hold us all gaping, at the astonishing exploits he related. There was no country on the whole globe he had not seen, nor any battle in which he had not been engaged. He had slain more Moors than are in Morocco and Tunis together, and fought more duels, by his own account, than Gante, Luna, Diego Garcia de Paredes, and numberless others, and always came off victorious,

without the loss of a single drop of blood. Then again he would be showing us marks of wounds, which, though they were not to be discerned, he would persuade us were so many musket-shots, received in various actions and encounters. In a word, with unheard-of arrogance, he would thee and thou his equals and acquaintance, boasting, that his arm was his father, his deeds his pedigree, and that, as a soldier, he owed the king himself nothing. To these ostentatious qualities was added, that of his being a musician ; for he could thrum upon the guitar, so as to be just able to make it speak. Nor did his graces and accomplishments end here ; for he was also a bit of a poet, and would compose a ballad, a league and a half long, on every childish incident that happened in the village.

“ Now this soldier whom I have described, this Vincent de la Rosa, this hero, this gallant, this musician, this poet, was often seen and admired by Leandra, from a window of her house, which faced the market-place. She was struck with the tinsel of his gaudy apparel : his ballads enchanted her ; for he distributed at least twenty copies of whatever he composed : the exploits he related of himself reached her ears : in short, for so, it seems, the devil had ordained, she fell downright in love with him, before he had entertained even the presumption of making court to her : and as, in affairs of love, none are so easily accomplished as those which are favoured by the inclination of the lady, Leandra and Vincent

quickly came to a right understanding ; and, before any of the multitude of her suitors had the least suspicion of her design, it was already accomplished : for she left the house of her dearly beloved father, for mother she had none, and eloped with the soldier, who came off in this enterprise more triumphantly, than from any of those which he had so vauntingly related. This event filled the whole town, and all who heard of it, with amazement. I, for my part, was confounded, Anselmo thunderstruck, her father beside himself, her kindred ashamed, justice alarmed, and the troopers of the holy brotherhood all on the alert. They beset the highways, and searched the woods, leaving no place unexplored ; and, at the end of three days, they found the poor fond Leandra in a cave of a mountain, naked to her shift, and stripped, besides her clothes, of a large sum of money, and several valuable jewels, she had taken with her when she made her escape. Being brought back into the presence of her disconsolate father, and asked how this misfortune had happened, she readily confessed, that Vincent de la Rosa had deceived her, and, upon promise of marriage, had induced her to leave her home, telling her he would carry her to Naples, the richest and most delicious city of the whole world ; that through too much fondness and credulity, she had believed his false professions, and, robbing her father, had put herself under his protection the night she was first missing : that he conveyed her to a mountain, and shut her up in the cave, in which

they had found her, and left her there, and fled, after having plundered her of every thing but her honour; a circumstance which excited more wonder than any thing else; a soldier's continence being difficult of belief: but she affirmed it with such earnest, and solemn asseveration, that her father was in a manner comforted, valuing, as of little comparative worth, the other riches which the soldier had taken from his daughter, since he had left her that jewel, which, once lost, can never be recovered.

“ The very same day that Leandra returned, she disappeared again from the eyes of her numerous suitors, her father having shut her up in a nunnery in an adjacent village, in the hope, that time would in some degree wear out the stain, which her reputation had suffered. By those who had no interest in her being either good or bad, her tender years were alleged as some excuse for her fault; but those who were acquainted with her good sense and extraordinary understanding, could not ascribe it to ignorance, but to mere levity, and the natural propensity of the sex, which is generally unreflecting and inordinate. Leandra being thus secluded from the world, Anselmo's eyes were blinded; at least they saw nothing that could afford them any satisfaction: and mine were in darkness, without light to direct them to any pleasurable object. We cursed the soldier's finery, exclaimed against the father's want of precaution; and at last finding our sadness increase, and our patience diminish, we agreed, Anselmo and

I, to quit the town, and repair to this valley, where, he feeding a great number of his own sheep, and I a numerous herd of my own goats, we pass our lives among these trees, giving vent to our passions, sometimes in concert, singing together the praises or reproaches of the fair Leandra, or sighing alone, each apart pouring forth his complaints to Heaven. In imitation of us, other suitors of Leandra have betaken themselves to the mountains or vales, exercising the same employments; and so numerous are they, so full is the country round of shepherds and folds, that it seems to be converted into the pastoral Arcadia; nor is there any part of it where the name of the beautiful Leandra is not heard. One utters execrations against her, calling her fond, fickle, and immodest: another condemns her forwardness and levity: some excuse and pardon; others arraign and reprobate: one celebrates her beauty; another rails at her disposition: in short, all blame, and all adore her; and to such a pitch is this madness carried, that, among this tribe of lovers, are some who complain of her disdain, though they never spoke to her, and others who bemoan themselves, tortured with the rage of jealousy, though she never gave the slightest occasion; for, as I have already mentioned, her guilt was known before her inclination. There is no hollow of a rock, no margin of a rivulet, no shade of a tree, that is not occupied by some shepherd, recounting his misfortunes to the winds; wherever an echo can be formed, it repeats

the name of Leandra ; the mountains resound with Leandra ; the brooks murmur Leandra, in short, Leandra holds us all in enchantment and suspense, hoping against hope, and fearing without knowing what. Of these madmen, he, who shows the least thought, and has the most sense, is my rival Anselmo, who, though he has so many other causes of complaint, complains only of absence, tuning his lamentations to the sound of a rebec, which he touches to admiration, in verses which prove the excellence of his genius. I follow an easier, and, in my opinion, a better course, which is to inveigh against the levity of women, their inconstancy, and double-dealing, their vapid promises, and broken faith ; and, in short, the little discretion they show in placing their affections, or making a choice, in a business of most importance to their happiness. This, gentlemen, was the cause of the language I used to this goat ; for, being a female, I despise her, though she is the best of my flock ; and this is the story I promised you. If I have been tedious in relating it, I will endeavour to make amends by my service ; hard by is my cottage, where you will find new milk, savoury cheese, with the various fruits of the season, no less agreeable to the sight than gratifying to the taste."

CHAP. XXV.

Of the quarrel between Don Quixote and the goatherd, with the rare adventure of the disciplinants, which he happily accomplished with the sweat of his brows.

THE goatherd's tale gave extreme pleasure to the whole company, and especially to the canon, who was struck with his manner of telling it, which rather resembled that of the polite courtier, than of the unpolished rustic; and he therefore said, that the priest was right in observing, that the mountains often produced men of letters. They all offered their service to Eugenio, but the most liberal in compliment was Don Quixote, who said to him, "In truth, brother goatherd, were I in a capacity of undertaking any new adventure, I would immediately sally forth to do you a good turn, by rescuing Leandra from the captivity, in which, doubtless, she is held against her will, in spite of the abbess of the nunnery and all opposers, and delivering her into your hands, to be disposed of according to your pleasure; so far at least as is consistent with the laws of chivalry, which enjoin that no wrong be offered to damsels. However, I hope in God our Lord, that the power of one malicious enchanter will not always so far prevail, but that the power of another and more righteous one may counteract his wickedness; and then I promise you my aid and protection, as I am bound to do by my profession, which is no other than to favour

the weak and necessitous." The goatherd stared at Don Quixote; and, observing his bad plight and scurvy appearance, he whispered the barber, who sat next him, "Pray, sir, who is that strange figure, that looks and talks so wildly?" "Who should it be," answered the barber, "but the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the protector of maidens, the dread of giants, and the conqueror of battles?" "This," said the goatherd, "resembles what I have read in the stories of knights-errant, to whose prowess such things are ascribed: but in the present instance, either your worship is in jest, or the apartments in this gentleman's skull are unfurnished." "Thou art a most precious rascal," said Don Quixote, overhearing what was said: "it is thy own skull that is unfurnished and empty, thou shallow-brained driveller: mine is fuller than ever was the whoreson drab that bore thee;" and muttering on, he snatched up a loaf that was near him, and threw it at the goatherd with such fury, that he levelled his nose with his face. The goatherd, who did not understand raillery, and perceiving how much in earnest he was treated, without respect to the carpet, which was the table-cloth, or to the company that sat round it, leaped upon Don Quixote, and, griping him by the throat with both hands, would doubtless have strangled him, had not Sancho Panza come up at the instant, and, taking him by the shoulders, thrown him backwards, demolishing the

dishes and plates, and spilling and overturning every thing that had contributed to the entertainment. The knight, finding himself free, ran full tilt at the goatherd, who, being at the same time kicked and trampled upon by Sancho, and his face all over bloody, was feeling about, upon all fours, for a knife, to take some sanguinary revenge, but the canon and the priest prevented him; however the barber contrived maliciously, that the goatherd should get Don Quixote under him, and he then poured on him such a shower of buffets and cuffs, that there rained as much blood from the visage of the poor knight as from his own. The canon and the priest were ready to burst with laughter; while the troopers of the holy brotherhood dancing and capering for joy, stood hallooing them on, as people encourage dogs when they are fighting. Sancho only was at his wit's end, for being held fast by one of the canon's servants, he was no longer able to assist his master. In short, while all were in high glee and merriment, excepting the two combatants, who were still worrying one another, on a sudden the sound of a trumpet was heard, so truly dismal, that every one instantly turned towards the place from whence it was supposed to proceed; but the person who was most alert at hearing it was Don Quixote, who, though still under the goatherd, sorely against his will, and more than indifferently mauled, said to him, "Brother devil, for sure thou canst be nothing else, thus to subdue my valour and strength, I submit to ask a truce for an hour; for the dolorous

sound of that trumpet, which reaches my ear, appears to summon me to some new adventure." The goat-herd, who by this time was pretty well weary both of mauling and of being mauled, immediately let go his hold, and the knight getting upon his legs, looked wistfully round, and presently saw several persons, descending from a rising ground, arrayed in white, after the manner of disciplinants.¹

The case was this. That year the heavens had failed to refresh the earth with seasonable showers, and through all the villages of the district processions and disciplines were resorted to, and public prayers offered up, beseeching God to open the hands of his mercy, and send down rain: and for this purpose the people of a neighbouring town were coming in procession to a devout hermitage, built upon the side of a hill bordering upon the valley. Don Quixote, perceiving the strange attire of the disciplinants, without recollecting how often he must have witnessed such sights before, imagined it to be some adventure, which it belonged to him, as a knight-errant, to achieve: and he was confirmed in this imagination, by an image in black² carried in the procession, which he had no doubt was some lady of rank, whom the miscreants and discourteous ruffians were forcing away. This whim no sooner entered his head, than he ran with agility to his steed, who was grazing in the valley; and taking the bridle and buckler from the pommel of the saddle, he bridled him in a trice, and, demanding from Sancho his sword, he mounted, and having braced

his target, with a loud voice said to all that were present, "Now, my worthy friends, you shall see of what consequence it is that there are persons in the world who profess the order of chivalry: now shall you see, by my restoring that captive lady to liberty, whether knights-errant are to be valued or not:" and applying his heels to Rozinante, for spurs he had none, and on a hand gallop, for we nowhere read, in all this faithful history, that Rozinante ever went full speed, he hastened to encounter the disciplinants. In vain did the priest, the canon, and the barber, endeavour to stop him; in vain did Sancho cry aloud, saying, "Whither go you, signor Don Quixote? what devils are driving you to assault the catholic faith? a curse upon me! look, it is a procession of disciplinants, and the lady, carried upon the bier, an image of the blessed and immaculate Virgin: have a care what you do; for this once I am sure you do not know." Sancho wearied himself to no purpose; for his master was so bent upon encountering the men in white, and delivering the lady in black, that he did not hear a word, and, if he had, would not have returned, though the king himself had commanded him.

Having reached the procession, he checked Rozinante, who had already evinced an inclination to rest a little, and, with a hoarse disordered voice, said, "You there, who, for no good, cover your faces, stop, and lend an ear to what I shall say." The bearers of the image, who were first in the procession, stood still; and one of the four ecclesiastics, who sung the

Litanies, observing the strange figure of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rozinante, and other ridiculous circumstances attending the knight, answered in these words, " My good friend, if you have any thing to say, speak quickly ; for these our brethren are scourging their flesh, and we cannot stop, nor is it reasonable we should, to hear any thing that cannot be said in two words." " I will say it in one," replied Don Quixote, " and it is this ; that you immediately set at liberty that fair lady, whose tears and sorrowful countenance are evident tokens, that you have done her some villanous wrong, and are carrying away against her will : and I, who was born into the world to redress such wrongs, will not suffer you to proceed a step farther, till she has obtained the liberty, which she so much desires and deserves." These strange expressions led those who heard them to suppose, that the speaker was some whimsical madman, and they only replied by a hearty laugh ; which, adding fuel to the fire of Don Quixote's choler, without saying another word, he drew his sword, and attacked the bearers ; one of whom advanced to the encounter, brandishing the pole upon which, when weary, they rested the bier. This weapon, with a furious back stroke, Don Quixote cut in two, but received with the portion of it that remained in the hand of his antagonist such a blow on the shoulder of his sword-arm, that, his buckler proving an insufficient guard, he fell to the ground in woful plight. Sancho Panza, who came puffing close after his master, seeing him

prostrate, called to his adversary not to strike again, for he was a poor enchanted knight, who never had done harm to any body, all the days of his life. But that which made the rustic forbear, was not Sancho's entreaty, but his observing that Don Quixote stirred neither hand nor foot; and therefore, believing him to be dead, he hastily tucked up his frock under his girdle, and scampered away over the valley, with the nimbleness of a buck.

By this time all Don Quixote's party had come up to the place where he lay senseless, and the processioners, seeing them approach, and with them the troopers of the holy brotherhood with their crossbows, began to fear some evil event, and formed themselves into a circle round the image; then the disciplinants, lifting up their hoods,³ and grasping their whips, and the ecclesiastics their long tapers, they waited the assault, determined to defend themselves, and, if necessary, to act offensively against their aggressors. But fortune ordered it better than they imagined; for all that Sancho seemed inclined to do was to throw himself upon the body of his master, pouring forth the most doleful and ridiculous lamentation, verily believing he was dead; and our priest being known to a brother priest in the procession, the fears of the two squadrons were dissipated. Our priest having given the other an account in two words who Don Quixote was, the whole rout of disciplinants crowded to see whether the poor knight was dead or not; when they heard Sancho Panza,

with tears in his eyes, thus bewailing, "O flower of chivalry, who by one single thwack hast finished the career of thy well-spent life! O glory of thy race, credit and renown of La Mancha, yea of the whole world, which, by wanting thee, will be over-run with evil-doers, who will no longer fear chastisement for their iniquities! O liberal above all Alexanders, since only, for eight months' service, thou hast given me the best island the sea doth compass or begird! O thou, that wert humble with the haughty, and arrogant with the humble, undertaker of dangers, sufferer of affronts, in love without cause, imitator of the good, scourge of the wicked, enemy of the base; in a word, knight-errant, which is all in all, so no more can be said!"⁴ Sancho's cries and lamentations revived Don Quixote, and the first word he feebly uttered was, "He who lives banished from thee, sweetest Dulcinea, is subject to greater miseries than these. Friend Sancho, help to lay me on the enchanted car; for I am no longer in a condition to press the saddle of Rozinante, this whole shoulder being completely mashed." "That I will do with all my heart, dear sir," answered Sancho; "and let us return home in company of these gentlemen, who wish you well, and we will there plan another sally, which may turn out to greater profit and renown." "Thou advisest well, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and it will be prudent in us to wait till the malign influence of the star, which now reigns, is over-passed."⁵ The canon the priest, and the barber,

expressed their approbation, and, pleased with the simplicities of Sancho Panza, they placed his master in the waggon, as before.

The procession resumed its former order, and went on its way. The goatherd bid them all farewell. The troopers unwilling to go farther, were paid by the priest what they had been promised for their trouble. The canon, requesting the priest to acquaint him with the future fate of Don Quixote, and whether his madness was cured or continued, took leave also, and pursued his journey. In fine, they all parted, except the priest, the barber, Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the trusty Rozinante, who bore all accidents as patiently as his master. The waggoner yoked his oxen, and, having accommodated Don Quixote with a truss of hay, jogged on with his accustomed pace, in the road the priest directed. On the sixth day they arrived at Don Quixote's village. They entered it about noon; and as it was Sunday, groups of idle people were standing about the market-place, by which it was necessary to pass. Every body ran to see who was in the waggon, and, when they found it was their townsman, they were greatly surprised, and a boy posted full speed to acquaint the housekeeper and niece, that their uncle and master was coming home, weak and pale, and stretched upon a truss of hay, in a waggon drawn by oxen. It was piteous, to hear the outcries the two good women raised, to see the buffetings they inflicted on themselves, and how they cursed afresh the wicked

books of chivalry; all which things were renewed with increasing violence when they saw the poor knight enter at the gate.

Upon the news of Don Quixote's arrival at his house, Sancho Panza's wife, who knew her husband had gone with him to serve him as his squire, repaired thither; and as soon as she saw Sancho, the first question she asked him was, whether the ass was come home well. Sancho answered that he was, and in a better plight than his master. "The Lord be praised," cried she, "for so great a mercy. But tell me, husband, what good have you got by your squireship? what petticoat do you bring home for me, and what shoes for your children?" "I bring no petticoat and no shoes, dear wife," quoth Sancho; "but I bring other things of greater moment and consequence." "I am very glad of that," answered the wife: "pray show me these things of greater moment and consequence, my friend; for I would fain see them, to rejoice this heart of mine, which has been so sad and discontented all the wearisome time of your absence." "You shall see them at home," quoth Sancho; "and hear me, wife, be satisfied at present; for if it please God, that we set out again in quest of adventures, you will soon see me an earl or governor of an island, and no ordinary one either, but one of the best that is to be had." "Grant Heaven it may be so, husband," quoth the wife, "for we have need enough of it. But pray tell me what

you mean by islands ; for I do not understand you.” “ Honey is not for the mouth of an ass,” answered Sancho : “ in good time you shall see, wife, yea, and admire to hear yourself styled ladyship by all your vassals.” “ What do you mean, Sancho, by ladyship, islands, and vassals ?” answered Teresa Panza ; for that was the name of Sancho’s wife, though they were not of kin, for it is the custom in La Mancha for the wife to take the name of the husband. “ Be not in so much haste, Teresa, to know all this,” said Sancho ; “ let it suffice that I tell you the truth, so sew up your mouth. It may be well however to inform you, that there is nothing in the world so pleasant to an honest man, as to be squire to a knight-errant, and seeker of adventures. It is true, most of them are not so much to a man’s mind as he could wish ; for ninety-nine out of a hundred that one meets with fall out cross and unlucky. This I know by experience ; for I have sometimes come off tossed in a blanket, and sometimes well cudgelled. Yet for all that, it is a fine thing to be in expectation of accidents, traversing mountains, ransacking woods, marching over rocks, visiting castles, lodging in inns, all at discretion, and the devil a farthing to pay.”

While this dialogue passed between Sancho and his wife, the housekeeper and the niece received Don Quixote ; and, having taken off his clothes, they laid him in his old bed, whence he eyed them askance, not knowing perfectly where he was. The priest charged the niece to treat her uncle with great ten-

derness, and give him such food as would best nourish him, and cautioned them both to keep a watchful eye over him, lest he should once more give them the slip, telling them the difficulty he had had to get him home to his house. Here the two women burst forth again, execrating all books of chivalry, and begging of Heaven to confound to the centre of the abyss the authors of so many lies and absurdities; in short, they were full of trouble and anxiety, lest they should lose him a third time, as soon as he found himself a little recovered; and it fell out as they imagined. But the author of this history, though he applied himself, with the utmost curiosity and diligence, to trace the exploits performed in his third sally, could get no account of them, at least from any authentic writings; except, that fame has preserved in the memoirs of La Mancha, that in this instance, he went to Saragossa,⁶ where he was present at a famous tournament, and that many things happened to him worthy of his valour and good understanding. Nor should he have learned any thing concerning his death, if a lucky accident⁷ had not brought him acquainted with an aged physician, who had in his possession a leaden box, found, as he said, under the ruins of an ancient hermitage then rebuilding: in which box was a parchment manuscript written in Gothic characters, but in Castilian verse, containing many of his achievements, and describing the beauty of Dulcinea del Toboso, the figure of Rozinante, the fidelity of Sancho Panza, and the burial of Don

Quixote himself, with several epitaphs and eulogies on his life and manners. All that could be read, and perfectly made out, were those hereto annexed by the faithful author of this strange and never-before-seen history: which author desires no other reward from those who shall read it, in recompense of the vast pains it has cost him to inquire into and search all the archives of La Mancha to bring it to light, but that they would favour him with the same credit that intelligent persons give to books of knight-errantry, which are so well received in the world; and he will reckon himself well paid, and will rest satisfied; and will moreover be encouraged to seek and find out others, at least as full of invention and entertainment, if not so true.

The eulogies and epitaphs contained in the parchment, which was found in the leaden box, were these.

The Academicians of Argamasilla, a town of La Mancha, on the life and death of the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, wrote this.

Monicongo, Academician of Argamasilla, on the sepulture of Don Quixote.

EPITAPH.

La Mancha's thunderbolt of war,
 The sharpest wit and loftiest muse,
 The arm, which from Gaëta far
 To Catai did its force diffuse :

He, who, through love and valour's fire,
 Outstript great Amadis's fame,
 Bid warlike Galaor retire,
 And silenced Belianis' name :

He who, with helmet, sword, and shield,
 On Rozinante, steed well known,
 Adventures sought in many a field,
 Lies underneath this frozen stone.

Paniaguado, Academician of Argamasilla, in praise of Dulcinea
 del Toboso.

SONNET.

She, whom you see, the plump and lusty dame,
 With high erected chest and vigorous mien,
 Was erst th' enamour'd knight Don Quixote's flame,
 The fair Dulcinea, of Toboso queen.

For her, arm'd cap-a-pee with sword and shield,
 He trod the sable mountain o'er and o'er ;
 For her he traversed Montiel's well-known field,
 And in her service toils unnumber'd bore.
 Hard fate! that death should crop so fine a flower,
 And Love o'er such a knight exert his tyrant power!

Caprichoso, a most ingenious Academician of Argamasilla, in
 praise of Don Quixote's horse, Rozinante.

SONNET.

On the aspiring adamantine trunk
 Of an huge tree, whose root with slaughter drunk
 Sends forth a scent of war, La Mancha's knight,
 Frantic with valour, and return'd from fight,

His bloody standard trembling in the air,
 Hangs up his glittering armour, beaming far,
 With that fine-temper'd steel, whose edge o'erthrows,
 Hacks, hews, confounds, and routs opposing foes.
 Unheard of prowess! and unheard of verse!
 But art new strains invents new glories to rehearse.

If Amadis to Grecia gives renown,
 Much more her chief does fierce Bellona crown,
 Prizing La Mancha more than Gaul or Greece,
 As Quixote triumphs over Amadis.
 Oblivion ne'er shall shroud his glorious name,
 Whose very horse stands up to challenge fame,
 Illustrious Rozinante, wond'rous steed!
 Not with more generous pride, or mettled speed,
 His rider erst Rinaldo's Bayard bore,
 Or his mad lord Orlando's Brilladore.

Burlador, the little Academician of Argamasilla, on Sancho Panza.

SONNET.

See Sancho Panza, view him well,
 And let this verse his praises tell.
 His body was but small, 'tis true,
 Yet had a soul as large as two.
 No guile he knew, like some before him,
 But simple as his mother bore him.
 This gentle squire on gentle ass
 Went gentle Rozinante's pace,
 Following his lord from place to place.
 To be an earl he did aspire,
 And reason good for such desire:
 But worth, in these ungrateful times,
 To envy'd honour seldom climbs.
 Vain mortals, give your wishes o'er,
 And trust the flatterer Hope no more,

Whose promises, whate'er they seem,
End in a shadow or a dream.

Cachidiablo, Academician of Argamasilla, on the sepulture of Don
Quixote.

EPITAPH.

Here lies an evil-errant knight,
Well bruised in many a fray,
Whose courser, Rozinante hight,
Long bore him many a way.

Close by his loving master's side
Lies booby Sancho Panza,
A trusty squire, of courage tried,
And true as ever man saw.

Tiquitoc, Academician of Argamasilla, on the sepulture of Dulcinea
del Toboso.

Dulcinea, fat and fleshy, lies
Beneath this frozen stone,
But, since to frightful death a prize,
Reduced to skin and bone.

Of goodly parentage she came,
And had the lady in her;
She was the great Don Quixote's flame,
But only death could win her.

These were all the verses that could be read: the rest, the parchment being worm-eaten, were consigned to one of the academicians, to unravel their

meaning by conjecture. We are informed, that after many lucubrations, and much pains, he has succeeded, and that he designs to publish them, giving hope of Don Quixote's third sally.

“Forsi altro cantarà con miglior plectro.”



NOTES.

BOOK IV. CHAP. I.

- | Note | Page |
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| 1, | 1. In the original, carded, twisted, and reeled. |
| 2, | 6. Who murdered Sancho king of Castile, at the siege of Camora. |
| 3, | ib. Who betrayed the French army at Roncesvalles. |
| 4, | 7. That is, original Spaniards, without mixture of Moor or Jew, for several generations, such only being qualified for titles of honour. |
| 5, | 17. A kind of apprentice or farmer's journeyman. |

CHAP. II.

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| 1, | 34. Literally, "while one may say, take away those straws." |
| 2, | 36. A swift beast of Africa, like a mule. |
| 3, | ib. An university of Spain, now Alcala de Henares. |
| 4, | 40. The priest had clipped off Cardenio's beard in haste. |

CHAP. III.

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| 1, | 45. So the queen of Dacia, hearing of the renown of Amadis, makes a voyage to the "firm island," to implore his assistance. <i>Amadis de Gaul</i> , b. 3, ch. 26. |
| 2, | ib. Don Horsewhip, or Don Minc'd-meat. |
| 3, | 46. Explandian had seven red letters on his shoulder, which Urganda the enchantress interpreted to signify, that his heart would be inflamed with violent love. <i>Amadis de Gaul</i> , b. 3, ch. 31.
The same knight strips off his shirt, in the company of |

Note Page

- kings, emperors, and princes, to show the characters he was born with. *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 3, ch. 54.
- 4, 46. This whimsical anti-climax brings to mind the instances of that figure in the "Art of sinking in Poetry," especially this:
- "Under the tropics is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke."
Pope and Swift's *Miscellanies*, vol. iii. p. 57.
- Shelton, taking it, I suppose, for an error of the press, has put *Æthiopia* for *La Mancha*.
- 5, 47. This geographical error of the princess is, probably, a satire on the very same mistake by the historian *Mariana*, who very gravely relates, that *Quintus Fabius Maximus Emilianus*, the consul, having sent 15,000 men into Spain against *Viriatus*, these troops were landed at a city called *Orsuna*, or *Ussuna*, in *Andalusia*: whereas this city is many leagues from the sea. From whence we may conclude, there are many other fine satirical strokes, in this work, on the Spanish writers, which we cannot point out, for want of a thorough acquaintance with the authors.
- 6, ib. *Arlanda*, princess of *Thrace*, desiring *Don Florisel* of *Niquea* to revenge the death of her brother, offers to make him master of her crown and person. *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 9, ch. 14.
- The giant *Gudulfo*, resolving to marry the *infanta* of the *Cytherea* islands, whether she will or no, is killed by the knight of the green armour, to whom the lady makes an offer of her dominions, as a reward of his service. *Ibid.* ch. 36.
- 7, 49. It does not appear by the story, either that *Gines* took away *Don Quixote's* sword, or that the knight had in any way exchanged his own for another.
- 8, 50. Literally, "without saying, this mouth is mine."
- 9, 55. Observe, in how ingenious and artful a manner *Cervantes* praises his own skill and dexterity in hitting the character of *Don Quixote*.

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| 10, | 55. In the original, <i>Echemos pelillos a la mar</i> , i. e. Let us throw little hairs into the sea. |

CHAP. IV.

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| 1, | 57. A mark of the profoundest respect. |
| 2, | 58. The author seems here to have forgotten himself a little; for in the description of Don Quixote's penance (book 3, ch. 11,) we find him naked from the waist downwards; which occasioned Sancho's seeing what he should not have seen. |
| 3, | 59. In Italy and Spain, gloves are usually perfumed. |
| 4, | 60. Here the author softens the satire upon the Biscayners. |
| 5, | 61. A proverbial expression, signifying that "a good thing is always seasonable." The Spaniards, for the sake of warmth, wear sleeves in winter, till about Easter; but, if the weather continue cold, sleeves may be proper after Easter. |
| 6, | 64. Sancho had not told his master in what manner he intended to dispose of his negroes, but had only resolved upon it in soliloquy. But this is no negligence in our author, but rather a fine stroke of humour, as it supposes Sancho so strongly possessed with the thought, that he does not distinguish whether he had said it to his master, or to himself only. |
| 7, | 66. These must be the ragged apparel which Cardenio wore before he was dressed in the priest's short cassock and cloak. |
| 8, | 69. The stranger knight, in <i>Amadis de Gaul</i> , b. 9, ch. 24, fighting with Florisel, to carry off Sylvia from him, they are parted by a damsel, who puts the stranger in mind of a similar promise. Instances of this sort are indeed numberless. |

CHAP. V.

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| 1, | 77. Children in Spain, we are told, make puppets resembling friars out of bean-cods, by breaking as much of |
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the upper end as discovers part of the first bean, which is to represent the bald head, and letting the broken cod hang back like a cowl.

CHAP. VI.

- 1, 81. Curioso Impertinente. I have rendered this title, as all our translators have done, verbatim; though, in strict propriety of speech, the novel ought to be entitled, The Impertinently Curious, since it is certain, that the subject of it is, not Anselmo's Curious Impertinence, but his Impertinent Curiosity.
- 2, 83. The Spanish and Italian husbands are more inclined to jealousy than those of any other nation.
- 3, 84. Both Shelton and Motteux have put this sentiment into Anselmo's mouth.
- 4, ib. The original is dezmar, to decimate.
- 5, 86. Casta est, quam nemo rogavit. Ovid.
The nymph may be chaste that has never been try'd,
Prior.
- 6, 93. This poem, written originally in Italian, was translated into Spanish by Juan Sedeno, and into French by Malherbe.
- 7, ib. Ariosto in Orlando Furioso.
- 8, 102. The original is "supo tan bien fingir la necesidad, ò necedad de su auscencia," &c. that is, "he knew so well how to feign the necessity, or rather folly of his absence," &c. but it being impossible to retain the gingle of necesidad and necedad in the translation, it was thought proper to give the sentence somewhat a different turn. Note, Shelton, Motteux, &c. have quite omitted it.

CHAP. VII.

- 1, 119. As if we should say, sightly, sprightly, sincere, and secret.
- 2, 120. It was impossible here to translate the original exactly,

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it being necessary to use words the initial letters of which follow in an alphabetical order.

- 3, 120. This is something like that play in use among us; "I love my love with an A, because he is amorous," &c.

CHAP. VIII.

- 1, 139. In Spain they keep their wines in the skin of a hog, goat, sheep, or other beast.
- 2, 142. So the knight of the "burning sword" dreams of finishing the adventure of disenchanting the princess of Ni-queè, and wakes as much fatigued and out of breath as if it had been real. *Amad. de Gaul*, b. 8. ch. 31.
- 3, ib. In allusion to the joy of the mob in Spain, when they see the bulls coming.

CHAP. IX.

- 1, 152. That is, with short stirrups, a mode of riding which the Spaniards took from the Arabians, and is still used by all the African and eastern nations, and part of the northern, particularly the Hungarians, and is advantageous in fight: for, when ready to strike with their sabres, they rise on their stirrups, and, following as it were the blow, give more force to it.
- 2, ib. The original is *antifaces*. *Antifaz* is a piece of thin black silk, which the Spaniards wear before their faces in travelling, not for disguise, but as a guard against the dust and the sun. We have nothing equivalent to it in our language, and therefore are obliged to substitute the term masks, though it does not convey the strict and proper idea.
- 3, 158. *Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.* *Juv.*

CHAP. X.

- 1, 168. The expression is quite extravagant in the original: *Su rostro de media legua de andadura*; i. e. "his face of half a league's travelling, or half a league in length."

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- Shelton is egregiously mistaken in translating it, "seeing his countenance half a league off."
- 2, 168. Literally, "one half of the mass," the saying of which is a principal part of the priestly office.
- 3, 172. When eggs are to be fried, there is no knowing *their* goodness until they are broken. Royal Dict. Or, a thief stole a frying-pan, and the woman who owned it, meeting him, asked him what he was carrying away: he answered, you will know when your eggs are to be fried. Pineda.
- 4, 180. The author means the sops in porridge, given at the doors of the monasteries.

CHAP. XI.

- 1, 183. The original is, "porque de faldas (que no quiero dezir de mangas), &c." which I have rendered literally, because the author's meaning is not very obvious. Perhaps it might be translated, to the taste of an English reader, thus: "Who from the lawyer's (or judge's) gown (to say nothing of lawn sleeves), &c."
- 2, 184. A mount raised on some work of a fortification, to command a rising ground, which the enemy might use to overlook that part of the fortification, before which the cavalier is raised to prevent their doing so.

CHAP. XII.

- 1, 192. The galleys are always commanded by a general, not an admiral.
- 2, 194. Literally, "on the estanterol." The estanterol is the pillar near the poop, on which is propt the awning of the poop; it is at the end of the path of communication betwixt the poop and the prow, which runs exactly along the middle of the galley, and is called in Spanish the cruxia.
- 3, 196. See the note referred to in p. 184.

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- 4, 198. A trooper of Epirus, Dalmatia, or some of the adjacent countries.

CHAP. XIII.

- 1, 200. Fratin signifies a little lay-brother: probably the engineer was one, and therefore so called.
- 2, 201. This is a mistake; for at that time the grand Signor was universal heir, and seized all, the children shifting for themselves as well as they could, the sons often becoming common soldiers: but the Turks have since begun to preserve families. That of Kuprogli, which commenced some years after our author's death, and whose founder was a common Arnaut, has produced many great men, for several succeeding generations.
- 3, 203. It is generally thought that Cervantes here means himself. See his Life.

CHAP. XIV.

- 1, 233. Cava, Count Julian's daughter, who was the cause of bringing the Moors into Spain.

CHAP. XVI.

- 1, 259. The casements are made of canvas in winter, and of lattice in summer, like trap-doors, that, when they are set open, they may shade the room from the sun, or from the too glaring light of the day; for in those countries, though you turn your back to the sun, your eyes cannot look even at the azure sky itself without pain.
- 2, 264. The princess Helena strokes Don Florisel's hand, and, finding it very muscular, concludes from thence he must be a very strong man. *Amad. de Gaul*, b. 9, ch. 36.
- 3, ib. Barbaran and Moncan, two old fellows, in love with two girls, sisters, are persuaded to mount by a cord to their apartment; and when half-way up, the ropes are

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tied, and they are left in this suspended state, exposed to the raillery of every body. *Amad. de Gaul*, b. 11, ch. 80.

CHAP. XVIII.

- 1, 286. He stops in the middle of the proverb, "Alla van leyes donde quieren reyes," meaning that the powerful carry what they please; or, as we say, "Might overcomes right."
- 2, ib. The form of benediction at a wedding.
- 3, 288. Agramante, in Ariosto, is king of the infidels at the siege of Paris. This is a burlesque upon that passage, where discord is sent by an angel into the pagan camp in favour of the Christians.
- 4, 289. An auxiliary king of the Moors at the above-mentioned siege.

CHAP. XIX.

- 1, 296. Because he shut the temple of Janus, the signal of universal peace.
- 2, 304. An imitation of the prophecy, on a column of marble, in *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 9, ch. 5: "In time to come, when the two cousin-german lions, engendered of the mongrel lioness, shall meet, and by the dint of their claws, their own very flesh shall be torn, then the thick clouds of the castle of the universe shall be dispersed and broken, and the seven pillars enclosed therein shall appear, &c."
- 3, ib. A word framed from "mentira, a lie;" as if he should say, "the sage Lyaria, or Fibberoniana."

CHAP. XX.

- 1, 306. These kind of enchantments are very frequent in romances. Thus, for instance, Morpaldo, the giant, son of the enchantress Titonio, puts the emperor Cæsario's knights, his prisoners, into a waggon, where they re-

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- main enchanted, till the sage Orbicunta, by superior skill, brings her champion Don Florando to their relief, who sets them free. Don Florando of England, part 2, ch. 41.
- 2, 310. Written by Cervantes himself, and extant in the collection of his novels. See his Life.
- 3, 318. Who, in the thirteenth century, travelled over Syria, Persia, and the Indies. An account of his travels has been published, and one of his books is entitled *De Regionibus Orientis*.
- 4, 320. The archbishop of Cambray might, probably, have written his *Telemachus* upon this hint; at least it is an instance in point.

CHAP. XXI.

- 1, 322. Literally, "I should have been like the tailor at the street-corner." The proverb entire is, "Ser como el sastre de la encrucixáda, que cosia de valde, y ponía el hilo de su casa." That is, "To be like the tailor of the cross-way, who sewed for nothing, and found thread himself."
- 2, 324. The Spanish plays consist but of three acts: Cervantes himself reduced them from five to three, and, instead of acts, called them days, "jornadas."
- 3, 326. Lopez de Vega Carpio.
- 4, ib. Lopez himself, in his "New Art of making Comedies," &c. tells us of but six plays, to which he had given the requisite perfection; a very small number in comparison of 483, which he owns he had then written.
- 5, ib. The period of licensing plays in Spain took place about this time, and was occasioned, it is said, by this reflection of our author.

CHAP. XXII.

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- 1, 335. A metaphor taken from tilting at tournaments, where the knight that loses his stirrups is in danger of being dismounted.
- 2, 339. It should be Graal and Isotta. But this is the author's fault, not the translator's. Either the Spanish translators of those books made these mistakes, or Cervantes was not so well versed in them as he pretends; or, perhaps, having read them in his youth, he had partly forgotten them. That he had read them is highly probable, as also that he had himself written an hundred sheets of one, as he makes the canon say above: for whoever reads his *Persiles and Sigismunda* will easily perceive, that the first part, written in his youth, is very different from the concluding part, which was the last work he published. It may be proper to observe here, that his *Don Quixote* has not quite cured the romantic folly of his countrymen, since they prefer to this performance his *Persiles and Sigismunda*.
- 3, 340. In Spanish, *Mosen*, abbreviated from *Monseigneur*.
- 4, ib. In Spanish, *Micer*. The noblesse in France, who are below the quality of *Monseigneurs*, and above that of *Monsieurs*, are styled *Messires*.
- 5, ib. It was at certain *Passes* that the knights-errant obliged all that went that way to break a lance with them in honour of their mistresses. This custom was either invented by the real nobility in the days of ignorance, and taken from them by the romance writers, or, more probably, borrowed from the *Juego de Canas* of the Moors, which was performed by them with the greatest magnificence, and is still continued by the Spaniards. It was called in England a tilt and tournament, but has long been out of use. The French practised it about fourscore years ago, with great expense, under the name of a *Carrousel*. The ceremonies, challenges, &c. used

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therein, are preserved in some historians, as Froissard, Monstrelet, &c.

- 6, 341. This is as great a fable as any in the book: for they were great lords, chosen by the king to assist him in the trial of other great lords equal to themselves, and therefore called (*pares*) peers, they having no equals among the rest of the people.

CHAP. XXIII.

- 1, 344. Cervantes certainly had in view Ovid's description of the palace of the sun:

Regia solis erat sublimibus alta columnis,

Clara micante auro, &c.

Materiam superabat opus. Metam. l. 2. init.

CHAP. XXV.

- 1, 363. Persons, either volunteers or hirelings, who march in procession, whipping themselves by way of public penance.
- 2, ib. These images, which are usually of wood, and of the size of life, by the smoke of tapers, and length of time, become black. The whole passage, like many others, is a sly satire on the superstition of the Romish church; and it is a wonder the Inquisition suffered it to pass, though thus covertly.
- 3, 366. The disciplinants wear hoods with holes to see through, that they may not be known.
- 4, 367. In imitation of Gandalin, squire of Amadis de Gaul, who makes a similar lamentation over his master, who had swooned away, after his fight with the Endriague or Dragon. *Amad. de Gaul, b. 3, ch. 9.*
- 5, 367. So Amadis de Gaul, Esplandian, and several other knights, with their ladies, are enchanted in the Firm-Island, by their friend Urganda, for their good, until the evil influence of their stars was overpassed. *Amadis de Gaul, b. 6, ch. 18.*

Note Page

- 6, 371. Hence the false second part, by Avellaneda, took the hint to send the Don to Saragossa.
- 7, ib. In this fiction, Cervantes imitates the custom of romance-writers, who pretend to have found the manuscript copy of their work in a certain place, written in ancient characters, and difficult to be read. Particularly he seems to have in view Garci Ordonez de Montalvo, publisher of Amadis de Gaul, who having told the reader that he had improved the fourth book with the exploits of Esplandian, Amadis's son, adds, that "by good luck they were discovered in a tombstone, deep in the earth, in an hermitage near Constantinople, and brought into Spain by an Hungarian merchant, in a letter so old, that it was scarcely legible by those who understood the language." D. Greg.

END OF VOL. II.



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