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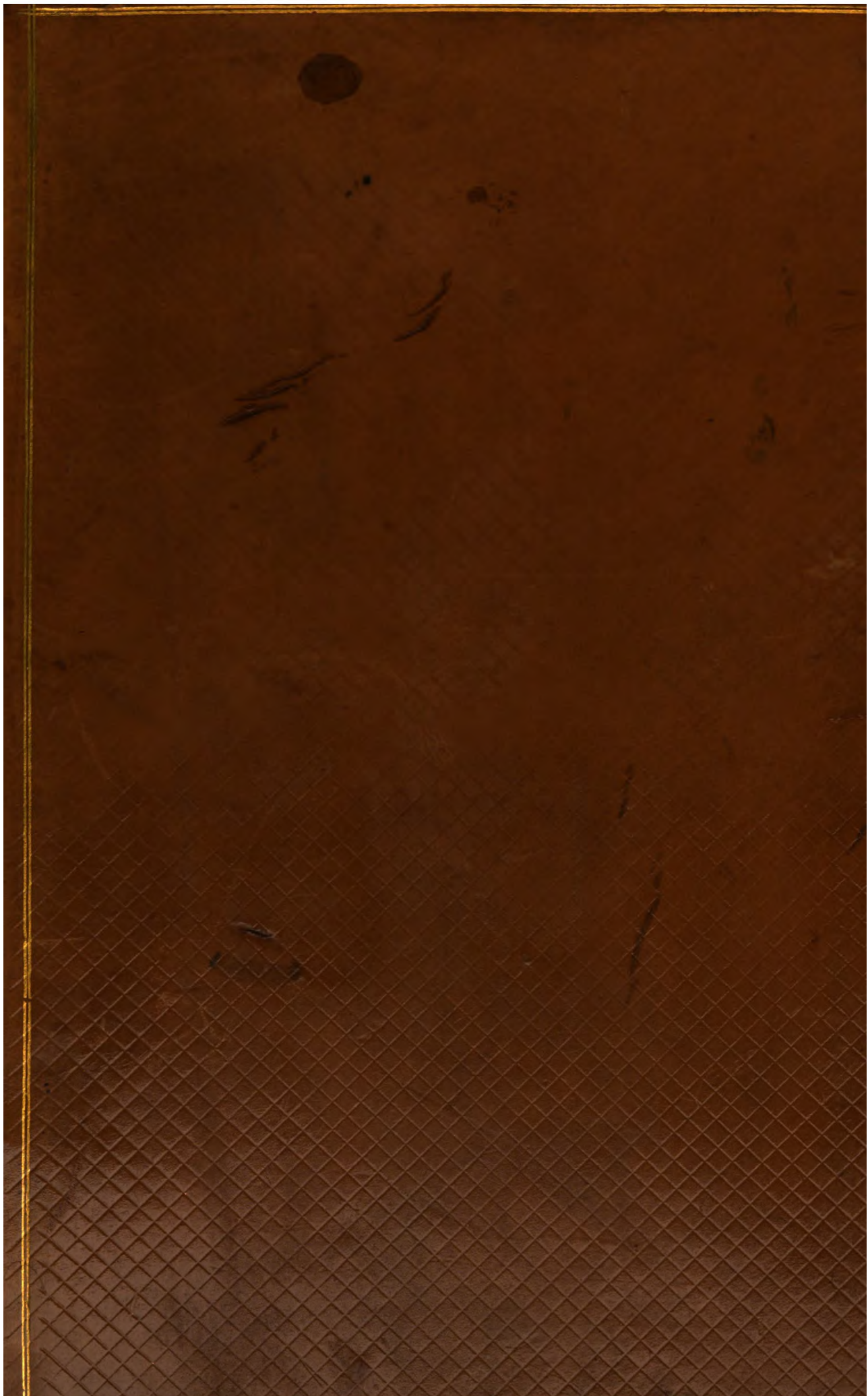
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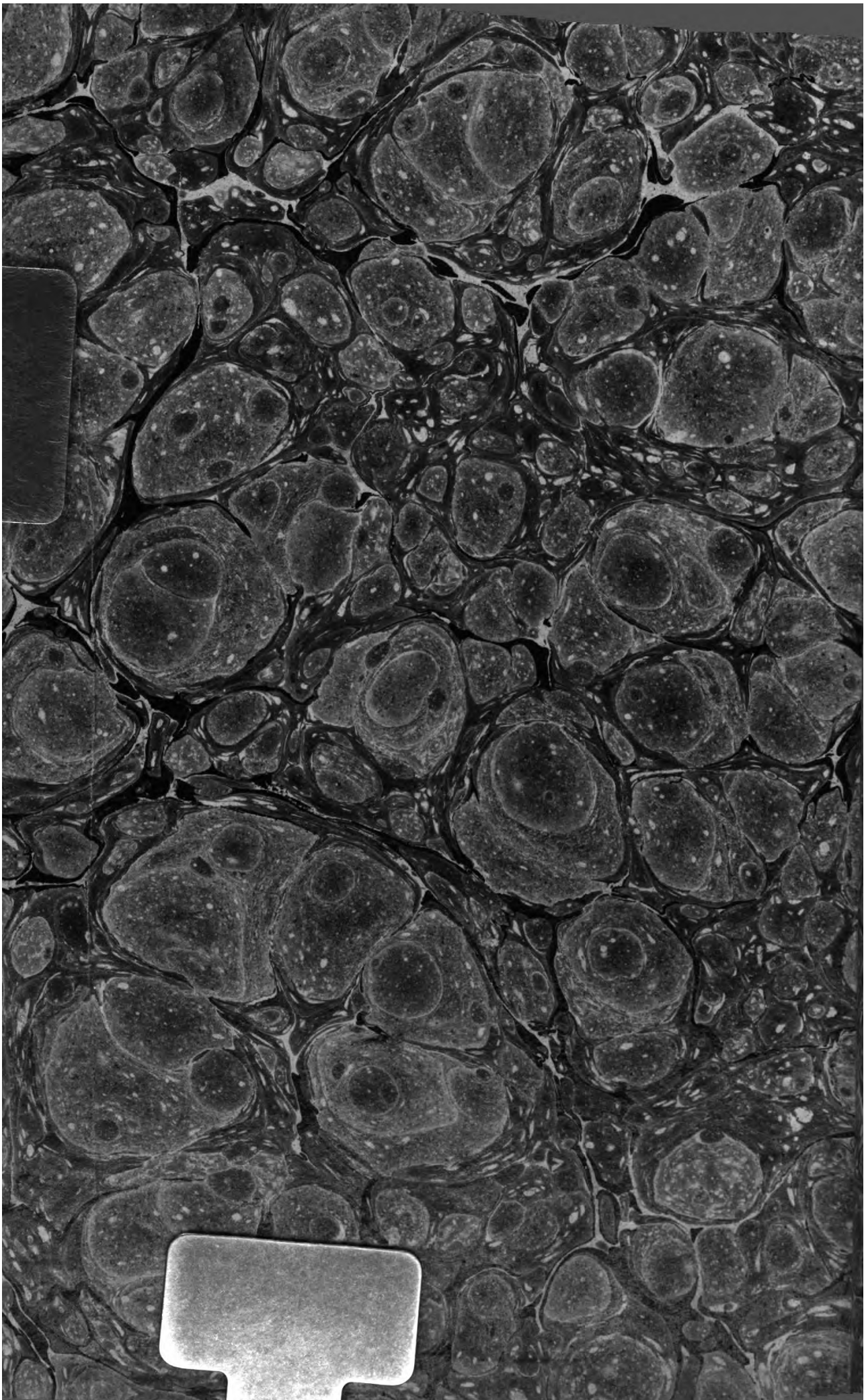
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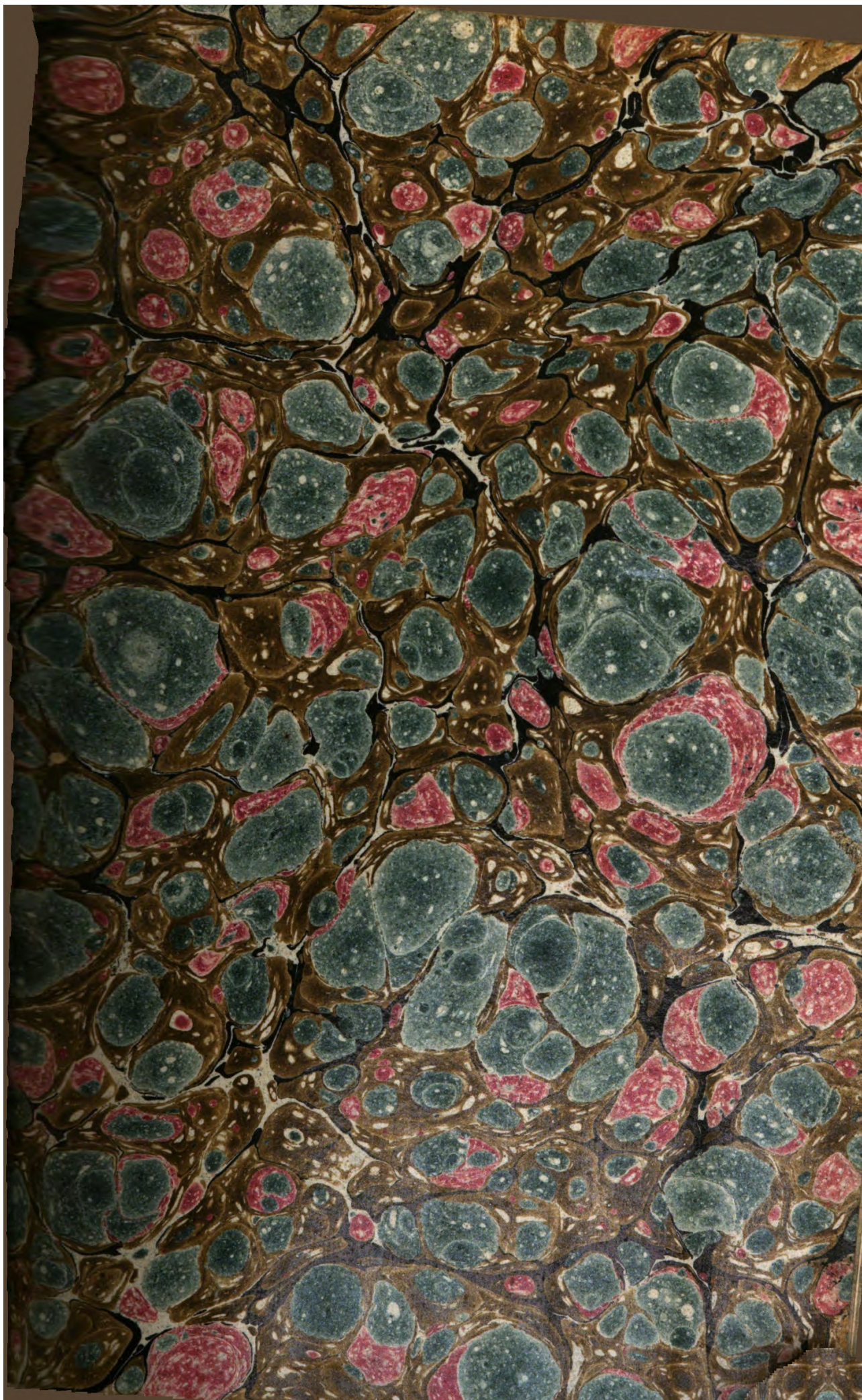
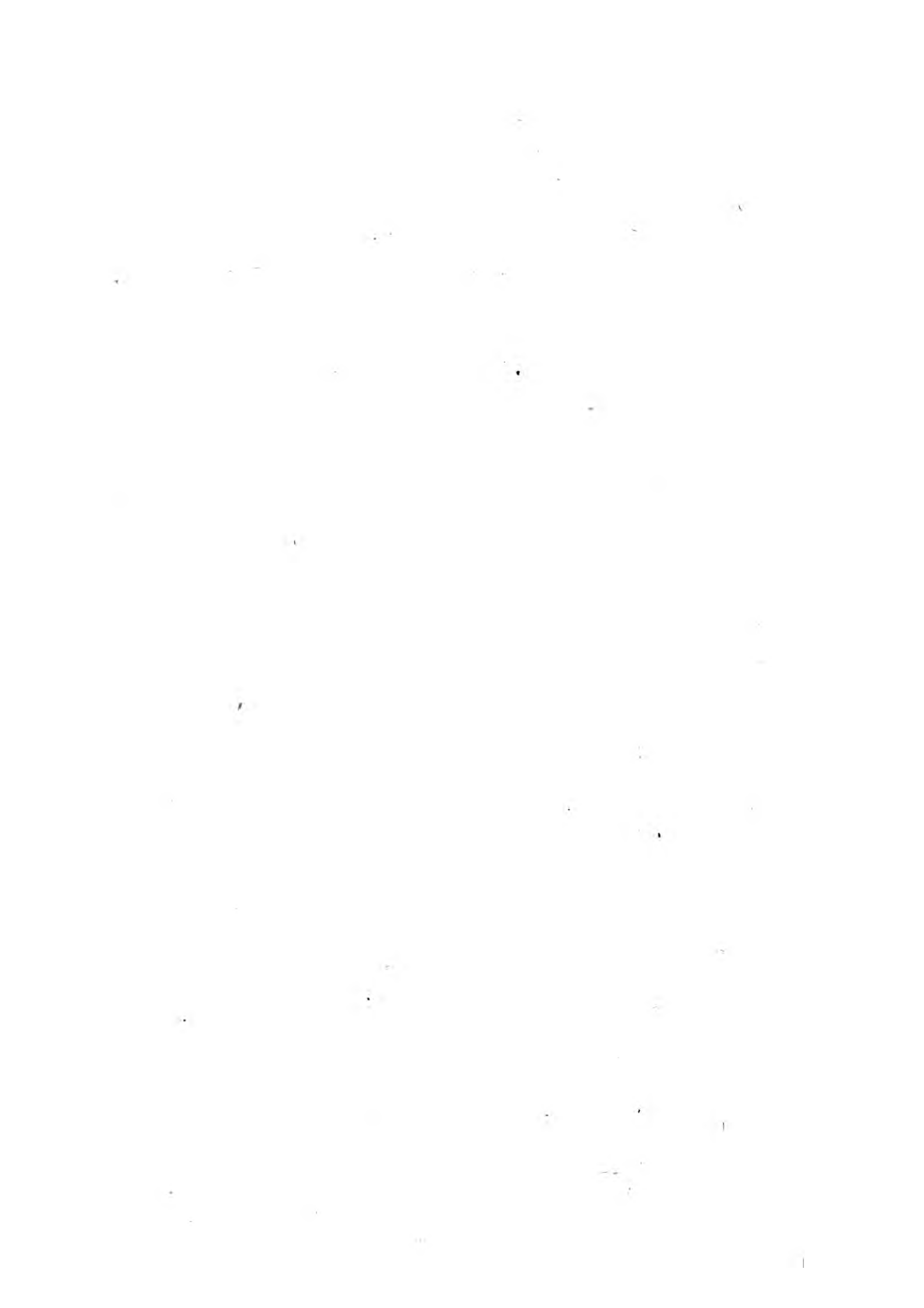




Fig. 27623 e. 121







# D O N Q U I X O T E

DE LA MANCHA.

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ORIGINAL SPANISH

OF

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA,

BY

CHARLES JARVIS, ESQ.

EMBELLISHED

WITH TWENTY-FOUR HIGHLY FINISHED ENGRAVINGS,  
FROM DRAWINGS DESIGNED EXPRESSLY  
FOR THIS EDITION.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. M'LEAN, BOOKSELLER AND PUBLISHER.

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1819.





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*Printed by J. Brettell, Rupert Street,  
Haymarket, London.*

THE  
PREFACE TO THE READER.



**B**LESS me! with what impatience, gentle, or (it may be) simple reader, must you now be waiting for this Preface, expecting to find in it resentments, railings, and invectives against the author of the second Don Quixote; him I mean, who, it is said, was begotten in Tordesillas, and born in Tarragona! But, in truth, it is not my design to give you that satisfaction; for, though injuries are apt to awaken choler in the humblest breasts, yet in mine this rule must admit of an exception. You would have me, perhaps, call him ass, madman, and coxcomb: but I have no such design. Let his own sin be his punishment; let him chew upon it, and there let it rest.

But what I cannot forbear resenting, is, that he upbraids me with my age, and with having lost my hand; as if it were in my

power to have hindered time from passing over my head, or as if my maim had been got in some drunken quarrel at a tavern, and not on the noblest occasion\*, that past or present ages have seen, or future can ever hope to see. If my wounds do not reflect a lustre in the eyes of those, who barely behold them, they will, however, be esteemed by those, who know how I came by them ; for a soldier makes a better figure dead in battle, than alive and at liberty, in running away : and I am so firmly of this opinion, that, could an impossibility be rendered practicable, and the same opportunity recalled, I would rather be again present in that prodigious action, than whole and sound without sharing in the glory of it. The scars a soldier shews in his face and breast, are stars, which guide others to the haven of honour, and to the desire of just praise. And it must be observed, that men do not write with grey hairs, but with the understanding, which is usually improved by years.

I have also heard, that he taxes me with envy, and describes to me, as to a mere ignorant, what envy is ; and, in good truth, of the two kinds of envy, I am acquainted

\* In famous sea-fight of Lepanto.



only with that, which is sacred, noble, and well-meaning. And this being so, as it really is, I am not inclined to reflect on any ecclesiastic, especially if he is besides dignified with the title of a familiar of the Inquisition: and if he said what he did for the sake of that person\*, from whom he seems to have said it, he is utterly mistaken; for I adore that gentleman's genius, and admire his works, and his constant and virtuous employments. But, in fine, I own myself obliged to this worthy author, for saying, That my novels are more satirical than moral, but however, that they are good; which they could not be without some share of both. Methinks, reader, you tell me, that I proceed with much circumspection, and confine myself within the limits of my own modesty, knowing, that we should not add affliction to the afflicted; and this gentleman's must needs be very great, since he dares not appear in the open field, nor in clear day-light, concealing his name, and dissembling his country, as if he had committed some crime of high treason. If ever you should chance to fall into his company, tell him from me, that I do not think myself

\* Lopez de Vega.

aggrieved: for I know very well what the temptations of the devil are, and that one of the greatest, is, the putting it into a man's head, that he can write and print a book, which shall procure him as much fame as money, and as much money as fame: and, for confirmation hereof, I would have you, in a vein of mirth and pleasantry, tell him this story.

There was a madman in Seville, who fell into one of the most ridiculous and extravagant conceits, that ever madman did in the world: which was, that he sharpened the point of a cane at one end, and, catching a dog in the street or elsewhere, he set his foot on one of the cur's hind-legs, and lifting up the other with his hand, he adjusted the cane, as well as he could, to the dog's posteriors, and blew him up as round as a ball: and, holding him in this manner, he gave him a thump or two on the guts with the palm of his hand, and let him go, saying to the by-standers, who were always very many: Well, gentlemen, what think you? is it such an easy matter to blow up a dog? And what think you, Sir? is it such an easy matter to write a book? And if this story does not square with him, pray, kind reader, tell him

this other, which is likewise of a madman and a dog.

There was another madman in Cordova, who had a custom of carrying on his head a piece of a marble slab or stone, not very heavy, and when he lighted upon any careless cur, he got close to him, and let the weight fall plump upon his head: the dog is in wrath, and limps away barking and howling, without so much as looking behind him for three streets length. Now it happened, that, among the dogs, upon whom he let fall the weight, one belonged to a cap-maker, who valued him mightily: down goes the stone, and hits him on the head: the poor dog raises the cry; his master seeing it resents it, and, catching up his measuring yard, out he goes to the madman, and leaves him not a whole bone in his skin: and, at every blow he gave him he cried; Dog, rogue, what, abuse my spaniel! did you not see, barbarous villain, that my dog was a spaniel? and repeating the word spaniel very often, he dismissed the madman beaten to a jelly. The madman took his correction, and went off, and appeared not in the market-place in above a month after: at the end of which he returned with his invention, and a greater



weight; and, coming to a place where a dog was lying, and observing him carefully from head to tail, and not daring to let fall the stone, he said: This is a spaniel; have a care. In short, whatever dogs he met with, though they were mastiffs or hounds, he said they were spaniels, and so let fall the slab no more. Thus, perhaps, it may fare with our historian: he may be cautious for the future how he lets fall his wit in books, which, if they are bad, are harder than rocks themselves.

Tell him also, that, as to his threatening to deprive me of my expected gain by his book, I value it not a farthing, but apply the famous interlude of the Perendenga, and answer, Long live my lord and master, and Christ be with us all. Long live the great Conde de Lemos, whose well known christianity and liberality support me under all the strokes of adverse fortune; and God prosper the eminent charity of his grace the Archbishop of Toledo, Bernardo de Sandoval. Were there as many books written against me as there are letters in the rhimes of Mingo Rebulgo, the favour of these two princes, who, without any flattering solicitation, or any other kind of applause on my part, but merely of their own goodness, have taken

upon them to patronize me, would be my sufficient protection: and I esteem myself happier and richer, than if fortune by ordinary means had placed me on her highest pinnacle. The poor man may be honourable, but not the vicious: poverty may cloud nobility, but not wholly obscure it: and virtue, as it shines by its own light, though seen through the difficulties and crannies of poverty, so it always gains the esteem, and consequently the protection, of great and noble minds.

Say no more to him, nor will I say more to you, only to let you know, that this Second Part of Don Quixote, which I offer you, is cut by the same hand, and out of the same piece, with the first, and that herein I present you with Don Quixote at his full length, and, at last, fairly dead and buried, that no one may presume to bring fresh accusation against him, those already brought being enough. Let it suffice also, that a writer of some credit has given an account of his ingenious follies, resolving not to take up the subject any more: for too much, even of a good thing, lessens it in our esteem; and scarcity, even of an indifferent, makes it of some estimation.

I had forgot to tell you, that I have almost finished the *Persiles*, and that you may soon expect the second part of the *Galatea*.  
Farewell.

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# D O N Q U I X O T E

DE LA MANCHA.

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## PART II.—BOOK I.

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### CHAP. I.

*Of what passed between the priest, the barber, and Don Quixote, concerning his indisposition.*

CID Hamete Ben Engeli relates, in the second part of this history, and third sally of Don Quixote, that the priest and the barber were almost a whole month without seeing him, lest they should renew and bring back to his mind the remembrance of things past. Yet they did not therefore forbear visiting his niece and his housekeeper, charging them to take care and make much of him, and to give him comforting things to eat, such as are proper for the heart and brain, from whence, in all appearance, his disorder proceeded. They said, they did so, and would continue so to do with all possible care and good-will; for they perceived,

that their master was ever and anon discovering signs of being in his right mind : whereat the priest and the barber were greatly pleased, as thinking they had hit upon the right course in bringing him home enchanted upon the ox-waggon, as is related in the last chapter of the first part of this no less great than exact history. They resolved, therefore, to visit him, and make trial of his amendment ; though they reckoned it almost impossible he should be cured ; and agreed between them not to touch in the least upon the subject of knight-errantry, lest they should endanger the ripping up a sore that was yet so tender.

In fine, they made him a visit, and found him sitting on his bed, clad in a waistcoat of green baize, with a red Toledo bonnet on his head, and so lean and shrivelled, that he seemed as if he was reduced to a mere mummy. They were received by him with much kindness : they inquired after his health ; and he gave them an account both of it and of himself with much judgment, and in very elegant expressions. In the course of their conversation, they fell upon matters of state, and forms of government, correcting this abuse and condemning that, reforming one custom and banishing another ; each of the three setting up himself for a new legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or a spick-and-span new Solon : and in such manner did they new-model the commonwealth, that one would have thought they had clapped it into a

forge, and taken it out quite altered from what it was before. Don Quixote delivered himself with so much good sense on all the subjects they touched upon, that the two examiners undoubtedly believed he was entirely well, and in his perfect senses. The niece and the housekeeper were present at the conversation, and seeing their master give such proofs of a sound mind, thought they could never sufficiently thank heaven. But the priest, changing his former purpose of not touching upon matters of chivalry, was now resolved to make a thorough experiment whether Don Quixote was perfectly recovered, or not: and so, from one thing to another, he came at length to tell him some news lately brought from court; and, among other things, said, it was given out for certain, that the Turk was coming down with a powerful fleet, and that it was not known what his design was, nor where so great a storm would burst; that all Christendom was alarmed thereat, as it used to be almost every year; and that the king had already provided for the security of the coasts of Naples and Sicily, and of the island of Malta. To this Don Quixote replied: His majesty has done like a most prudent warrior, in providing in time for the defence of his dominions, that the enemy may not surprise him: but, if my counsel might be taken, I would advise him to make use of a precaution, which his majesty is

at present very far from thinking of. Scarcely had the priest heard this, when he said within himself: God defend thee, poor Don Quixote! for methinks thou art falling headlong from the top of thy madness down to the profound abyss of thy folly. But the barber, who had already made the same reflection as the priest had done, asked Don Quixote what precaution it was that he thought so proper to be taken; for perhaps, it was such, as might be put into the list of the many impertinent admonitions usually given to princes. Mine, good-man shaver, answered Don Quixote, shall not be impertinent, but to the purpose. I meant no harm, replied the barber, but only that experience has shewn, that all or most of the pieces of advice, people give his majesty, are either impracticable or absurd, or to the prejudice of the king or kingdom. True, answered Don Quixote; but mine is neither impracticable nor absurd, but the most easy, the most just, the most feasible and expeditious, that can enter into the imagination of any projector. Signor Don Quixote, quoth the priest, you keep us too long in suspense. I have no mind, replied Don Quixote, it should be told here now, and to-morrow by day-break get to the ears of the lords of the privy council, and so somebody else should run away with the thanks and the reward of my labour. I give you my word, said the barber, here and before

God, that I will not reveal what your worship shall say either to king or to rook\*, or to any man upon earth: an oath, which I learned from the romance of the priest, in the preface whereof he tells the king of the thief that robbed him of the hundred pistoles, and his ambling mule. I know not the history, said Don Quixote; but I presume the oath is a good one, because I am persuaded master barber is an honest man. Though he he were not, said the priest, I will make it good, and engage for him, that, as to this business, he will talk no more of it than a dumb man, under what penalty you shall think fit. And who will be bound for your reverence, master priest? said Don Quixote. My profession, answered the priest, which obliges me to keep a secret. Body of me, then, said Don Quixote, is there any thing more to be done, but that his majesty cause proclamation to be made, that all the knights-errant, who are now wandering about Spain, do, on a certain day, repair to court? for should there come but half a dozen, there may happen to be among them one, who may be able alone to destroy the whole power of the Turk†. Pray, gentlemen, be atten-

\* In allusion to the game at chess, so common then in Spain.

† So Agesilan, king of Cholcos, upon the news of the Russians intending to invade Greece, and besiege Constantinople, advises the emperor Amadis to publish a tournament, and summon all the Christian knights-errant from all king-



tive, and go along with me. Is it a new thing for a knight-errant singly to defeat an army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had all but one throat, or were made of sugar paste? Pray, tell me, how many histories are full of these wonders? How unlucky is it for me (I will not say for anybody else) that the famous Don Belianis, or some one of the numerous race of Amadis de Gaul, is not now in being! for were any one of them alive at this day, and were to confront the Turk, in good faith, I would not farm his winnings. But God will provide for his people, and send somebody or other, if not as strong as the former knights-errant, at least not inferior to them in courage: God knows my meaning; I say no more. Alas! quoth the niece at this instant, may I perish if I my uncle has not a mind to turn knight-errant again. Whereupon Don Quixote said: A knight-errant I will live and die, and let the Turk come down, or up, when he pleases, and as powerful as he can: I say again, God knows my meaning. Here the barber said: I beg leave, gentlemen, to tell a short story of what happened once in Seville: for it comes in so pat to the present purpose, that I must needs tell it. Don Quixote and the priest gave him leave, and the rest lent him their attention; and he began thus:—

doms, to grace the ensuing nuptials, and oppose the enemy in such a time of need and danger.—*Amadis de Gaul*, b. 13, ch. 2.

A certain man was put by his relations into the madhouse of Seville, for having lost his wits. He had taken his degrees in the canon law in the university of Ossuna; and had he taken them in that of Salamanca, most people think he would nevertheless have been mad. This graduate, after some years confinement, took it into his head that he was in his right senses and perfect understanding; and with this conceit he wrote to the archbishop, beseeching him, with great earnestness, and seemingly good reasons, that he would be pleased to send and deliver him from that miserable confinement in which he lived; since, through the mercy of God, he had recovered his lost senses: adding, that his relations, that they might enjoy part of his estate, kept him still there, and, in spite of truth, would have him be mad till his dying-day. The archbishop, prevailed upon by his many letters, all penned with sense and judgment, ordered one of his chaplains to inform himself from the rector of the madhouse, whether what the licentiate had written to him was true, and also to talk with the madman, and, if it appeared that he was in his senses, to take him out, and set him at liberty. The chaplain did so, and the rector assured him the man was still mad; for though he sometimes talked like a man of excellent sense, he would in the end break out into such distracted flights, as more than counterbalanced his former rational discourse; as he might experience by con-

versing with him. The chaplain resolved to make the trial, and accordingly talked above an hour with the madman, who, in all that time, never returned a disjointed or extravagant answer: on the contrary, he spoke with such sobriety, and so much to the purpose, that the chaplain was forced to believe he was in his right mind. Among other things, he said, that the rector misrepresented him, for the sake of the presents his relations sent him, that he might say he was still mad, and had only some lucid intervals: for his great estate was the greatest enemy he had in his misfortune, since, to enjoy that, his enemies had recourse to fraud, and pretended to doubt of the mercy of God toward him in restoring him from the condition of a brute to that of a man. In short, he talked in such a manner, that he made the rector to be suspected, his relations thought covetous and unnatural, and himself so discreet, that the chaplain determined to carry him away with him, that the archbishop himself might see, and lay his finger upon the truth of this business. The good chaplain, possessed with this opinion, desired the rector to order the clothes to be given him, which he wore when he was brought in. The rector again desired him to take care what he did, since, without all doubt, the licentiate was still mad. But the precautions and remonstrances of the rector availed nothing towards hindering the chaplain from carrying him away. The rector, seeng it was by order of the archbishop,



obeyed. They put the licentiate on his clothes, which were fresh and decent. And now finding himself stripped of his madman's weeds, and habited like a rational creature, he begged of the chaplain, that he would, for charity's sake, permit him to take leave of the madmen his companions. The chaplain said, he would bear him company, and take a view of the lunatics confined in that house. So up stairs they went, and with them some other persons, who happened to be present. And the licentiate, approaching a kind of cage, in which lay one that was outrageously mad, though at that time he was still and quiet, said to him: Have you any service, dear brother, to command me? I am returning to my own house, God having been pleased, of his infinite goodness and mercy, without any desert of mine, to restore me to my senses. I am now sound and well; for with God nothing is impossible. Put great trust and confidence in him: for, since he has restored me to my former state, he will also restore you, if you trust in him. I will take care to send you some refreshing victuals; and be sure to eat of them: for I must needs tell you, I find, having experienced it myself, that all our distractions proceed from our stomachs being empty, and our brains filled with wind. Take heart, take heart; for despondency under misfortunes impairs our health, and hastens our death. All this discourse of the licentiate's was overheard by another madman, who was in an

opposite cell : and raising himself up from an old mat, whereon he had thrown himself stark-naked, he demanded aloud, who it was that was going away recovered and in his senses? It is I, brother, answered the licentiate, that am going ; for I need stay no longer here, and am infinitely thankful to heaven for having bestowed so great a blessing upon me. Take heed, licentiate, what you say, let not the devil delude you, replied the madman : stir not a foot, but keep where you are, and you will spare yourself the trouble of being brought back. I know, replied the licentiate, that I am perfectly well, and shall have no more occasion to visit the station-churches \*. You well ! said the madman ; we shall soon see that ; farewell ! but I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that, for this offence alone, which Seville is now committing, in carrying you out of this house, and judging you to be in your senses, I am determined to inflict such a signal punishment on this city, that the memory thereof shall endure for ever and ever, Amen. Know you not, little crazed licentiate, that I can do it, since, as I say, I am thundering Jupiter, who hold in my hands the flaming bolts, with which I can, and use, to threaten and destroy the world? But in one thing only will

\* Certain churches, with indulgences, appointed to be visited, either for pardon of sins, or for procuring blessings. Madmen, probably, in their lucid intervals, were obliged to this exercise.

I chastise this ignorant people; and that is, there shall no rain fall on this town, or in all its district, for three whole years, reckoning from the day and hour in which this threatening is denounced. You at liberty, you recovered, and in your right senses! and I a madman, I distempered, and in bonds! I will no more rain, than I will hang myself. All the by-standers were very attentive to the madman's discourse: but our licentiate, turning himself to our chaplain, and holding him by both hands, said to him: Be in no pain, good Sir, nor make any account of what this madman has said; for, if he is Jupiter and will not rain, I, who am Neptune, the father and god of the waters, will rain as often as I please, and whenever there shall be occasion. To which the chaplain answered: However, signor Neptune, it will not be convenient at present to provoke signor Jupiter: therefore, pray, stay where you are; for, some other time, when we have a better opportunity and more leisure, we will come for you. The rector and the by-standers laughed; which put the chaplain half out of countenance. They disrobed the licentiate, who remained where he was; and there is an end of the story.

This then, master barber, said Don Quixote, is the story, which comes in here so pat, that you could not forbear telling it? Ah! signor cut-beard, signor cut-beard! he must be blind indeed who cannot see through a sieve. Is it possible you

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should be ignorant, that comparisons made between understanding and understanding, valour and valour, beauty and beauty, and family and family, are always odious and ill taken? I, master barber, am not Neptune, god of the waters; nor do I set myself up for a wise man, being really not so: all I aim at is, to convince the world of its error in not reviving those happy times, in which the order of knight-errantry flourished. But this our degenerate age deserves not to enjoy so great a blessing as that, which former ages could boast, when knights-errant took upon themselves the defence of kingdoms, the protection of orphans, the relief of damsels, the chastisement of the haughty, and the reward of the humble. Most of the knights now in fashion make a rustling rather in damasks, brocades, and other rich stuffs, than in coats of mail. You have now no knight, that will lie in the open field, exposed to the rigour of the heavens, in complete armour from head to foot: no one now, that, without stirring his feet out of his stirrups, and leaning upon his lance, takes a short nap, like the knights-errant of old times: no one now, that, issuing out of this forest, ascends that mountain, and from thence traverses a barren and desert shore of the sea, which is most commonly stormy and tempestuous; where finding on the beach a small skiff, without oars, sail, mast, or any kind of tackle, he boldly throws himself into it, exposing himself to the implacable billows of the

profound sea, which now mount him up to the skies, and then cast him down to the abyss: and he, opposing his courage to the irresistible hurricane, when he least dreams of it, finds himself above three thousand leagues from the place where he embarked; and, leaping on the remote and unknown shore, encounters actions worthy to be written, not on parchment, but brass. But, now-a-days, sloth triumphs over diligence, idleness over labour, vice over virtue, arrogance over bravery, and the theory over the practice of arms, which only lived and flourished in those golden ages, and in those knights-errant. For, pray, tell me, who was more civil, and more valiant, than the famous Amadis de Gaul? who more discreet than Palmerin of England? who more affable and obliging than Tirante the White? who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? who gave or received more cuts and slashes than Don Belianis? who was more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? who more enterprising than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? who more sincere than Esplandian? who more daring than Don Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamonte? who more prudent than king Sobrino? who more intrepid than Rinaldo? who more invincible than Orlando? and who more courteous than Rogero, from whom, according to Turpin's Cosmography, are descended the present dukes of Ferrara? All these, and others that I could name, master priest, were knights-errant, and the light and glory of



chivalry. Now these, or such as these, are the men I would advise his majesty to employ; by which means he would be sure to be well served, and would save a vast expense, and the Turk might go tear his beard for very madness: and so I will stay at home, since the chaplain does not fetch me out; and if Jupiter, as the barber has said, will not rain, here am I, who will rain whenever I think proper. I say all this, to let goodman bason see that I understand him.

In truth, Signor Don Quixote, said the barber, I meant no harm in what I said, so help me God, as my intention was good; therefore your worship ought not to take it ill. Whether I ought to take it ill or no, said Don Quixote, is best known to myself. Well, said the priest, I have hardly spoken a word yet, and I would willingly get rid of a scruple, which gnaws and disturbs my conscience, occasioned by what Signor Don Quixote has just now said. You have leave, master priest, for greater matters, answered Don Quixote, and so you may out with your scruple: for there is no pleasure in going with a scrupulous conscience. With this licence then, answered the priest, my scruple, I say, is, that I can by no means persuade myself, that the multitude of knights-errant, your worship has mentioned, were really and truly persons of flesh and blood in the world: on the contrary, I imagine, that it is all fiction, fable, and a lie, and dreams told by men awake, or, to speak

more properly, half asleep. This is another error, answered Don Quixote, into which many have fallen, who do not believe, that there were ever any such knights in the world; and I have frequently, in company with divers persons, and upon sundry occasions, endeavoured to confute this common mistake. Sometimes I have failed in my design, and sometimes succeeded, supporting it on the shoulders of a truth, which is so certain, that I can almost say, these eyes of mine have seen Amadis de Gaul, who was tall of stature, of a fair complexion, with a well-set beard, though black; his aspect between mild and stern; a man of few words, not easily provoked, and soon pacified. And in like manner as I have described Amadis, I fancy I could paint and delineate all the knights-errant, that are found in all the histories in the world. For, apprehending, as I do, that they were such as their histories represent them, one may, by the exploits they performed, and their dispositions, give a good philosophical guess at their features, their complexions, and their statures. Pray, good Signor Don Quixote, quoth the barber, how big, think you, might the giant Morgante be? As to the business of giants, answered Don Quixote, it is a controverted point, whether there really have been such in the world or not: but the Holy Scripture, which cannot deviate a tittle from truth, shews us there have been such, giving us the history of that huge Philistine Goliath, who was seven cubits and a half



high, which is a prodigious stature. Besides, in the island of Sicily, there have been found thigh-bones and shoulder-bones so large, that their size demonstrates, that those, to whom they belonged, were giants, and as big as large steeples, as geometry evinces beyond all doubt. But for all that, I cannot say with certainty, how big Morgante was, though I fancy he could not be extremely tall: and I am inclined to this opinion by finding in the story, wherein his achievements are particularly mentioned, that he often slept under a roof; and, since he found a house large enough to hold him, it is plain, he was not himself of an unmeasurable bigness. That is true, quoth the priest; who being delighted to hear him talk so wildly and extravagantly, asked him what he thought of the faces of Rinaldo of Montalvan, Orlando, and the rest of the twelve peers of France, since they were all knights-errant. Of Rinaldo, answered Don Quixote, I dare boldly affirm, he was broad-faced, of a ruddy complexion, large rolling eyes, punctilious, choleric to an extreme, and a friend to rogues and profligate fellows. Of Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando, (for histories give him all these names) I am of opinion, and assert, that he was of a middling stature, broad-shouldered, bandy-legged, brown-complexioned, carroty-bearded, hairy-bodied, of a threatening aspect, sparing of speech, yet very civil and well-bred. If Orlando, replied the priest, was no finer a gentleman than you have described him,

no wonder that madam Angelica the fair, disdained and forsook him for the gaiety, sprightliness, and good-humour of the downy-chinned little Moor, with whom she had an affair; and she acted discreetly in preferring the softness of Medoro to the roughness of Orlando. That Angelica, master priest, replied Don Quixote, was a light, gossiping, wanton hussy, and left the world as full of her impertinencies, as of the fame of her beauty. She undervalued a thousand gentlemen, a thousand valiant and wise men, and took up with a paltry beardless page, with no other estate or reputation, than what the affection he preserved for his friend could give him. Even the great extoller of her beauty, the famous Ariosto, either not daring, or not caring, to celebrate what befel this lady after her pitiful intrigue, the subject not being over modest, left her with these verses :

Another bard may sing in better strain,  
How he Cataya's sceptre did obtain.

And, without doubt, this was a kind of prophecy; for poets are also called "vates," that is to say, "diviners." And this truth is plainly seen: for, since that time, a famous Andalusian poet\* has bewailed and sung her tears; and another famous and singular Castilian poet† has celebrated her beauty.

Pray tell me, Signor Don Quixote, quoth the

\* Luis Barahona de Soto.

† Lopez de Vega.

barber at this instant, has no poet written a satire upon this lady Angelica, among so many who have sung her praises? I verily believe, answered Don Quixote, that, if Sacripante or Orlando had been poets, they would long ago have paid her off; for it is peculiar and natural to poets, disdained or rejected by their false mistresses, or such as were feigned in effect by those who chose them to be the sovereign ladies of their thoughts, to revenge themselves by satires and lampoons: a vengeance certainly unworthy a generous spirit. But hitherto I have not met with any defamatory verses against the lady Angelica, though she turned the world upside down. Strange, indeed! quoth the priest. But now they heard the voice of the housekeeper and the niece, who had already quitted the conversation, and were hawling aloud in the court-yard; and they all ran towards the noise.

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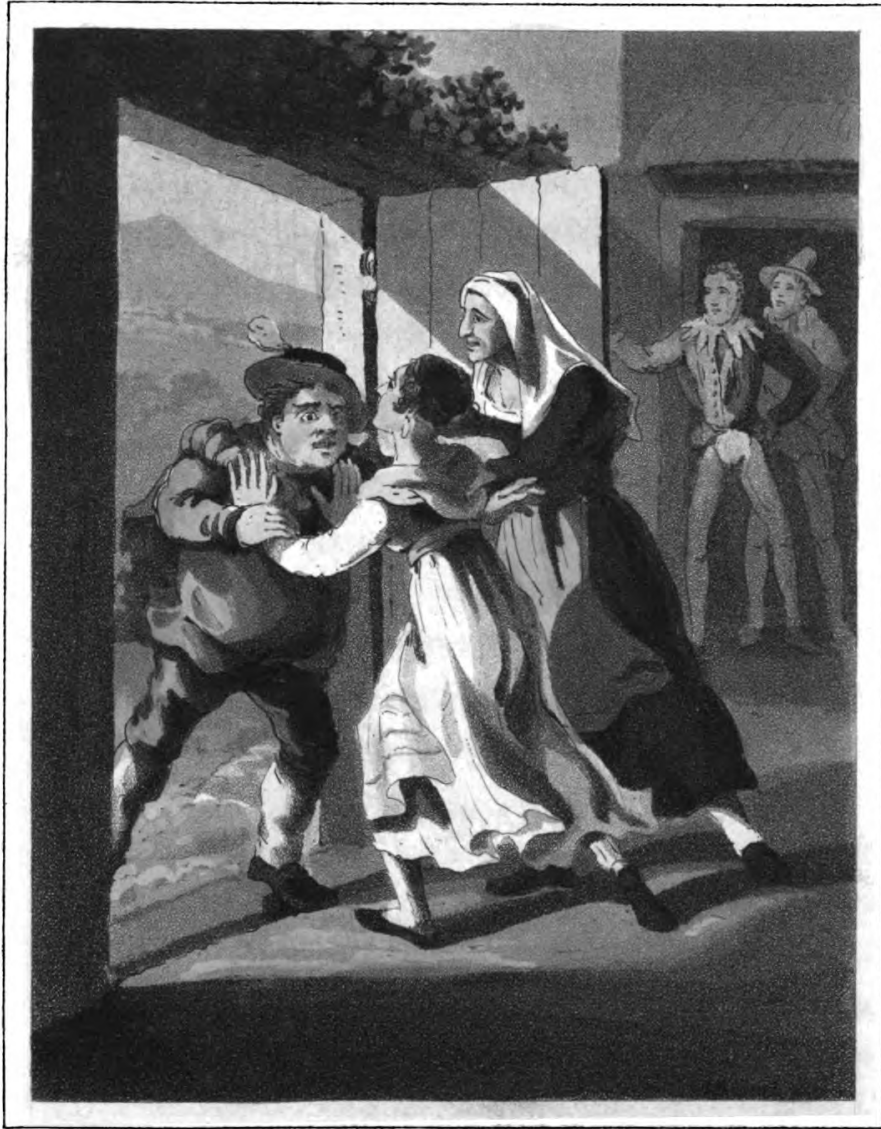
## CHAP. II.

*Which treats of the notable quarrel between Sancho Panza, and Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper, with other pleasant occurrences.*

**T**HE history relates, that the outcry, which Don Quixote, the priest, and the barber heard, was raised by the niece and the housekeeper, who were defending the door against Sancho Panza, who was striving to get in to see Don Quixote. What







SANCHO'S VISIT TO DON QUIXOTE OPPOSED.

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would this paunch-gutted fellow have in this house? said they: get you to your own, brother; for it is you, and no other, by whom our master is seduced, and led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways. To which Sancho replied: Mistress housekeeper for the devil, it is I that am seduced and led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways, and not your master; it was he who led me this dance, and you deceive yourselves half in half. He inveigled me from home with fair speeches, promising me an island, which I still hope for. May the damned islands choak thee, accursed Sancho, answered the niece; and, pray, what are islands? are they any thing eatable, glutton, cormorant as thou art? They are not to be eaten, replied Sancho; but governed, and better governments than any four cities, or four justiceships at court. For all that, said the housekeeper, you come not in here, sack of mischiefs, and bundle of rogueries! get you home, and govern there; go, plough and cart, and cease pretending to islands, or highlands.—The priest and the barber took a great deal of pleasure in hearing this dialogue between the three. But Don Quixote, fearing lest Sancho should blunder out some unseasonable follies, and touch upon some points not very much to his credit, called him to him, and ordered the women to hold their tongues, and let him in. Sancho entered, and the priest and the barber took their leave of Don Quixote,

of whose cure they despaired, perceiving how bent he was upon his extravagancies, and how intoxicated with the folly of his unhappy chivalries. And therefore the priest said to the barber: You will see, neighbour, when we least think of it, our gentleman take the other flight. I make no doubt of that, answered the barber; yet I do not admire so much at the madness of the knight, as at the simplicity of the squire, who is so possessed with the business of the island, that I am persuaded all the demonstrations in the world cannot beat it out of his noddle. God help them, said the priest; and let us be upon the watch, and we shall see the drift of this machine of absurdities, of such a knight, and such a squire, who, one would think, were cast in the same mould; and, indeed, the madness of the master, without the follies of the man, would not be worth a farthing. True, quoth the barber, and I should be very glad to know what they two are now talking of. I lay my life, answered the priest, the niece or the housekeeper will tell us all by and bye; for they are not of a temper to forbear listening.

In the mean while Don Quixote had shut himself up in his chamber with Sancho only, and said to him: I am very sorry, Sancho, you should say, and stand in it, that it was I who drew you out of your cottage, when you know, that I myself stayed not in my own house. We set out together; we went on together; and together we performed our

travels. We both ran the same fortune, and the same chance. If you were once tossed in a blanket, I have been threshed a hundred times; and herein only have I had the advantage of you. And reason good, answered Sancho; for, as your worship holds, misfortunes belong more properly to knights-errant themselves, than to their squires. You are mistaken, Sancho, said Don Quixote; for, according to the saying, Quando caput dolet, &c. I understand no other language than my own, replied Sancho. I mean, said Don Quixote, that, when the head aches, all the members ache also; and therefore I, being your master and lord, am your head, and you are a part of me, as being my servant: and for this reason the ill that does, or shall affect me, must affect you also; and so on the contrary. Indeed, quoth Sancho, it should be so; but when I, as a limb, was tossed in the blanket, my head stood on t'other side of the pales, beholding me frisking in the air, without feeling any pain at all; and since the members are bound to grieve at the ills of the head, that also in requital ought to do the like for them. Would you insinuate now, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, that I was not grieved when I saw you tossed? If that be your meaning, say no more, nor so much as think it; for I felt more pain then in my mind, than you did in your body.

But no more of this at present; for a time will come when we may set this matter upon its right

bottom. In the mean time, tell me, friend Sancho, what do folks say of me about this town? what opinion has the common people of me; what think the gentlemen, and what the cavaliers? what is said of my prowess, what of my exploits, and what of my courtesy? What discourse is there of the design I have engaged in, to revive and restore to the world the long-forgotten order of chivalry? In short, Sancho, I would have you tell me whatever you have heard concerning these matters: and this you must do, without adding to the good, or taking from the bad, one tittle: for it is the part of faithful vassals to tell their lords the truth in its native simplicity, and proper figure, neither enlarged by adulation, nor diminished out of any other idle regard. And I would have you, Sancho, learn by the way, that, if naked truth could come to the ears of princes, without the disguise of flattery, we should see happier days, and former ages would be deemed as iron, in comparison of ours, which would then be esteemed the golden age. Let this advertisement, Sancho, be a caution to you to give me an ingenuous and faithful account of what you know concerning the matters I have inquired about. That I will with all my heart, Sir, answered Sancho, on condition that your worship shall not be angry at what I say, since you will have me shew you the naked truth, without arraying her in any other dress than that in which she appeared to me. I will in no wise be angry,



replied Don Quixote: you may speak freely, Sancho, and without any circumlocution.

First and foremost then, said Sancho, the common people take your worship for a downright madman, and me for no less a fool. The gentlemen say, that not containing yourself within the bounds of gentility, you have taken upon you the style of Don, and invaded the dignity of knight-hood, with no more than a paltry vineyard, and a couple of acres of land, with a tatter behind and another before. The cavaliers say, they would not have the gentlemen set themselves in opposition to them, especially those gentlemen esquires, who clout their shoes, and take up the fallen stitches of their black stockings with green silk. That, said Don Quixote, is no reflection upon me; for I always go well clad, and my clothes never patched: a little torn they may be, but more so through the fretting of my armour, than by length of time. As to what concerns your valour, courtesy, achievements, and your undertaking, quoth Sancho, there are very different opinions. Some say, mad, but humorous; others, valiant, but unfortunate; others, courteous, but impertinent: and thus they run divisions upon us, till they leave neither your worship nor me a whole bone in our skins. Take notice, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that wherever virtue is found in any eminent degree, it is always persecuted. Few, or none, of the famous men of times past escaped being calumniated by their malicious contemporaries. Julius

Cæsar, the most courageous, the most prudent, and most valiant captain, was noted for being ambitious, and somewhat unclean both in his apparel and his manners. Alexander, whose exploits gained him the surname of Great, is said to have had a little smack of the drunkard. Hercules, with all his labours, is censured for being lascivious and effeminate. Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, was taxed with being quarrelsome; and his brother with being a whimperer. So that, O Sancho, amidst so many calumnies cast on the worthy, mine may very well pass, if they are no more than those you have mentioned. Body of my father! there lies the jest, replied Sancho. What then, is there more yet behind? said Don Quixote. The tail remains still to be flayed, quoth Sancho: all hitherto has been tarts and cheesecakes: but if your worship has a mind to know the very bottom of these calumnies people bestow upon you, I will bring one hither presently, who shall tell you them all, without missing a tittle: for last night arrived the son of Bartholomew Carrasco, who comes from studying at Salamanca, having taken the degree of bachelor; and when I went to bid him welcome home, he told me, that the history of your worship is already printed in books, under the title of the Ingenious Gentleman "Don Quixote de la Mancha;" and he says, it mentions me too by my very name of Sancho Panza, and the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and several other things, which passed between us

two only; insomuch that I crossed myself out of pure amazement, to think how the historian, who wrote it, could come to know them. Depend upon it, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that the author of this our history must be some sage enchanter; for nothing is hid from them when they have a mind to write. A sage and an enchanter! quoth Sancho; why, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco (for that is his name) says, the author of this history is called Cid Hamete Berengena. That is a Moorish name, answered Don Quixote. It may be so, replied Sancho; for I have heard, that your Moors for the most part are lovers of Berengenas\*. Sancho, said Don Quixote, you must mistake the surname of that same "Cid," which in Arabic signifies "a lord†." It may be so, answered Sancho; but if your worship will have me bring him hither, I will fly to fetch him. You will do me a singular pleasure, friend, said Don Quixote; for I am surprised at what you have told me, and I shall not eat a bit that will do me good, till I am informed of all. Then I am going for him, answered Sancho; and, leaving his master, he went to seek the bachelor, with whom he returned soon after: and between them there passed a most pleasant conversation.

\* A sort of fruit introduced by the Moors, to be boiled with, or without flesh. Sancho mistakes Berengena for Ben Engeli.

† The Arabic name Cid does not properly signify a lord, but a chieftain or commander.

## CHAP. III.

*Of the pleasant conversation, which passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco.*

**D**ON QUIXOTE remained over and above thoughtful, expecting the coming of the bachelor Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear some accounts of himself, printed in a book, as Sancho had told him; and could not persuade himself, that such a history could be extant, since the blood of the enemies he had slain was still reeking on his sword-blade; and could people expect his high feats of arms should be already in print? However, at last he concluded, that some sage, either friend or enemy, by art magic, had sent them to the press: if a friend, to aggrandise and extol them above the most signal achievements of any knight-errant; if an enemy, to annihilate and sink them below the meanest, that ever were written of any squire: although (quoth he to himself) the feats of squires never were written. But if it should prove true, that such a history was really extant, since it was the history of a knight-errant, it must of necessity be sublime, lofty, illustrious, magnificent, and true. This thought afforded him some comfort: but he lost it again upon considering, that the author was

a Moor, as was plain from the name of Cid, and that no truth could be expected from the Moors, who were all impostors, liars, and visionaries. He was apprehensive, he might treat of his love with some indecency, which might redound to the disparagement and prejudice of the modesty of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso. He wished, he might find a faithful representation of his own constancy, and the decorum he had always inviolably preserved towards her, slighting, for her sake, queens, empresses, and damsels of all degrees, and bridling the violent impulses of natural desire. Tossed and perplexed with these and a thousand other imaginations, Sancho and Carrasco found him; and Don Quixote received the bachelor with much courtesy.

This bachelor, though his name was Sampson, was none of the biggest, but an arch wag; of a wan complexion, but of a very good understanding. He was about twenty-four years of age, round-faced, flat-nosed, and wide-mouthed : all signs of his being of a waggish disposition, and a lover of wit and humour ; as he made appear at seeing Don Quixote, before whom he threw himself upon his knees, and said to him : Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, let me have the honour of kissing your grandeur's hand ; for, by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, though I have yet taken no other degrees towards holy orders but the four first, your worship is one of the most famous knights-errant, that have been, or shall be, upon the whole circum-



ference of the earth. A blessing light on Cid Hamete Ben Engeli, who has left us the history of your mighty deeds; and blessings upon blessings light on that virtuoso, who took care to have them translated out of Arabic into our vulgar Castilian, for the universal entertainment of all sorts of people! Don Quixote made him rise, and said: It seems then it is true, that my history is really extant, and that he, who composed it, was a Moor and a sage. So true it is, Sir, said Sampson, that I verily believe, there are, this very day, above twelve thousand books published of that history: witness Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they have been printed; and there is a rumour that it is now printing at Antwerp; and I foresee, that no nation or language will be without a translation of it. Here Don Quixote said: One of the things, which ought to afford the highest satisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man, is, to find, while he is living, his good name published and in print, in every body's mouth, and in every body's hand: I say, his good name; for if it be the contrary, no death can equal it. If fame and a good name are to carry it, said the bachelor, your worship alone bears away the palm from all knights-errant: for the Moor in his language, and the Castilian in his, have taken care to paint to the life that gallant deportment of your worship, that greatness of soul in confronting dangers, that constancy in adversity, and patient endurance of

mischances, that modesty and continence in love, so very platonic, as that between your worship and my lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso.

Sancho here said: I never heard my lady Dulcinea called Donna before, but only plain Dulcinea del Toboso; so that here the history is already mistaken. That objection is of no importance, answered Carrasco. No, certainly, replied Don Quixote: but, pray, tell me, Signor bachelor, which of my exploits are most esteemed in this same history? As to that, answered the bachelor, there are different opinions, as there are different tastes. Some are for the adventure of the windmills, which your worship took for so many Briareuses and giants: others adhere to that of the fulling-hammers: these to the description of the two armies, which afterwards fell out to be two flocks of sheep: another cries up that of the dead body, which was carrying to be interred at Segovia: one says, the setting the galley-slaves at liberty was beyond them all: another, that none can be compared to that of the two Benedictine giants, with the combat of the valorous Biscainer. Pray, tell me, Signor bachelor, quoth Sancho, is there among the rest the adventure of the Yangueses, when our good Rosinante had a longing after the forbidden fruit? The sage, answered Sampson, has left nothing at the bottom of the ink-horn: he inserts and remarks every thing, even to the capers Sancho cut in the blanket. I cut no capers in the blanket,

answered Sancho : in the air I own I did, and more than I desired. In my opinion, quoth Don Quixote, there is no history in the world that has not its ups and downs, especially those which treat of chivalry ; for such can never be altogether filled with prosperous events. For all that, replied the bachelor, some, who have read the history, say, they should have been better pleased, if the authors thereof had forgot some of those numberless drubbings given to Signor Don Quixote in different encounters. Therein, quoth Sancho, consists the truth of the history. They might indeed as well have omitted them, said Don Quixote, since there is no necessity of recording those actions, which do not change nor alter the truth of the story, and especially if they redound to the discredit of the hero. In good faith, Æneas was not altogether so pious as Virgil paints him, nor Ulysses so prudent as Homer describes him. It is true, replied Sampson ; but it is one thing to write as a poet, and another to write as an historian. The poet may say, or sing, not as things were, but as they ought to have been ; but the historian must pen them, not as they ought to have been, but as they really were, without adding to, or diminishing any thing from the truth. Well, if it be so, that Signor Moor is in a vein of telling truth, quoth Sancho, there is no doubt, but among my master's rib-roastings, mine are to be found also : for they never took measure of his worship's shoulders, but

at the same time they took the dimensions of my whole body: but why should I wonder at that, since, as the self-same master of mine says, the members must partake of the ailments of the head. Sancho, you are a sly wag, answered Don Quixote: in faith, you want not for a memory, when you have a mind to have one. Though I had never so much a mind to forget the drubs I have received, quoth Sancho, the tokens, that are still fresh on my ribs, would not let me.

Hold your peace, Sancho, said Don Quixote, and do not interrupt Signor bachelor, whom I entreat to go on, and tell me what is farther said of me in the aforesaid history. And of me too, quoth Sancho; for I hear that I am one of the principal parsons in it. Persons, not parsons, friend Sancho, quoth Sampson. What! another corrector of hard words! quoth Sancho; if this be the trade we shall never have done. Let me die, Sancho, answered the bachelor, if you are not the second person of the history: nay, there are some, who had rather hear you talk, than the finest fellow of them all: though there are also some, who say, you was a little too credulous in the matter of the government of that island promised you by Signor Don Quixote here present. There is still sun-shine on the wall, quoth Don Quixote, and, when Sancho is more advanced in age, with the experience that years give, he will be better qualified to be a governor than he is now. Before God, Sir, quoth Sancho, if I am

not fit to govern an island at these years, I shall not know how to govern it at the age of Methusalem. The mischief of it is, that the said island sticks I know not where, and not in my want of a head-piece to govern it. Recommend it to God, Sancho, said Don Quixote; for all will be well, and perhaps better than you think; for a leaf stirs not on the tree without the will of God. That is true, quoth Sampson; and, if it pleases God, Sancho will not want a thousand islands to govern, much less one. I have seen governors ere now, quoth Sancho, who, in my opinion, do not come up to the sole of my shoe; and yet they are called Your Lordship, and are served in plate. Those are not governors of islands, replied Sampson, but of other governments more manageable; for those, who govern islands, must at least understand grammar. Gramercy for that, quoth Sancho; it is all Greek to me, for I know nothing of the matter\*. But let us leave the business of governments in the hands of God, and let him dispose of me so as I may be most instrumental in his service: I say, Signor bachelor Sampson Carrasco, I am infinitely pleased, that the author of the history has spoken of me in such a manner, that what he says of me is not at all tiresome; for, upon the faith of a trusty squire,

\* Literally, "For the "*grama*" (grass) I could venture on it; but for the "*tica*," I neither put in nor take out, for I understand it not. The reader will easily see the necessity of deviating here from the original.



had he said any thing of me unbecoming an old christian \*, as I am, the deaf should have heard it. That would be working miracles, answered Sampson. Miracles, or no miracles, quoth Sancho, let every one take heed how they talk, or write, of people, and not set down at random the first thing that comes into their imagination.

One of the faults people charge upon that history, said the bachelor, is, that the author has inserted in it a novel, entitled, The Curious Impertinent; not that it is bad in itself, or ill-written, but for having no relation to that place, nor any thing to do with the story of his worship Signor Don Quixote. I will lay a wager, replied Sancho, the son of a bitch, has made a jumble of fish and flesh together. I aver then, said Don Quixote, that the author of my history could not be a sage, but some ignorant pretender, who, at random, and without any judgment, has set himself to write it, come of it what would: like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who, being asked what he painted, answered: As it may hit. Sometimes he would paint a cock after such a guise, and so preposterously designed, that he was forced to write under it in Gothic character, This is a cock: and thus it will fare with my history; it will stand in need of a comment to make it intelligible. Not at all, answered Sampson; for it is so plain, that there is

\* In opposition to those descended from Moors or Jews.

no difficulty in it: children thumb it, boys read it, men understand it, and old folks commend it; in short, it is so tossed about, so conned, and so thoroughly known by all sorts of people, that they no sooner espy a lean scrub-horse, than they cry, Yonder goes Rosinante. But none are so much addicted to reading it as your pages: there is not a nobleman's anti-chamber, in which you will not find a Don Quixote; if one lays it down, another takes it up: one asks for it, another snatches it: in short, this history is the most pleasing and least prejudicial entertainment hitherto published: for there is not so much as the appearance of an immodest word in it, nor a thought that is not entirely catholic. To write otherwise, said Don Quixote, had not been to write truths, but lies; and historians, who are fond of venting falsehoods, should be burnt, like coiners of false money. For my part I cannot imagine what moved the author to introduce novels, or foreign relations, my own story affording matter enough: but without doubt we may apply the proverb, With hay or with straw\*, &c. for verily, had he confined himself to the publishing my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my good wishes, and my achievements alone, he might have compiled a volume as big, or bigger than all the

\* The proverb entire is, "De paja o de heno el jergon lléno," that is, "the bed or tick full of hay or straw;" so it be filled, no matter with what.

works of Tostatus \*. In short, Signor bachelor, what I mean is, that, in order to the compiling histories, or books of any kind whatever, a man had need of a great deal of judgment, and a mature understanding: to talk wittily, and write pleasantly, are the talents of a great genius only. The most difficult character in comedy is that of the fool, and he must be no simpleton that plays that part. History is a sacred kind of writing, because truth is essential to it; and where truth is, there God himself is, so far as truth is concerned: notwithstanding which, there are those, who compose books, and toss them out into the world like fritters.

There are few books so bad, said the bachelor, but there is something good in them. There is no doubt of that, replied Don Quixote; but it often happens, that they, who have deservedly acquired a good share of reputation by their writings, lessen or lose it entirely by committing them to the press. The reason of that, said Sampson, is, that printed works being examined at leisure, the faults thereof are the more easily discovered; and the greater the fame of the author is, the more strict and severe is the scrutiny. Men famous for their parts, great poets, and celebrated historians, are always envied by those, who take a pleasure, and make it their particular entertainment, to censure other men's

\* A Spaniard, who wrote many volumes of divinity.

writings, without ever having published any of their own. That is not to be wondered at, said Don Quixote; for there are many divines, who make no figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent at espying the defects or superfluities of preachers. All this is very true, Signor Don Quixote, said Carrasco; but I wish such critics would be more merciful, and less nice, and not dwell so much upon the motes of that bright sun, the work they censure. For, though *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, they ought to consider how much he was awake, to give his work as much light, and leave as little shade, as he could: and perhaps those very parts, which some men do not taste, are like moles, which sometimes add to the beauty of the face that has them. And therefore I say, that whoever prints a book runs a very great risk, it being of all impossibilities the most impossible to write such an one, as shall satisfy and please all kinds of readers. That, which treats of me, said Don Quixote, has pleased but a few. On the contrary, replied the bachelor, as *stultorum infinitus est numerus*, so infinite is the number of those, who have been delighted with that history: though some have taxed the author's memory as faulty or treacherous, in forgetting to tell us who the thief was that stole Sancho's Dapple\*: which is not related, but only

\* Here is one remarkable instance of forgetfulness in criticising another: for Gines de Passamonte is expressly men-

inferred from what is there written, that he was stolen ; and in a very short time after we find him mounted upon the self-same beast, without hearing how Dapple appeared again. It is also objected, that he has omitted to mention what Sancho did with the hundred crowns he found in the portmantau upon the sable mountain ; for he never speaks of them more, and many persons would be glad to learn what he did with them, or how he spent them ; for that is one of the most substantial points wanting in the work. Sancho answered : Master Sampson, I am not now in a condition to tell tales, or make up accounts ; for I have a qualm come over my stomach, and shall be upon the rack \*, till I have removed it with a couple of draughts of cordial. I have it at home, and my chuck stays for me. As soon as I have dined I will come back, and satisfy your worship, and the whole world, in whatever they are pleased to ask me, both concerning the loss of Dapple, and what became of the hundred crowns. So, without waiting for an answer, or speaking a word more, he went away to his own house. Don Quixote pressed and entreated the bachelor to stay, and do penance with

tioned as the thief, both when the ass was stolen, and when he was recovered.

\* Literally, " shall be stuck upon St. Lucia's thorn," supposed to be a cant phrase for the rack : for which the Royal Dictionary produces no other voucher but this passage.



him. The bachelor accepted of the invitation, and staid: a couple of pigeons was added to the usual commons, and the conversation at table fell upon the subject of chivalry. Carrasco carried on the humour: the banquet was ended: they slept out the heat of the day: Sancho came back, and the former discourse was reassumed.

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#### CHAP. IV.

*Wherein Sancho Panza answers the bachelor Sampson Carrasco's doubts and questions; with other incidents worthy to be known and recited.*

SANCHO came back to Don Quixote's house, and, reassuming the former discourse, in answer to what the bachelor Sampson Carrasco desired to be informed of, namely, by whom, when, and how the ass was stolen, he said: "That very night, when, flying from the holy brotherhood, we entered into the sable mountain, after the unlucky adventure of the galley-slaves, and of the dead body that was carrying to Segovia, my master and I got into a thicket, where, he leaning upon his lance, and I sitting upon Dapple, being both of us mauled and fatigued by our late skirmishes, we fell asleep as soundly as if we had had four feather-beds under us: especially I for my part slept so fast, that the thief, whoever he was, had leisure enough

to suspend me on four stakes, which he planted under the four corners of the pannel, and in this manner leaving me mounted thereon, got Dapple from under me, without my feeling it. That is an easy matter, and no new accident, said Don Quixote: for the like happened to Sacripante at the siege of Albraca, where that famous robber Brunelo, by this self-same invention, stole his horse from between his legs. The dawn appeared, continued Sancho, and scarce had I stretched myself, when, the stakes giving way, down came I with a confounded squelch to the ground. I looked about for my ass, but saw him not: the tears came into my eyes, and I made such a lamentation, that if the author of our history has not set it down, he may make account he has omitted an excellent thing. At the end of I know not how many days, as I was accompanying the princess Micomicona, I saw and knew my ass again, and upon him came, in the garb of a gypsy, that cunning rogue, and notorious malefactor, Gines de Passamonte, whom my master and I freed from the galley-chain. The mistake does not lie in this, replied Sampson, but in the author's making Sancho still ride upon the very same beast, before he gives us any account of his being found again. To this, said Sancho, I know not what to answer, unless it be that the historian was mistaken; or it might be an oversight of the printer. It must be so without doubt, quoth Sampson: but what became of the hundred crowns?

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were they sunk? I laid them out, quoth Sancho, for the use and behoof of my own person, and those of my wife and children; and they have been the cause of my wife's bearing patiently the journies and rambles I have taken in the service of my master Don Quixote: for had I returned, after so long a time penniless, and without my ass, black would have been my luck. If you would know any thing more of me, here am I, ready to answer the king himself in person: and nobody has any thing to meddle or make, whether I brought or brought not, whether I spent or spent not; for if the blows, that have been given me in these sallies, were to be paid for in ready money, though rated only at four maravedis a-piece, another hundred crowns would not pay for half of them: and let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and let him not be judging white for black, nor black for white; for every one is as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

I will take care, said Carrasco, to advertise the author of the history, that, if he reprints the book, he shall not forget what honest Sancho has told us, which will make the book as good again. Is there any thing else to be corrected in that legend, Signor bachelor? quoth Don Quixote. There may be others, answered Carrasco, but none of that importance with those already mentioned. And, peradventure, said Don Quixote, the author promises a second part. He does, answered Samp-

son, but says he has not met with it, nor can learn who has it; and therefore we are in doubt whether it will appear or no: and as well for this reason, as because some people say, that second parts are never good for any thing, and others, that there is enough of Don Quixote already, it is believed, there will be no second part; though some, who are more jovial than saturnine, cry, Let us have more Quixotades; let Don Quixote encounter, and Sancho Panza talk: and, be the rest what it will, we shall be contented. And pray, how stands the author affected? demanded Don Quixote. How? answered Sampson; why, as soon as ever he can find the history he is looking for with extraordinary diligence, he will immediately send it to the press, being prompted thereto more by interest than by any motive of praise whatever. To which Sancho said: Does the author aim at money and profit? it will be a wonder then if he succeeds, since he will only stitch it away in great haste, like a taylor on Easter eve; for works that are done hastily are never finished with that perfection they require. I wish this same Signor Moor would consider a little what he is about: for I and my master will furnish him so abundantly with lime and mortar in matter of adventures and variety of accidents, that he may not only compile a second part, but a hundred. The good man thinks, without doubt, that we lie sleeping here in straw; but let him hold up the foot while the smith is shoeing, and he

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will see on which we halt. What I can say is, that, if this master of mine had taken my counsel, we had ere now been in the field, redressing grievances, and righting wrongs, as is the practice and usage of good knights-errant.

Sancho had scarce finished this discourse, when the neighings of Rosinante reached their ears; which Don Quixote took for a most happy omen, and resolved to make another sally within three or four days; and declaring his intention to the bachelor, he asked his advice which way he should begin his journey. The bachelor replied, he was of opinion that he should go directly to the kingdom of Arragon, and the city of Saragossa, where in a few days there was to be held a most solemn tournament, in honour of the festival of Saint George, in which he might acquire renown above all the Arragonian knights, which would be the same thing as acquiring it above all the knights in the world. He commended his resolution as most honourable and most valorous, and gave him a hint to be more wary in encountering dangers, because his life was not his own, but theirs who stood in need of his aid and succour in their distresses. This is what I renounce, Signor Sampson, quoth Sancho; for my master makes no more of attacking a hundred armed men, than a greedy boy would do half a dozen melons. Body of the world! Signor bachelor, yes, there must be a time to attack, and a time to retreat; and it must not be always, Saint



Jago, and charge, Spain\*. And farther I have heard say, (and, if I remember right, from my master himself) that the mean of true valour lies between the extremes of cowardice and rashness: and if this be so, I would not have him run away when there is no need of it, nor would I have him fall on when the too great superiority requires quite another thing; but above all things I would let my master know, that, if he will take me with him, it must be upon condition, that he shall battle it all himself, and that I shall not be obliged to any other thing, but to look after his clothes and his diet; to which purposes I will fetch and carry like any spaniel: but to imagine, that I will lay hand to my sword, though it be against rascally woodcutters, with hooks and hatchets, is to be very much mistaken. I, Signor Sampson, do not set up for the fame of being valiant, but for that of being the best and most faithful squire that ever served a knight-errant: and if my lord Don Quixote, in consideration of my many and good services, has a mind to bestow on me some one island of the many his worship says he shall light upon, I shall be much beholden to him for the favour; and though he should not give me one, born I am, and we must not rely upon one another, but upon God; and perhaps the bread I shall eat without the govern-

\* "Santiaga y cierra Espana." It is the cry of the Spaniards, when they fall on in the battle.

ment, may go down more savourily than that I should eat with it; and how do I know but the devil, in one of these governments, may provide me some stumbling-block, that I may fall, and dash out my grinders. Sancho I was born, and Sancho I intend to die: yet for all that, if, fairly and squarely, without much solicitude or much danger, heaven should chance to throw an island, or some such thing, in my way, I am not such a fool neither as to refuse it; for it is a saying, when they give you a heifer, make haste with the rope: and when good fortune comes, be sure take her in.

Brother Sancho, quoth Carrasco, you have spoken like any professor: nevertheless, trust in God, and Signor Don Quixote, that he will give you, not only an island, but even a kingdom. One as likely as the other, answered Sancho; though I could tell Signor Carrasco, that my master will not throw the kingdom he gives me into a bag without a bottom: for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands; and so much I have signified before now to my lord. Look you, Sancho, quoth Sampson, honours change manners; and it may come to pass, when you are a governor, that you may not know the very mother that bore you. That, answered Sancho, may be the case with those that are born among the mallows, but not with those, whose souls, like mine, are covered four inches thick with grease of the old christian: no, but

consider my disposition, whether it is likely to be ungrateful to any body. God grant it, said Don Quixote, and we shall see when the government comes; for methinks I have it already in my eye.

This said, he desired the bachelor, if he were a poet, that he would do him the favour to compose for him some verses, by way of a farewell to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and that he would place a letter of her name at the beginning of each verse, in such a manner, that, at the end of the verses, the first letters taken together might make Dulcinea del Toboso. The bachelor answered, though he was not of the famous poets of Spain, who were said to be but three and a half\*, he would not fail to compose those verses; though he was sensible it would be no easy task, the name consisting of seventeen letters; for if he made four stanzas of four verses each, there would be a letter too much, and if he made them of five, which they call Decimas or Redondillas, there would be three letters wanting: nevertheless he would endeavour to sink a letter as well as he could, so as that the name of Dulcinea del Toboso should be included in the four stanzas. Let it be so by all means, said Don Quixote; for if the name be not plain and mani-

\* The first, Alonzo de Ercilla, author of the Araucana: the second, Juan Rufo of Cordova, author of the Austriada; and the third, Christopher Verves of Valentia, author of the Montserrat. By the half poet, Cervantes modestly intends himself.

fest, no woman will believe the rhymes were made for her. They agreed upon this, and that they should set out eight days after. Don Quixote enjoined the bachelor to keep it secret, especially from the priest, and master Nicholas, and from his niece and housekeeper, that they might not obstruct his honourable and valorous purpose. All which Carrasco promised, and took his leave, charging Don Quixote to give him advice of his good or ill success, as opportunity offered: and so they again bid each other farewell, and Sancho went to provide and put in order what was necessary for the expedition.

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CHAP. V.

*Of the wise and pleasant discourse, which passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Panza.*

**T**HE translator of this history, coming to write this fifth chapter, says, he takes it to be apocryphal, because in it Sancho talks in another style than could be expected from his shallow understanding, and says such subtle things, that he reckons impossible that he should know them: nevertheless, he would not omit translating them, to comply with the duty of his office, and so went on, saying.

Sancho came home so gay and so merry, that his wife perceived his joy a bow-shot off, insomuch that

she could not but ask him: What is the matter, friend Sancho, you are so merry? To which he answered: Dear wife, if it were God's will, I should be very glad not to be so well pleased as I appear to be. Husband, replied she, I understand you not, and know not what you mean by saying, you should be glad, if it were God's will, you were not so much pleased: now, silly as I am, I cannot guess how one can take pleasure in not being pleased. Look you, Teresa, answered Sancho, I am thus merry, because I am resolved to return to the service of my master, Don Quixote, who is determined to make a third sally in quest of adventures; and I am to accompany him, for so my necessity will have it: besides I am pleased with the hopes of finding the other hundred crowns, like those we have spent; though it grieves me, that I must part from you and my children, and if God would be pleased to give me bread, dryshod and at home, without dragging me over rough and smooth, and through thick and thin, (which he might do at a small expense, and by only willing it so) it is plain, my joy would be more firm and solid, since it is now mingled with sorrow for leaving you: so that I said right, when I said, I should be glad, if it were God's will, I were not so well pleased. Look you, Sancho, replied Teresa, ever since you have been a member of a knight-errant, you talk in such a round-about manner, that there is nobody understands you. It is enough that God under-



stands me, wife, answered Sancho; for he is the understander of all things; and so much for that: and do you hear, sister, it is convenient you should take more than ordinary care of Dapple these three days, that he may be in a condition to bear arms: double his allowance, and get the pack-saddle in order, and the rest of his tackling; for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to have now and then a bout at "give and take" with giants, fiery dragons, and goblins, and to hear hissings, roarings, bellowings, and bleatings: all which would be but flowers of lavender, if we had not to do with Yangueses and enchanted Moors. I believe indeed, husband, replied Teresa, that your squires-errant do not eat their bread for nothing, and therefore I shall not fail to beseech our Lord to deliver you speedily from so much evil hap. I tell you, wife, answered Sancho, that, did I not expect, ere long, to see myself a governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot. Not so, my dear husband, quoth Teresa: let the hen live, though it be with the pip. Live you, and the devil take all the governments in the world. Without a government came you from your mother's womb; without a government have you lived hitherto; and without a government will you go, or be carried, to your grave, whenever it shall please God. How many folks are there in the world that have not a government; and yet they live for all that, and are reckoned in the number of the people?

The best sauce in the world is hunger, and, as that is never wanting to the poor, they always eat with a relish. But if, perchance, Sancho, you should get a government, do not forget me, and your children. Consider, that little Sancho is just fifteen years old, and it is fit he should go to school, if so be his uncle the abbot means to breed him up to the church. Consider also, that Mary Sancha, your daughter, will not break her heart if we marry her; for I am mistaken if she has not as much mind to a husband, as you have to a government; and indeed, indeed, better a daughter but indifferently married, than well kept.

In good faith, answered Sancho, if God be so good to me that I get any thing like a government, dear wife, I will match Mary Sancha so highly, that there will be no coming near her without calling her, Your Ladyship. Not so, Sancho, answered Teresa; the best way is to marry her to her equal; for if, instead of pattens, you put her on clogs, and, instead of her russet petticoat of fourteen-penny stuff, you give her a farthingale and petticoats of silk, and, instead of plain Molly and You, she be called My Lady such-an-one, and Your Ladyship, the girl will not know where she is, and will fall into a thousand mistakes at every step, discovering the coarse thread of her home-spun country stuff. Peace, fool, quoth Sancho; for all the business is to practise two or three years, and after that the ladyship and the gravity will sit upon

her as if they were made for her ; and, if not, what matters it ? Let her be a lady, and come what will of it. Measure yourself by your condition, Sancho, answered Teresa ; seek not to raise yourself higher, and remember the proverb, Wipe your neighbour's son's nose, and take him into your house\*. It would be a pretty business truly to marry our Mary to some great count or knight, who when the fancy takes him, would look upon her as some strange thing, and be calling her country-wench, clod-breaker's brat, and I know not what : not while I live, husband ; I have not brought up my child to be so used : do you provide money, Sancho, and leave the matching of her to my care ; for there is Lope Tocho, John Tocho's son, a lusty hale young man, whom we know, and I am sure he has a sneaking kindness for the girl : she will be very well married to him, considering he is our equal, and will always be under our eye ; and we shall be all as one, parents and children, grandsons, and sons-in-law, and so the peace and blessing of God will be among us all : and do not you pretend to be marrying her now at your courts and great palaces, where they will neither understand her, nor she understand herself. Hark you, beast, and wife for Barabbas, replied Sancho, why would you now, without

\* This is a literal version of the Spanish proverb, the meaning of which, I suppose, is, " Match your daughter with your neighbour's son."

rhyme or reason, hinder me from marrying my daughter with one, who may bring me grandchildren that may be styled Your Lordships? Look you, Teresa, I have always heard my betters say, He that will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay: and it would be very wrong, now that fortune is knocking at our door, to shut it against her: let us spread our sails to the favourable gale that now blows. This kind of language, and what Sancho says farther below, made the translator of this history say, he takes this chapter to be apocryphal.

Do you not think, animal, continued Sancho, that it would be well for me to be really possessed of some beneficial government, that may lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha to whom I pleased? You will then see how people will call you Donna Teresa Panza, and you will sit in the church with velvet cushions, carpets, and tapestries, in spite of the best gentlewomen of the parish. No! no! continue as you are, and be always the same thing, without being increased or diminished, like a figure in the hangings. Let us have no more of this, pray; for little Sancha shall be a countess, in spite of your teeth. For all that, husband, answered Teresa, I am afraid this countess-ship will be my daughter's undoing. But, what you please: make her a duchess or a princess; but I can tell you, it shall never be with my good will or consent. I was always a lover of equality, and

cannot abide to see folks taking state upon themselves. Teresa my parents named me at the font, a plain simple name, without the additions, laces, or garnitures of Dons or Donnas. My father's name was Cascajo; and I, by being your wife, and called Teresa Panza, though indeed by good right I should be called Teresa Cascajo. But the laws follow still the prince's will. I am contented with this name, without the additional weight of Donna, to make it so heavy that I shall not be able to carry it; and I would not have people, when they see me decked out like any little countess or governess, immediately say: Look, how stately madam hog-feeder moves! Yesterday she toiled at her distaff from morning to night, and went to mass with the tail of her petticoat over her head, instead of her veil; and to-day forsooth she goes with her farthingale, her embroideries, and with an air, as if we did not know her. God keep me in my seven, or my five senses, or as many as I have; for I do not intend to expose myself after this manner. Go you, brother, to your governing and islanding, and puff yourself up as you please: as for my girl and I, by the life of my father, we will neither of us stir a step from our own town. For the proverb says:—

The wife that expects to have a good name,  
Is always at home as if she were lame:  
And the maid that is honest, her chiefest delight  
Is still to be doing from morning to night.



Go you with your Don Quixote to your adventures, and leaves us with our ill fortunes : God will better them for us, if we deserve it : and truly I cannot imagine who made him a Don, a title, which neither his father nor his grandfather ever had. Certainly, replied Sancho, you must have some familiar in that body of yours : heavens bless thee, woman ! what a parcel of things have you been stringing one upon another, without either head or tail ! What has Cascajo, the embroideries, or the proverbs to do with what I am saying ? Hark you, fool, and ignorant (for so I may call you, since you understand not what I say, and are flying from good fortune) had I told you, that our daughter was to throw herself headlong from some high tower, or go strolling about the world, as did the Infanta Donna Urraca, you would be in the right not to come into my opinion : but if, in two turns of a hand, and less than one twinkling of an eye, I can equip her with a Don and Your Ladyship, and raise you from the straw, to sit under a canopy of state, and upon a sofa with more velvet cushions, than all the Almohadas\* of Morocco had Moors in their lineage, why will you not consent, and desire what I do ? Would you know why, husband ? answered Teresa : it is because of the

\* A sport on the word Almohada, which signifies a cushion, and was also the surname of a famous race of the Arabs in Africa.

proverb, which says, He that covers thee, discovers thee. All glance their eyes hastily over the poor man, and fix them upon the rich ; and if that rich man was once poor, then there is work for your murmurers and backbiters, who swarm every where like bees. Look you, Teresa, answered Sancho, and listen to what I am going to say to you ; perhaps you have never heard it in all the days of your life : and I do not now speak of my own head ; for all that I intend to say are sentences of that good father, the preacher, who held forth to us last Lent in this village ; who, if I remember right, said, that all the things present, which our eyes behold, do appear, and exist in our minds much better, and with greater force, than things past.—All these reasonings here of Sancho are another argument to persuade the translator that this chapter is apocryphal, as exceeding the capacity of Sancho, who went on saying :—

From hence it proceeds, that, when we see any person finely dressed, and set off with rich apparel, and with a train of servants, we are, as it were, compelled to shew him respect, although the memory, in that instant, recalls to our thoughts some mean circumstances, under which we have seen him ; which meanness, whether it be of poverty or descent, being already past, no longer exists, and there remains only what we see present before our eyes. And if this person, whom fortune has raised from the obscurity of his native mean-

ness, proves well-behaved, liberal, and courteous to every body, and does not set himself to vie with the ancient nobility, be assured, Teresa, that nobody will remember what he was, but will reverence what he is, excepting the envious, from whom no prosperous fortune is secure. I do not understand you, husband, replied Teresa: do what you think fit, and break not my brains any more with your speeches and flourishes. And if you are revolved to do as you say——Resolved, you should say, wife, quoth Sancho, and not revolved. Set not yourself to dispute with me, answered Teresa; I speak as it pleases God, and meddle not with what does not concern me. I say, if you hold still in the same mind of being a governor, take your son Sancho with you, and henceforward train him up to your art of government; for it is fitting the sons should inherit and learn their father's calling. When I have a government, quoth Sancho, I will send for him by the post, and will send you money, which I shall not want; for there are always people enough to lend governors money, when they have it not: but then be sure to clothe the boy so that he may look, not like what he is, but what he is to be. Send you money, quoth Teresa, and I will equip him as fine as a palm-branch\*. We are

\* In Italy and Spain, they carry in procession, on Palm Sunday, a palm-branch, the leaves of which are platted and interwoven with great art and nicety.

agreed then, quoth Sancho, that our daughter is to be a countess? The day that I see her a countess, answered Teresa, I shall reckon I am laying her in her grave: but I say again, you may do as you please; for we women are born to bear the clog of obedience to our husbands, be they never such blockheads; and then she began to weep as bitterly, as if she already saw little Sancha dead and buried. Sancho comforted her, and promised, that, though he must make her a countess, he would see and put it off as long as possibly he could. Thus ended their dialogue, and Sancho went back to visit Don Quixote, and put things in order for their departure,

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## CHAP. VI.

*Of what passed between Don Quixote, his niece, and housekeeper; one of the most important chapters of the whole history.*

**W**HILE Sancho Panza, and his wife Teresa Cascajo, were holding the foregoing impertinent\* dialogue, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle; who, guessing by a thousand signs

\* So it is in the original, "impertinente;" but I suspect the irony is here broke by the transcriber or printer, and not by the author himself, and that it should be "importante," important, which carries on the grave ridicule of the history.

that their uncle and master would break loose the third time, and return to the exercise of his (for them) unlucky knight-errantry, endeavoured by all possible means to divert him from so foolish a design: but it was all preaching in the desert, and hammering on cold iron. However, among many other various reasonings, which passed between them, the housekeeper said to him: Sir, if your worship will not tarry quietly at home, and leave this rambling over hills and dales like a disturbed ghost, in quest of those same adventures, which I call misadventures, I am resolved to complain aloud to God and the king to put a stop to it. To which Don Quixote replied: Mistress housekeeper, what answer God will return to your complaints, I know not; and what his majesty will answer, as little: I only know, that, if I were king, I would dispense with myself from answering that infinity of impertinent memorials, which are every day presented to him: for, one of the greatest fatigues a king undergoes, is, the being obliged to hear and answer every body; and therefore I should be loth my concerns should give him any trouble. To which the housekeeper replied: Pray, Sir, are there not knights in his majesty's court? Yes, answered Don Quixote, there are many; and it is fitting there should, for the ornament and grandeur of princes, and for the ostentation of the royal dignity. Would it not then be better, replied she, that your worship should be one of them, and quietly serve your king and lord



at court? Look you, friend, answered Don Quixote, all knights cannot be courtiers, neither can, nor ought, all courtiers to be knights-errant: there must be of all sorts in the world; and though we are all knights, there is a great deal of difference between us: for the courtiers, without stirring out of their apartments, or over the threshold, traverse the whole globe, in a map, without a farthing expense, and without suffering heat or cold, hunger or thirst. But we, the true knights-errant, measure the whole earth with our own feet, exposed to sun and cold, to the air and the inclemencies of the sky, by night and by day, on foot and on horseback: nor do we know our enemies in picture only, but in their proper persons, and attack them at every turn, and upon every occasion; without standing upon trifles, or upon the laws of duelling,—such as, whether our adversary bears a shorter or longer lance or sword, whether he carries about him any relics, or wears any secret coat of mail, or whether the sun be duly divided or not; with other ceremonies of the same stamp, used in single combats between man and man, which you understand not, but I do. And you must know farther, that your true knight-errant, though he should espy ten giants, whose heads not only touch, but over-top the clouds, and though each of them stalk on two prodigious towers instead of legs, and has arms like the main-masts of huge and mighty ships of war, and each eye like a great

mill-wheel, and more fiery than the furnace of a glass-house, yet must he in no wise be affrighted, but, on the contrary, with a genteel air, and an undaunted heart, encounter, assail, and, if possible, overcome and rout them in an instant of time, though they should come armed with the shell of a certain fish, which, they say, is harder than adamant; and though, instead of swords, they should bring trenchant sabres of Damascan steel, or iron maces pointed also with steel, as I have seen more than once or twice. All this I have said, mistress housekeeper, to shew you the difference between some knights and others; and it were to be wished, that every prince knew how to esteem this second, or rather first species of knights-errant, since, as we read in their histories, some among them have been the bulwark, not of one only, but of many kingdoms.

Ah! dear uncle, said then the niece, be assured, that what you tell us of knights-errant, is all invention and lies, and, if their histories must not be burnt, at least they deserve to wear each of them a Sanbenito\*, or some badge, whereby they may be known to be infamous, and destructive of good manners. By the God in whom I live, said Don Quixote, were you not my niece directly, as

\* A coat of black canvas, painted over with flames and devils, worn by heretics, when going to be burnt, by order of the Inquisition.

being my own sister's daughter, I would make such an example of you for the blasphemy you have uttered, that the whole world should ring of it. How! is it possible, that a young baggage, who scarcely knows how to manage a dozen of bobbins, should presume to put in her oar, and censure the histories of knights-errant? What would Sir Amadis have said, should he have heard of such a thing? But now I think of it, I am sure he would have forgiven you; for he was the most humble and most courteous knight of his time, and the greatest favourer of damsels. But some other might have heard you, from whom you might not have come off so well: for all are not courteous and good-natured; some are lewd and uncivil. Neither are all they, who call themselves knights, really such at bottom: for some are of gold, others of alchymy; and yet all appear to be knights, though all cannot abide the touch-stone of truth. Mean fellows there are, who break their winds in straining to appear knights; and topping knights there are, who, one would think, die with desire to be thought mean men. The former raise themselves by their ambition, or by their virtues; the latter debase themselves by their weakness or their vices: and one had need of a good discernment to distinguish between these two kinds of knights, so near in their names, and so distant in their actions. Bless me! uncle, quoth the niece, that your worship should be so knowing, that, if need were, you

might mount a pulpit, and hold forth any where in the streets \*, and yet should give into so blind a vagary, and so exploded a piece of folly, as to think to persuade the world, that you are valiant, now you are old; that you are strong, when, alas! you are infirm; and that you are able to make crooked things straight, though stooping yourself under the weight of years; above all, that you are a knight, when you are really none: for, though gentlemen may be such, yet poor ones hardly can.

You are much in the right, niece, in what you say, answered Don Quixote, and I could tell you such things concerning lineages as would surprise you: but, because I would not mix things divine with human, I forbear. Hear me, friends, with attention. All the genealogies in the world may be reduced to four sorts, which are these. First, of those, who, having had low beginnings, have gone on extending and dilating themselves till they have arrived at a prodigious grandeur. Secondly, of those, who having had great beginnings, have preserved, and continue to preserve them in the same condition they were in at first. Thirdly, of those, who, though they have had great beginnings, have ended in a small point like a pyramid, having gone on diminishing and decreasing continually, till they have come almost to nothing;

\* The zealots now and then, and the young Jesuits frequently, in Italy and Spain, get upon a bulk, and hold forth in the streets.

like the point of the pyramid, which, in respect of its base or pedestal, is next to nothing. Lastly, of those (and they are the most numerous) who, having had neither a good beginning, nor a tolerable middle, will therefore end without a name, like the families of common and ordinary people. Of the first sort, who, having had a mean beginning, have rose to greatness, and still preserve it, we have an example in the Ottoman family, which, from a poor shepherd its founder, is arrived at the height we now see it at. Of the second sort of genealogies, which began great, and preserve themselves without augmentation, examples may be fetched from sundry hereditary princes, who contain themselves peaceably within the limits of their own dominions, without enlarging or contracting them. Of those, who began great, and have ended in a point, there are thousands of instances: for all the Pharaohs, and Ptolemies of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with all the herd (if I may so call them) of that infinite number of princes, monarchs, and lords, Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and Barbarians; all these families and dominions, as well as their founders, have ended in a point and next to nothing: for it is impossible now to find any of their descendants, and, if one should find them, it would be in some low and abject condition. Of the lineages of the common sort I have nothing to say, only that they serve to swell the number of the living, without deserving any other fame or



eulogy. From all that has been said I would have you infer, my dear fools, that the confusion there is among genealogies is very great, and that those only appear great and illustrious, which shew themselves such by the virtue, riches, and liberality of their possessors. I say, virtue, riches, and liberality, because the great man that is vicious will be greatly vicious; and the rich man, who is not liberal, is but a covetous beggar; for the possessor of riches is not happy in having, but in spending them, and not in spending them merely according to his own inclination, but in knowing how to spend them properly. The knight, who is poor, has no other way of shewing himself to be one, but that of virtue, by being affable, well-behaved, courteous, kind, and obliging, not proud, not arrogant, no murmurer, and above all charitable; for, by two farthings given cheerfully to the poor, he shall discover as much generosity, as he, who bestows large alms by sound of bell: and there is no one, who sees him adorned with the aforesaid virtues, though he knows him not, but will judge and repute him to be well descended. Indeed it would be a miracle, were it otherwise: praise was always the reward of virtue, and the virtuous cannot fail of being commended. There are two roads, daughters, by which men may arrive at riches and honours; the one by the way of letters, the other by that of arms. I have more in me of the soldier than of the scholar; and was born, as appears by

my propensity to arms, under the influence of the planet Mars ; so that I am, as it were, forced into that track, and that road I must take in spite of the whole world : and it will be in vain for you to tire yourselves in persuading me not to attempt what heaven requires, fortune ordains, and reason demands, and, above all, what my inclination leads me to. I know the innumerable toils attending on knight-errantry. I know also the numberless advantages obtained thereby. I know, that the path of virtue is strait and narrow, and the road of vice broad and spacious. I know also, that their ends and resting-places are different: for those of vice, large and open, end in death ; and those of virtue, narrow and intricate, end in life, and not in life that has an end, but in that which is eternal. And I know, as our great Castilian poet expresses it, that—

Through these rough paths, to gain a glorious name,  
We climb the steep ascent that leads to fame.  
They miss the road, who quit the rugged way,  
And in the smoother tracks of pleasure stray.

Ah, wo is me ! quoth the niece ; what ! my uncle a poet too ! he knows every thing ; nothing comes amiss to him. I will lay a wager, that, if he had a mind to turn mason, he would build a house with as much ease as a bird-cage. I assure you, niece, answered Don Quixote, that if these knightly thoughts did not employ all my senses, there is nothing I could not do, nor any curious art, but

what I could turn my hand to, especially bird-cages and tooth-picks\*.”

By this time there was knocking at the door, and upon asking, Who is there? Sancho Panza answered, It is I. The housekeeper no sooner knew his voice, but she ran to hide herself, so much she abhorred the sight of him. The niece let him in, and his master, Don Quixote went out and received him with open arms; and they two, being locked up together in the knight's chamber, held another dialogue, not a jot inferior to the former.

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## CHAP. VII.

*Of what passed between Don Quixote and his squire, with other most famous occurrences.*

**T**HE housekeeper no sooner saw, that Sancho and her master had locked themselves up together, but she presently began to suspect the drift of their conference; and imagining, that it would end in a resolution for a third sally, she took her veil, and, full of anxiety and trouble, went in quest of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, thinking that, as he was a well-spoken person, and a new acquaintance

\* Tooth-picks, in Spain, are made of long shavings of boards, split and reduced to a straw's breadth, and wound up like small wax-lights.

of her master's, he might be able to dissuade him from so extravagant a purpose. She found him walking to and fro in the court-yard of his house, and, as soon as she espied him, she fell down at his feet in violent disorder and a cold sweat. When Carrasco beheld her with signs of so much sorrow and heart-beating, he said: What is the matter, mistress housekeeper? what has befallen you, that you look as if your heart was at your mouth? Nothing at all, dear master Sampson, quoth she; only that my master is most certainly breaking forth. How breaking forth, madam? demanded Sampson; has he broken a hole in any part of his body? No, quoth she, he is only breaking forth at the door of his own madness: I mean, Signor bachelor of my soul, that he has a mind to sally out again (and this will be his third time) to ramble about the world in quest of what he calls adventures\*, though for my part, I cannot tell why he calls them so. The first time, he was brought home to us athwart an ass, and mashed to mummy. The second time, he came home in an ox-waggon, locked up in a cage, in which he persuaded himself he was enchanted: and the poor soul was so changed, that he could not be known by the mother that bore him, feeble, wan, his eyes sunk to the inmost lodgings of his brain, insomuch

\* "Venturas," a play upon the word "ventura," which signifies both good luck, and also adventures.

that I spent above six hundred eggs in getting him a little up again, as God and the world is my witness, and my hens that will not let me lie. I can easily believe that, answered the bachelor; for they are so good, so plump, and so well nurtured, that they will not say one thing for another, though they should burst for it. In short then, mistress housekeeper, there is nothing more, nor any other disaster, only what is feared Signor Don Quixote may peradventure have a mind to do? No, sir, answered she. Be in no pain then, replied the bachelor; but go home, in God's name, and get me something warm for breakfast; and, by the way, as you go, repeat the prayer of saint Apollonia, if you know it; and I will be with you instantly, and you shall see wonders. Dear me! replied the housekeeper, the prayer of saint Apollonia, say you? that might do something, if my master's distemper lay in his gums; but alas! it lies in his brain. I know what I say, mistress housekeeper, replied Sampson; get you home, and do not stand disputing with me; for you know I am a Salamanca bachelor of arts, and there is no bachelorizing\* beyond that. With that away went the housekeeper, and the bachelor immediately went to find the priest, and consult with him about what you will hear of in due time.

\* A word made on purpose, answerable to the original "bachilliar."



While Don Quixote and Sancho continued locked up together, there passed some discourse between them, which the history relates at large with great punctuality and truth. Quoth Sancho to his master: Sir, I have now reduced my wife to consent to let me go with your worship wherever you please to carry me. Reduced, you should say, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, and not reduced\*. Once or twice already, answered Sancho, if I remember right, I have besought your worship not to mend my words, if you understand my meaning; and when you do not, say, Sancho, or devil, I understand you not; and if I do not explain myself, then you may correct me; for I am so focible—I do not understand you, Sancho, said Don Quixote, presently; for I know not the meaning of focible. So focible, answered Sancho, means, I am so much so. I understand less now, replied Don Quixote. Why, if you do not understand me, answered Sancho, I know not how to express it; I know no more, God help me. O! now I have it, answered Don Quixote: you mean you are so docible, so pliant, and so tractable, that you will readily comprehend whatever I shall say to you, and will learn whatever I shall teach you. I will lay a wager, quoth Sancho, you took me from the beginning, and understood me perfectly; only you had a mind

\* But just now Sancho corrected his wife for saying “re-  
volved” instead of “resolved.”—See chap. v.

to put me out, to hear me make two hundred blunders more. That may be, replied Don Quixote: but, in short, what says Teresa? Teresa, quoth Sancho, says, that fast bind fast find, and that we must have less talking, and more doing; for he who shuffles is not he who cuts, and one performance is worth two promises: and, say I, there is but little in woman's advice, yet he that won't take it is not over wise. I say so too, replied Don Quixote: proceed, Sancho, for you talk admirably to-day. The case is, replied Sancho, that, as your worship very well knows, we are all mortal, here to-day, and gone to-morrow; that the lamb goes to the spit as soon as the sheep; and that nobody can promise himself in this world more hours of life than God pleases to give him: for death is deaf, and, when he knocks at life's door, is always in haste; and nothing can stay him, neither force, nor entreaties, nor sceptres, nor mitres, according to public voice and report, and according to what is told us from our pulpits. All this is true, said Don Quixote: but I do not perceive what you would be at. What I would be at, quoth Sancho, is, that your worship would be pleased to appoint me a certain salary, at so much per month, for the time I shall serve you, and that the said salary be paid me out of your estate; for I have no mind to stand to the courtesy of recompences, which come late, or lame, or never, God help me with my own. In short, I would know what I am to get, be it

little or much : for the hen sits if it be but upon one egg, and many littles make a mickle, and while one is getting something, one is losing nothing. In good truth, should it fall out (which I neither believe nor expect) that your worship should give me that same island you have promised me, I am not so ungrateful, nor am I for making so hard a bargain, as not to consent, that the amount of the rent of such island be appraised, and my salary be deducted, cantity for cantity. Is not quantity as good as cantity, friend Sancho? answered Dón Quixote. I understand you, quoth Sancho; I will lay a wager, I should have said quantity, and not cantity: but that signifies nothing, since your worship knew my meaning. Yes; and so perfectly too, returned Don Quixote, that I see to the very bottom of your thoughts, and the mark you drive at with the innumerable arrows of your proverbs. Look you, Sancho, I could easily appoint you wages, had I ever met with any precedent, among the histories of knights-errant, to discover or shew me the least glimmering of what they used to get monthly or yearly. I have read all, or most of those histories, and do not remember ever to have read, that any knight-errant allowed his squire set wages. I only know that they all served upon courtesy, and that, when they least thought of it, if their masters had good luck, they were rewarded with an island, or something equivalent, or at least remained with a title

and dignity. If, Sancho, upon the strength of these expectations, you are willing to return to my service, in God's name do so: but to think, that I will force the ancient usage of knight-errantry off the hinges, is a very great mistake. And therefore, Sancho, go home, and tell your wife my intention, and if she is willing, and you have a mind to stay with me upon courtesy, *benè quidem*; if not, we are as we were: for if the dove-house wants not bait, it will never want pigeons: and take notice, son, that a good reversion is better than a bad possession, and a good demand than bad pay. I talk thus, Sancho, to let you see, that I can let fly a volley of proverbs as well as you. To be short with you, if you are not disposed to go along with me upon courtesy, and run the same fortune with me, the Lord have thee in his keeping, and make thee a saint, I pray God; for I can never want squire, who will be more obedient, more diligent, and neither so selfish nor so talkative, as you are.

When Sancho heard his master's fixed resolution, the sky clouded over with him, and the wings of his heart downright flagged; for till now he verily believed his master would not go without him for the world's worth. While he stood thus thoughtful, and in suspense, in came Sampson Carrasco, and the niece and the housekeeper, who had a mind to hear what arguments he made use of to dissuade their master and uncle from going again in quest

of adventures. Sampson, who was a notable wag, drew near, and embracing Don Quixote, as he did the time before, he exalted his voice, and said : O flower of knight-errantry ! O resplendent light of arms ! O mirror and honour of the Spanish nation ! may it please Almighty God of his infinite goodness, that the person, or persons, who shall obstruct, or disappoint your third sally, may never find the way out of the labyrinth of their desires, nor ever accomplish what they so ardently wish. And turning to the housekeeper, he said : Now, mistress housekeeper, you may save yourself the trouble of saying the prayer of St. Apollonia ; for I know that it is the precise determination of the stars, that Signor Don Quixote shall once more put in execution his glorious and uncommon designs, and I should greatly burden my conscience, did I not give intimation thereof, and persuade this knight no longer to detain and withhold the force of his valorous arm, and the goodness of his most undaunted courage, lest, by his delay, he defraud the world of the redress of injuries, the protection of orphans, the maintaining the honour of damsels, the relief of widows, and the support of married women, with other matters of this nature, which concern, depend upon, appertain, and are annexed to, the order of knight-errantry. Go on then, dear Signor Don Quixote, beautiful and brave ; and let your worship and grandeur lose no time, but set forward rather to-day than to-morrow ; and if any thing be want-



ing towards putting your design in execution, here am I, ready to supply it with my life and fortune; and if your magnificence stands in need of a squire, I shall think it a singular piece of good fortune to serve you as such.

Don Quixote thereupon, turning to Sancho, said: Did I not tell you, Sancho, that I should have squires enough and to spare? behold, who is it that offers himself to be one, but the unheard-of bachelor Sampson Carrasco, the perpetual darling and delight of the Salamancan schools, sound and active of body, no prater, patient of heat and cold, of hunger and thirst, with all the qualifications necessary to the squire of a knight-errant? but heaven forbid, that, to gratify my own private inclination, I should endanger this pillar of literature, this urn of sciences, and lop off so eminent a branch of the noble and liberal arts. Let our new Sampson abide in his country, and, in it doing honour, at the same time reverence the gray hairs of his ancient parents; for I will make shift with any squire whatever, since Sancho deigns not to go along with me. I do deign, quoth Sancho, melted into tenderness, and his eyes overflowing with tears, and proceeded: It shall never be said of me, dear master, the bread is eaten, and the company broke up. I am not come of an ungrateful stock; since all the world knows, especially our village, who the Panzas were, from whom I am descended: besides, I know, and am very well

assured, by many good works, and more good words, of the desire your worship has to do me a kindness ; and if I have taken upon me so much more than I ought, by intermeddling in the article of wages, it was out of complaisance to my wife, who, when once she takes in hand to persuade a thing, no mallet drives and forces the hoops of a tub, as she does to make one do what she has a mind to : but, in short, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman ; and since I am a man every where else (I cannot deny that) I will also be one in my own house, vex whom it will : and therefore there is no more to be done, but that your worship give orders about your will, and its codicil, in such manner, that it cannot be rebuked, and let us set out immediately, that the soul of Signor Sampson may not suffer, who says he is obliged in conscience to persuade your worship to make a third sally ; and I again offer myself to serve your worship, faithfully and loyally, as well, and better than all the squires that ever served knight-errant, in past or present times.

The bachelor stood in admiration to hear Sancho Panza's style and manner of talking ; for, though he had read the first part of his master's history, he never believed he was so ridiculous as he is therein described : but hearing him now talk of will and codicil that could not be " rebuked," instead of " revoked," he believed all he had read of him, and concluded him to be one of the most

solemn coxcombs of the age ; and said to himself, that two such fools, as master and man, were never before seen in the world. In fine, Dón Quixote and Sancho, being perfectly reconciled, embraced each other, and with the approbation and good-liking of the grand Carrasco, now their oracle, it was decreed their departure should be within three days, in which time they might have leisure to provide what was necessary for the expedition, especially a complete helmet, which Don Quixote said he must by all means carry with him. Sampson offered him one, belonging to a friend of his, who, he was sure, would not deny it him, though to say the truth, the brightness of the steel was not a little obscured by the tarnish and rust. The curses, which the housekeeper and niece heaped upon the bachelor, were not to be numbered : they tore their hair, and scratched their faces, and, like the funeral mourners formerly in fashion, lamented the approaching departure, as if it were the death of their master. The design Sampson had in persuading him to sally forth again, was to do what the history tells us hereafter, all by the advice of the priest and the barber, with whom he had plotted before-hand.

In short, in those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with what they thought convenient, and, Sancho having appeased his wife, and Don Quixote his niece and housekeeper, in the dusk of the evening, unobserved by

any body but the bachelor, who would needs bear them company half a league from the village, they took the road to Toboso; Don Quixote upon his good Rosinante, and Sancho upon his old Dapple, his wallets stored with provisions, and his purse with money, which Don Quixote had given him against whatever might happen. Sampson embraced him, praying him to give him advice of his good or ill fortune, that he might rejoice or condole with him, as the laws of their mutual friendship required. Don Quixote promised he would: Sampson returned to the village, and the knight and squire took their way toward the great city of Toboso.

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### CHAP. VIII.

*Wherein is related what befel Don Quixote, as he was going to visit his lady Dulcinea del Toboso.*

**P**RAISED be the mighty Allah! says Hamete Ben Engeli, at the beginning of this eighth chapter: praised be Allah! repeating it thrice, and saying, he gives these praises, to find that Don Quixote and Sancho had again taken the field, and that the readers of their delightful history may make account, that, from this moment, the exploits and witty sayings of Don Quixote and his squire begin. He persuades them to forget the former

chivalries of the ingenious gentleman, and fix their eyes upon his future achievements, which begin now upon the road to Toboso, as the former began in the fields of Montiel; and this is no very unreasonable request, considering what great things he promises, and thus he goes on, saying:—

Don Quixote and Sancho remained by themselves; and scarcely was Sampson parted from them, when Rosinante began to neigh, and Dapple to sigh; which was held by both knight and squire for a good sign, and a most happy omen, though, if the truth were to be told, the sighs and brayings of the ass exceeded the neighings of the steed; from whence Sancho gathered that his good luck was to surpass and get above that of his master. But whether he drew this inference from judicial astrology, I cannot say, it not being known whether he was versed in it, since the history says nothing of it: only he had been heard to say, when he stumbled or fell, that he would have been glad he had not gone out of doors; for by a stumble or a fall nothing was to be got but a torn shoe, or a broken rib; and, though he was a simpleton, he was not much out of the way in this.

Don Quixote said to him: Friend Sancho, the night is coming on apace, and with too much darkness for us to reach Toboso by day-light; whither I am resolved to go, before I undertake any other adventure: there will I receive the blessing, and the good leave, of the peerless Dul-



cinea, with which leave I am well assured of finishing, and giving a happy conclusion to, every perilous adventure; for nothing in this world inspires knights-errant with so much valour, as the finding themselves favoured by their mistresses. I believe it, answered Sancho; but I am of opinion, it will be difficult for your worship to come to the speech of her, or be alone with her, at least in any place where you may receive her benediction, unless she tosses it over the pales of the yard; from whence I saw her the time before, when I carried her the letter, with the news of the follies and extravagancies your worship was playing in the heart of the sable mountain. Pales did you fancy them to be, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, over which you saw that paragon of gentility and beauty? impossible! you must mean galleries, arcades, or cloisters of some rich and royal palace. All that may be, answered Sancho; but to me they seemed pales, or I have a very shallow memory. However let us go thither, Sancho, replied Don Quixote; for so I do but see her, be it through pales, through windows, through crannies, or through the rails of a garden, this I shall gain by it, that how small soever a ray of the sun of her beauty reaches my eyes, it will so enlighten my understanding, and fortify my heart, that I shall remain without a rival either in wisdom or valour. In truth, Sir, answered Sancho, when I saw this sun of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright

as to send forth any rays; and the reason must be, that, as her ladyship was winnowing that wheat I told you of, the great quantity of dust, that flew out of it, overcast her face like a cloud, and obscured it. What! Sancho, said Don Quixote, do you persist in saying and believing, that my lady Dulcinea was winnowing wheat; a business and employment quite foreign to persons of distinction, who are designed and reserved for other exercises and amusements, which distinguish their high quality a bow-shot off? You forget, Sancho, our poet's\* verses, in which he describes the labours of those four nymphs, in their crystal mansions, when they raised their heads above the delightful Tagus, and seated themselves in the green meadow, to work those rich stuffs, which, as the ingenious poet there describes them, were all embroidered with gold, silk, and pearls. And in this manner must my lady have been employed, when you saw her: but the envy, some wicked enchanter bears me, changes and converts into different shapes every thing that should give me pleasure; and therefore, in that history, said to be published of my exploits, if peradventure its author was some sage my enemy, he has, I fear, put one thing for another, with one truth mixing a thousand lies, and amusing himself with relating actions foreign to what is requisite for the continuation of a true

\* Garcilaso.

history. O envy! thou root of infinite evils, and canker-worm of virtues! All other vices, Sancho, carry somewhat of pleasure along with them: but envy is attended with nothing but distate, rancour, and rage. That is what I say too, replied Sancho; and I take it for granted, in that same legend or history of us, the bachelor Carrasco tells us he has seen, my reputation is tossed about like a tennis-ball. Now, as I am an honest man, I never spoke ill of any enchanter, nor have I wealth enough to be envied. It is true, indeed, I am said to be somewhat sly, and to have a little spice of the knave; but the grand cloak of my simplicity, always natural and never artificial, hides and covers all. And if I had nothing else to boast of, but the believing, as I do always, firmly and truly in God, and in all that the holy catholic Roman church holds and believes, and the being, as I really am, a mortal enemy to the Jews, the historians ought to have mercy upon me, and treat me well in their writings. But let them say what they will: naked was I born, and naked I am: I neither lose nor win; and, so my name be but in print, and go about the world from hand to hand, I care not a fig, let people say of me whatever they list.

That, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, is just like what happened to a famous poet of our times, who having wrote an ill-natured satire upon the court-ladies, a certain lady, who was not expressly named

in it, so that it was doubtful whether she was implied in it or not, complained to the poet, asking him what he had seen in her, that he had not inserted her among the rest, telling him he must enlarge his satire, and put her in the supplement, or wo be to him. The poet did as he was bid, and set her down for such a one as duennas will not name. As for the lady, she was satisfied to find herself infamously famous. Of the same kind is the story they tell of that shepherd, who set fire to, and burnt down, the famous temple of Diana, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world, only that his name might live in future ages: and though it was ordered by public edict, that nobody should name or mention him either by word or writing, that he might not attain to the end he proposed, yet still it is known he was called Erostratus. To the same purpose may be alleged what happened to the great emperor Charles the Fifth, with a Roman knight. The emperor had a mind to see the famous church of the Rotunda, which by the ancients was called the Pantheon, or Temple of all the gods, and now, by a better name, The church of All Saints, and is one of the most entire edifices remaining of heathen Rome, and which most preserves the fame of the greatness and magnificence of its founders. It is made in the shape of a half-orange, very spacious, and very lightsome, though it has but one window, or rather a round opening at top: from whence the emperor

having surveyed the inside of the structure, a Roman knight, who stood by his side, shewing him the beauty and ingenious contrivance of that vast machine and memorable piece of architecture, when they were come down from the sky-light, said to the emperor : Sacred Sir, a thousand times it came into my head to clasp your majesty in my arms, and cast myself down with you from the top to the bottom of the church, merely to leave an eternal name behind me. I thank you, answered the emperor, for not putting so wicked a thought in execution, and henceforward I will never give you an opportunity of making the like proof of your loyalty, and therefore command you never to speak to me more, or come into my presence ; and after these words he bestowed some great favour upon him. What I mean, Sancho, is, that the desire of fame is a very active principle in us. What, think you, cast Horatius down from the bridge, armed at all points, into the depth of the Tiber ? What burnt the arm and hand of Mutius ? What impelled Curtius to throw himself into the flaming gulph, that opened itself in the midst of Rome ? What made Cæsar pass the Rubicon in opposition to all presages ? And, in more modern examples, what bored the ships, and stranded those valiant Spaniards, conducted by the most courteous Cortez in the new world ? All these, and other great and very different exploits, are, were, and shall be, the works of fame, which mortals desire as the reward and earnest of



that immortality their noble deeds deserve : though we Christian and Catholic knight-errants ought to be more intent upon the glory of the world to come, which is eternal in the ethereal and celestial regions, than upon the vanity of fame, acquired in this present and transitory world ; for, let it last never so long, it must end with the world itself, which has its appointed period. Therefore, O Sancho, let not our works exceed the bounds prescribed by the Christian religion, which we profess. In killing giants we are to destroy pride : we must overcome envy by generosity and good-nature, anger by sedateness and composure of mind, gluttony and sleep by eating little and watching much, lust and lasciviousness by the fidelity we maintain to those we have made mistresses of our thoughts, laziness by going about all parts of the world, and seeking occasions, which may make us, besides being Christians, renowned knights. These, Sancho, are the means of obtaining those extremes of praise, which a good name brings along with it.

All that your worship has hitherto told me, quoth Sancho, I very well understand : but, for all that, I wish you would be so kind as to dissolve me one doubt, which is this moment come into my mind. Resolve, you would say, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote : out with it in God's name ; for I will answer as far as I know. Pray, tell me, Sir, proceeded Sancho, those Julys and Augusts, and all those feat-doing knights you spoke of, that are dead,

where are they now? The gentiles, answered Don Quixote, are doubtless in hell: the Christians, if they were good Christians, are either in purgatory, or in heaven. Very well, quoth Sancho; but let us know now, whether the sepulchres, in which the bodies of those great lords lie interred, have silver lamps burning before them, and whether the walls of their chapels are adorned with crutches, winding-sheets, old perukes, legs, and eyes\*; and, if not with these, pray, with what are they adorned? To which Don Quixote answered: The sepulchres of the heathens were for the most part sumptuous temples. The ashes of Julius Cæsar were deposited in an urn, placed on the top of a pyramid of stone, of a prodigious bigness, which is now called the obelisk of St. Peter. The sepulchre of the emperor Adrian was a castle as big as a good village, called Moles Adriani, and now the castle of St. Angelo, in Rome. Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a tomb, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. But none of these sepulchres, nor many others of the gentiles, were hung about with winding-sheets, or other offerings, or signs, to denote those to be saints, who were buried in them. That is what I am coming to, replied Sancho; and now, pray tell me, which is the more difficult, to raise a dead man to life, or to slay a

\* The chapels of saints, in Roman Catholic countries, where miracles are pretended to be wrought, are thus furnished.

giant? The answer is very obvious, answered Don Quixote; to raise a dead man. There I have caught you, quoth Sancho. His fame then, who raises the dead, gives sight to the blind, makes the lame walk, and cures the sick; before whose sepulchre lamps are continually burning, and whose chapels are crowded with devotees, adoring his relics upon their knees; his fame, I say, shall be greater both in this world and the next, than that, which all the heathen emperors and knights-errant in the world ever had, or ever shall have. I grant it, answered Don Quixote. Then, replied Sancho, the bodies and relics of saints have this fame, these graces, these prerogatives, or how do you call them, with the approbation and licence of our holy mother church, and also their lamps, winding-sheets, crutches, pictures, perukes, eyes, and legs, whereby they increased people's devotion, and spread their own Christian fame. Besides, kings themselves carry the bodies or relics of saints upon their shoulders, kiss bits of their bones, and adorn and enrich their chapels and most favourite altars with them. What would you have me infer, Sancho, from all you have been saying? quoth Don Quixote. I would infer, said Sancho, that we had better turn saints immediately, and we shall then soon attain to that renown we aim at. And pray take notice, Sir, that yesterday, or t'other day, (for it is so little a while ago that I may so speak) a couple of

poor bare-footed friars\* were beatified or canonized, whose iron chains, wherewith they girded and disciplined themselves, people now reckon it a great happiness to touch or kiss ; and they are now held in greater veneration than Orlando's sword in the armoury of our lord the king, God bless him. So that, master of mine, it is better being a poor friar of the meanest order, than the valiantest knight-errant whatever ; for a couple of dozen of penitential lashes are more esteemed in the sight of God, than two thousand tilts with a lance, whether it be against giants, goblins, or dragons. I confess, answered Don Quixote, all this is just as you say ; but we cannot be all friars ; and many and various are the ways, by which God conducts his elect to heaven. Chivalry is a kind of religious profession ; and some knights are now saints in glory. True, answered Sancho ; but I have heard say, there are more friars in heaven, than knights-errant. It may well be so, replied Don Quixote ; because the number of the religious is much greater than that of the knights-errant†. And yet, quoth Sancho,

\* Diego de Alcala was one of them, and has one of the richest, most adorned, and most frequented churches in Spain. The other was Salvador de Orta. Both sainted in the reign of Philip II.

† Here Cervantes has made a large amends for the several strokes of satire upon the clergy occasionally scattered up and down this work.—The master and man are in a very devout vein, and give the preference to the whipping-friar before the slashing knight-errant.

there are abundance of the errant sort. Abundance, indeed, answered Don Quixote; but few, who deserve the name of knights.

In these and the like discourses they passed that night, and the following day, without any accident worth relating; whereat Don Quixote was not a little grieved. In short, next day they descried the great city of Toboso; at sight whereof Don Quixote's spirits were much elevated, and Sancho's as much dejected, because he did not know Dulcinea's house, and had never seen her in his life, no more than his master had; so that they were both equally in pain, the one to see her, and the other for not having seen her: and Sancho knew not what to do, when his master should send him to Toboso. In fine, Don Quixote resolved to enter the city about night-fall; and, till that hour came, they stayed among some oak trees near the town; and the time appointed being come, they went into the city, where things befel them that were things indeed.

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## CHAP. IX.

*Which relates what will be found in it.*

**H**ALF the night, or thereabouts, was spent, when Don Quixote and Sancho left the mountain, and entered into Toboso. The town was all hushed



in silence : for its inhabitants were sound asleep, reposing, as the phrase is, with out-stretched legs. The night was not quite a dark one ; though Sancho could have wished it were, that the obscurity thereof might cover or excuse his prevarication. Nothing was heard in all the place but the barking of dogs, stunning Don Quixote's ears, and disquieting Sancho's heart. Now and then an ass brayed, swine grunted, and cats mewed ; which different sounds were augmented by the silence of the night. All which the enamoured knight took for an ill omen ; nevertheless he said to Sancho : Sancho, son, lead on before to Dulcinea's palace ; for it may be we shall find her awake. To what palace ? body of the sun ! answered Sancho : That I saw her highness in was but a very little house. She must have been retired at that time, replied Don Quixote, to some small apartment of her castle, amusing herself with her damsels, as is usual with great ladies and princesses. Since your worship, quoth Sancho, will needs have my lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gates open ; and is it fit we should stand thundering at the door, till they open and let us in, putting the whole house in an uproar ? Think you, we are going to a bawdy-house, like your gallants, who knock, and call, and are let in at what hour they please, be it never so late ? First, to make one thing sure, let us find this castle, replied Don Quixote, and then I will tell you what is fit to be

done : and look, Sancho ; for either my eyes deceive me, or that great, dark bulk we see yonder must be Dulcinea's palace. Then lead on yourself, Sir, answered Sancho : perhaps it may be so ; though, if I were to see it with my eyes, and touch it with my hands, I will believe it just as much as I believe it is now day.

Don Quixote led the way, and, having gone about two hundred paces, he came up to the bulk, which cast the dark shade, and perceived it was a large steeple, and presently knew, that the building was no palace, but the principal church of the place : whereupon he said : We are come to the church, Sancho. I find we are, answered Sancho ; and pray God we be not come to our graves : for it is no very good sign, to be rambling about churchyards at such hours, and especially since I have already told your worship, if I remember right, that this same lady's house stands in an alley, where there is no thoroughfare. God's curse light on thee, thou blockhead ! said Don Quixote : where have you found, that castles and royal palaces are built in alleys without a thoroughfare ? Sir, replied Sancho, each country has its customs : perhaps it is the fashion here in Toboso to build your palaces and great edifices in alleys ; and therefore I beseech your worship to let me look about among these lanes or alleys just before me ; and it may be in one nook or other I may pop upon this same palace, which I wish I may see devoured by dogs, for con-

founding and bewildering us at this rate. Speak with respect, Sancho, of my lady's matters, quoth Don Quixote: let us keep our holidays in peace, and not throw the rope after the bucket. I will curb myself, answered Sancho: but with what patience can I bear to think, that your worship will needs have me know our mistress's house, and find it at midnight, having seen it but once, when you cannot find it yourself, though you must have seen it thousands of times? You will put me past all patience, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote: come hither, heretic; have I not told you a thousand times, that I never saw the peerless Dulcinea in all the days of my life, nor ever stepped over the threshold of her palace, and that I am enamoured only by hearsay, and by the great fame of her wit and beauty? I hear it now, answered Sancho; and I say, that since your worship has never seen her, no more have I. That cannot be, replied Don Quixote: for at least you told me some time ago, that you saw her winnowing wheat, when you brought me the answer to the letter I sent by you. Do not insist upon that, Sir, answered Sancho; for, let me tell you, the sight of her, and the answer I brought, were both by hearsay too; and I can no more tell who the lady Dulcinea is, than I am able to box the moon. Sancho, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, there is a time to jest, and a time when jests are unseasonable. What! because I say that I never saw nor spoke to the mistress of my soul,

must you therefore say so too, when you know the contrary so well?

While they too were thus discoursing, they perceived one passing by with a couple of mules, and, by the noise a ploughshare made in dragging along the ground, they judged it must be some husbandman, who had got up before day, and was going to his work; and so in truth it was. The ploughman came singing the ballad of the defeat of the French in Roncesvalles\*. Don Quixote hearing it, said: Let me die, Sancho, if we shall have any good luck to-night: do you not hear what this peasant is singing? Yes, I do, answered Sancho: but what is the defeat at Roncesvalles to our purpose? he might as well have sung the ballad of Calainos; for it had been all one as to the good or ill success of our business. By this time the country fellow was come up to them, and Don Quixote said to him: Good-morrow, honest friend; can you inform me whereabouts stands the palace of the peerless princess Donna Dulcinea del Toboso? Sir, answered the young fellow, I am a stranger, and have been but a few days in this town, and serve a rich farmer in tilling his ground: in yon house over the way live the parish priest and the sexton of the place: both, or either of them, can give your worship an account of this same lady princess; for they

\* A doleful ditty, like our "Chevy Chace." It began, "Mala la huvistes Franceses en essa Roncesvalles," &c.

keep a register of all the inhabitants of Toboso: though I am of opinion no princess at all lives in this town, but several great ladies, that might every one be a princess in her own house. One of these then, quoth Don Quixote, must be her I am inquiring after. Not unlikely, answered the ploughman, and God speed you well; for the dawn begins to appear: and, pricking on his mules, he staid for no more questions.

Sancho, seeing his master in suspense, and sufficiently dissatisfied, said to him: Sir, the day comes on apace, and it will not be advisable to let the sun overtake us in the street: it will be better to retire out of the city, and that your worship shelter yourself in some grove hereabouts, and I will return by day-light, and leave no nook or corner in all the town unsearched for this house, castle, or palace of my lady's; and I shall have ill luck if I do not find it: and as soon as I have found it, I will speak to her ladyship, and will tell her, where, and how your worship is waiting for her orders and direction for you to see her without prejudice to her honour or reputation. Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, you have uttered a thousand sentences in the compass of a few words: the counsel you give I relish much, and accept of most heartily: come along, son, and let us seek where we can take covert: afterwards, as you say, you shall return, to seek, see, and speak to my lady, from whose discretion and courtesy I expect more than miraculous



favours. Sancho stood upon thorns till he got his master out of town, lest he should detect the lie of the answer he carried him to the sable mountain, pretending it came from Dulcinea: and therefore he made haste to be gone, which they did instantly: and about two miles from the place they found a grove or wood, in which Don Quixote took shelter, while Sancho returned back to the city to speak to Dulcinea; in which embassy there befel him things which require fresh attention and fresh credit.

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CHAP. X.

*Wherein is related the cunning used by Sancho in enchanting the lady Dulcinea, with other events as ridiculous as true.*

**T**HE author of this grand history, coming to relate what is contained in this chapter, says, he had a mind to have passed it over in silence, fearing not to be believed, because herein Don Quixote's madness exceeds all bounds, and rises to the utmost pitch, even two bow-shots beyond the greatest extravagance: however, notwithstanding this fear and diffidence, he has set every thing down in the manner they were transacted, without adding to, or diminishing a tittle from the truth of the story, and not regarding the objections that might be made against his veracity: and he had reason;

for truth may be stretched, but cannot be broken, and always gets above falsehood, as oil does above water: and so, pursuing his story, he says:—

As soon as Don Quixote had sheltered himself in the grove, oak-wood, or forest, near the great Toboso, he ordered Sancho to go back to the town, commanding him not to return into his presence, till he had first spoken to his lady, beseeching her that she would be pleased to give her captive knight leave to wait upon her, and that she would deign to give him her blessing, that from thence he might hope for the most prosperous success in all his encounters and difficult enterprises. Sancho undertook to fulfil his command, and to bring him as good an answer now as he did the time before. Go then, son, replied Don Quixote, and be not in confusion when you stand before the blaze of that sun of beauty you are going to seek. Happy thou above all the squires in the world! Bear in mind, and be sure do not forget, how she receives you: whether she changes colour while you are delivering your embassy; whether you perceive in her any uneasiness or disturbance at hearing my name; whether her cushion cannot hold her, if perchance you find her seated on the rich Estrado\* of her dignity; and, if she be standing, mark, whether she stands sometimes upon one foot and sometimes upon the other; whether she repeats the answer she gives you three or

\* The floor raised at the upper end of the rooms of state in Spain, where the ladies sit upon cushions to receive visits.

four times; whether she changes it from soft to harsh, from sharp to amorous; whether she lifts her hand to adjust her hair, though it be not disordered: lastly, son, observe all her actions and motions: for, by your relating them to me just as they were, I shall be able to give a shrewd guess at what she keeps concealed in the secret recesses of her heart, touching the affair of my love. For you must know, Sancho, if you do not know it already, that among lovers, the external actions and gestures, when their loves are the subject, are most certain couriers, and bring infallible tidings of what passes in the inmost recesses of the soul. Go, friend, and better fortune than mine be your guide: and may better success, than what I fear and expect in this bitter solitude, send you back safe. I will go, and return quickly, quoth Sancho: in the mean time, good Sir, enlarge that little heart of yours, which at present can be no bigger than a hazel-nut, and consider the common saying, that a good heart breaks bad luck; and where there is no bacon, there are no pins to hang it on; and, where we least think it, there starts the hare: this I say, because, though we could not find the castles or palaces of my lady Dulcinea last night, now that it is day-light, I reckon to meet with them when I least think of it; and when I have found them, let me alone to deal with her. Verily, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, you have the knack of applying your proverbs so to the subject we are

upon, that I pray God send me better luck in obtaining my wishes!

Upon this Sancho turned his back, and switched his Dapple, leaving Don Quixote on horseback, resting on his stirrups, and leaning on his lance, full of sad and confused imaginations: where we will leave him, and go along with Sancho Panza, who departed from his master no less confused and thoughtful than he; insomuch that he was scarcely got out of the grove, when turning about his head, and finding that Don Quixote was not in sight, he lighted from his beast, and setting himself down at the foot of a tree, he began to talk to himself, and say: Tell me now, brother Sancho, whither is your worship going? Are you going to seek some ass that is lost? No verily. Then what are you going to seek? Why I go to look for a thing of nothing, a princess, and in her the sun of beauty, and all heaven together. Well, Sancho, and where think you to find all this? Where? in the grand city of Toboso. Very well; and pray who sent you on this errand? Why, the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who redresses wrongs, and gives drink to the hungry, and meat to the thirsty. All this is very well: and do you know her house Sancho? My master says it must be some royal palace, or stately castle. And have you ever seen her? Neither I, nor my master, have ever seen her. And do you think it would be right or advisable, that the people of Toboso should know,

you come with a design to inveigle away their princesses, and lead their ladies astray? what if they should come, and grind your ribs with pure dry basting, and not leave you a whole bone in your skin? Truly they would be much in the right of it, unless they please to consider, that I am commanded, and being but a messenger, am not in fault. Trust not to that, Sancho; for the Manchegans are as choleric as honourable, and so ticklish, nobody must touch them. God's my life! if they smoke us, wo be to us. But why go I looking for three legs in a cat, for another man's pleasure? Besides, to look for Dulcinea up and down Toboso, is as if one should look for little Mary in Rabena, or a bachelor in Salamanca. The devil, the devil, and nobody else, has put me upon this business.

This soliloquy Sancho held with himself, and the upshot was to return to it again, saying to himself: Well, there is remedy for every thing but death, under whose dominion we must all pass in spite of our teeth, at the end of our lives. This master of mine, by a thousand tokens that I have seen, is mad enough to be tied in his bed: and in truth I come very little behind him: nay, I am madder than he, to follow him, and serve him, if there be any truth in the proverb that says: Shew me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art: or in that other; Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou art fed. He then being a



madman, as he really is, and so mad as frequently to mistake one thing for another, taking black for white, and white for black; (as appeared plainly, when he said, the windmills were giants, and the monks' mules dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep armies of enemies, and many more matters to the same tune;) it will not be very difficult to make him believe, that a country wench (the first I light upon) is the lady Dulcinea; and, should he not believe it, I will swear to it; and if he swears, I will out-swear him; and if he persists, I will persist more than he, in such manner, that mine shall still be uppermost, come what will of it. Perhaps by this positiveness, I shall put an end to his sending me again upon such errands, seeing what preposterous answers I bring him; or perhaps he will think, as I imagine he will, that some wicked enchanter, of those he says bear him a spite, has changed her form to do him mischief and harm.

This project set Sancho's spirit at rest, and he reckoned his business as good as half done; and so staying where he was till towards evening, that Don Quixote might have room to think he had spent so much time in going to, and returning from Toboso, every thing fell out so luckily for him, that when he got up to mount his Dapple, he espied three country wenches, coming from Toboso toward the place where he was, upon three young asses; but whether male or female, the author declares not, though it is more probable they were she-

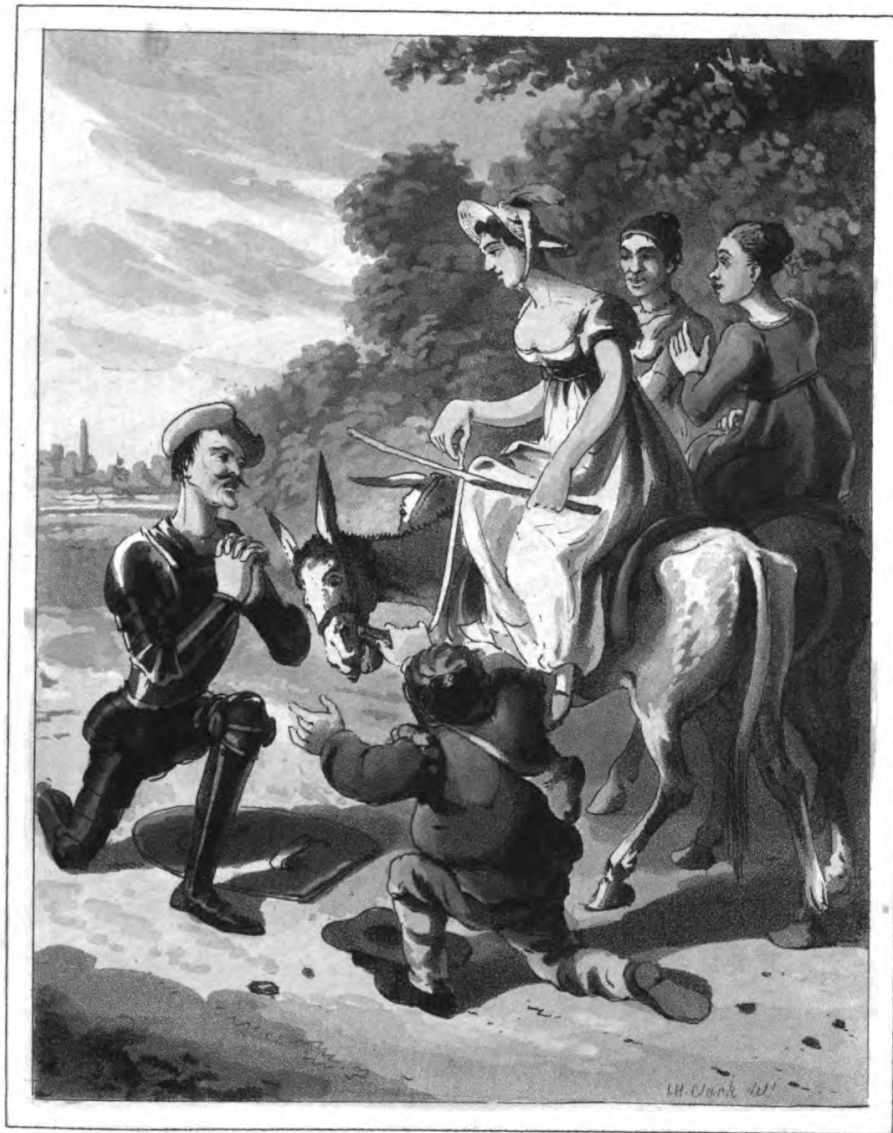
asses, that being the ordinary mounting of country women : but as it is a matter of no consequence, we need not give ourselves any trouble to decide it.

In short, as soon as Sancho espied the lasses, he rode back at a round rate to seek his master Don Quixote, whom he found breathing a thousand sighs, and amorous lamentations. As soon as Don Quixote saw him, he said : Well, friend Sancho, am I to mark this day with a white or a black stone ? Your worship, answered Sancho, had better mark it with red ochre, as they do the inscriptions on professors' chairs, to be the more easily read by the lookers-on. By this, quoth Don Quixote, you should bring good news. So good, answered Sancho, that your worship has no more to do, but to clap spurs to Rosinante, and get out upon the plain, to see the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, with a couple of her damsels, is coming to make your worship a visit. Holy God ! what is it you say, friend Sancho, said Don Quixote ? take care you do not impose on my real sorrow by a counterfeit joy. What should I get, answered Sancho, by deceiving your worship, and being detected the next moment ? Come, Sir, put on, and you will see the princess our mistress, arrayed and adorned, in short, like herself. She and her damsels are one blaze of flaming gold ; all strings of pearls, all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of tissue above ten hands deep : their tresses loose about their shoulders are so many

sun-beams playing with the wind; and, what is more, they come mounted upon three pye-bellied belfreys, the finest one can lay eyes on. Palfreys, you would say, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote. There is no great difference, I think, answered Sancho, between belfreys and palfreys: but let them be mounted how they will, they are sure the finest creatures one would wish to see, especially my mistress the princess Dulcinea, who ravishes one's senses. Let us go, son Sancho, answered Don Quixote; and, as a reward for this news, as unexpected as good, I bequeath you the choicest spoils I shall gain in my next adventure; and if that will not satisfy you, I bequeath you the colts my three mares will foal this year upon our town common. I stick to the colts, answered Sancho; for it is not very certain, that the spoils of your next adventure will be worth much.

By this time they were got out of the wood, and espied the three wenches very near. Don Quixote darted his eyes over all the road toward Toboso, and seeing nobody but the three wenches, he was much troubled, and asked Sancho, Whether they were come out of the city when he left them? Out of the city! answered Sancho: are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you do not see it is they who are coming, shining like the sun at noon-day? I see only three country-girls, answered Don Quixote, on three asses. Now, God keep me from the devil! answered Sancho: is





DON QUIXOTE MISTAKING THE PEASANT GIRL  
FOR DULCINEA.

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it possible that three palfreys, or how do you call them, white as the driven snow, should appear to you to be asses? As the Lord liveth, you shall pluck off this beard of mine if that be so. I tell you, friend Sancho, answered Don Quixote, that it is as certain they are he or she-asses, as I am Don Quixote, and you Sancho Panza; at least such they seem to me. Sir, quoth Sancho, say not such a word, but snuff those eyes of yours, and come and make your reverence to the mistress of your thoughts, who is just at hand. And so saying, he advanced a little forward to meet the country wenches, and, alighting from Dapple, he laid hold of one of their asses by the halter, and, bending both knees to the ground, he said: Queen, princess, and duchess of beauty, let your haughtiness and greatness be pleased to receive into your grace and good-liking your captive knight, who stands yonder turned into stone, in total disorder, and without any pulse, to find himself before your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza his squire, and he is that forlorn knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the knight of "the sorrowful figure."

Don Quixote had now placed himself on his knees close by Sancho, and with staring and disturbed eyes, looked wistfully at her, whom Sancho called queen, and lady; and as he saw nothing in her but a plain country girl, and homely enough (for she was round-visaged and flat-nosed) he was

confounded and amazed, without daring to open his lips. The wenches too were astonished to see their companion stopped by two men, of such different aspects, and both on their knees, but she, who was stopped, broke silence, and in an angry tone, said: Get out of the road, and be hanged, and let us pass by, for we are in haste. To which Sancho made answer: O princess, and universal lady of Toboso, does not your magnificent heart relent to see, kneeling before your sublimated presence, the pillar and prop of knight-errantry? Which one of the other two hearing, said, (checking her beast that was turning out of the way\*) Look ye, how these small gentry come to make a jest of us poor country girls, as if we did not know how to give them as good as they bring: get ye gone your way, and let us go ours, and so speed you well. Rise Sancho, said Don Quixote, hearing this; for I now perceive, that fortune, not yet satisfied with afflicting me, has barred all the avenues, whereby any relief might come to this wretched soul I bear about me in the flesh. And thou, O extreme of all that is valuable, utmost limit of all human gracefulness, sole remedy of this disconsolate heart that adores thee, though

\* The original makes her say, "stand still while I curry thy hide, my father-in-law's ass;" which we are told in the dictionaries, is a proverbial expression used by the peasants when they beat their wives, and is here supposed to be addressed by the country wench to the ass upon which she rode.

now some wicked enchanter persecutes me, spreading clouds and cataracts over my eyes, and has to them, and them only, changed and transformed thy peerless beauty and countenance into that of a poor country wench; if he has not converted mine also into that of some goblin, to render it abominable in your eyes, afford me one kind and amorous look, and let this submissive posture, and these bended knees, before your disguised beauty, tell you the humility wherewith my soul adores you. Marry come up, quoth the wench, with your idle gibberish! get you gone, and let us go, and we shall be obliged to you. Sancho moved off, and let her go, highly delighted that he was come off so well with his contrivance. The imaginary Dulcinea was scarcely at liberty, when, pricking her beast with a goad she had in a stick, she began to scour along the field; and the ass, feeling the smart more than usual, fell a kicking and wincing in such a manner, that down came the lady Dulcinea to the ground. Don Quixote, seeing this, ran to help her up, and Sancho to adjust the pannel that was got under the ass's belly. The pannel being righted, and Don Quixote desirous to raise his enchanted mistress in his arms, and set her upon her palfrey, the lady, getting up from the ground, saved him that trouble; for, retiring three or four steps back, she took a little run, and, clapping both hands upon the ass's crupper, jumped into the saddle lighter than a fal-

con, and seated herself astride like a man. Whereupon Sancho said: By saint Roque, madam our mistress is lighter than a hawk, and able to teach the most expert Cordovan or Mexican how to mount *à la gineta*: she springs into the saddle at a jump, and, without the help of spurs, makes her palfrey run like a wild ass; and her damsels are as good at it as she; they all fly like the wind: and so it really was; for Dulcinea being re-mounted, they all made after her, and set a running, without looking behind them, for above half a league.


Don Quixote followed them, as far as he could, with his eyes, and, when they were out of sight, turning to Sancho, he said: Sancho, what think you? how am I persecuted by enchanters! and take notice how far their malice, and the grudge they bear me, extends, even to the depriving me of the pleasure I should have had in seeing my mistress in her own proper form. Surely I was born to be an example to the unhappy, and the butt and mark at which all the arrows of ill-fortune are aimed and levelled. And you must also observe, Sancho, that these traitors were not contented with barely changing and transforming my Dulcinea, but they must transform and metamorphose her into the mean and deformed resemblance of that country wench; at the same time robbing her of that, which is peculiar to great ladies, the fragrant scent occasioned by being always among flowers and perfumes: for I must tell you, Sancho,

that, when I approached to help Dulcinea upon her palfrey (as you call it, though to me it appeared to be nothing but an ass) she gave me such a whiff of undigested garlic, as almost knocked me down, and poisoned my very soul. O scoundrels! cried Sancho at this juncture; O barbarous and evil-minded enchanters! O! that I might see you all strung and hung up by the gills like sardines\* a smoking! Much ye know, much ye can, and much more ye do. It might, one would think, have sufficed ye, rogues as ye are, to have changed the pearls of my lady's eyes into cork-galls, and her hair of the purest gold into bristles of a red cow's tail, and lastly, all her features from beautiful to deformed, without meddling with her breath, by which we might have guessed at what was hid beneath that coarse disguise: though, to say the truth, to me she did not appear in the least deformed, but rather all beauty, and that increased too by a mole she had on her right lip, like a whisker, with seven or eight red hairs on it, like threads of gold, and above a span long. As to that mole, said Don Quixote, according to the correspondence there is between the moles of the face and those of the body, Dulcinea should have another on the brawn of her thigh, on the same side with that on her face: but hairs of the

\* A small fish in those seas, which they dry as the Dutch do herrings.



length you mention are somewhat of the longest for moles. Yet I can assure your worship, answered Sancho, that there they were, and looked as if they had been born with her. I believe it, friend, replied Don Quixote; for nature has placed nothing about Dulcinea but what is finished and perfect: and therefore, had she a hundred moles, like those you speak of, in her they would not be moles, but moons and resplendent stars. But, tell me, Sancho, that which to me appeared to be a pannel, and which you adjusted, was it a side-saddle, or a pillion? It was a side-saddle, answered Sancho, with a field covering, worth half a kingdom for the richness of it. And why could not I see all this, Sancho? quoth Don Quixote. Well, I say it again, and will repeat it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men. The sly rogue Sancho had much ado to forbear laughing, to hear the fooleries of his master, who was so delicately gulled. In fine, after many other discourses passed between them, they mounted their beasts again, and followed the road to Saragossa, which they intended to reach in time to be present at a solemn festival wont to be held every year in that noble city. But, before their arrival, there befell them things, which, for their number, greatness, and novelty, deserve to be written and read, as will be seen.



## CHAP. XI.

*Of the strange adventure, which befel the valorous Don Quixote, with the wain or cart of the parliament of death.*

**D**ON QUIXOTE went on his way exceeding pensive, to think what a base trick the enchanters had played him, in transforming his lady Dulcinea into the homely figure of a country wench: nor could he devise what course to take to restore her to her former state. And these meditations so distracted him, that, without perceiving it, he let drop the bridle on Rosinante's neck; who, finding the liberty that was given him, at every step turned aside to take a mouthful of the fresh grass, with which those fields abounded. Sancho brought him back out of his maze, by saying to him: Sir, sorrow was made, not for beasts, but men; but if men give too much way to it, they become beasts: rouse, Sir, recollect yourself, and gather up Rosinante's reins; cheer up, awake, and exert that lively courage so befitting a knight-errant. What the devil is the matter? What dejection is this? Are we here, or in France? Satan take all the Dulcineas in the world, since the welfare of a single knight-errant is of more worth than all the enchantments and transformations of the earth.

Peace, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, with no very faint voice; peace, I say, and do not utter blasphemies against that enchanted lady, whose disgrace and misfortune are owing to me alone, since they proceed entirely from the envy the wicked bear to me. I say so too, answered Sancho: Who saw her then and sees her now, his heart must melt with grief, I vow. Well may you say so, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, you who saw her in the full lustre of her beauty; for the enchantment extended not to disturb yoursight, nor to conceal her perfections from you: against me alone, and against my eyes, was the force of its poison directed. Nevertheless, I have hit upon one thing, Sancho, which is, that you did not give me a true description of her beauty: for, if I remember right, you said her eyes were of pearl; now eyes that look like pearl are fitter for a sea-bream than a lady. I rather think Dulcinea's eyes must be of verdant emeralds arched over with two celestial bows, that serve for eye-brows. Take, therefore, those pearls from her eyes, and apply them to her teeth: for doubtless, Sancho, you mistook eyes for teeth. It may be so, answered Sancho; for her beauty confounded me, as much as her deformity did your worship. But let us recommend all to God, who alone knows what shall befall in this vale of tears, this evil world we have here, in which there is scarce any thing to be found without some mixture of iniquity, imposture, or knavery. One thing, dear Sir, trou-

bles me more than all the rest ; which is, to think, what must be done when your worship shall overcome some giant, or some other knight-errant, and send him to present himself before the beauty of the lady Dulcinea. Where shall this poor giant, or miserable vanquished knight, be able to find her ? Methinks I see them sauntering up and down Toboso, and looking about, like fools\*, for my lady Dulcinea ; and though they should meet her in the middle of the street, they will no more know her, than they would my father. Perhaps, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, the enchantment may not extend so far as to conceal Dulcinea from the knowledge of the vanquished knights or giants, who shall present themselves before her ; and we will make the experiment upon one or two of the first I overcome, and send them with orders to return and give me an account of what happens with respect to this business. I say, Sir, replied Sancho, that I mightily approve of what your worship has said : for by this trial we shall come to the knowledge of what we desire ; and if she is concealed from your worship alone, the misfortune will be more yours than hers : but, so the lady Dulcinea

\* “ Hechos unos Bausanes.” Bausan is a figure made like a man, and stuffed with straw ; used formerly to set on walls where the garrison was weak, to make it appear stronger ; and hence it came to signify a fool or stupid person, or one that stands gazing at any thing as if he were out of his senses.

have health and contentment, we, for our parts, will make a shift, and bear it as well as we can, pursuing our adventures, and leaving it to time to do his work, who is the best physician for these, and other greater maladies.

Don Quixote would have answered Sancho, but was prevented by a cart's crossing the road before him, loaded with the strangest and most different figures and personages imaginable. He, who guided the mules, and served for carter, was a frightful dæmon. The cart was uncovered, and opened to the sky, without awning or wicker-sides. The first figure that presented itself to Don Quixote's eyes, was that of death itself with a human visage. Close by him sat an angel, with large painted wings. On one side stood an emperor, with a crown, seemingly of gold, on his head. At death's feet sat the god called Cupid, not blindfolded, but with his bow, quiver, and arrows. There was also a knight completely armed, excepting only that he had no morrion, nor casque, but a hat with a large plume of feathers of divers colours. With these came other persons differing both in habits and countenances. All which appearing of a sudden did in some sort startle Don Quixote, and frightened Sancho to the heart. But Don Quixote presently rejoiced at it, believing it to be some new and perilous adventure: and with this thought, and a courage prepared to encounter any danger whatever, he planted himself just



before the cart, and, with a loud menacing voice, said: Carter, coachman, or devil, or whatever you are, delay not to tell me who you are, whither you are going, and who are the persons you are carrying in that coach waggon, which looks more like Charon's ferry-boat, than any cart now in fashion. To which the devil, stopping the cart, calmly replied: Sir, we are strollers belonging to Angulo el Malo's company: this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, we have been performing, in a village on the other side of yon hill, a piece representing the Cortes, or Parliament of Death; and this evening we are to play it again in that village just before us; which being so near, to save ourselves the trouble of dressing and undressing, we come in the clothes we are to act our parts in. That lad there acts death; that other an angel; yonder woman, our author's wife, a queen; that other a soldier; he an emperor, and I a devil; and I am one of the principal personages of the drama; for in this company I have all the chief parts. If your worship would know any more of us, ask me, and I will answer you most punctually; for, being a devil, I know every thing. Upon the faith of a knight-errant, answered Don Quixote, when I first espied this cart, I imagined some grand adventure offered itself; and I say now, that it is absolutely necessary, if one would be undeceived, to lay one's hand upon appearances. God be with you, good

people: go, and act your play, and, if there be any thing in which I may be of service to you, command me; for I will do it readily, and with a good will, having been, from my youth, a great admirer of masques and theatrical representations.

While they were thus engaged in discourse, fortune so ordered it, that there came up one of the company, in an antique dress, hung round with abundance of bells, and carrying at the end of a stick three blown ox-bladders. This masque approaching Don Quixote, began to fence with the stick, and to beat the bladders against the ground, jumping, and tinkling all his bells: which horrid apparition so startled Rosinante, that, taking the bit between his teeth, Don Quixote not being able to hold him in, he fell a running about the field, a greater pace than the bones of his anatomy seemed to promise. Sancho, considering the danger his master was in of getting a fall, leaped from Dapple, and ran to help him: but by that time he was come up to him, he was already upon the ground, and close by him Rosinante, who fell together with his master, the usual end and upshot of Rosinante's frolics and adventurings. But scarce had Sancho quitted his beast, to assist Don Quixote, when the bladder-dancing devil jumped upon Dapple, and thumping him with the bladders, fear and the noise, more than the smart, made him fly through the field toward the village, where they were going to act. Sancho beheld Dapple's career, and his mas-

ter's fall, and did not know which of the two necessities he should apply to first : but, in short, like a good squire and good servant, the love he bore his master prevailed over his affection for his ass ; though, every time he saw the bladders hoisted in the air, and fall upon the buttocks of his Dapple, they were to him so many tortures and terrors of death, and he could have wished those blows had fallen on the apple of his own eyes, rather than on the least hair of his ass's tail. In this perplexity and tribulation he came up to Don Quixote, who was in a much worse plight than he could have wished ; and helping him to get upon Rosinante, he said to him : Sir, the devil has run away with Dapple. What devil ? demanded Don Quixote. He with the bladders, answered Sancho. I will recover him, replied Don Quixote, though he should hide him in the deepest and darkest dungeons of hell. Follow me, Sancho ; for the cart moves but slowly, and the mules shall make satisfaction for the loss of Dapple. There is no need, answered Sancho, to make such haste : moderate your anger, Sir ; for the devil, I think, has already abandoned Dapple, and is gone his way. And so it was ; for the devil, having fallen with Dapple, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rosinante, trudged on foot toward the town, and the ass turned back to his master. Nevertheless, said Don Quixote, it will not be amiss to chastise the unmannerliness of this devil, at the expense of some of his company,

though it were the emperor himself. Good your worship, quoth Sancho, never think of it, but take my advice, which is, never to meddle with players ; for they are a people mightily beloved. I have seen a player taken up for two murders, and get off scot-free. Your worship must know, that, as they are merry folks and give pleasure, all people favour them ; every body protects, assists, and esteems them, and especially if they are of his majesty's company of comedians, or that of some grandee, all or most of whom, in their manner and garb, look like any princes. For all that, answered Don Quixote, that farcical devil shall not escape me, nor have cause to brag, though all human kind favoured him.

And so saying, he rode after the cart, which was by this time got very near the town, and, calling aloud, he said : Hold, stop a little, merry Sirs, and let me teach you how to treat asses and cattle, which serve to mount the squires of knights-errant. Don Quixote's cries were so loud, that the players heard him, and, judging of his design by his words, in an instant out jumped Death, and after him the emperor, the carter-devil, and the angel ; nor did the queen, or the god Cupid, stay behind ; and all of them taking up stones, ranged themselves in battle array, waiting to receive Don Quixote at the points of their pebbles. Don Quixote, seeing them posted in such order, and so formidable a battalion, with arms up-lifted, ready to

discharge a ponderous volley of stones, checked Rosinante with the bridle, and set himself to consider how he might attack them with least danger to his person. While he delayed, Sancho came up, and seeing him in a posture of attacking that well-formed brigade, he said to him: It is mere madness, Sir, to attempt such an enterprise: pray, consider, there is no fencing against a flail, nor defensive armour against stones and brick-bats, unless it be thrusting one's self into a bell of brass. Consider also, that it is rather rashness than courage, for one man alone to encounter an army, where Death is present, and where emperors fight in person, and are assisted by good and bad angels. But if this consideration does not prevail with you to be quiet, be assured, that, among all those, who stand there, though they appear to be princes, kings, and emperors, there is not one knight-errant. Now indeed, said Don Quixote, you have hit the point, Sancho, which only can, and must make me change my determinate resolution. I neither can, or ought to draw my sword, as I have often told you, against any who are not dubbed knights. To you it belongs, Sancho, to revenge the affront offered to your Dapple; and I from hence will encourage and assist you with my voice, and with salutary instructions. There is no need, Sir, to be revenged on any body, answered Sancho, for good christians should not take revenge for injuries: besides, I will settle it with my ass to



submit the injury done him to my will, which is, to live peaceably all the days that heaven shall give me of life. Since this is your resolution, good Sancho, discreet Sancho, christian Sancho, and pure Sancho, replied Don Quixote, let us leave these phantoms, and seek better and more substantial adventures: for this country, I see, is like to afford us many and very extraordinary ones. Then he wheeled Rosinante about: Sancho took his Dapple: Death and all his flying squadron returned to their cart, and pursued their way. And this was the happy conclusion of the terrible adventure of Death's cart; thanks to the wholesome advice Sancho Panza gave his master, to whom the day following there fell out an adventure, no less surprising than the former, with an enamoured knight-errant.

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## CHAP. XII.

*Of the strange adventure, which befel the valorous Don Quixote, with the brave knight of the looking-glasses.*

**D**ON QUIXOTE and his squire passed the night, ensuing the rencounter with Death, under some lofty and shady trees. Don Quixote, at Sancho's persuasion, refreshed himself with some of the provisions carried by Dapple; and, during supper,

Sancho said to his master : Sir, what a fool should I have been, had I chosen, as a reward for my good news, the spoils of the first adventure your worship should achieve, before the three ass-colts ! Verily, verily, a sparrow in the hand is better than a vulture upon the wing. However, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, had you suffered me to attack as I had a mind to do, your share of the booty would at least have been the emperor's crown of gold and Cupid's painted wings ; for I would have plucked them off against the grain, and put them into your possession. The crowns and sceptres of your theatrical emperors, answered Sancho, never were of pure gold, but of tinsel, or copper. It is true, replied Don Quixote ; nor would it be fit, that the decorations of a play should be real, but counterfeit, and mere shew, as comedy itself is, which I would have you value and take into favour, and consequently the actors and authors ; for they are all instruments of much benefit to the common-weal, setting at every step a looking-glass before our eyes, in which we see very lively representations of the actions of human life : and there are no comparisons, which more truly present to us what we are, and what we should be, than comedy and comedians. Tell me, have you not seen a play acted, in which kings, emperors, popes, lords, and ladies are introduced, besides divers other personages : one acts the pimp, another the cheat, this the merchant, that the soldier, one a designing

fool, another a foolish lover ; and when the play is done, and the actors undressed, they are all again upon a level ? Yes, marry, have I, quoth Sancho. Why, the very same thing, said Don Quixote, happens on the stage of this world, whereon some play the part of emperors, others of popes ; in short, all the parts that can be introduced in a comedy. But in the conclusion, that is, at the end of our life, death strips us of the robes, which made the difference, and we remain upon the level and equal in the grave. A brave comparison, quoth Sancho, but not so new (for I have heard it many and different times) as that of the game at chess ; in which, while the game lasts, every piece has its particular office, and, when the game is ended, they are all huddled together, mixed, and put into a bag, which is just like being buried after we are dead. Sancho, said Don Quixote, you are every day growing less simple and more discreet. And good reason why, answered Sancho ; for some of your worship's discretion must needs stick to me, as lands, that in themselves are barren and dry, by dunging and cultivating come to bear good fruit. My meaning is, that your worship's conversation has been the dung laid upon the barren soil of my dry understanding, and the cultivation has been the time I have been in your service, and in your company ; and by that I hope to produce fruit like any blessing, and such as will not disparage or deviate from the seeds of good-breeding, which

your worship has sown in my shallow understanding. Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's affected speeches, that appearing to him to be true, which he had said of his improvement : for every now and then he surprised him by his manner of talking ; though always, or for the most part, when Sancho would either speak in contradiction to, or in imitation of, the courtier, he ended his discourse with falling headlong from the height of his simplicity into the depth of his ignorance ; and that, in which he most displayed his elegance and memory, was, his bringing in proverbs, whether to the purpose or not, of what he was discoursing about, as may be seen and observed throughout the progress of this history.

In these and other discourses they spent great part of the night, and Sancho had a mind to let down the portcullices of his eyes, as he used to say when he was inclined to sleep : and so unrigging Dapple, he turned him loose into abundant pasture. But he did not take off the saddle from Rosinante's back, it being the express command of his master, that he should continue saddled, all the time they kept the field, or did not sleep under a roof : for it was an ancient established custom, and religiously observed among knights-errant, to take off the bridle, and hang it at the pommel of the saddle ; but by no means to take off the saddle. Sancho observed this rule, and gave Rosinante the same liberty he had given Dapple : the friendship of which pair was so singular and reciprocal, that

there is a tradition handed down from father to son, that the author of this faithful history compiled particular chapters upon that subject : but, to preserve the decency and decorum due to so heroic a history, he would not insert them ; though sometimes waving this precaution, he writes, that, as soon as the two beasts came together, they would fall to scratching one another with their teeth, and when they were tired, or satisfied, Rosinante would stretch his neck at least half a yard across Dapple's, and both, fixing their eyes attentively on the ground, would stand three days in that manner, at least so long as they were let alone, or till hunger compelled them to seek some food. It is reported, I say, that the author had compared their friendship to that of Nisus and Euryalus, or that of Pylades and Orestes ; whence it may appear, to the admiration of all people, how firm the friendship of these two peaceable animals must have been ; to the shame of men, who so little know how to preserve the rules of friendship towards one another. Hence the sayings, A friend cannot find a friend ; Reeds become darts ; and (as the poet sings) From a friend to a friend, the bug\*, &c. Let no one think, that the author was at all out of the way, when he compared the friendship of these animals

\* The author here quotes either the beginning of some old song, or some well-known proverb, the remainder of which we cannot supply, and consequently cannot complete the sense.



to that of men: for men have received divers wholesome instructions, and many lessons of importance, from beasts; such as the clyster from storks, the vomit and gratitude from dogs, vigilance from cranes, industry from ants, modesty from elephants, and fidelity from horses.

At length Sancho fell asleep at the foot of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote slumbered under an oak. But it was not long before he was awaked by a noise behind him; and starting up, he began to look about, and to listen from whence the noise came. Presently he perceived two men on horseback, one of whom dismounting said to the other: Alight, friend, and unbridle the horses; for this place seems as if it would afford them pasture enough, and me that silence and solitude my amorous thoughts require. The saying this, and laying himself along on the ground, were both in one instant; and, at throwing himself down, his armour made a rattling noise; a manifest token, from whence Don Quixote concluded he must be a knight-errant: and going to Sancho, who was fast asleep, he pulled him by the arm, and having with some difficulty waked him, he said to him, with a low voice: Brother Sancho, we have an adventure. God send it be a good one, answered Sancho; and pray Sir, where may her ladyship madam adventure be? Where, Sancho? replied Don Quixote; turn your eyes and look, and you will see a knight-errant lying along, who, to my thoughts, does not

seem to be over-pleas'd ; for I saw him throw himself off his horse, and stretch himself on the ground, with some signs of discontent ; and his armour rattled as he fell. But by what do you gather, quoth Sancho, that this is an adventure ? I will not say, answered Don Quixote, that this is altogether an adventure, but an introduction to one ; for adventures usually begin thus. But, hearken ; for methinks he is tuning a lute of some sort or other, and by his spitting and clearing his pipes he should be preparing himself to sing. In good faith, so it is, answered Sancho, and he must be some knight or other in love. There is no knight-errant but is so, quoth Don Quixote : and let us listen to him ; for by the thread we shall guess at the bottom of his thoughts, if he sings : for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Sancho would have replied to his master ; but the knight of the wood's voice, which was neither very bad nor very good, hindered him ; and, while they both stood amazed, they heard that what he sung was this :—

## SONNET.

Bright auth'ress of my good or ill,  
Prescribe the law I must observe ;  
My heart obedient to thy will,  
Shall never from its duty swerve.

If you refuse my griefs to know,  
The stifled anguish seals my fate;  
But if your ears would drink my wo,  
Love shall himself the tale relate.

Though contraries my heart compose,  
Hard as the diamond's solid frame,  
And soft as yielding wax that flows,  
To thee, my fair, 'tis still the same.

Take it for ev'ry stamp prepar'd;  
Imprint what characters you choose;  
The faithful tablet, soft or hard,  
The dear impression ne'er shall lose.

With a deep Ah! fetched, as it seemed, from the very bottom of his heart, the knight of the wood ended his song; and, after some pause, with a mournful and complaining voice, he said: O the most beautiful and most ungrateful woman of the world! Is it then possible, Casildea de Vandalia, that you should suffer this your captive knight to consume and pine away in continual travels, and in rough and laborious toils? Is it not enough, that I have caused you to be acknowledged the most consummate beauty in the world, by all the knights of Navarre, all those of Leon, all the Andalusians, all the Castilians, ay, and all the knights of La Mancha too? Not so, quoth Don Quixote; for I am of La Mancha, and never have acknowledged any such thing; neither could I, nor ought I to confess a thing so prejudicial to the

beauty of my mistress : now you see, Sancho, how this knight raves : but let us listen ; perhaps he will make some farther declaration. Ay marry will he, replied Sancho ; for he seems to be in a strain of complaining for a month to come. But it was not so ; for the knight, over-hearing somebody talk near him, proceeded no farther in his lamentation, but stood up, and said, with an audible and courteous voice : Who goes there ? what are ye ? of the number of the happy, or of the afflicted ? Of the afflicted, answered Don Quixote. Come hither to me then, answered the knight of the wood, and make account how you come to sorrow and affliction itself. Don Quixote finding he returned so soft and civil an answer, went up to him, and Sancho did the same. The wailing knight laid hold of Don Quixote by the arm, saying : Sit down here, Sir knight ; for, to know that you are such, and one of those who profess knight-errantry, it is sufficient to have found you in this place, where your companions are solitude and the night-dew, the natural beds and proper stations of knights-errant.

To which Don Quixote answered : A knight I am, and of the profession you say ; and, although sorrows, disgraces, and misfortunes have got possession of my mind, yet, they have not chased away that compassion I have for other men's misfortunes. From what you sung just now I gathered, that yours are of the amorous kind ; I

mean, occasioned by the love you bear to that ungrateful fair you named in your complaint. Whilst they were thus discoursing, they sat down together upon the hard ground, very peaceably and sociably, as if, at day-break, they were not to break one another's heads. Peradventure you are in love, Sir knight, said he of the wood to Don Quixote. By misadventure I am, answered Don Quixote; though the mischiefs arising from well-placed affections ought rather to be accounted blessings than disasters. That is true, replied he of the wood, supposing that disdains did not disturb our reason and understanding; but when they are many, they seem to have the nature of revenge. I never was disdained by my mistress, answered Don Quixote. No verily, quoth Sancho, who stood close by; for my lady is as gentle as a lamb, and as soft as a print of butter. Is this your squire? demanded the knight of the wood. He is, replied Don Quixote. I never in my life saw a squire, replied the knight of the wood, who durst presume to talk, where his lord was talking: at least, yonder stands mine, as tall as his father, and it cannot be proved, that he ever opened his lips where I was speaking. In faith, quoth Sancho, I have talked, and can talk, before one as good as — and perhaps, — but let that rest; for the more you stir it —. The knight of the wood's squire took Sancho by the arm, and said: Let us two go where we may talk by ourselves, in squire-



like discourse, all we have a mind to, and leave these masters of ours to have their bellies full of relating the histories of their loves to each other : for I warrant they will not have done before to-morrow morning. With all my heart, quoth Sancho, and I will tell you who I am, that you may see whether I am fit to make one among the most talkative squires. Hereupon the two squires withdrew; between whom there passed a dialogue as pleasant as that of their masters was grave.

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### CHAP. XIII.

*Wherein is continued the adventure of the knight of the wood, with the wise, new, and pleasant dialogue between the two squires.*

**T**HE knights and squires were separated, the latter relating the story of their lives, and the former that of their loves : but the history begins with the conversation between the servants, and afterwards proceeds to that of the masters : and it says, that, being gone a little apart, the squire of the wood said to Sancho : It is a toilsome life we lead, Sir, we who are squires to knights-errant ; in good truth we eat our bread in the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses God laid upon our first parents. It may also be said, added Sancho, that we eat it in the frost of our bodies ; for who

endure more heat and cold than your miserable squires to knight-errantry? Nay, it would not be quite so bad, did we but eat at all; for good fare lessens care: but it now and then happens, that we pass a whole day or two without breaking our fast, unless it be upon air. All this may be endured, quoth he of the wood, with the hopes we entertain of the reward: for if the knight-errant, whom a squire serves, is not over and above unlucky, he must, in a short time, find himself recompensed, at least, with a handsome government of some island, or some pretty earldom. I, replied Sancho, have already told my master, that I should be satisfied with the government of any island; and he is so noble and so generous, that he has promised it me a thousand times. I, said he of the wood, should think myself amply rewarded for all my services with a canonry, and my master has already ordered me one. Why then, quoth Sancho, belike your master is a knight in the ecclesiastical way, and so has it in his power to bestow these sort of rewards on his faithful squires: but mine is a mere layman; though I remember some discreet persons (but in my opinion with no very good design) advised him to endeavour to be an archbishop: but he rejected their counsel, and would be nothing but an emperor. I trembled all the while, lest he should take it into his head to be of the church, because I am not qualified to hold ecclesiastical preferments; and, to say the truth, Sir, though I look like a man, I am a

very beast in church matters. Truly, you are under a great mistake, quoth he of the wood; for your insular governments are not all of them so inviting: some are crabbed, some poor, and some unpleasant: in short, the best and most desirable of them carries with it a heavy burden of cares and inconveniences, which the unhappy wight, to whose lot it falls, must unavoidably undergo. It would be far better for us, who profess this cursed service, to retire home to our houses, and pass our time there in more easy employments, such as hunting or fishing: for what squire is there in the world so poor as not to have his nag, his brace of greyhounds and his angle-rod, to divert himself withal in his own village?

I want nothing of all this, answered Sancho: it is true, indeed, I have no horse, but then I have an ass that is worth twice as much as my master's steed. God send me a bad Easter, and may it be the first that comes, if I would swap with him, though he should give me four bushels of barley to boot. Perhaps, Sir, you will take for a joke the price I set upon my Dapple, for dapple is the colour of my ass. And then I cannot want greyhounds, our town being overstocked with them: besides, sporting is the more pleasant, when it is at other people's charge. Really and truly signor squire, answered he of the wood, I have resolved and determined with myself to quit the frolics of these knights-errant, and to get me home again to our

village, and bring up my children ; for I have three, like three oriental pearls. And I have two, quoth Sancho, fit to be presented to the pope himself in person, and especially a girl, that I am breeding up for a countess, if it please God, in spite of her mother. And, pray, what may be the age of the young lady you are breeding up for a countess ? demanded he of the wood. Fifteen years, or thereabouts, answered Sancho : but she is as tall as a lance, as fresh as an April morning, and as strong as a porter. These are qualifications, said he of the wood, not only for a countess, but for a nymph of the green grove. Ah the whoreson young slut ! how buxom must the jade be ! To which Sancho answered somewhat angrily : She is no whore, nor was her mother one before her, nor shall either of them be so, God willing, whilst I live. And, pray, speak more civilly ; for such language is unbecoming a person educated, as you have been, among knights-errant, who are courtesy itself. How little, signor squire, do you understand what belongs to praising, quoth he of the wood : what ! do you not know, that, when some knight, at a bull-feast, gives the bull a home thrust with his lance, or when any one does a thing well, the common people usually cry ; How cleverly the son of a whore did it ? and what seems to carry reproach with it, is indeed a notable commendation ? I would have you renounce those sons or daughters, whose actions do not render their parents deserving of praise in that fashion.

I do renounce them, answered Sancho ; and in this sense, and by this same rule, if you mean no otherwise, you may call my wife and children all the whores and bawds you please ; for all they do or say are perfections worthy of such praises : and, that I may return and see them again, I beseech God to deliver me from mortal sin, that is, from this dangerous profession of a squire, into which I have run a second time, enticed and deluded by a purse of a hundred ducats, which I found one day in the midst of the sable mountain ; and the devil is continually setting before my eyes, here and there, and every where, a bag full of gold pistoles, so that methinks, at every step, I am laying my hand upon it, embracing it, and carrying it home, buying lands, settling rents, and living like a prince : and all the while this runs in my head, all the toils I undergo with this fool my master, who to my knowledge is more of the madman than of the knight, become supportable and easy to me.

For this reason, answered he of the wood, it is said, that covetousness bursts the bag : and now you talk of madmen, there is not a greater in the world than my master, who is one of those meant by the saying, Other folks' burdens break the ass's back : for, that another knight may recover his wits, he loses his own, and is searching after that, which, when found, may chance to hit him in the teeth. By the way, is he in love ? demanded Sancho. Yes, quoth he of the wood, with one Casildea



de Vandalia, one of the most whimsical dames in the world. But that is not the foot he halts on at present: he has some other crotchets of more consequence in his pate, and we shall hear more of them anon\*. There is no road so even, replied Sancho, but it has some stumbling places or rubs in it: In other folks' houses they boil beans, but in mine whole kettles full. Madness will have more followers than discretion. But if the common saying be true, that 'tis some relief to have partners in grief, I may comfort myself with your worship, who serve a master as crack-brained as my own. Crack-brained, but valiant, answered he of the wood, and more knavish than crack-brained, or valiant. Mine is not so, answered Sancho: I can assure you, he has nothing of the knave in him; on the contrary, he has a soul as dull as a pitcher; knows not how to do ill to any, but good to all; bears no malice; a child may persuade him it is night at noon day: and for this simplicity I love him as my life, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, let him commit never so many extravagancies. For all that, brother and signor, quoth he of the wood, if the blind lead the blind, both are in danger of falling into the ditch. We had better turn us fairly about, and go back to our homes; for they, who seek adventures, do not always meet with good ones.

\* A small hint of what is to be expected from this knight.

Here Sancho beginning to spit every now and then, and very dry, the squire of the wood, who saw, and observed it, said: Methinks, we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths: but I have brought, hanging at my saddle-bow, that which will loosen them: and rising up, he soon returned with a large bottle of wine, and a pasty half a yard long: and this is no exaggeration: for it was of a tame rabbit, so large, that Sancho, at lifting it, thought verily it must contain a whole goat, or at least a large kid. Sancho, viewing it, said: And do you carry all this about with you? Why, what did you think? answered the other: did you take me for some holyday squire\*? I have a better cupboard behind me on my horse, than a general has with him upon a march. Sancho fell to, without staying to be entreated, and, swallowing mouthfuls in the dark, said: Your worship is indeed a squire, trusty and loyal, wanting for nothing, magnificent and great, as this banquet demonstrates (which, if it came not hither by enchantment, at least it looks like it), and not as I am, a poor unfortunate wretch, who have nothing in my wallet but a piece of cheese, and that so hard, that you may knock out a giant's brains with it, and to bear it.

\* Literally, "a squire of water and wool." The Spaniards generally have a footman only to wait upon them to mass, especially upon grand days; who step before to the font, and sprinkle their masters or mistresses with holy water, but neither eat nor drink at their masters' houses.

company, four dozen of carobes\*, and as many hazel-nuts and walnuts; thanks to my master's stinginess, and to the opinion he has, and the order he observes, that knights-errant ought to feed and diet themselves only upon dried fruits and wild salads. By my faith, brother, replied he of the wood, I have no stomach for your wild pears, nor your sweet thistles, nor your mountain roots: let our masters have them, with their opinions and laws of chivalry, and let them eat what they commend. I carry cold meats, and this bottle hanging at my saddle-pommel, happen what will; and such a reverence I have for it, and so much I love it, that few minutes pass but I give it a thousand kisses, and a thousand hugs. And, so saying, he put it into Sancho's hand, who, grasping and setting it to his mouth, stood gazing at the stars for a quarter of an hour: and, having done drinking, he let fall his head on one side, and, fetching a deep sigh, said: O whoreson rogue! how catholic it is; You see now, quoth he of the wood, hearing Sancho's whoreson, how you have commended this wine in calling it whoreson. I confess my error, answered Sancho, and see plainly, that it is no discredit to any body to be called son of a whore, when it comes under the notion of praising.

\* A cod, so called in La Mancha, with flat seeds in it, which, green or ripe, is harsh, but sweet and pleasant after it is dried.

But tell me, Sir, by the life of him you love best, is not this wine of Ciudad Real? You have a distinguishing palate, answered he of the wood: it is of no other growth, and besides has some years over its head. Trust me for that, quoth Sancho: depend upon it, I always hit right, and guess the kind. But is it not strange, signor squire, that I should have so great and natural an instinct in the business of knowing wines, that let me but smell to any, I hit upon the country, the kind, the flavour, and how long it will keep, how many changes it will undergo, with all other circumstances appertaining to wines? But no wonder; for I have had in my family, by the father's side, the two most exquisite tasters, that La Mancha has known for many ages; for proof whereof, there happened to them what I am going to relate. To each of them was given a taste of a certain hogshead, and their opinion asked of the condition, quality, goodness, or badness of the wine. The one tried it with the tip of his tongue; the other put it to his nose. The first said, the wine savoured of iron; the second said, it had rather a tang of goat's leather. The owner protested, the vessel was clean, and the wine neat, so that it could not taste either of iron or leather. Notwithstanding this, the two famous tasters stood positively to what they had said. Time went on; the wine was sold off, and, at rincing the hogshead, there was found in it a small key, hanging to a leather thong. Judge then, Sir, whether one

of that race may not very well undertake to give his opinion in these matters. Therefore, I say quoth he of the wood, let us give over seeking adventures, and, since we have a good loaf of bread, let us not look for cheese-cakes; and let us get home to our cabins, for there God will find us, if it be his will. I will serve my master till he arrives at Saragossa, quoth Sancho, and then we shall all understand one another.

In fine, the two good squires talked and drank so much, that it was high time sleep should tie their tongues, and allay their thirst, for to quench it was impossible: and thus both of them, keeping fast hold of the almost empty bottle, with their meat half chewed, fell fast asleep; where we will leave them at present, to relate what passed between the knight of the wood and him of the sorrowful figure.

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#### CHAP. XIV.

*In which is continued the adventure of the knight of the wood.*

AMONG sundry discourses, which passed between Don Quixote and the knight of the wood, the history tells us, that he of the wood said to Don Quixote: In short, Sir knight, I would have you to know, that my destiny, or rather my choice, led me to fall in love with the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. Peerless I call her, not so much on account



of her stature, as the excellency of her state and beauty. This same Casildea I am speaking of, repaid my honourable thoughts and virtuous desires by employing me as Hercules was by his step-mother, in many and various perils, promising me at the end of each of them, that the next should crown my hopes : but she still goes on, adding link upon link to the chain of my labours, insomuch that they are become without number ; nor can I guess which will be the last, and that which is to give a beginning to the accomplishment of my good wishes. One time she commanded me to go and challenge the famous giantess of Seville, called Giralda\*, who is so stout and strong, as being made of brass, and, without stirring from the place, is the most changeable and unsteady woman in the world. I came, I saw, I conquered : I made her stand still, and fixed her to a point ; for in above a week's time no wind blew but the north. Another time she sent me to weigh the ancient stones of the stout bulls of Guisando\*, an enterprise more fit for porters than knights ; and another time she commanded me to plunge headlong into Cabra's cave (an unheard-of and dreadful attempt) and to bring her a particular

\* A brass statue on a steeple in Seville, which serves for a weather-cock. Here, and in some other places, the jest seems a little too open : but Don Quixote is so serious and so intent that he can see no double entendres.

† Two large statues in that town, supposed to have been set up by Metellus, in the time of the Romans.

relation of what is locked up in that obscure abyss. I stopped the motion of the Giralda, I weighed the bulls of Guisando, I precipitated myself into the cavern of Cabra, and brought to light the hidden secrets of that abyss : and yet my hopes are dead, O how dead ! and her commands and disdains alive, O how alive ! In short, she has at last commanded me to travel over all the provinces of Spain, and oblige all the knights I shall find wandering therein, to confess, that she alone excels in beauty all beauties this day living, and that I am the most valiant and the most completely enamoured knight in the world. In obedience to which command, I have already traversed the greatest part of Spain, and have vanquished divers knights, who have dared to contradict me. But what I am most proud of, and value myself most upon, is the having vanquished in single combat the so renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess, that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea : and I make account, that, in this conquest alone, I have vanquished all the knights in the world ; for that very Don Quixote I speak of has conquered them all, and I having overcome him, his glory, his fame, and his honour are transferred and passed over to my person ; for the victor's renown rises in proportion to that of the vanquished : so that the innumerable exploits of the said Don Quixote are already mine, and placed to my account.

Don Quixote was amazed to hear the knight of the wood, and was ready a thousand times to give him the lie, and *You lie* was at the tip of his tongue: but he restrained himself the best he could, in order to make him confess the lie with his own mouth; and therefore he said very calmly: Sir knight, that you may have vanquished most of the knights-errant of Spain, yea, and of the whole world, I will not dispute; but that you have conquered Don Quixote de la Mancha, I somewhat doubt: it might indeed be somebody resembling him, though there are very few such. Why not? replied he of the wood; by the canopy of heaven I fought with Don Quixote, vanquished him, and made him submit; by the same token that he is tall of stature, thin-visaged, upright-bodied, robust-limbed, grisle-haired, hawk-nosed, with large black mustachios: he gives himself the name of "the knight of the sorrowful figure:" his squire is a country fellow, called Sancho Panza: he oppresses the back, and governs the reins, of a famous steed called Rosinante: in a word, he has for the mistress of his thoughts one Dulcinea del Toboso, sometime called Aldonza Lorenzo; in like manner as mine, who, because her name was Casildea, and being of Andalusia, is now distinguished by the name of Casildea de Vandalia. If all these tokens are not sufficient to prove the truth of what I say, here is my sword, which shall make incredulity itself believe it. Be not in a passion, Sir

knight, said Don Quixote, and hear what I have to say. You are to know, that this Don Quixote, you speak of, is the dearest friend I have in the world, insomuch that I may say he is as it were my very self; and by the tokens and marks you have given of him, so exact and so precise, I cannot but think it must be he himself that you have subdued. On the other side, I see with my eyes, and feel with my hands, that it cannot be the same, unless it be, that, having many enchanters his enemies, (one especially, who is continually persecuting him) some one or other of them may have assumed his shape, and suffered himself to be vanquished, in order to defraud him of the fame his exalted feats of chivalry have acquired, over the face of the whole earth. And, for confirmation hereof, you must know, that these enchanters his enemies, but two days ago, transformed the figure and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into those of a dirty, mean, country wench; and in like manner they must have transformed Don Quixote. And if all this be not sufficient to justify this truth, here stands Don Quixote himself, ready to maintain it by force of arms, on foot, or on horseback, or in whatever manner you please. And so saying, he rose up, and, grasping his sword, expected what resolution the knight of the wood would take; who very calmly answered, and said: A good pay-master is in pain for no pawn: he, who could once vanquish you, Signor Don Quixote, when transformed,

may well hope to make you yield in your own proper person. But as knights-errant should by no means do their feats of arms in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for day-light, that the sun may be witness of our exploits: and the condition of our combat shall be, that the conquered shall be entirely at the mercy and disposal of the conqueror, to do with him whatever he pleases, provided always, that he command nothing but what a knight may with honour submit to. I am entirely satisfied with this condition and compact, answered Don Quixote; and hereupon they both went to look for their squires, whom they found snoring in the very same posture in which sleep had seized them. They awaked them, and ordered them to get ready their steeds; for, at sun-rise, they were to engage in a bloody and unparalleled single combat. At which news Sancho was thunderstruck, and ready to swoon, in dread of his master's safety, from what he had heard the squire of the wood tell of his master's valour. But the two squires, without speaking a word, went to seek their cattle, and found them altogether; for the three horses and Dapple had already smelt one another out.

By the way the squire of the wood said to Sancho: You must understand, brother, that the fighters of Andalusia have a custom, when they are godfathers in any combat, not to stand idle with their arms across, while their godsons are fight-



ing\*. This I say to give you notice, that, while our masters are engaged, we must fight too, and make splinters of one another. This custom, signor squire, answered Sancho, may be current, and pass among the ruffians and fighters you speak of; but among the squires of knights-errant, no, not in thought: at least I have not heard my master talk of any such custom, and he has all the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry by heart. But, taking it for granted, that there is an express statute for the squires engaging while their masters are at it, yet will I not comply with it, but rather pay the penalty imposed upon such peaceable squires; which I dare say cannot be above a couple of pounds of white wax\*, and I will rather pay them; for I know they will cost me less than the money I shall spend in tents to get my head cured, which I already reckon as cut and divided in twain, Besides, another thing which makes it impossible for me to fight, is, my having no sword; for I never wore one in my life. I know a remedy for that, said he of the wood; I have here a couple of linen bags of the same size; you shall take one, and I

\* In the tilts and tournaments the seconds were a kind of godfathers to the principals, and certain ceremonies were performed upon those occasions.

† Some small offences are fined, in Spain, at a pound or two of white wax for the tapers in churches, &c; and confessors pretty frequently enjoin it as a penance.

the other, and we will have a bout at bag-blows with equal weapons. With all my heart, answered Sancho; for such a battle will rather dust our jackets, than wound our persons. It must not be quite so neither, replied the other: for, lest the wind should blow them aside, we must put in them half a dozen clean and smooth pebbles, of equal weight; and thus we may brush one another without much harm or damage. Body of my father! answered Sancho, what sable fur, what bottoms of carded cotton, he puts into the bags, that we may not break our noddles, nor beat our bones to powder! But though they should be filled with balls of raw silk, be it known to you, Sir, I shall not fight; let our masters fight, and hear of it in another world, and let us drink and live; for time takes care to take away our lives, without our seeking new appetites to destroy them, before they reach their appointed term and season, and drop with ripeness. For all that, replied he of the wood, we must fight, if it be but for half an hour. No, no, answered Sancho, I shall not be so discourteous, nor so ungrateful, as to have any quarrel at all, be it never so little, with a gentleman, after having eat of his bread, and drank of his drink: besides, who the devil can set about dry fighting, without anger, and without provocation? If that be all, quoth he of the wood, I will provide a sufficient remedy; which is, that, before we begin the combat, I will come up to your worship, and

fairly give you three or four good cuffs, which will lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler, though it slept sounder than a dormouse. Against that expedient, answered Sancho, I have another not a whit behind it: I will take a good cudgel, and, before you reach me to awaken my choler, I will bastinado yours so sound asleep, that it shall never awake more but in another world, where it is well known I am not a man to let any body handle my face; and let every one take heed to the arrow: though the safest way would be for each man to let his choler sleep; for nobody knows what is in another, and some people go out for wool, and come home shorn themselves; and God in all times blessed the peace-makers, and cursed the peace-breakers; for if a cat, pursued, and pent in a room, and hard put to it, turns into a lion, God knows what I that am a man may turn into: and therefore from henceforward I intimate to your worship, signor squire, that all the damage and mischief, that shall result from our quarrel, must be placed to your account. It is well, replied he of the wood; God send us day-light, and we shall see what will come of it.

And now a thousand sorts of enamelled birds began to chirp in the trees, and in variety of joyous songs seemed to give the good-morrow, and salute the blooming Aurora, who began now to discover the beauty of her face through the gates and balconies of the east, shaking from her locks an infinite

number of liquid pearls, and, in that delicious liquor, bathing the herbs, which also seemed to sprout, and rain a kind of seed-pearl. At her approach, the willows distilled savoury manna, the fountains smiled, the brooks murmured, the woods were cheered, and the meads were gilded. But scarcely had the clearness of the day given opportunity to see and distinguish objects, when the first thing, that presented itself to Sancho's eyes, was the squire of the wood's nose, which was so large, that it almost overshadowed his whole body. In a word, it is said to have been of an excessive size, hawked in the middle, and full of warts and carbuncles, of the colour of a mulberry, and hanging two fingers breadth below his mouth. The size, the colour, the carbuncles, and the crookedness, so disfigured his face, that Sancho, at sight thereof, began to tremble hand and foot, like a child in a fit, and resolved within himself, to take two hundred cuffs before his choler should awaken to encounter that hobgoblin.

Don Quixote viewed his antagonist, and found he had his helmet on, and the beaver down, so that he could not see his face: but he observed him to be a strong made man, and not very tall. Over his armour he wore a kind of surtout, or loose coat, seemingly of the finest gold, besprinkled with sundry little moons of resplendent looking-glass, which made a most gallant and splendid show. A great number of green, yellow, and white feathers waved

about his helmet. His lance, which stood leaning against a tree, was very large and thick, and headed with pointed steel above a span long. Don Quixote viewed, and noted every thing, judging by all he saw and remarked, that the aforesaid knight must needs be of great strength : but he was not, therefore, daunted, like Sancho Panza ; on the contrary, with a gallant boldness he said to the knight of the looking-glasses : Sir knight, if your great eagerness to fight has not exhausted too much of your courtesy, I entreat you to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see whether the sprightliness of your countenance be answerable to that of your figure. . . Whether you be vanquished or victorious in this enterprise, Sir knight, answered he of the looking-glasses, there will be time and leisure enough for seeing me ; and if I do not now comply with your desire, it is because I think I should do a very great wrong to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia, to lose so much time, as the lifting up my beaver would take up, before I make you confess what you know I pretend to. However, while we are getting on horseback, said Don Quixote, you may easily tell me whether I am that Don Quixote you said you had vanquished. To this I answer, quoth he of the looking-glasses, that you are as like that very knight I vanquished, as one egg is like another : but since you say you are persecuted by enchanters, I dare not be positive, whether you are the same person, or no. That is sufficient,



answered Don Quixote, to make me believe you are deceived: however, to undeceive you quite, let us to horse, and in less time than you would have spent in lifting up your beaver, if God, my mistress, and my arm avail me, I will see your face, and you shall see I am not that vanquished Don Quixote you imagine.

Then cutting short the discourse, they mounted, and Don Quixote wheeled Rosinante about, to take as much ground as was convenient for encountering his opponent; and he of the looking-glasses did the like: but Don Quixote was not gone twenty paces, when he heard himself called by the knight of the looking-glasses: so meeting each other half way, he of the looking-glasses said: Take notice, Sir knight, that the condition of our combat is, that the conquered, as I said before, shall remain at the discretion of the conqueror. I know it, answered Don Quixote, provided that what is commanded and imposed on the vanquished shall not exceed, nor derogate from, the laws of chivalry. So it is to be understood, answered he of the looking-glasses. At this juncture the squire's strange nose presented itself to Don Quixote's sight, who was no less surprised at it than Sancho, insomuch that he looked upon him to be some monster, or some strange man, such as are not common now in the world. Sancho, seeing his master set forth to take his career, would not stay alone with long-nose, fearing, lest one gentle wipe

wit that snout across his face should put an end to his battle, and he be laid sprawling on the ground, either by the blow or by fear. Therefore he ran after his master, holding by the back guard of Rosinante's saddle; and, when he thought it was time for him to face about, he said: I beseech your worship, dear Sir, that, before you turn about to engage, you will be so kind as to help me up into yon cork-tree, from whence I can see better, and more to my liking, than from the ground, the gallant encounter you are about to have with that knight. I believe, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, you have more mind to climb and mount a scaffold, to see the bull-sports without danger. To tell you the truth, Sir, answered Sancho, the prodigious nose of that squire astonishes and fills me with dread, and I dare not stand near him. In truth, said Don Quixote, it is so frightful, that, were I not who I am, I should be afraid myself; and therefore come, and I will help you up.

While Don Quixote was busied in helping Sancho up into the cork-tree, he of the looking-glasses took as large a compass as he thought necessary, and believing that Don Quixote had done the like, without waiting for sound of trumpet, or any other signal, he turned about his horse, who was not a whit more active, nor more promising than Rosinante; and at his best speed, which was a middling trot, he advanced to encounter his enemy; but seeing him employed in helping up Sancho, he

reined in his steed, and stopped in the midst of his career; for which his horse was most thankful, being not able to stir any farther. Don Quixote, thinking his enemy was coming full speed against him, clapped spurs to Rosinante's lean flanks, and made him so bestir himself, that, as the history relates, this was the only time he was known to do something like running; for at all others a downright trot was all: and with this unspeakable fury he soon came up where he of the looking-glasses stood, striking his spurs up to the very rowels in his steed, without being able to make him stir a finger's length from the place, where he made a full stand in his career. In this good time, and at this juncture, Don Quixote found his adversary embarrassed with his horse, and encumbered with his lance; for either he did not know how, or had not time to set it in its rest. Don Quixote, who heeded none of these inconveniencies, with all safety, and without the least danger, attacked him of the looking-glasses with such force, that, in spite of him, he bore him to the ground over his horse's crupper; and such was his fall, that he lay motionless, without any signs of life. Sancho no sooner saw him fallen, than he slid down from the cork-tree, and in all haste ran to his master, who, alighting from Rosinante, was got upon him of the looking-glasses, and unlacing his helmet, to see whether he was dead, or to give him air, if perchance he was alive; when he saw — but who

can express what he saw, without causing admiration, wonder, and terror in all that hear it? He saw, says the history, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigies and picture of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco; and as soon as he saw him, he cried out: Come hither, Sancho, and behold what you must see, but not believe: make haste, son, and observe, what magic, what wizards and enchanters can do\*. Sancho approached, and, seeing the bachelor Sampson Carrasco's face, he began to cross and bless himself a thousand times over; and all this while the demolished cavalier shewed no signs of life; and Sancho said to Don Quixote: I am of opinion, Sir, that, right or wrong, your worship should thrust the sword down the throat of him, who seems so like the bachelor Sampson Carrasco: perhaps in him you may kill some one of those enchanters your enemies. You do not say amiss, quoth Don Quixote; for the fewer our enemies are, the better: and drawing his sword to put Sancho's advice in execution, the squire of the looking-glasses drew near, without the nose that made him look so frightful, and cried aloud: Have a care, Signor

\* In like manner Don Sylves, in the *Adventurous Island*, having encountered and defeated several princes, one after another, finds, upon unlacing their helmets, that they are all his intimate friends; and therefore concludes they must be enchanted, and not men, but hobgoblins.—*Amadis de Gaul*, b. 11, ch. 32.

Don Quixote, what you do; for he, who lies at your feet, is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, your friend, and I am his squire. Sancho, seeing him without that former ugliness, said to him: And the nose? To which he answered; I have it here in my pocket: and putting in his hand he pulled out a pasteboard nose, painted and varnished, of the fashion we have already described: and Sancho, eyeing him more and more, with a loud voice of admiration, said: Blessed virgin, defend me! Is not this Tom Cecial, my neighbour and gossip? Indeed am I, answered the unnosed squire; Tom Cecial I am, gossip and friend to Sancho Panza; and I will inform you presently what conduits, lies, and wiles brought me hither: in the mean time, beg and entreat your master not to touch, maltreat, wound, or kill the knight of the looking-glasses now at his feet; for there is nothing more sure than that he is the daring and ill-advised bachelor, Sampson Carrasco, our countryman.

By this time he of the looking-glasses was come to himself; which Don Quixote perceiving, he clapped the point of the naked sword to his throat, and said: You are a dead man, knight, if you do not confess, that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels in beauty your Casildea de Vandalia\*; and

\* So, in *Amadis de Gaul*, (b. 6, ch. 59,) Birmartes, having unhorsed the duke of Calabria, holding his scimitar over him, as if he would cut off his head, says aloud to him, " Knight



farther you must promise, if you escape from this conflict and this fall with life, to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her on my behalf, that she may dispose of you as she shall think fit, and, if she leaves you at your own disposal, then you shall return, and find me out (for the track of my exploits will serve you for a guide, and conduct you to my presence) to tell me what passes between her and you; these conditions being entirely conformable to our articles before our battle, and not exceeding the rules of knight-errantry. I confess, said the fallen knight, that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso's torn and dirty shoe is preferable to the ill-combed, though clean, locks of Casildea; and I promise to go and return from her presence to yours, and give you an exact and particular account of what you require of me. You must likewise confess and believe, added Don Quixote, that the knight you vanquished was not and could not be Don Quixote de la Mancha, but somebody else like him; as I do confess and believe, that you, though, in appearance, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, are not he, but some other, whom my enemies have purposely transformed into his likeness, to restrain the impetuosity of my choler, and make me use with moderation the glory of my conquest. I confess, judge of, and allow every

confess that your mistress is nothing in beauty to the princess Ononia, else you die."

thing, as you believe, judge of, and allow, answered the disjointed knight: Suffer me to rise, I beseech you, if the hurt of my fall will permit, which has left me sorely bruised. Don Quixote helped him to rise, as did his squire Tom Cecial, from off whom Sancho could not remove his eyes, asking him things, the answers to which convinced him evidently of his being really that Tom Cecial he said he was. But he was so prepossessed by what his master had said of the enchanters having changed the knight of the looking-glasses into the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, that he could not give credit to what he saw with his eyes. In short, master and man remained under this mistake; and he of the looking-glasses, with his squire, much out of humour, and in ill plight, parted from Don Quixote and Sancho, to look for some convenient place, where he might sear-cloth himself and splinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho continued their journey to Saragossa, where the history leaves them, to give an account who the knight of the looking-glasses and his nosy-squire were.

## CHAP. XV.

*Giving an account, who the knight of the looking-glasses and his squire were.*

**E**XCEEDINGLY content, elated, and vain-glorious was Don Quixote, at having gained the victory over so valiant a knight, as he imagined him of the looking-glasses to be; from whose knightly word he hoped to learn, whether the enchantment of his mistress continued, the said knight being under a necessity of returning, upon pain of not being one, to give him an account of what should pass between her and him. But Don Quixote thought one thing, and he of the looking-glasses another; who, for the present, thought no farther than of finding a place, where he might plaister himself, as has been already said. The history then tells us, that, when the bachelor Sampson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to resume his intermitted exploits of chivalry, he, the priest and the barber, had first consulted together about the means of persuading Don Quixote to stay peaceably and quietly at home, without distracting himself any more about his unlucky adventures; and it was concluded by general vote, and particular opinion of Carrasco, that they should let Don Quixote make another sally, since it seemed impossible to detain him, and that Sampson should

also sally forth like a knight-errant, and encounter him in fight (for an opportunity could not be long wanting) and so vanquish him, which would be an easy matter to do; and that it should be covenanted and agreed, that the conquered should lie at the mercy of the conqueror; and so, Don Quixote being conquered, the bachelor knight should command him to return home to his village and house, and not stir out of it in two years, or till he had received farther orders from him: all which, it was plain, Don Quixote, when once overcome, would readily comply with, not to contravene or infringe the laws of chivalry: and it might so fall out, that, during his confinement, he might forget his follies, or an opportunity might offer of finding out some cure for his malady. Carrasco accepted of the employment, and Tom Cecial, Sancho Panza's gossip and neighbour, a pleasant-humoured, shallow-brained, fellow, offered his service to be the squire. Sampson armed himself, as you have heard, and Tom Cecial fitted the counterfeit pasteboard nose to his face, that he might not be known by his gossip when they met; and so they took the same road that Don Quixote had taken, and arrived almost time enough to have been present at the adventure of Death's car. But, in short, they lighted on them in the wood, where befel them all that the prudent has been reading. And had it not been for Don Quixote's extraordinary opinion, that the bachelor was not the ba-

achelor, signor bachelor had been incapacitated for ever from taking the degree of licentiate, not finding so much as nests, where he thought to find birds.

Tom Cecial, seeing how ill they had sped, and the unlucky issue of their expedition, said to the bachelor: For certain, Signor Sampson Carrasco, we have been very rightly served. It is easy to design and begin an enterprise, but very often difficult to get through with it. Don Quixote is mad, and we think ourselves wise: he gets off sound and laughing, and your worship remains sore and sorrowful. Now, pray, which is the greater madman, he who is so because he cannot help it, or he who is so on purpose? To which Sampson answered: The difference between these two sorts of madmen, is, that he, who cannot help being mad, will always be so; and he, who plays the fool on purpose, may give over when he thinks fit. If it be so, quoth Tom Cecial, I was mad when I had a mind to be your worship's squire, and now I have a mind to be so no longer, and to get me home to my house. It is fit you should, answered Sampson; but to think that I will return to mine, till I have soundly banged this same Don Quixote, is to be greatly mistaken; and it is not now the desire of curing him of his madness that prompts me to seek him, but a desire of being revenged on him; for the pain of my ribs will not let me entertain more charitable considerations.



Thus they two went on discoursing, till they came to a village, where they luckily met with a bone-setter, who cured the unfortunate Sampson. Tom Cecial went back and left him, and he staid behind meditating revenge; and the history speaks of him again in due time, not omitting to rejoice at present with Don Quixote.

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CHAP. XVI.

*Of what befel Don Quixote with a discreet gentleman of La Mancha.*

**D**ON QUIXOTE pursued his journey with the pleasure, satisfaction, self-conceit already mentioned, imagining, upon account of his late victory, that he was the most valiant knight-errant the world could boast of in that age. He looked upon all the adventures, which should befall him from that time forward, as already finished and brought to a happy conclusion; he valued not any enchantments or enchanters: he no longer remembered the innumerable bastings he had received, during the progress of his chivalries, the stoning that had demolished half his grinders, the ingratitude of the galley-slaves, nor the boldness and shower of pack-staves of the Yanguesian carriers. In short, he said to himself, that, could he but hit upon the art or method of disenchanting his lady Dulcinea,

he should not envy the greatest good fortune, that the most successful knight-errant of past ages ever did, or could attain to.

He was wholly taken up with these thoughts, when Sancho said to him: Is it not strange, Sir, that I still have before my eyes the monstrous and unmeasurable nose of my gossip Tom Cecial? And do you really believe, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that the knight of the looking-glasses was the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and his squire Tom Cecial your gossip? I know not what to say to that, answered Sancho; I only know, that the marks he gave me of my house, wife, and children, could be given me by nobody else but himself; and his face, when the nose was off, was Tom Cecial's own, as I have seen it very often in our village, next door to my house; and the tone of the voice was also the very same. Come on, replied Don Quixote; let us reason a little upon this business. How can any one imagine, that the bachelor Sampson Carrasco should come knight-errant wise, armed at all points to fight with me? Was I ever his enemy? Have I ever given him occasion to bear me a grudge? Am I his rival? Or does he make profession of arms, as envying the fame I have acquired by them? What then shall we say, Sir, answered Sancho, to that knight's being so very like Sampson Carrasco, be he who he would, and his squire so like Tom Cecial my gossip? And, if it be enchantment, as your wor-

ship says, were there no other two in the world they could be made to resemble? The whole is artifice, answered Don Quixote, and a trick of the wicked magicians, who persecute me; who, foreseeing that I was to come off vanquisher in the conflict, contrived, that the vanquished knight should have the face of my friend the bachelor, that the kindness I have for him might interpose between the edge of my sword, and the rigour of my arm, and moderate the just indignation of my breast, and by this means he might escape with his life, who, by cunning devices and false appearances, sought to take away mine. For proof whereof, you already know, O Sancho, by infallible experience, how easy a thing it is for enchanters to change one face into another, making the fair foul, and the foul fair; since, not two days ago, you beheld with your own eyes the beauty and bravery of the peerless Dulcinea in their highest perfection, and at the same time I saw her under the plainness and deformity of a rude country wench, with cataracts on her eyes, and a bad smell in her mouth: and if the perverse enchanter durst make so wicked a transformation, no wonder if he has done the like as to Sampson Carrasco and your gossip, in order to snatch the glory of the victory out of my hands. Nevertheless I comfort myself; for, in short, be it under what shape soever, I have got the better of my enemy. God knows the truth, answered Sancho; who, well

knowing that the transformation of Dulcinea was all his own plot and device, was not satisfied with his master's chimerical notions, but would make no reply, lest he should let fall some word that might discover his cheat.

While they were thus discoursing, there overtook them a man upon a very fine flea-bitten mare, clad in a surtout of fine green cloth, faced with murry-coloured velvet, and a hunter's cap of the same: the mare's furniture was all of the field, and ginet-fashion, murry-coloured and green. He had a Moorish scimitar hanging at a shoulder-belt of green and gold; and his buskins wrought like the belt. His spurs were not gilt, but varnished with green, so neat and polished, that they suited his clothes better than if they had been of pure gold. When the traveller came up to them, he saluted them courteously, and spurring his mare, and keeping a little off, was passing on. But Don Quixote called to him: Courteous Sir, if you are going our way, and are not in haste, I should take it for a favour we might join company. Truly, Sir, answered he with the mare, I had not kept off, but for fear your horse should prove unruly in the company of my mare. Sir, answered Sancho, if that be all, you may safely hold in your mare; for ours is the soberest and best-conditioned horse in the world: he never did a naughty thing in his life, upon these occasions, but once, and then my master and I paid for it seven-fold. I say again,

your worship may stop if you please ; for were she served up betwixt two dishes, he would not, I assure you, so much as look her in the face. The traveller checked his mare, wondering at the air and countenance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which Sancho carried, like a cloak-bag, at the pummel of his ass's pannel. And if the gentleman in green gazed much at Don Quixote, Don Quixote stared no less at him, taking him to be some person of consequence. He seemed to be about fifty years of age ; had but few grey hairs ; his visage aquiline ; his aspect between merry and serious : in a word, his mien and appearance spoke him to be a man of worth. What he in green thought of Don Quixote, was, that he had never seen such a figure of a man before : he admired at the length of his horse, the tallness of his stature, the meagreness of his aspect, his armour, and his deportment ; the whole such an odd figure, as had not been seen in that country for many years past.

Don Quixote took good notice how the traveller surveyed him, and, reading his desire in his surprise, and being the pink of courtesy, and fond of pleasing every body, before the traveller could ask him any question, he prevented him, saying : This figure of mine, which your worship sees, being so new, and so much out of the way of what is generally in fashion, I do not wonder if you are surprised at it : but you will cease to be so, when



I tell you, as I do, that I am one of those knights, whom people call "seekers of adventures." I left my country, mortgaged my estate, quitted my ease and pleasures, and threw myself into the arms of fortune, to carry me whither she pleased. I had a mind to revive the long-deceased chivalry; and, for some time past, stumbling here and tumbling there, falling headlong in one place, and getting up again in another, I have accomplished a great part of my design, succouring widows, protecting damsels, aiding married women and orphans; the natural and proper office of knights-errant. And thus, by many valorous and christian exploits, I have merited the honour of being in print, in all, or most of the nations in the world. Thirty thousand copies are already published of my history, and it is in the way of coming to thirty thousand thousands more, if heaven prevent it not. Finally, to sum up all in few words, or in one only, know I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called "the knight of the sorrowful figure:" and though self-praises depreciate, I am sometimes forced to publish my own commendations; but this is to be understood, when nobody else is present to do it for me. So that, worthy Sir, neither this horse, this lance, this shield, nor this squire, nor all this armour together, nor the wanness of my visage, nor my meagre lankness, ought from henceforward to be matter of wonder to you, now that you know who I am, and the profession I follow.

Here Don Quixote was silent, and he in green was so long before he returned any answer, that it looked as if he could not hit upon a reply; but, after some pause, he said: Sir knight, you judged right of my desire by my surprise; but you have not removed the wonder raised in me at seeing you: for, supposing, as you say, that my knowing who you are might have removed it, yet it has not done so: on the contrary, now that I know it, I am in greater admiration and surprise than before. What! is it possible that there are knights-errant now in the world, and that there are histories printed of real chivalries? I never could have thought there was any body now upon earth, who relieved widows, succoured damsels, aided married women, or protected orphans, nor should yet have believed it, had I not seen it in your worship with my own eyes. Blessed be heaven! for this history, which your worship says is in print, of your exalted and true achievements, must have cast into oblivion the numberless fables of fictitious knights-errant, with which the world was filled, so much to the detriment of good morals, and the prejudice and discredit of good histories. There is a great deal to be said, answered Don Quixote, upon this subject, whether the histories of knights-errant are fictitious or not. Why, is there any one, answered he in green, that has the least suspicion that those histories are not false? I have, quoth Don Quixote: but no more of that; for, if we travel any time together, I hope

in God to convince you, Sir, that you have done amiss in suffering yourself to be carried away by the current of those, who take it for granted they are not true. From these last words of Don Quixote, the traveller began to suspect he must be some madman, and waited for a farther confirmation of his suspicion : but before they fell into any other discourse, Don Quixote desired him to tell him who he was, since he had given him some account of his own condition and life.

To which he in the green riding-coat answered : I, Sir knight of the sorrowful figure, am a gentleman, native of a village, where, God willing, we shall dine to-day. I am more than indifferently rich, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda. I spend my time with my wife, my children, and my friends : my diversions are hunting and fishing ; but I keep neither hawks nor greyhounds, only some decoy partridges and a stout ferret. I have about six dozen of books, some Spanish, some Latin, some of history, and some of devotion ; those of chivalry have not yet come over my threshold. I am more inclined to the reading of profane authors, than religious, provided they are upon subjects of innocent amusement, the language agreeable, and the invention new and surprising, though indeed there are very few of this sort in Spain. Sometimes I eat with my neighbours and friends ; and sometimes I invite them : my table is neat and clean, and tolerably furnished. I neither

censure others myself, nor allow others to do it before me. I inquire not into other men's lives, nor am I sharp-sighted to pry into their actions. I hear mass every day : I share my substance with the poor, making no parade with my good works, nor harbouring in my breast hypocrisy and vain-glory, those enemies, which so slyly get possession of the best guarded hearts. I endeavour to make peace between those that are at variance. I devote myself particularly to our blessed lady, and always trust in the infinite mercy of God our Lord.

Sancho was very attentive to the relation of the gentleman's life and conversation ; all which appeared to him to be good and holy : and, thinking that one of such a character must needs work miracles, he flung himself off his Dapple, and running hastily laid hold of his right stirrup ; and, with a devout heart, and almost weeping eyes, he kissed his feet more than once. Which the gentleman perceiving, said : What mean you, brother ? What kisses are these ? Pray, let me kiss on, answered Sancho ; for your worship is the first saint on horseback I ever saw in all the days of my life. I am no saint, answered the gentleman, but a great sinner : you, brother, must needs be very good, as your simplicity demonstrates. Sancho went off, and got again upon his pannel, having forced a smile from the profound gravity of his master, and caused fresh admiration in Don Diego.

Don Quixote then asked him, how many chil-

dren he had, telling him, that one of the things, wherein the ancient philosophers, who wanted the true knowledge of God, placed the supreme happiness, was, in the gifts of nature and fortune, in having many friends, and many good children. I, Signor Don Quixote, answered the gentleman, have one son; and, if I had him not, perhaps I should think myself happier than I am, not because he is bad, but because he is not so good as I would have him. He is eighteen years old; six he has been at Salamanca, learning the Latin and Greek languages, and, when I was desirous he should study other sciences, I found him so over head and ears in poetry (if that may be called a science) that there was no prevailing with him to look into the law, which was what I would have had him studied; nor into divinity, the queen of all sciences. I was desirous he should be the crown and honour of his family, since we live in an age, in which our kings highly reward useful and virtuous literature; for letters without virtue are pearls in a dunghill. He passes whole days in examining, whether Homer expressed himself well in such a verse of the Iliad; whether Martial, in such an epigram, be obscene or not; whether such a verse in Virgil is to be understood this or that way. In a word, all his conversation is with the books of the aforesaid poets, and with those of Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus. As to the modern Spanish authors, he makes no great account of them; though, notwith-



standing the antipathy he seems to have to Spanish poetry, his thoughts are at this very time entirely taken up with making a gloss upon four verses, sent him from Salamanca, which, I think, were designed for a scholastic prize.

To all which Don Quixote answered : Children, Sir, are pieces of the bowels of their parents, and, whether good or bad, must be loved and cherished as parts of ourselves. It is the duty of parents to train them up from their infancy in the paths of virtue and good manners, and in good principles and christian discipline, that, when they are grown up, they may be the staff of their parents' age, and an honour to their posterity. As to forcing them to this or that science, I do not hold it to be right, though I think there is no harm in advising them ; and when there is no need of studying merely for bread, the student being so happy as to have it by inheritance, I should be for indulging him in the pursuit of that science, to which his genius is most inclined. And though that of poetry be less profitable than delightful, it is not one of those that are wont to disgrace the possessor. Poetry, good Sir, I take to be like a tender virgin, very young, and extremely beautiful, whom divers other virgins, namely, all the other sciences, make it their business to enrich, polish, and adorn ; and to her it belongs to make use of them all, and on her part to give a lustre to them all. But this same virgin is not to be rudely handled, nor dragged through

the streets, nor exposed in the turnings of the market-place, nor posted on the corners or gates of palaces. She is formed of an alchymy of such virtue, that he, who knows how to manage her, will convert her into the purest gold of inestimable price. He, who possesses her, should keep a strict hand over her, not suffering her to make excursions in obscene satires, or lifeless sonnets. She must in no wise be venal; though she need not reject the profits arising from heroic poems, mournful tragedies, or pleasant and artful comedies. She must not be meddled with by buffoons, or by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of knowing or esteeming the treasures locked up in her. And think not, Sir, that I give the appellation of vulgar to the common people alone: all the ignorant, though they be lords or princes, ought, and must, be taken into the number. He therefore who, with the aforesaid qualifications, addicts himself to the study and practice of poetry, will become famous, and his name be honoured in all the polite nations of the world. And as to what you say, Sir, that your son does not much esteem the Spanish poetry, I am of opinion that he is not very right in that; and the reason is this: the great Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek; nor Virgil in Greek, because he was a Roman. In short, all the ancient poets wrote in the language they sucked in with their mother's milk, and did not hunt after foreign tongues, to express the sublimity of their

conceptions. And, this being so, it is fit this custom should take place in all nations; and the German poet should not be disesteemed for writing in his own tongue, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscainer, for writing in his. But your son, I should imagine, does not dislike the Spanish poetry, but the poets, who are merely Spanish, without any knowledge of other languages, or sciences, which might adorn, enliven, and assist their natural genius: though even in this there may be a mistake; for it is a true opinion, that the poet is born one; the meaning of which is, that a natural poet comes forth a poet from his mother's womb, and, with this talent given him by heaven, and without farther study or art, composes things which verify the saying, "Est Deus in nobis," &c. Not but that a natural poet, who improves himself by art, will be a much better poet, and have the advantage of him, who has no other title to it but the knowledge of that art alone: and the reason is, because art cannot exceed nature, but only perfect it; so that art mixed with nature, and nature with art, form a complete poet. To conclude my discourse, good Sir, let your son follow the direction of his stars: for, being so good a scholar, as he must needs be, and having already happily mounted the first round of the ladder of the sciences, that of the languages, with the help of these, he will by himself ascend to the top of human learning, which is no less an honour and an ornament to a gentleman, than a mitre

to a bishop, or the long robe to the learned in the law. If your son writes satires injurious to the reputation of others, chide him, and tear his performances : but if he pens discourses in the manner of Horace, reprehending vice in general, as that poet so elegantly does, commend him, because it is lawful for a poet to write against envy, and to brand the envious in his verses ; and so of other vices, but not to single out particular characters. There are poets, who, for the pleasure of saying one smart thing, will run the hazard of being banished to the isles of Pontus\*. If the poet be chaste in his manners, he will be so in his verses : the pen is the tongue of the mind ; such as its conceptions are, such will its productions be. And when kings and princes see the wonderful science of poetry employed on prudent, virtuous, and grave subjects, they honour, esteem, and enrich the poets, and even crown them with the leaves of that tree, which the thunderbolt hurts not, signifying, as it were, that nobody ought to offend those, who wear such crowns, and whose temples are so adorned.

The gentleman in green admired much at Don Quixote's discourse, insomuch that he began to waver in his opinion as to his being a madman. But in the midst of the conversation, Sancho, it not being much to his taste, was gone out of the road to beg a little milk of some shepherds, who were

\* As Ovid was.

hard by milking some ewes. And now the gentleman, highly satisfied with Don Quixote's ingenuity and good sense, was renewing the discourse, when on a sudden Don Quixote, lifting up his eyes, perceived a car, with royal banners, coming the same road they were going, and believing it to be some new adventure, he called aloud to Sancho, to come and give him his helmet. Sancho hearing himself called, left the shepherds, and in all haste, pricking his Dapple, came where his master was, whom there befel a most dreadful and stupendous adventure.

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#### CHAP. XVII.

*Wherein is set forth the last and highest point, at which the unheard-of courage of Don Quixote ever did, or could, arrive; with the happy conclusion of the adventure of the lions.*

**T**HE history relates, that, when Don Quixote called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet, he was buying some curds of the shepherds; and, being hurried by the violent haste his master was in, he knew not what to do with them, nor how to bestow them; and that he might not lose them, now they were paid for, he bethought him of clapping them into his master's helmet, and with this excellent shift back he came to learn the commands



of his lord, who said to him : Friend, give me the helmet ; for either I know little of adventures, or that, which I descry yonder, is one that does and will oblige me to have recourse to arms. He in the green riding-coat, hearing this, cast his eyes every way as far as he could, and discovered nothing but a car coming towards them, with two or three small flags, by which he conjectured, that the said car was bringing some of the king's money ; and so he told Don Quixote : but he believed him not, always thinking and imagining, that every thing that befel him must be an adventure, and adventures upon adventures ; and thus he replied to the gentleman : Preparation is half the battle, and nothing is lost by being upon one's guard. I know by experience, that I have enemies both visible and invisible, and I know not when, nor from what quarter, nor at what time, nor in what shape, they will encounter me : and turning about, he demanded his helmet of Sancho, who, not having time to take out the curds, was forced to give it him as it was. Don Quixote took it, and, without minding what was in it, clapped it hastily upon his head ; and as the curds were squeezed and pressed, the whey began to run down the face and beard of Don Quixote ; at which he was so startled, that he said to Sancho : What can this mean, Sancho ? methinks my skull is softening, or my brains melting, or I sweat from head to foot ; and if I do really sweat, in truth it

is not through fear, though I verily believe, I am like to have a terrible adventure of this. If you have any thing to wipe withal, give it me; for the copious sweat quite blinds my eyes. Sancho said nothing, and gave him a cloth, and with it thanks to God that his master had not found out the truth. Don Quixote wiped himself, and took off his helmet, to see what it was that so over-cooled his head; and, seeing some white lumps in it, he put them to his nose, and smelling to them, said: By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, they are curds you have clapped in here, vile traitor, and inconsiderate squire! To which Sancho answered, with great phlegm and dissimulation: If they are curds, give me them to eat: but the devil eat them for me; for it must be he that put them there. What! I offer to foul your worship's helmet? In faith, Sir, by what God gives me to understand, I too have my enchanters, who persecute me, as a creature and member of your worship, and, I warrant, have put that filthiness there, to stir your patience to wrath against me, and provoke you to bang my sides as you used to do. But truly this bout they have missed their aim; for I trust to the candid judgment of my master, who will consider, that I have neither curds, nor cream, nor any thing like it; and that, if I had, I should sooner have put them into my stomach, than into your honour's helmet. It may be so, quoth Don Quixote. All this the gentleman saw, and saw with admiration,

especially when Don Quixote, after having wiped his head, face, beard, and helmet, clapping it on, and fixing himself firm in his stirrups, then trying the easy drawing of his sword, and grasping his lance, said: Now come what will; for here I am prepared to encounter Satan himself in person\*.

By this time the car with the flags was come up, and nobody with it but the carter upon one of the mules, and a man sitting upon the fore-part. Don Quixote planted himself just before them, and said: Whither go ye, brethren? what car is this? and what have you in it? and what banners are those? To which the carter answered: The car is mine, and in it are two fierce lions, which the general of Oran is sending to court as a present to his majesty: the flags belong to our liege the king, to shew that what is in the car is his. And are the lions large? demanded Don Quixote. So large, replied the man upon the fore-part of the car, that larger never came from Africa into Spain: I am their keeper, and have had charge of several, but never of any so large as these: they are a male and a female; the male is in the first cage, and the female in that behind: at present they are hungry, not having eaten to-day, and therefore, Sir, get out

\* Don Quixote here seems to imitate the bravery of Don Rogel of Greece, who, in the presence of an illustrious company, resolves to attack two terrible enchanted lions.—*Amadis de Gaul*, b. 13, ch. 49.

of the way ; for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them. At which Don Quixote, smiling a little, said : To me your lion-whelps ! your lion-whelps to me ! and at this time of day ! By the living God, those who sent them hither, shall see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Alight, honest friend, and, since you are their keeper, open the cages, and turn out those beasts ; for in the midst of this field will I make them know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in spite of the enchanters that sent them to me. Very well, quoth the gentleman to himself, our good knight has given us a specimen of what he is : doubtless, the curds have softened his skull, and ripened his brains. Then Sancho came to him, and said : For God's sake, Sir, order it so, that my master Don Quixote may not encounter these lions ; for if he does, they will tear us all to pieces. What then, is your master really so mad, answered the gentleman, that you fear and believe he will attack such fierce animals ? He is not mad, answered Sancho, but daring. I will make him desist, replied the gentleman ; and going to Don Quixote, who was hastening the keeper to open the cages, he said : Sir, knights-errant should undertake adventures which promise good success, and not such as are quite desperate ; for the valour, which borders too near upon the confines of rashness, has in it more of madness, than fortitude : besides, these lions do not come to assail your wor-

ship, nor do they so much as dream of any such thing: they are going to be presented to his majesty; and it is not proper to detain them, or hinder their journey. Sweet Sir, answered Don Quixote, go hence, and mind your decoy partridge, and your stout ferret, and leave every one to his own business. This is mine, and I will know whether these gentlemen lions come against me, or no. And, turning to the keeper, he said: I vow to God, Don rascal, if you do not instantly open the cages, with this lance I will pin you to the car. The carter, seeing the resolution of this armed apparition, said: Good Sir, for charity's sake, be pleased to let me take off my mules, and get with them out of danger, before the lions are let loose; for should my cattle be killed, I am undone for all the days of my life, having no other livelihood but this car and these mules. O man of little faith! answered Don Quixote, alight and unyoke, and do what you will; for you shall quickly see you have laboured in vain, and might have saved yourself this trouble.

The carter alighted, and unyoked in great haste; and the keeper said aloud: Bear witness, all here present, that, against my will, and by compulsion, I open the cages, and let loose the lions; and that I enter my protest against this gentleman, that all the harm and mischief these beasts do shall stand and be placed to his account, with my salary and perquisites over and above: pray, gentlemen, shift



for yourselves before I open ; for, as to myself, I am sure they will do me no hurt. Again the gentleman pressed Don Quixote to desist from doing so mad a thing, it being to tempt God, to undertake so extravagant an action. Don Quixote replied, that he knew what he did. The gentleman rejoined, bidding him consider well of it, for he was certain he deceived himself. Nay, Sir, replied Don Quixote, if you do not care to be a spectator of what you think will prove a tragedy, spur your Flea-bitten, and save yourself. Sancho, hearing this, besought him with tears in his eyes to desist from that enterprise, in comparison whereof that of the windmills, and that fearful one of the fulling-mill hammers, in short, all the exploits he had performed in the whole course of his life, were mere tarts and cheese-cakes. Consider, Sir, quoth Sancho, that here is no enchantment, nor any thing like it ; for I have seen, through the grates and chinks of the cage, the claw of a true lion ; and I guess by it, that the lion, to whom such a claw belongs, is bigger than a mountain. However it be, answered Don Quixote, fear will make it appear to you bigger than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me ; and if I die here, you know our old agreement : repair to Dulcinea—I say no more. To these he added other expressions, with which he cut off all hope of his desisting from his extravagant design. He in green would fain have opposed him, but found himself

unequally matched in weapons and armour, and did not think it prudent to engage with a madman; for such, by this time, he took Don Quixote to be in all points: who hastening the keeper, and reiterating his menaces, the gentleman took occasion to clap spurs to his mare, Sancho to Dapple, and the carter to his mules, all endeavouring to get as far from the car as they could, before the lions were let loose. Sancho lamented the death of his master, verily believing it would now overtake him in the paws of the lions: he cursed his hard fortune, and the unlucky hour when it came into his head to serve him again: but for all his tears and lamentations, he ceased not punching his Dapple, to get far enough from the car. The keeper seeing that the fugitives were got a good way off, repeated his arguments and entreaties to Don Quixote, who answered, that he heard him, and that he should trouble himself with no more arguments nor entreaties, for all would signify nothing, and that he must make haste.

Whilst the keeper delayed opening the first grate, Don Quixote considered with himself, whether it would be best to fight on foot or on horseback: at last he determined to fight on foot, lest Rosinante should be terrified at sight of the lions\*.

\* So Prince Spheramond, going to attack the serpent at the gate of the chief city of Parthia, alights from his horse, lest he should be frightened and unruly.—*Amadis de Gaul*, b. 18, ch. 31.

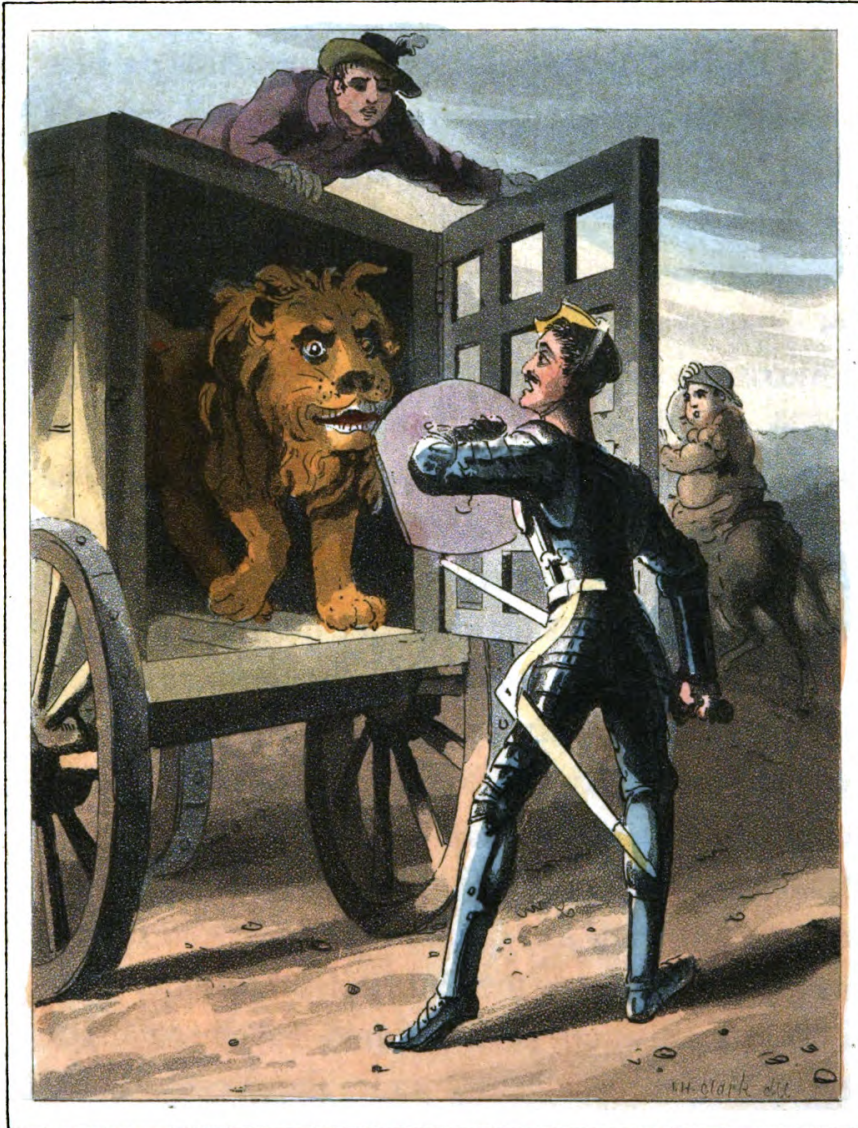
Thereupon he leaped from his horse, flung aside his lance, braced on his shield, and drew his sword; and marching slowly, with marvellous intrepidity, and an undaunted heart, he planted himself before the car, devoutly commending himself, first to God, and then to his mistress Dulcinea.

Here it is to be noted, that the author of this faithful history, coming to this passage, falls into exclamations, and cries out: O strenuous, and beyond all expression courageous, Don Quixote de la Mancha; thou mirror, wherein all the valiant ones of the world may behold themselves, thou second and new Don Manuel de Leon, who was the glory and honour of the Spanish knights! With what words shall I relate this tremendous exploit? By what arguments shall I render it credible to succeeding ages? Or what praises, though above all hyperboles hyperbolical, do not fit and become thee? Thou alone on foot, intrepid and magnanimous, with a single sword, and that none of the sharpest, with a shield, not of the brightest and most shining steel, standest waiting for and expecting two of the fiercest lions, that the forests of Africa ever bred. Let thy own deeds praise thee, valorous Manchegan! for here I must leave off for want of words, whereby to enhance them. Here the author ends his exclamation, and resumes the thread of the history, saying:—

The keeper, seeing Don Quixote fixed in his posture, and that he could not avoid letting loose







DON QUIXOTE'S ADVENTURE WITH THE LION.

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the male-lion, on pain of falling under the displeasure of the angry and daring knight, set wide open the door of the first cage, where lay the lion, which appeared to be of an extraordinary bigness, and of a hideous and frightful aspect. The first thing he did, was, to turn himself round in the cage, reach out a paw, and stretch himself at full length. Then he gaped and yawned very leisurely; then licked the dust off his eyes, and washed his face, with some half a yard of tongue. This done, he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared round on all sides with eyes of fire-coals; a sight and aspect enough to have struck terror into temerity itself. Don Quixote only observed him with attention, wishing he would leap out from the car, and grapple with him, that he might tear him in pieces: to such a piece of extravagance had his unheard-of madness transported him. But the generous lion, more civil than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravadoes, after having stared about him, as has been said, turned his back, and shewed his posteriors to Don Quixote, and, with great phlegm and calmness, laid himself down again in the cage. Which Don Quixote perceiving, he ordered the keeper to give him some blows, and provoke him to come forth. That I will not do, answered the keeper; for, should I provoke him, I myself shall be the first he will tear in pieces. Be satisfied, signor cavalier, with what is done, which is all that can be said in point of courage,

and do not tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open, and it is in his choice to come forth or not: and since he has not yet come out, he will not come out all this day. The greatness of your worship's courage is already sufficiently shewn: no brave combatant, as I take it, is obliged to more than to challenge his foe, and expect him in the field; and, if the antagonist does not meet him, the infamy lies at his door, and the expectant gains the crown of conquest. That is true, answered Don Quixote: shut the door, friend, and give me a certificate, in the best form you can, of what you have seen me do here. It is fit it should be known, how you opened to the lion; I waited for him; he came not out; I waited for him again; again he came not out; and again he laid him down. I am bound to no more; enchantments avaunt, and God help right and truth and true chivalry: and so shut the door, while I make a signal to the fugitive and absent, that they may have an account of this exploit from your mouth.

The keeper did so, and Don Quixote, clapping on the point of his lance the linen cloth, wherewith he had wiped the torrent of the curds from off his face, began to call out to the rest, who still fled, turning about their heads at every step, all in a troop, and the gentleman at the head of them. But Sancho, chancing to espy the signal of the white cloth, said: May I be hanged if my master has not vanquished the wild beasts, since he calls to us.

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They all halted, and knew that it was Don Quixote, who made the sign; and, abating some part of their fear, they drew nearer by degrees, till they came where they could distinctly hear the words of Don Quixote, who was calling to them. In short, they came back to the car, and then Don Quixote said to the carter: Put to your mules again, brother, and continue your journey; and, Sancho, give two gold crowns to him and the keeper, to make them amends for my having detained them. That I will, with all my heart, answered Sancho: but what is become of the lions? Are they dead or alive? Then the keeper, very minutely, and with proper pauses, related the success of the conflict, exaggerating, the best he could, or knew how, the valour of Don Quixote, at sight of whom the abashed lion would not, or durst not, stir out of the cage, though he had held open the door a good while; and upon his representing to the knight, that it was tempting God to provoke the lion, and to make him come out by force, as he would have had him done, whether he would or no, and wholly against his will, he had suffered the cage door to be shut. What think you of this, Sancho? quoth Don Quixote: can any enchantments prevail against true courage? With ease may the enchanters deprive me of good fortune; but of courage and resolution they never can. Sancho gave the gold crowns; the carter put to; the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands for the favour received, and pro-

mised him to relate this valorous exploit to the king himself, when he came to court. If, perchance, his majesty, said Don Quixote, should enquire who performed it, tell him, "the knight of the lions:" for from henceforward I resolve, that the title I have hitherto borne of "the knight of the sorrowful figure" shall be changed, trucked, and altered to this; and herein I follow the ancient practice of knights-errant, who changed their names when they had a mind, or whenever it served their turn.

The car went on its way, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and he in the green surtout, pursued their journey. In all this time Don Diego de Miranda had not spoken a word, being all attention to observe and remark the actions and words of Don Quixote, taking him to be a sensible madman, and a madman bordering upon good sense. The first part of his history had not yet come to his knowledge; for, had he read that, his wonder at Don Quixote's words and actions would have ceased, as knowing the nature of his madness; but, as he yet knew nothing of it, he sometimes thought him in his senses, and sometimes out of them; because what he spoke was coherent, elegant, and well said, and what he did was extravagant, rash, and foolish; for, said he to himself, what greater madness can there be, than to clap on a helmet full of curds, and persuade one's self that enchanters have melted one's skull; and what greater rashness and extravagance, than to resolve to fight with lions?

Don Quixote diverted these imaginations, and this soliloquy, by saying: Doubtless, signor Don Diego de Miranda, in your opinion I must needs pass for an extravagant madman; and no wonder it should be so: for my actions indicate no less. But, for all that, I would have you know, that I am not so mad, nor so shallow, as I may have appeared to be. A fine appearance makes the gallant cavalier, in shining armour, prancing over the lists, at some joyful tournament, in sight of the ladies. A fine appearance makes the knight, when, in the midst of a large square, before the eyes of his prince, he transfixes a furious bull. And a fine appearance make those knights, who, in military exercises, or the like, entertain, enliven, and, if we may so say, do honour to their prince's court. But, above all these, a much finer appearance makes the knight-errant, who, through deserts and solitudes, through cross-ways, through woods, and over mountains, goes in quest of perilous adventures, with design to bring them to a happy and fortunate conclusion, only to obtain a glorious and immortal fame. A knight-errant, I say, makes a finer appearance in the act of succouring some widow in a desert place, than a knight-courtier in addressing some damsel in a city. All cavaliers have their proper and peculiar exercises. Let the courtier wait upon the ladies; adorn his prince's court with rich liveries; entertain the poorer cavaliers at his splendid table; order justs; manage tournaments; and shew him-



self great, liberal, and magnificent, and above all a good christian : and in this manner will he precisely comply with the obligations of his duty. But let the knight-errant search the remotest corners of the world ; enter the most intricate labyrinths ; at every step assail impossibilities ; in the wild uncultivated deserts brave the burning rays of the summer's sun, and the keen inclemency of the winter's frost : let not lions daunt him, spectres affright him, or dragons terrify him : for in seeking these, encountering those, and conquering them all, consists his principal and true employment. It being then my lot to be one of the number of knights-errant, I cannot decline undertaking whatever I imagine to come within the verge of my profession ; and, therefore, encountering the lions, as I just now did, belonged to me directly, though I knew it to be a most extravagant rashness. I very well know, that fortitude is a virtue placed between the two vitious extremes of cowardice and rashness : but it is better the valiant should rise to the high pitch of temerity, than sink to the low point of cowardice ; for, as it is easier for the prodigal to become liberal, than for the covetous, so it is much easier for the rash to hit upon being truly valiant, than for the coward to rise to true valour : and as to undertaking adventures, believe me, signor Don Diego, it is better to lose the game by a card too much than one too little ; for it sounds better in the ears of those that hear it, such a knight is rash

and daring, than, such a knight is timorous and cowardly.

I say, signor Don Quixote, answered Don Diego, that all you have said and done is levelled by the line of right reason; and I think, if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry should be lost, they might be found in your worship's breast, as in their proper depository and register. But let us make haste, for it grows late; and let us get to my village and house, where you may repose and refresh yourself after your late toil, which, if not of the body, has been a labour of the mind, which often affects the body too. I accept of the offer as a great favour and kindness, signor Don Diego, answered Don Quixote: and spurring on a little more than they had hitherto done, it was about two in the afternoon when they arrived at the village, and the house of Don Diego, whom Don Quixote called *The knight of the green riding coat*.

# D O N Q U I X O T E

DE LA MANCHA.

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## PART II.—BOOK II.

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### CHAP. I.

*Of what befel Don Quixote in the castle or house of the knight of the green riding-coat, with other extravagant matters.*

**D**ON QUIXOTE found, that Don Diego's house was spacious, after the country fashion, having the arms of the family carved in rough stone over the great gates; the buttery in the court-yard, the cellar under the porch, and several earthen wine-jars placed round about it; which, being of the ware of Toboso, renewed the memory of his enchanted and metamorphosed Dulcinea; and, without considering what he said, or before whom he sighed, and cried: O sweet pledges, found now to my sorrow; sweet and joyous, when heaven would

have it so\*! O ye Tobosian jars, that have brought back to my remembrance the sweet pledge of my greatest bitterness! This was overheard by the poetical scholar, Don Diego's son, who, with his mother was come out to receive him; and both mother and son were in admiration at the strange figure of Don Quixote, who, alighting from Rosinante, very courteously desired leave to kiss the lady's hands; and Don Diego said: Receive, madam, with your accustomed civility, signor Don Quixote de la Mancha here present, a knight-errant, and the most valiant, and most ingenious person in the world. The lady, whose name was Donna Christina, received him with tokens of much affection and civility, and Don Quixote returned them in discreet and courteous expressions. The same kind of compliments passed between him and the student, whom by his talk Don Quixote took for a witty and acute person.

Here the author sets down all the particulars of Don Diego's house, describing all the furniture usually contained in the mansion of a gentleman that was both a farmer and rich. But the translators of the history thought fit to pass over in silence these, and such like minute matters, as not suiting with the principal scope of the history, in which truth has more force than cold and insipid digressions†.

\* In allusion to the beginning of a song in the Diana of Monte Mayor.

† A satire on the tedious prolixity of many authors, espe-

Don Quixote was led into a hall : Sancho unarmed him ; he remained in his wide Walloon breeches, and in a shamois doublet, all besmeared with the rust of his armour : his band was of the college-cut, without starch and without lace : his buskins were date-coloured, and his shoes waxed. He girt on his trusty sword, which hung at a belt made of a sea-wolf's skin : for it is thought he had been many years troubled with a weakness in his loins \*. Over these he had a long cloak of good grey cloth. But, first of all, with five or six kettles of water (for there is some difference as to the number) he washed his head and face ; and still the water continued of a whey-colour, thanks to Sancho's gluttony, and the purchase of the nasty curds, that had made his master so white and clean. With the aforesaid accoutrements, and with a genteel air and deportment, Don Quixote walked into another hall, where the student was waiting to entertain him till the cloth was laid ; for the lady Donna Christina would shew, upon the arrival of so noble a guest, that she knew how to regale those, who came to her house.

While Don Quixote was unarming, Don Lorenzo (for that was the name of Don Diego's son) had leisure to say to his father : Pray, Sir, who is this

cially romance writers, who frequently digress from the principal subject, to entertain the reader with descriptions of palaces, which they give with all the minute exactness of architects, rather than as historians.

\* An old woman's remedy for that ailment.



gentleman you have brought us home? for his name, his figure, and your telling us he is a knight-errant, hold my mother and me in great suspense. I know not how to answer you, son, replied Don Diego: I can only tell you, that I have seen him act the part of the maddest man in the world, and then talk so ingeniously, that his words contradict and undo all his actions. Talk you to him, and feel the pulse of his understanding; and, since you have discernment enough, judge of his discretion, or distraction, as you shall find; though, to say the truth, I rather take him to be mad, than otherwise.

Hereupon Don Lorenzo went to entertain Don Quixote, as has been said; and among other discourse, which passed between them, Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo: Signor Don Diego de Miranda, your father, Sir, has given me some account of your rare abilities, and refined judgment, and particularly that you are a great poet. A poet, perhaps, I may be, replied Don Lorenzo; but a great one, not even in thought. True it is, I am somewhat fond of poetry, and of reading the good poets: but in no wise so as to merit the title my father is pleased to bestow upon me. I do not dislike this modesty, answered Don Quixote; for poets are usually very arrogant, each thinking himself the greatest in the world. There is no rule without an exception, answered Don Lorenzo, and such an one there may be, who is really so, and

does not think it. Very few, answered Don Quixote: but please to tell me, Sir, what verses are those you have now in hand, which, your father says, makes you so uneasy and thoughtful: for if it be some gloss\*, I know somewhat of the knack of glossing, and should be glad to see it: and if they are designed for a poetical prize, endeavour to obtain the second; for the first is always carried by favour, or by the great quality of the person: the second is bestowed according to merit; so that the third becomes the second, and the first, in this account, is but the third, according to the liberty commonly taken in your universities. But, for all that, the name of the first makes a great figure. Hitherto, said Don Lorenzo to himself, I cannot judge thee to be mad: let us proceed: so he said to him: Your worship, I presume, has frequented the schools: what sciences have you studied? That of knight-errantry, answered Don Quixote, which is as good as your poetry, yea, and two little fingers breadth beyond it. I know not what science that is, replied Don Lorenzo, and hitherto it has not come to my knowledge. It is a science, replied Don Quixote, which includes in it all, or most of the other sciences of the world. For he, who professes it, must be a lawyer, and know the laws of distributive and commutative justice, in order to

\* A kind of paraphrase or comment, much in use in that age.

give every one what is his own, and that which is proper for him. He must be a divine, to be able to give a reason for the christian faith he professes, clearly and distinctly, whenever it is required of him. He must be a physician, and especially a botanist, to know, in the midst of wildernesses and deserts, the herbs and simples, which have the virtue of curing wounds; for your knight-errant must not at every turn be running to look for somebody to heal him. He must be an astronomer, to know by the stars what it is o'clock, and what part or climate of the world he is in. He must know the mathematics, because at every foot he will stand in need of them: and, setting aside that he must be adorned with all the cardinal and theological virtues, I descend to some other minute particulars. I say then, he must know how to swim, like him people call Fish Nicholas, or Nicholao\*. He must know how to shoe a horse, and to keep the saddle and bridle in repair: and, to return to what was said above, he must preserve his faith to God and his mistress inviolate. He must be chaste in his thoughts, modest in his words, liberal in good works, valiant in exploits, patient in toils, charitable to the needy, and lastly a maintainer of the truth, though it should cost him his life to defend it. Of all these great and small parts a good knight-errant is composed. Consider then, signor Don Lo-

\* Alluding to a fabulous story in the Theatre of the Cods.

renzo, whether it be a snotty science, which the knight, who professes it, learns and studies, and whether it may not be equalled to the stateliest of all those that are taught in your colleges and schools. If this be so, replied Don Lorenzo, I maintain, that this science is preferable to all others. How! if it be so! answered Don Quixote. What I mean, Sir, quoth Don Lorenzo, is, that I question whether there ever have been, or now are in being, any knights-errant, and adorned with so many virtues. I have often said, answered Don Quixote, what I now repeat, that the greatest part of the world are of opinion, there never were any knights-errant; and, because I am of opinion, that, if heaven does not in some miraculous manner convince them of the truth, that there have been, and are such now, whatever pains are taken will be all in vain, as I have often found by experience, I will not now lose time in bringing you out of an error so prevalent with many. What I intend, is, to beg of heaven to undeceive you, and let you see how useful and necessary knights-errant were in times past, and how beneficial they would be in the present, were they again in fashion: but now, through the sins of the people, sloth, idleness, gluttony, and luxury triumph. Our guest has broke loose, quoth Don Lorenzo to himself; but still he is a whimsical kind of a madman, and I should be a weak fool, if I did not believe so.

Here their discourse ended; for they were called

to supper. Don Diego asked his son, what he had copied out fair of the genius of his guest. He answered: The ablest doctors, and best penmen in the world, will never be able to extricate him out of the rough-draught of his madness \*. His distraction is a medley full of lucid intervals. To supper they went, and the repast was such, as Don Diego had told them upon the road, he used to give to those he invited, neat, plentiful and savoury. But that, which pleased Don Quixote above all, was, the marvellous silence throughout the whole house, as if it had been a convent of Carthusians.

The cloth being taken away, grace said, and their hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly entreated Don Lorenzo to repeat the verses designed for the prize. To which he answered: That I may not be like those poets, who, when desired, refuse to repeat their verses, and, when not asked, spew them out, I will read my gloss, for which I expect no prize, having done it only to exercise my fancy. A friend of mine, a very ingenious person, answered Don Quixote, was of opinion, that nobody should give themselves the trouble of glossing on verses: and the reason, he said, was, because the gloss could never come up to the text, and very often the gloss mistakes the intention and design of the

*h* The son's answer carries on the metaphor used in the father's question.



author. Besides, the rules of glossing are too strict, suffering no interrogations, nor "said he's," nor "shall I say's," nor making nouns of verbs, nor changing the sense, with other ties and restrictions, which cramp the glossers, as your worship must needs know. Truly, signor Don Quixote, quoth Don Lorenzo, I have a great desire to catch your worship tripping in some false Latin, and cannot; for you slip though my fingers like an eel. I do not understand, answered Don Quixote, what you mean by my slipping through your fingers. I will let you know another time, replied Don Lorenzo: at present give attention to the text and gloss, which are as follows:—

## THE TEXT.

Could I the joyous moments past  
 Recal, and say, what *was* now *is*,  
 Or to succeeding moments haste,  
 And *now* enjoy the *future* bliss,

## THE GLOSS.

As all things fleet and die away,  
 And day at length is lost in night,  
 My blessings would no longer stay,  
 But took their everlasting flight.  
 O Fortune, at thy feet I lie,  
 To supplicate thy deity:  
 Inconstant goddess, frown no more;  
 Make me but happy now at last:  
 No more I'd curse thy fickle power,  
*Could I recal the moments past,*

No other conquest I implore,  
 No other palm my brow to grace :  
 Content ('tis all I ask) restore,  
 And give me back my mind's lost peace.  
 Past joys enhance the present pain,  
 And sad remembrance is our bane.  
 O would at length relenting Fate  
 Restore the ravish'd hours of bliss,  
 How should I hug the charming state,  
 And joyful say, *what was now is!*

Thy empty wish, fond wretch, give o'er,  
 Nor ask so vain, so wild a thing ;  
 Revolving Time no mortal pow'r,  
 Can stop, or stay his fleeting wing.  
 Nimble as thought, he runs, he flies :  
 The present hour for ever dies,  
 In vain we ask futurity ;  
 In vain we would recal the past:  
 We cannot from the present fly,  
 Nor *to succeeding moments haste.*



Vex'd with alternate hopes and fears,  
 I feel variety of pain :  
 But death can ease a wretch's cares,  
 And surely death to me is gain.  
 Again my erring judgment strays  
 From sober reason's juster ways :  
 Convinced by her unerring voice,  
 Another life must follow this,  
 I make the present woes my choice,  
 Rather than forfeit *future bliss.*

When Don Lorenzo had made an end of reading his gloss, Don Quixote stood up, and, holding Don Lorenzo fast upon the right-hand, cried out, in a

voice so loud, that it was next to a squall: By the highest heavens, noble youth, you are the best poet in the universe, and deserve to wear the laurel, not of Cyprus, nor of Gaëta, as a certain poet said, whom God forgive, but of the universities of Athens, were they now in being, and of those that now subsist, of Paris, Bologno, and Salamanca. Heaven grant, that the judges, who shall deprive you of the first prize, may be transfixed by the arrows of Apollo, and that the Muses may never cross the threshold of their doors. Be pleased, Sir, to repeat some other of your verses, in the greater kinds of poetry: for I would thoroughly feel the pulse of your admirable genius. Is it not excellent, that Don Lorenzo should be delighted to hear himself praised by Don Quixote, whom he deemed a madman? O force of flattery, how far dost thou extend, and how wide are the bounds of thy pleasing jurisdiction! This truth was verified in Don Lorenzo, who complied with the request and desire of Don Quixote, repeating this sonnet on the fable or story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

## SONNET.

The nymph, who Pyramus with love inspired,  
 Pierces the wall, with equal passion fired:  
 Cupid from distant Cyprus thither flies,  
 And views the secret breach with laughing eyes.

Here silence vocal mutual vows conveys,  
And whisp'ring eloquent their love betrays.  
Though chained by fear their voices dare not pass,  
Their souls transmitted through the chink embrace.

Ah woful story of disastrous love !  
Ill-fated haste that did their ruin prove !  
One death, one grave unites the faithful pair,  
And in one common fame their mem'ries share.

Now God be thanked, quoth Don Quixote, having heard Don Lorenzo's sonnet, that, among the infinite number of poets now in being, I have met with one so absolute in all respects, as the artifice of your worship's sonnet shews you to be.

Four days was Don Quixote nobly regaled in Don Diego's house ; at the end whereof he begged leave to be gone, telling him, he thanked him for the favour and kind entertainment he had received in his family : but, because it did not look well for knights-errant to give themselves up to idleness and indulgence too long, he would go, in compliance with the duty of his function, in quest of adventures, wherewith he was informed those parts abounded ; designing to employ the time thereabouts, till the day of the justs at Saragossa, at which he resolved to be present : but in the first place he intended to visit the cave of Montesinos, of which people related so many and such wonderful things all over that country ; at the same time inquiring into the source and true springs of the seven lakes, commonly called the lakes of Ruydera.

Don Diego and his son applauded his honourable resolution, desiring him to furnish himself with whatever he pleased of theirs; for he was heartily welcome to it, his worthy person and his noble profession obliging them to make him this offer.

At length the day of his departure came, as joyous to Don Quixote, as sad and unhappy for Sancho Panza, who liked the plenty of Don Diego's house wondrous well, and was loth to return to the hunger of the forests and wildernesses, and to the penury of his ill-provided wallets. However, he filled and stuffed them with what he thought most necessary: and Don Quixote, at taking leave of Don Lorenzo, said: I know not whether I have told you before, and, if I have, I tell you again, that, whenever you shall have a mind to shorten your way and pains to arrive at the inaccessible summit of the temple of Fame, you have no more to do, but to leave on one side the path of poetry, which is somewhat narrow, and follow that of knight-errantry, which is still narrower, but sufficient to make you an emperor before you can say Give me those straws. With these expressions Don Quixote did, as it were, finish and shut up the process of his madness, and especially with what he added, saying: God knows how willingly I would take signor Don Lorenzo with me, to teach him how to spare the humble, and to trample under foot the haughty\*, virtues annexed to the

\* *Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.*—*Virg. Æn. vi.*



function I profess: but since his youth does not require it, nor his laudable exercises permit it, I content myself with putting your worship in the way of becoming a famous poet; and that is, by following the opinion and judgment of other men, rather than your own; for no fathers or mothers think their own children ugly; and this self-deceit is yet stronger with respect to the offspring of the mind. The father and son admired afresh at the intermixed discourses of Don Quixote, sometimes wise and sometimes wild, and the obstinacy, with which he was bent upon the search of his misadventurous adventures, the sole end and aim of all his wishes. Offers of service and civilities were repeated, and, with the good leave of the lady of the castle, they departed, Don Quixote upon Rosinante, and Sancho upon Dapple.

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## CHAP. II.

*Wherein is related the adventure of the enamoured shepherd, with other truly pleasant accidents.*

**DON QUIXOTE** was got but a little way from Don Diego's village, when he overtook two persons like ecclesiastics or scholars, and two country fellows, all four mounted upon asses. One of the scholars carried behind him, wrapped up in green

buckram like a portmanteau, a small bundle of linen, and two pair of thread-stockings; the other carried nothing but a pair of new black fencing-foils, with their buttons. The countrymen carried other things, which shewed that they came from some great town, where they had bought them, and were carrying them home to their own village. Both the scholars and countrymen fell into the same admiration, that all others did at the first sight of Don Quixote, and eagerly desired to know what man this was, so different in appearance from other men. Don Quixote saluted them, and, after learning that the road they were going was the same he was taking, he offered to bear them company, desiring them to slacken their pace, for their asses out-went his horse: and, to prevail upon them, he briefly told them who he was, and his employment and profession, that of a knight-errant, going in quest of adventures through all parts of the world. He told them, his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his appellative "the knight of the lions." All this to the countrymen was talking Greek or gibberish; but not to the scholars, who soon discovered the soft part of Don Quixote's skull: nevertheless they looked upon him with admiration and respect, and one of them said: If your worship, Sir knight, be not determined to one particular road, a thing not usual with seekers of adventures, come along with us, and you will see one of the greatest and richest

weddings that to this day has ever been celebrated in La Mancha, or in many leagues round about. Don Quixote asked him, if it was that of some prince, that he extolled it so much? -No, answered the scholar, but of a farmer and a farmer's daughter; he the wealthiest of all this country, and she the most beautiful that ever eyes beheld. The preparation is extraordinary and new; for the wedding is to be celebrated in a meadow near the village, where the bride lives, whom they call, by way of pre-eminence, Quiteria the fair, and the bridegroom Camacho the rich; she of the age of eighteen, and he of two and twenty, both equally matched; though some nice folks, who have all the pedigrees in the world in their heads, pretend that the family of Quiteria the fair has the advantage of Camacho's: but now-a-days that is little regarded; for riches are able to solder up abundance of flaws. In short, this same Camacho is generous, and has taken into his head to make a kind of arbour to cover the whole meadow over-head, in such manner, that the sun itself will be put to some difficulty to visit the green grass, with which the ground is covered. He will also have morice-dances, both with swords and little bells; for there are some people in his village, who jingle and clatter them extremely well. I say nothing of the shoe-dancers and caperers\*, so great is the number that are

\* "Zapateadores." Dancers, that strike the soles of their shoes with the palms of their hands in time and measure.

invited. But nothing of all that I have repeated, or omitted, is like to make this wedding so remarkable, as what, I believe, the slighted Basilius will do upon this occasion.

This Basilius is a neighbouring swain, of the same village with Quiteria : his house is next to that of Quiteria's parents, with nothing but a wall between them ; from whence Cupid took occasion to revive in the world the long-forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe : for Basilius was in love with Quiteria from his childhood, and she answered his wishes with a thousand modest favours, insomuch that the loves of the two children, Basilius and Quiteria, became the common talk of the village. When they were grown up, the father of Quiteria resolved to forbid Basilius the usual access to his family ; and, to save himself from apprehensions and suspicions, he proposed to marry his daughter to the rich Camacho, not choosing to match her with Basilius, who is not endowed with so many gifts of fortune, as of nature : for, if the truth is to be told without envy, he is the most active youth we know ; a great pitcher of the bar ; an extreme good wrestler, and a great player at cricket ; runs like a buck, leaps like a wild goat, and plays at nine-pins as if he did it by witchcraft ; sings like a lark, and touches a guitar that he makes it speak ; and, above all, he handles the small-sword like the most accomplished fencer. For this excellence alone, quoth Don Quixote immedi-

ately, this youth deserves to marry, not only the fair Quiteria, but queen Ginebra herself, were she now alive, in spite of Sir Lancelot, and all opposers. To my wife with that, quoth Sancho Panza (who had been hitherto silent and listening) who will have every body marry their equal, according to the proverb, Every sheep to its like. What I would have, is, that this honest Basilius (for I begin to take a liking to him) shall marry this same lady Quiteria; and heaven send them good luck, and God's blessing (he meant the reverse) on those who would hinder people that love each other, from marrying. If all, who love each other, were to be married, said Don Quixote, it would deprive parents of the privilege and authority of finding proper matches for their children. If the choice of husbands were left to the inclination of daughters, some there are, who would choose their father's servant, and others some pretty fellow they see pass along the streets, in their opinion, genteel, and well made, though he were a beaten bully; for love and affection easily blind the eyes of the understanding, so absolutely necessary for choosing our state of life; and that of matrimony is greatly exposed to the danger of a mistake, and there is need of great caution, and the particular favour of heaven, to make it hit right. A person, who has a mind to take a long journey, if he be wise, before he sets forwards, will look out for some safe and agreeable companion. And should not he do the like, who



undertakes a journey for life, especially if his fellow-traveller is to be his companion at bed and board, and every where else, as the wife is with the husband? The wife is not a commodity, which, when once bought, you can exchange, or swap, or return; but is an inseparable accessory, which lasts as long as life itself. She is a noose, which, when once thrown about the neck, turns to a Gordian knot, and cannot be unloosed till cut asunder by the scythe of death. I could say much more upon this subject, were I not prevented by the desire I have to know, whether signor the licentiate has any thing more to say concerning the history of Basilius. To which the scholar, bachelor, or licentiate, as Don Quixote called him, answered: Of the whole I have no more to say, but that, from the moment Basilius heard of Quiteria's being to be married to Camacho the rich, he has never been seen to smile, nor speak coherently, and is always pensive and sad, and talking to himself; certain and clear indications of his being distracted. He eats and sleeps but little; and what he does eat is fruit; and when he sleeps, if he does sleep, it is in the fields, upon the hard ground, like a brute beast. From time to time he throws his eyes up to heaven; now fixes them on the ground, with such stupefaction, that he seems to be nothing but a statue clothed, whose drapery is put in motion by the air. In short, he gives such indications of an impassioned heart, that we all take it for granted,

that to-morrow Quiteria's pronouncing the fatal Yes will be the sentence of his death.

Heaven will order it better, quoth Sancho; for God that gives the wound, sends the cure: no body knows what is to come: there are a great many hours between this and to-morrow; and in one hour, yea, in one moment, down falls the house: I have seen it rain, and the sun shine, both at the same time: such an one goes to bed sound at night, and is not able to stir next morning: and tell me, can any body brag of having driven a nail in Fortune's wheel? no certainly; and, between the Yes and the No of a woman, I would not venture to thrust the point of a pin; for there would not be room enough for it. Grant me but that Quiteria loves Basilius with all her heart, and I will give him a bag-full of good fortune: for love, as have I heard say, looks through spectacles, which make copper appear to be gold, poverty to be riches, and specks in the eyes pearls. A curse light on you, Sancho, what would you be at? quoth Don Quixote: when you begin stringing of proverbs and tales, none but Judas, who I wish had you, can wait for you. Tell me, animal, what know you of nails and wheel, or of any thing else? O! replied Sancho, if I am not understood, no wonder that what I say passes for nonsense: but no matter for that; I understand myself; neither have I said many foolish things: only your worship is always cricketising my words and

actions. Criticising, I suppose, you would say, quoth Don Quixote, and not cricketising, thou misapplier of good language, whom God confound. Pray, Sir, be not so sharp upon me, answered Sancho; for you know I was not bred at court, nor have studied in Salamanca, to know whether I add to, or take a letter from my words. As God shall save me, it is unreasonable to expect, that the Sayagues\* should speak like the Toledans; nay, there are Toledans, who are not over nice in the business of speaking politely. It is true, quoth the licentiate; for how should they speak so well, who are bred in the tan-yards and Zocodover †, as they, who are all day walking up and down the cloisters of the great church? and yet they are all Toledans. Purity, propriety, elegance, and perspicuity of language, are to be found among discerning courtiers, though born in Majalahonda; I say discerning, because a great many there are, who are not so, and discernment is the grammar of good language, accompanied with custom and use. I, gentlemen, for my sins, have studied the canon law in Salamanca, and pique myself a little upon expressing myself in clear, plain, and significant terms. If you had not piqued yourself more upon managing those unlucky foils you carry, than your tongue, said the other scholar, you might by this

\* The people about Zamora, the poorest in Spain.

† Some unpolite part of the city of Toledo, like our Billingsgate or Wapping.

time have been at the head of your class ; whereas now you are at the tail.

Look you, bachelor, answered the licentiate, you are the most mistaken in the world in your opinion touching the dexterity of the sword, if you hold it to be insignificant. With me, it is not barely opinion, but a settled truth, replied Corchuelo ; and if you have a mind I should convince you by experience, you carry foils, an opportunity offers, and I have nerves and strength, that, backed by my courage, which is none of the least, will make you confess that I am not deceived. Alight, and make use of your measured steps, your circles, and angles, and science ; for I hope to make you see the stars at noon-day with my modern and rustic dexterity ; in which I trust, under God, that the man is yet unborn, who shall make me turn my back, and that there is nobody in the world whom I will not oblige to give ground. As to turning the back or not, I meddle not with it, replied the adept, though it may happen, that in the first spot you fix your foot on, your grave may be opened ; I mean, that you may be left dead there for despising the noble science of defence. We shall see that presently, answered Corchuelo ; and, jumping hastily from his beast, he snatched one of the foils, which the licentiate carried upon his ass. It must not be so, cried Don Quixote, at this instant ; for I will be master of this fencing-bout, and judge of this long-controverted question ; and alighting

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from Rosinante, and grasping his lance, he planted himself in the midst of the road, just as the licentiate, with a graceful motion of body, and measured step, was making toward Corchuelo, who came at him, darting, as the phrase is, fire from his eyes. The two countrymen, without dismounting, served as spectators of the mortal tragedy. The flashes, thrusts, high strokes, back strokes, and fore strokes, Corchuelo gave, were numberless, and thicker than hail. He fell on like a provoked lion; but met with a smart tap on the mouth from the button of the licentiate's foil, which stopped him in the midst of his fury, making him kiss it, though not with so much devotion, as if it had been a relic. In short, the licentiate, by dint of clean thrusts, counted him all the buttons of a little cassock he had on, and tore the skirts, so that they hung in rags like the many-tailed fish\*. Twice he struck off his hat, and so tired him, that, through despite, choler, and rage, he flung away the foil into the air with such force, that one of the country fellows present, who was a kind of scrivener, and went to fetch it, said, and swore, it was thrown near three quarters of a league: which affidavit has served, and still serves, to shew and demonstrate, that skill goes farther than strength. Corchuelo sat down quite spent, and Sancho going to him, said: In faith, master bachelor, if you would take my advice, henceforward

\* Pulpo.



you should challenge nobody to fence, but to wrestle, or pitch the bar, since you are old enough and strong enough for that : for I have heard say of these masters, that they can thrust the point of a sword through the eye of a needle. I am satisfied, answered Corchuelo, and have learned by experience a truth I could not otherwise have believed : and getting up, he went and embraced the licentiate, and they were now better friends than before. So, being unwilling to wait for the scrivener, who was gone to fetch the foil, thinking he might stay too long, they determined to make the best of their way, that they might arrive betimes at Quiteria's village, whither they were all bound. By the way, the licentiate laid down to them the excellencies of the noble science of defence, with such self-evident reasons, and so many mathematical figures and demonstrations, that every body was convinced of the usefulness of the science, and Corchuelo entirely brought over from his obstinacy.

It was just night-fall : but, before they arrived, they all thought they saw, between them and the village, a kind of heaven full of innumerable and resplendent stars. They heard also the confused and sweet sounds of various instruments, as flutes, tambourines, psalters, cymbals, and little drums, with bells ; and, drawing near, they perceived the boughs of an arbour, made on one side of the entrance into the town, all hung with lights, which were not disturbed by the wind ; for all was so calm,

that there was not a breath of air so much as to stir the very leaves of the trees. The life and joy of the wedding were the musicians, who went up and down in bands through that delightful place, some dancing, others singing, and others playing upon the different instruments aforesaid. In short, it looked as if mirth and pleasure danced and revelled through the meadow. Several others were busied about raising scaffolds, from which they might commodiously be spectators next day of the plays and dances, that were to be performed in that place, dedicated to the solemnizing the nuptials of the rich Camacho, and the obsequies of Basilius. Don Quixote refused to go into the town, though both the countryman and the bachelor invited him: but he pleaded, as a sufficient excuse, in his opinion, that it was the custom of knights-errant to sleep in the fields and forests, rather than in towns, though under gilded roofs: and therefore he turned a little out of the way, sorely against Sancho's will, who had not forgotten the good lodging he had met with in the castle or house of Don Diego.

## CHAP. III.

*Giving an account of the wedding of Camacho the rich, with the adventure of Basilius the poor.*

SCARCE had the fair Aurora given bright Phœbus room, with the heat of his warm rays, to dry up the liquid pearls on his golden hair, when Don Quixote, shaking off sloth from his drowsy members, got upon his feet, and called to his squire Sancho Panza, who still lay snoring; which Don Quixote perceiving, before he would awake him, he said: O happy thou above all that live on the face of the earth, who, neither envying, nor being envied, sleepest on with tranquillity of soul! neither do enchanters persecute, nor enchantments affright thee. Sleep on, I say again, and will say a hundred times more, sleep on; for no jealousies on thy lady's account keep thee in perpetual watchings, nor do anxious thoughts of paying debts awake thee, nor is thy rest broken with the thoughts of what thou must do to-morrow, to provide for thyself and thy little family. Ambition disquiets thee not, nor does the vain pomp of the world disturb thee; for thy desires extend not beyond the limits of taking care of thy ass: for that of thy person is laid upon my shoulders, a counter-balance and burden that nature and custom have laid upon masters. The servant

sleeps, and the master is waking, to consider how he is to maintain, prefer, and do him kindnesses. The pain of seeing the obdurate heaven made, as it were, of brass, and refusing convenient dews to refresh the earth, afflicts not the servant, but the master, who is bound to provide, in times of sterility and famine, for him, who served him in times of fertility and abundance. To all this Sancho answered not a word; for he was asleep, nor had awaked so soon as he did, but that Don Quixote jogged him with the butt-end of his lance. At last he waked, drowsy and yawning; and, turning his face on all sides, he said: From yonder shady bower, if I mistake not, there comes a steam and smell, rather of broiled rashers of bacon, than of thyme or rushes: by my faith, weddings, that begin thus savourily, must needs be liberal and abundant.

Have done, glutton, quoth Don Quixote, and let us go and see this wedding, and what becomes of the disdained Basilius. Marry, let what will become of him, answered Sancho: he cannot be poor and marry Quiteria: a pleasant fancy, for one not worth a groat, to aim at marrying above the clouds! Faith, Sir, in my opinion, a poor man should be contented with what he finds, and not be looking for truffles at the bottom of the sea. I dare wager an arm, that Camacho can cover Basilius with reals from head to foot: and if it be so, as it must needs be, Quiteria would be a pretty bride

indeed, to reject the fine clothes and jewels, that Camacho has given, and can give her, to choose instead of them a pitch of the bar, and a feint at foils, of Basilius\* : one cannot have a pint of wine at a tavern for the bravest pitch of the bar, or the cleverest push of the foil : abilities and graces that are not vendible, let the Count Dirlos have them for me : but when they light on a man that has where-withal, may my life shew as well as they do. Upon a good foundation a good building may be raised, and the best bottom and foundation in the world is money. For the love of God, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, have done with your harangue : I verily believe, were you let alone to go on as you begin, at every turn, you would have no time to eat, or sleep, but would spend it all in talk. If your worship had a good memory, replied Sancho, you would remember the articles of our agreement, before we sallied from home this last time ; one of which was, that you were to let me talk as much as I pleased, so it were not any thing against my neighbour, or against your worship's authority, and hitherto I think I have not broke that capitulation. I do not remember any such article, Sancho, answered Don Quixote ; and though it were so, it is my pleasure you hold your peace, and

\* Before the savoury smell had debauched Sancho's judgment, his passion was strong for Basilius ; but a lover of his guts will be partial for a meal's meat. Observe how he vilifies poor Basilius.



come along; for by this time the musical instruments we heard last night begin again to cheer the valleys, and doubtless the espousals will be celebrated in the cool of the morning, and not put off till the heat of the day.

Sancho did as his master commanded him; and saddling Rosinante and pannelling Dapple, they both mounted, and marching softly, entered the artificial shade. The first thing that presented itself to Sancho's sight, was a whole bullock spitted upon a large elm. The fire it was roasted by was composed of a middling mountain of wood, and round it were placed six pots, not cast in common moulds; for they were half jars, each containing a whole shamble of flesh; and entire sheep were sunk and swallowed up in them, as commodiously as if they were only so many pigeons. The hares ready cased, and the fowls ready plucked, that hung about upon the branches, in order to be buried in the cauldrons, were without number. Infinite was the wild fowl and venison hanging about the trees, that the air might cool them. Sancho counted above three-score skins, each of above twenty-four quarts, and all, as appeared afterwards, full of generous wines. There were also piles of the whitest bread, like so many heaps of wheat in a threshing-floor. Cheeses ranged like bricks formed a kind of wall. Two cauldrons of oil, larger than a dyer's vat, stood ready for frying all sorts of batter-ware; and with a couple of stout peels they took them out when

fried, and dipped them in another kettle of prepared honey, that stood by. The men and women cooks were above fifty, all clean, all diligent, and all in good humour. In the bullock's distended belly were a dozen sucking-pigs, sewed up in it to make it savoury and tender. The spices of various kinds seemed to have been bought, not by the pound, but by the hundred, and stood free for every body in a great chest. In short, the preparation for the wedding was all rustic, but in such plenty, that it was sufficient to have feasted an army.

Sancho beheld all, considered all, and was in love with every thing. The first that captivated and subdued his inclinations were the flesh-pots, out of which he would have been glad to have filled a moderate pipkin. Then the wine-skins drew his affections; and, lastly, the products of the frying-pans, if such pompous cauldrons may be so called. And, not being able to forbear any longer, and having no power to do otherwise, he went up to one of the busy cooks, and, with courteous and hungry words, desired leave to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pots. To which the cook answered: This is none of those days, over which hunger presides, thanks to rich Camacho: alight, and see if you can find a ladle any where, and skim out a fowl or two, and much good may they-do you. I see none, answered Sancho. Stay, quoth the cook, God forgive me, what a nice and good for nothing fellow must you be! And so saying, he

laid hold of a kettle, and, sowsing it into one of the half jars, he fished out three pullets, and a couple of geese, and said to Sancho : Eat, friend, and make a breakfast of this scum, to stay your stomach till dinner-time. I have nothing to put it in, answered Sancho. Then take ladle and all, quoth the cook ; for the riches and felicity of Camacho supply every thing.

While Sancho was thus employed, Don Quixote stood observing, how, at one side of the spacious harbour, entered a dozen countrymen upon as many beautiful mares, adorned with rich and gay caparisons, and their furniture hung round with little bells. They were clad in holyday apparel, and in a regular troop ran sundry careers about the meadow, with a joyful moorish cry of, Long live Camacho and Quiteria, he as rich as she fair, and she the fairest of the world. Which Don Quixote hearing, said to himself : It is plain these people have not seen my Dulcinea del Toboso ; for, had they seen her, they would have been a little more upon the reserve in praising this Quiteria of theirs. A little while after, there entered, at divers parts of the harbour, a great many different dancers ; among which was one consisting of four-and-twenty sword-dancers, handsome, sprightly swains, all arrayed in fine white linen, with handkerchiefs\*

\* It was usual formerly in Spain, when they danced, especially with women, instead of taking hands, for each dancer

wrought with several colours of fine silk. One of those upon the mares asked a youth, who led the sword-dance, whether any of his comrades were hurt. As yet, God be thanked, quoth the youth, nobody is wounded; we are all whole; and presently he twined himself in among the rest of his companions, with so many turns, and so dextrously, that though Don Quixote was accustomed to see such kind of dances, he never liked any so well as that. There was another, which pleased him mightily, of a dozen most beautiful damsels, so young, that none of them appeared to be under fourteen, nor any quite eighteen years old, all clad in green stuff of Cuença, their locks partly plaited, and partly loose, and all so yellow, that they might rival those of the sun itself; with garlands of jessamine, roses, and woodbine upon their heads. They were led up by a venerable old man and an ancient matron, but more nimble and airy than could be expected from their years. A bag-pipe of Zamora\* was their music; and they, carrying modesty in their looks and eyes, and lightness in their feet, approved themselves the best dancers in the world.

After these, there entered an artificial dance, composed of eight nymphs, divided into two files.

to hold the corner of an handkerchief, and thus to dance in a circle, the handkerchief serving to link the performers together in a kind of a chain.

\* A town of Castile, famous for that instrument.

The god CUPID led one file, and INTEREST the other; the former adorned with wings, bow, quiver, and arrows; the other appalled with rich and various colours of gold and silk. The nymphs, attendants on the God of Love, had their names written at their backs on white parchment, and in capital letters. POETRY was the title of the first; DISCRETION of the second; GOOD-FAMILY of the third; and VALOUR of the fourth. The followers of INTEREST were distinguished in the same manner. The title of the first was LIBERALITY; DONATION of the second; TREASURE of the third; and that of the fourth PEACEABLE-POSSESSION. Before them all came a wooden castle, drawn by savages, clad in ivy and hemp dyed green, so to the life, that they almost frightened Sancho. On the front, and on all the four sides of the machine, was written, "The castle of reserve\*." Four skilful musicians played on the tabor and pipe. Cupid began the dance, and, after two movements, he lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow against a damsel that stood between the bat-

\* At the espousals of the princes at Constantinople, to entertain the court, there appears a moving castle, the outside built of precious stones, &c. On the frieze is written, "The glory of faithful lovers, and the purgatory of unfaithful." A Cupid sits enthroned within, to crown the constant with roses, and the inconstant with nettles.—*Amadis de Gaul*, b. 13, ch. 54.



lements of the castle, whom he addressed after this manner :—

## LOVE.

I am the mighty God of Love ;  
 Air, earth, and seas my power obey ;  
 O'er hell beneath, and heaven above,  
 I reign with universal sway.

I give, resume, forbid, command :  
 My will is nature's general law ;  
 No force arrests my powerful hand,  
 Nor fears my daring courage awe.

He finished his stanza, let fly an arrow to the top of the castle, and retired to his post. Then Interest stepped forth, and made two other movements : The tabors ceased, and he said :—

## INTEREST.

Though love's my motive and my end,  
 I boast a greater power than Love,  
 Who makes not Interest his friend,  
 In nothing will successful prove.

By all ador'd, by all pursu'd ;  
 Then own, bright nymph, my greater sway,  
 And for thy gentle breast subdu'd  
 With large amends shall Int'rest pay.

Then Interest withdrew, and Poetry advanced ; and, after she had made her movements like the rest, fixing her eyes on the damsel of the castle, she said :—

## POETRY.

My name is Poetry: my soul,  
 Wrapp'd up in verse, to thee I send:  
 Let gentle lays thy will control,  
 And be for once the Muses' friend.

If, lovely maid, sweet Poetry  
 Displease thee not, thy fortune soon,  
 Envied by all, advanced by me,  
 Shall reach the circle of the moon.

Poetry went off, and from the side of Interest stepped forth Liberality, and, after making her movements, said:—

## LIBERALITY.

Me Liberality men call;  
 In me the happy golden mean,  
 Not spendthrift-like to squander all,  
 Nor niggardly to save, is seen.

But, for thy honour, I begin,  
 Fair nymph, a prodigal to prove:  
 To lavish here 's a glorious sin;  
 For who 'd a miser be in love?

In this manner all the figures of the two parties advanced and retreated, and each made its movements and recited its verses, some elegant, and some ridiculous; of which Don Quixote, who had a very good memory, treasured up the foregoing

only. Presently they mixed all together, in a kind of country-dance, with a genteel grace and easy freedom: and when Cupid passed before the castle, he shot his arrows aloft; but Interest flung gilded balls against it. In conclusion, after having danced some time, Interest drew out a large purse of Roman cat-skin, which seemed to be full of money; and throwing it at the castle, the boards were disjointed, and tumbled down with the blow, leaving the damsel exposed, and without any defence at all. Then came Interest with his followers, and clapping a great golden chain about her neck, they seemed to take her prisoner, and led her away captive: which Love and his adherents perceiving, they made a shew as if they would rescue her: and all their seeming efforts were adjusted to the sound of the tabors. They were parted by the savages, who with great agility rejoined the boards, and reinstated the castle, and the damsel was again inclosed therein as before: and so the dance ended, to the great satisfaction of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, who it was that had contrived and ordered the shew? She answered, A beneficed clergyman of that village, who had a notable head-piece for such kind of inventions. I will lay a wager, quoth Don Quixote, that this bachelor or clergyman is more a friend to Camacho than to Basilius, and understands satire better than vespers: for he has ingeniously interwoven in the dance the abilities of Basilius with

the riches of Camacho. Sancho Panza, who listened to all this, said : The king is my cock ; I hold with Camacho. In short, quoth Don Quixote, it is plain you are an errant bumpkin, and one of those, who cry, Long live the conqueror ! I know not who I am one of, answered Sancho : but I know very well, I shall never get such elegant scum from Basilius's pots, as I have done from Camacho's. Here he shewed the cauldron full of geese and hens ; and, laying hold of one, he began to eat with notable good-humour and appetite, and said : A fig for Basilius's abilities ! for, you are worth just as much as you have, and you have just as much as you are worth. There are but two families in the world, as my grandmother used to say, " the Have's and the Havenot's," and she stuck to the former ; and now-a-days, master Don Quixote, people are more inclined to feel the pulse of Have than of Know. An ass with golden furniture makes a better figure than a horse with a pack-saddle : so that I tell you again, I hold with Camacho, the abundant scum of whose pots are geese and hens, hares and coneys ; whilst that of Basilius's, if ever it comes to hand, must be mere dish-water. Have you finished your harangue, Sancho ? quoth Don Quixote. I must have done, answered Sancho, because I perceive your worship is going to be in a passion at what I am saying ; for were it not for that, there was work enough cut out for three days. God grant, replied Don

Quixote, I may see you dumb before I die. At the rate we go on, answered Sancho, before you die, I shall be mumbling cold clay; and then perhaps I may be so dumb, that I may not speak a word till the end of the world, or at least till doomsday. Though it should fall out so, answered Don Quixote, your silence, O Sancho, will never rise to the pitch of your talk, past, present, and to come: besides, according to the course of nature, I must die before you, and therefore never can see you dumb, not even when drinking or sleeping, which is the most I can say.

In good faith, Sir, answered Sancho, there is no trusting to madam Skeleton, I mean, Death, who devours lambs as well as sheep: and I have heard our vicar say, she treads with equal foot on the lofty towers of kings, and the humble cottages of the poor\*. That same gentlewoman is more powerful than nice: she is not at all squeamish; she eats of every thing, and lays hold of all; and stuffs her wallets with people of all sorts, of all ages, and pre-eminences. She is not a reaper that sleeps away the noon-day heat; for she cuts down and mows, at all hours, the dry as well as the green grass: nor does she stand to chew, but devours and swallows down all that comes in her way; for she has a canine appetite that is never satisfied;

\* The very words of Horace:—

“*Improba mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,  
Regumque turres.*”



and, though she has no belly, she makes it appear that she has a perpetual dropsy, and a thirst to drink down the lives of all that live, as one would drink a cup of cold water. Hold, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, while you are well, and do not spoil all; for, in truth, what you have said of Death, in your rustic phrases, might become the mouth of a good preacher. I tell you, Sancho, if you had but discretion equal to your natural abilities, you might take a pulpit in your hand, and go about the world preaching fine things. A good liver is the best preacher, answered Sancho, and that is all the divinity I know. Or need know, quoth Don Quixote: but I can in no wise understand, nor comprehend, how, since the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, you who are more afraid of a lizard than of him, should be so knowing. Good, your worship, judge of your own chivalries, answered Sancho, and meddle not with judging of other men's fears or valours; for perhaps I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbours: and pray let me whip off this scum; for all besides is idle talk, of which we must give an account in the next world. And, so saying, he fell to afresh, and assaulted his kettle with so long-winded an appetite, that he awakened that of Don Quixote, who doubtless would have assisted him, had he not been prevented by what we are under a necessity of immediately telling.

## CHAP. IV.

*In which is continued the history of Camacho's wedding, with other delightful accidents.*

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the discourses mentioned in the preceding chapter, they heard a great outcry and noise, raised and occasioned by those that rode on the mares, who, in full career, and with a great shout, went to meet the bride and bridegroom, who were coming, surrounded with a thousand kinds of musical instruments and inventions, accompanied by the parish-priest and the kindred on both sides, and by all the better sort of people from the neighbouring towns, all in their holy-day apparel. And when Sancho espied the bride, he said: In good faith, she is not clad like a country-girl, but like any court-lady: By the mass, the breast-piece\* she wears seems to me at this distance to be of rich coral; and her gown, instead of green stuff of Cuença, is no less than a thirty-piled velvet: besides the trimming, I vow, is of satin. Then do but observe her hands: instead of rings of jet, let me never thrive, but they are of gold, ay, and of right gold, and adorned with pearls as white as a

\* "Patena." A plate, or medal, with an image engraved on it, worn on the breast, by way of ornament.

curd, and every one of them worth an eye of one's head. Ah whoreson jade! and what fine hair she has! if it is not false, I never saw longer nor fairer in all my life. Then her sprightliness and mien: why, she is a very moving palm-tree, loaden with branches of dates; for just so look the trinkets hanging at her hair, and about her neck: By my soul the girl is so well plated over, she might pass current at any bank in Flanders\*. Don Quixote smiled at the rustic praises bestowed by Sancho Panza, and thought that, setting aside his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, he had never seen a more beautiful woman. The fair Quiteria looked a little pale, occasioned, perhaps, by want of rest the preceding night, which brides always employ in setting themselves off, and dressing for their wedding-day following.

They proceeded towards a theatre on one side of the meadow, adorned with carpets and boughs; where the nuptial-ceremony was to be performed, and from whence they were to see the dances and inventions. And, just as they arrived at the standing, they heard a great outcry behind them, and somebody calling aloud: Hold a little, inconsiderate and hasty people. At which voice and words they all turned about their heads, and found, they came

\* At that time Antwerp, and other towns of the Low Countries, were the grand mart of all Europe for trade and exchanges.

from a man clad in a black jacket, all welted with crimson in flames. He was crowned, as they presently perceived, with a garland of mournful cypress, and held in his hand a great truncheon. As he drew near, all knew him to be the gallant Basilius, and were in suspense, waiting to see what would be the issue of this procedure, and apprehending some sinister event from his arrival at such a season. At length he came up, tired and out of breath, and planting himself just before the affianced couple, and leaning on his truncheon, which had a steel pike at the end, changing colour, and fixing his eyes on Quiteria, with a trembling and hoarse voice, he uttered these expressions: You well know, forgetful Quiteria, that, by the rules of that holy religion we profess, you cannot marry another man whilst I am living: neither are you ignorant, that, waiting till time and my own industry should better my fortune, I have not failed to preserve the respect due to your honour. But you, casting all obligations due to my lawful love behind your back, are going to make another man master of what is mine; whose riches serve not only to make him happy in the possession of them, but every way superlatively fortunate: and that his good-luck may be heaped brim-full (not that I think he deserves it, but that heaven will have it so) I with my own hands will remove all impossibility or inconvenience by removing myself out of his way. Long live the rich Camacho with

the ungrateful Quiteria; many and happy ages may they live, and let poor Basilius die, whose poverty clipped the wings of his good fortune, and laid him in his grave. And so saying, he laid hold on his truncheon, which was stuck in the ground, and drawing out a short tuck that was concealed in it, and to which it served as a scabbard, and setting what may be called the hilt upon the ground, with a nimble spring and determinate purpose, he threw himself upon it; and in an instant half the bloody point appeared at his back, the poor wretch lying along upon the ground, weltering in his blood, and pierced through with his own weapon.

His friends ran presently to his assistance, grieved at his misery and deplorable disaster; and Don Quixote, quitting Rosinante, ran also to assist, and took him in his arms, and found he had still life in him. They would have drawn out the tuck: but the priest, who was by, was of opinion, it should not be drawn out till he had made his confession; for their pulling it out, and his expiring, would happen at the same moment. But Basilius, coming a little to himself, with a faint and doleful voice, said: If, cruel Quiteria, in this my last and fatal agony, you would give me your hand to be my spouse, I should hope my rashness might be pardoned, since it procured me the blessing of being yours. Which the priest hearing advised him to mind the salvation of his soul, rather than the gra-



tifying his bodily appetites, and in good earnest to beg pardon of God for his sins, and especially for this last desperate action. To which Basilius replied, that he would by no means make any confession, till Quiteria had first given him her hand to be his wife; for that satisfaction would quiet his spirits, and give him breath for confession. Don Quixote, hearing the wounded man's request, said in a loud voice, that Basilius desired a very just and very reasonable thing, and besides very easy to be done; and that it would be every whit as honourable for signor Camacho to take Quiteria, a widow of the brave Basilius, as if he received her at her father's hands; all that was necessary being but a bare "Yes," which could have no other consequence than the pronouncing the word, since the nuptial-bed of these espousals must be the grave. Camacho heard all this, and was in suspense and confusion, not knowing what to do or say; but so importunate were the cries of Basilius's friends, desiring him to consent, that Quiteria might give her hand to be Basilius's wife, lest his soul should be lost by departing out of this life in despair, that they moved and forced him to say, that, if Quiteria thought fit to give it him, he was contented, since it was only delaying for a moment the accomplishment of his wishes. Presently all ran and applied to Quiteria, and some with entreaties, others with tears, and others with persuasive reasons, importuned her to give her hand

to poor Basilius : but she, harder than marble, and more immoveable than a statue, neither could, nor would return any answer. But the priest bid her resolve immediately ; for Basilius had his soul between his teeth, and there was no time to wait for irresolute determinations.

Then the beautiful Quiteria, without answering a word, and in appearance much troubled and concerned, approached Basilius, his eyes already turned in his head, breathing short and quick, muttering the name of Quiteria, and giving tokens of dying more like a heathen than a christian. At last Quiteria kneeling down by him, made signs to him for his hand. Basilius unclosed his eyes, and, fixing them stedfastly upon her, said : O Quiteria, you relent at a time, when your pity is a sword to finish the taking away of my life : for now I have not enough left to bear the glory you give me in making me yours, nor to suspend the pain, which will presently cover my eyes with the dreadful shadow of death. What I beg of you, O fatal star of mine, that the hand you require and give, be not out of compliment, or to deceive me afresh ; but that you would confess and acknowledge, that you bestow it without any force laid upon your will, and give it me, as to your lawful husband : for it is not reasonable, that, in this extremity, you should impose upon me, or deal falsely with him, who has dealt so faithfully and sincerely with you. At these words he was seized with such a fainting-fit,

that all the by-standers thought his soul was just departing. Quiteria, all modesty and bashfulness, taking Basilius's right hand in hers, said: No force would be sufficient to bias my will; and therefore, with all the freedom I have, I give you my hand to be your lawful wife, and receive yours, if you give it me as freely, and the calamity you have brought yourself into by your precipitate resolution does not disturb or hinder it. Yes, I give it you, answered Basilius, neither discomposed nor confused, but with the clearest understanding that heaven was ever pleased to bestow upon me; and so I give and engage myself to be your husband. And I to be your wife, answered Quiteria, whether you live many years, or are carried from my arms to the grave. For one so much wounded, quoth Sancho Panza at this period, this young man talks a great deal: advise him to leave off his courtship, and mind the business of his soul; though, to my thinking, he has it more in his tongue, than between his teeth\*.

Basilius and Quiteria being thus with hands joined, the tender-hearted priest, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the benediction upon them, and prayed to God for the repose of the new-married man's soul: who, as soon as he had received the benediction, suddenly started up, and nimbly drew

\* Alluding to the phrase made use of before to hasten Quiteria.

out the tuck, which was sheathed in his body. All the by-standers were in admiration, and some, more simple than the rest, began to cry aloud, A miracle, a miracle! But Basilius replied, No miracle, no miracle, but a stratagem, a stratagem! The priest, astonished and confounded, ran with both his hands to feel the wound, and found, that the sword had passed, not through Basilius's flesh and ribs, but through a hollow iron pipe, filled with blood, and cunningly fitted to the place and purpose; and, as it was known afterwards, the blood was prepared by art, that it could not congeal. In short, the priest, Camacho, and the rest of the by-standers, found they were imposed upon, and deceived. The bride shewed no signs of being sorry for the trick: on the contrary, hearing it said, that the marriage, as being fraudulent, was not valid, she said, she confirmed it anew: from whence every body concluded the business was concerted with the knowledge and privity of both parties; at which Camacho and his abettors were so confounded, that they transferred their revenge to their hands, and, unsheathing abundance of swords, they fell upon Basilius, in whose behalf as many more were instantly drawn. Don Quixote, leading the van on horseback, with his lance upon his arm, and well covered with his shield, made them all give way. Sancho, who took no pleasure in such kind of frays, retired to the jars, out of which he had gotten his charming skimmings,

that place seeming to him to be sacred, and therefore to be revered. Don Quixote cried aloud: Hold, Sirs, hold: for it is not fit to take revenge for the injuries done us by love: and pray, consider, that love and war are exactly alike; and as, in war, it is lawful and customary to employ cunning and stratagems to defeat the enemy, so, in amorous conflicts and rivalships, it is allowable to put in practice tricks and sleights, in order to compass the desired end, provided they be not to the prejudice and dishonour of the party beloved. Quiteria was Basilius's, and Basilius Quiteria's, by the just and favourable disposition of heaven. Camacho is rich, and may purchase his pleasure when, where, and how he pleases. Basilius has but this one ewe-lamb, and no one, how powerful soever, has a right to take it from him\*; for those, whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder: and whoever shall attempt it, must first pass the point of this lance. Then he brandished it with such vigour and dexterity, that he struck terror into all that did not know him.

But Quiteria's disdain took such fast hold of the imagination of Camacho, that it presently blotted her out of his memory; and so the persuasions of the priest, who was a prudent and well-meaning man, had their effect, and Camacho and those of

\* Alluding to Nathan's parable of the ewe lamb.—  
2 Sam. xii.



his faction remained pacified and calmed : in token whereof they put up their swords again in their scabbards, blaming rather the fickleness of Quiteria, than the cunning of Basilius. Camacho reasoned within himself, that, if Quiteria loved Basilius when she was a virgin, she would love him also when she was married, and that he had more reason to thank heaven for so good a riddance, than to repine at the loss of her. Camacho and his followers being thus pacified and comforted, those of Basilius were so too ; and the rich Camacho, to shew he did not resent the trick put upon him, nor value it at all, would have the diversions and entertainments go on, as if he had been really married : but neither Basilius, nor his spouse, nor their followers, would partake of them ; and so they went home to Basilius's house : for the poor man, who is virtuous and discreet, has those that follow, honour, and stand by him, as well as the rich has his attendants and flatterers. They took Don Quixote with them, esteeming him to be a person of worth and bravery. Only Sancho's soul was cloudy and overcast, finding it impossible for him to stay and partake of Camacho's splendid entertainment and festival, which lasted till night ; and thus drooping and sad he followed his master, who went off with Basilius's troop, leaving behind him the flesh-pots of Egypt, which however he carried in his mind, the skimmings of the kettle, now almost consumed and spent, representing to

him the glory and abundance of the good he had lost; and so, anxious and pensive, though not hungry, and without alighting from Dapple, he followed the track of Rosinante.

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CHAP. V.

*Wherein is related the grand adventure of the cave of Montesinos, lying in the heart of La Mancha; to which the valorous Don Quixote gave a happy conclusion.*

**T**HE new-married couple made exceeding much of Don Quixote, being obliged by the readiness he had shewed in defending their cause: and they esteemed his discretion in equal degree with his valour, accounting him a Cid\* in arms, and a Cicero in eloquence. Three days honest Sancho solaced himself at the expense of the bride and bridegroom; from whom it was known, that the feigned wounding himself was not a trick concerted with the fair Quiteria, but an invention of Basilius's own, hoping from it the very success, which fell out. True it is, he confessed he had let some of his friends into the secret, that they might favour his design, and support his deceit. Don

\* Roderigo Dias de Bivar, commonly called Cid, a great Spanish commander against the Moors.

Quixote affirmed, it could not, nor ought to be called deceit, which aims at virtuous ends, and that the marriage of lovers was the most excellent of all ends: observing by the way, that hunger and continual necessity are the greatest enemies to love; for love is gaiety, mirth, and content, especially when the lover is in actual possession of the person beloved, to which necessity and poverty are opposed and declared enemies. All this he said with design to persuade Basilius to quit the exercise of those abilities, wherein he so much excelled; for though they procured him fame, they got him no money; and that now he should apply himself to acquire riches by lawful and industrious means, which are never wanting to the prudent and diligent. The honourable poor man (if a poor man can be said to have honour) possesses a jewel in having a beautiful wife; and whoever deprives him of her, deprives him of his honour, and as it were kills it. The beautiful and honourable woman, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurels and palms of victory and triumph. Beauty, of itself alone, attracts the inclinations of all that behold it, and the royal eagles and other towering birds stoop to the tempting lure. But if such beauty be attended with poverty and a narrow fortune, it is besieged by kites and vultures, and other birds of prey; and she, who stands firm against so many attacks, may well be called the crown of her husband. Observe, dis-

ereet Basilius, added Don Quixote, that it was the opinion of a certain sage, that there was but one good woman in all the world; and he gave it as his advice, that every man should think, and believe, she was fallen to his lot, and so he would live contented. I for my part am not married, nor have I yet ever thought of being so: yet would I venture to give my advice to any one, who should ask it of me, what method he should take to get a wife to his mind. In the first place, I would advise him to lay a greater stress upon charity than fortune; for a good woman does not acquire a good name merely by being good, but by appearing to be so; for public freedoms and liberties hurt a woman's reputation much more than secret wantonness. If you bring a woman honest to your house, it is an easy matter to keep her so, and even to make her better, and improve her very goodness: but if you bring her naughty, you will have much ado to mend her; for it is not very feasible to pass from one extreme to another. I do not say, it is impossible; but I take it to be extremely difficult.

All this Sancho listened to, and said to himself: This master of mine, when I speak things pithy and substantial, used to say, I might take a pulpit in my hand, and go about the world preaching fine things; and I say of him, that, when he begins stringing of sentences, and giving advice, he may not only take a pulpit in his hand, but two upon

each finger, and stroll about your market-places, crying out, Mouth, what would you have? The devil take thee for a knight-errant that knows every thing! I believed in my heart, that he only knew what belonged to his chivalries: but he pecks at every thing, and thrusts his spoon into every dish. Sancho muttered this so loud, that his master, overhearing it, said to him: Sancho, what is it you mutter? I neither say, nor mutter any thing, answered Sancho: I was only saying to myself, that I wished I had heard your worship preach this doctrine before I was married; then perhaps I should have been able to say now, The ox that is loose is best licked. Is your Teresa, then, so bad, Sancho? quoth Don Quixote. She is not very bad, answered Sancho; but she is not very good neither, at least not quite so good as I would have her. You are in the wrong, Sancho, said Don Quixote, to speak ill of your wife, who is the mother of your children. We are not in one another's debt upon that score, answered Sancho; for she speaks as ill of me, whenever the fancy takes her, especially when she is jealous; for then Satan himself cannot bear with her.

Finally, three days they stayed with the new-married couple, where they were served and treated like kings in person. Don Quixote desired the dextrous student to furnish him with a guide, to bring him to the cave of Montesinos; for he had a mighty desire to go down into it, and see with his



own eyes, whether the wonders related of it in all those parts were true. The student told him, he would procure him a cousin of his, a famous scholar, and much addicted to reading books of chivalry, who would very gladly carry him to the mouth of the cave itself, and also shew him the lakes of Ruydera, famous all over La Mancha, and even all over Spain; telling him, he would be a very entertaining companion, being a young man, who knew how to write books for the press, and dedicate them to princes. In short, the cousin came, mounted on an ass big with foal, whose pack-saddle was covered with a doubled piece of an old carpet, or sacking. Sancho saddled Rosinante, pannelled Dapple, and replenished his wallets; and those of the scholar were as well provided: and so commending themselves to the protection of God, and taking leave of every body, they set out, bending their course directly towards the famous cave of Montesinos.

Upon the road, Don Quixote asked the scholar, of what kind and quality his exercises, profession, and studies were. To which he answered; That his profession was the study of humanity; his exercise, composing of books for the press, all of great use, and no small entertainment to the commonwealth; that one of them was entitled "A treatise on liveries," describing seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottoes, and cyphers; from whence the cavalier courtiers might

pick and choose to their minds, for feasts and rejoicings, without being beholden to others, or beating their own brains to invent and contrive them to their humour or design; for, said he, I adapt them to the jealous, the disdained, the forgotten, and the absent, so properly, that more will hit than miss. I have also another book, which I intend to call, "The Metamorphoses, or Spanish Ovid," of a new and rare invention; for therein, imitating Ovid in a burlesque way, I shew, who the Giralda of Seville was, and who the angel of La Magdalena; what the conduit of Vecinguerra of Cordova; what the bulls of Guisando; the sable mountain; the fountains of Leganitos, and the Lavapies in Madrid; not forgetting the Piojo, that of the golden pipe, and that of the Piora: and all these, with their several allegories, metaphors, and transformations, in such a manner as to delight, surprise, and instruct at the same time. I have another book, which I call a "Supplement to Polydore Virgil," treating of the invention of things; a work of vast erudition and study, because therein I make out several material things omitted by Polydore, and explain them in a fine style. Virgil forgot to tell us, who was the first in the world that had a cold, and who the first that was fluxed for the French disease; these points I resolve to a nicety, and cite the authority of above five and twenty authors for them: so that your worship may see whether I have taken true pains, and whether such

a performance is not likely to be very useful to the whole world.

Sancho, who had been attentive to the student's discourse, said : Tell me, Sir, so may God send you good luck in the printing your books, can you resolve me (for I know you can, since you know every thing) who was the first that scratched his head? I for my part am of opinion, it must be our first father Adam. Certainly, answered the scholar; for there is no doubt but Adam had a head and hair, and, this being granted, and he being the first man of the world, he must needs have scratched his head one time or another. So I believe, answered Sancho: but tell me now, who was the first tumbler in the world? Truly, brother, answered the scholar, I cannot determine that point till I have studied it; and I will study it as soon as I return to the place where I keep my books, and will satisfy you when we see one another again; for I hope this will not be the last time. Look ye, Sir, replied Sancho, take no pains about this matter; for I have already hit upon the answer to my question: Know then, that the first tumbler was Lucifer, when he was cast or thrown headlong from heaven, and came tumbling down to the lowest abyss. You are in the right, friend, quoth the scholar. Don Quixote, said: This question and answer are not your own, Sancho; you have heard them from somebody else. Say no more, Sir, replied Sancho; for, in good faith, if I fall to questioning and answering, I shall not

have done between this and to-morrow morning: for foolish questions and ridiculous answers, I need not be obliged to any of my neighbours. Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, you have said more than you are aware of; for some there are, who tire themselves with examining into, and explaining things, which, after they are known and explained, signify not a farthing to the understanding or the memory.

In these, and other pleasant discourses, they passed that day, and at night they lodged in a small village, from whence, the scholar told Don Quixote, there were but two leagues to the cave of Montesinos, and that, if he continued his resolution to enter into it, it would be necessary to provide himself with rope to tie and let himself down into its depth. Don Quixote said, if it reached to the abyss, he would see where it stopped; and so they bought near a hundred fathom of cord; and, about two in the afternoon following, they came to the cave, the mouth of which is wide and spacious, but full of briars, wild fig-trees, and thorns, so thick and intricate, that they quite blind and cover it. When they arrived at it, the scholar, Sancho, and Don Quixote alighted: then the two former bound the knight very fast with the cord, and, while they were swathing him, Sancho said: Have a care, dear Sir, what you do: do not bury yourself alive; nor hang yourself dangling like a flask of wine, let down to cool in a well; for it is no business of your worship's, nor does it belong to you, to be the

scrutinizer of this hole, which must needs be worse than any dungeon. Tie on, and talk not, answered Don Quixote ; for such an enterprize as this, friend Sancho, was reserved for me alone. Then the guide said : I beseech your worship, Signor Don Quixote, to take good heed, and look about you with a hundred eyes, and explore what is below : perhaps there may be things proper to be inserted in my book of metamorphoses. The drum is in a hand that knows full well how to rattle it, answered Sancho Panza.

This being said, and the tying of Don Quixote (not over his armour, but his doublet) finished, Don Quixote said : We have been very careless in neglecting to provide a little bell, to be tied to me with this rope ; by the tinkling of which you might hear me still descending, and know that I was alive : but since that is now impossible, be the hand of God my guide. And immediately he kneeled down, and, in a low voice, put up a prayer to heaven for assistance and good success in this seemingly perilous and strange adventure : then of a sudden, in a loud voice, he said : O mistress of my actions and motions, most illustrious and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso ! if it be possible that the prayers and requests of this thy adventurous lover reach thy ears, I beseech thee, for thy unheard-of beauty's sake, hearken to them ; for all I beg of thee is, not to refuse me thy favour and protection, now that I so much need it. I am just going to



precipitate, to ingulph, and sink myself in the profound abyss here before me, only to let the world know, that, if thou favourest me, there is no impossibility I will not undertake and accomplish. And, so saying, he drew near to the brink, and saw he could not be let down, nor get at the entrance of the cave, but by mere force, and cutting his way through: and so, laying his hand to his sword, he began to lay about him, and hew down the brambles and bushes at the mouth of the cave; at which noise and rustling, an infinite number of huge ravens and daws flew out so thick and so fast, that they beat Don Quixote to the ground; and had he been as superstitious, as he was catholic, he had taken it for an ill omen, and forborne shutting himself up in such a place. At length he got upon his legs, and seeing no more ravens flying out, nor other night-birds, such as bats, (some of which likewise flew out among the ravens) the scholar and Sancho, giving him rope, let him down to the bottom of the fearful cavern: and, at his going in, Saicho, giving him his blessing, and making a thousand crosses over him, said: God, and the rock of France, together with the trinity of Gaëta, speed thee, thou flower, and cream, and skimming of knights-errant! There thou goest, Hector of the world, heart of steel, and arms of brass! Once more, God guide thee, and send thee back safe and sound, without deceit, to the light of this world, which thou art forsaking, to bury thyself, in this

obscurity. The scholar uttered much the same prayers and intercessions.

Don Quixote went down, calling for more and more rope, which they gave him by little and little ; and when the voice, by the windings of the cave, could be heard no longer, and the hundred fathom of cordage was all let down, they were of opinion to pull Don Quixote up again, since they could give him no more rope. However they delayed about half an hour, and then they began to gather up the rope, which they did very easily, and without any weight at all ; from whence they conjectured, that Don Quixote remained in the cave ; and Sancho, believing as much, wept bitterly, and drew up in a great hurry, to know the truth : but, coming to a little above eighty fathoms, they felt a weight, at which they rejoiced exceedingly. In short, at about the tenth fathom, they discerned Don Quixote very distinctly ; to whom Sancho called out, saying : Welcome back to us, dear Sir ; for we began to think you had staid there to breed. But Don Quixote answered not a word ; and, pulling him quite out, they perceived his eyes were shut, as if he was asleep. They laid him along on the ground, and untied him ; yet still he did not awake. But they so turned, and jogged, and returned, and shook him, that, after a good while, he came to himself, stretching and yawning just as if he had awaked out of a heavy and deep sleep : and gazing from side to side as if he was amazed, he said :

God forgive ye, friends, for having brought me away from the most pleasing and charming life and sight, that ever mortal saw or lived. In short, I am now thoroughly satisfied that all the enjoyments of this life pass away like a shadow or a dream, and fade away like the flower of the field. O unhappy Montesinos! O desperately wounded Durandarte! O unfortunate Belerma! O weeping Guadiana! And ye unlucky daughters of Ruydera, whose waters shew what floods of tears streamed from your fair eyes. The scholar and Sancho listened to Don Quixote's words, which he spoke, as if with immense pain he fetched them from his entrails. They entreated him to explain to them what it was he had been saying, and to tell them what he had seen in that hell below. Hell do you call it? said Don Quixote: call it so no more: for it does not deserve that name, as you shall presently see. He desired, they would give him something to eat; for he was very hungry. They spread the scholar's carpet upon the green grass; they addressed themselves to the pantry of his wallets, and being all three seated in loving and social wise, they collationed and supped all under one. The carpet being removed, Don Quixote de la Mancha said: Let no one arise, and, sons, be attentive to me.

## CHAP. V.

*Of the wonderful things, which the unexampled Don Quixote de la Mancha declared he had seen in the deep cave of Montesinos, the greatness and impossibility of which make this adventure pass for apocryphal.*

**I**T was about four of the clock in the afternoon, when the sun, hid among the clouds, with a faint light and temperate rays, gave Don Quixote an opportunity, without extraordinary heat or trouble, of relating to his two illustrious hearers, what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos ; and he began in the following manner :—

About twelve or fourteen fathom in the depth of this dungeon, on the right hand, there is a hollow, and space wide enough to contain a large waggon, mules and all : a little light makes its way into it, through some cracks and holes at a distance in the surface of the earth. This hollow and open space I saw, just as I began to weary, and out of humour to find myself pendent and tied by the rope, and journeying through that dark region below, without knowing whither I was going : and so I determined to enter into it, and rest a little. I called out to you aloud, not to let down more rope till I bid you :

but, it seems, you heard me not. I gathered up the cord you had let down, and coiling it up into a heap, or bundle, I sat me down upon it, extremely pensive, and considering what method I should take to descend to the bottom, having nothing to support my weight. And being thus thoughtful, and in confusion, on a sudden, without any endeavour of mine, a deep sleep fell upon me ; and, when I least thought of it, I awaked, and found myself, I knew not by what means, in the midst of the finest, pleasantest, and most delightful meadow, that nature could create, or the most pregnant fancy imagine. I rubbed my eyes, wiped them, and perceived I was not asleep, but really awake : but for all that I fell to feeling my head and breast, to be assured whether it was I myself, who was there, or some empty and counterfeit illusion : but feeling sensation, and the coherent discourse I made to myself, convinced me, that I was then there the same person I am now here. Immediately a royal and splendid palace or castle presented itself to my view ; the walls and battlements whereof seemed to be built of clear and transparent crystal : from out of which, through a pair of great folding doors, that opened of their own accord, I saw come forth, and advance towards me, a venerable old man, clad in a long mourning cloak of purple bays, which trailed upon the ground. Over his shoulders and breast he wore a kind of collegiate tippet of green satin : he had a black Milan



cap on his head, and his hoary beard reached below his girdle. He carried no weapons at all, only a rosary of beads in his hand, bigger than middling walnuts, and every tenth bead like an ordinary ostrich egg. His mien, his gait, his gravity, and his goodly presence, each by itself, and all together, surprised and amazed me. He came up to me, and the first thing he did, was to embrace me close; and then he said: It is a long time, most valorous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, that we, who are shut up and enchanted in these solitudes, have hoped to see you, that the world by you may be informed what this deep cave, commonly called the cave of Montesinos, encloses and conceals; an exploit reserved for your invincible heart and stupendous courage. Come along with me, illustrious Sir, that I may shew you the wonders contained in this transparent castle, of which I am warder and perpetual guard; for I am Montesinos himself, from whom this cave derives its name. Scarce had he told me he was Montesinos, when I asked him, whether it was true, which was reported in the world above, that with a little dagger he had taken out the heart of his great friend Durandarte, and carried it to his lady Belerma, as he had desired him at the point of death. He replied, all was true, excepting as to the dagger; for it was neither a dagger, nor little, but a bright poniard, sharper than an awl.

That poniard, interrupted Sancho, must have

been made by Raymond de Hozes of Seville. I do not know, continued Don Quixote : but, upon second thoughts, it could not be of his making ; for Raymond de Hozes lived but the other day, and the battle of Roncesvalles, where this misfortune happened, was fought many years ago. But this objection is of no importance, and neither disorders nor alters the truth and connection of the story. True, answered the scholar ; pray go on, signor Don Quixote, for I listen to you with the greatest pleasure in the world. And I tell it with no less, answered Don Quixote, and so I say :—

The venerable Montesinos conducted me to the crystaline palace, where, in a lower hall, extremely cool, and all of alabaster, there stood a marble tomb of exquisite workmanship, whereon I saw, laid at full length, a cavalier, not of brass, or marble, or jasper, as is usual on other monuments, but of pure flesh and bones. His right-hand, which, to my thinking, was pretty hairy and nervous (a sign that its owner was very strong) was laid on the region of his heart ; and before I could ask any question, Montesinos, perceiving me in some suspense, and my eyes fixed on the sepulchre, said : This is my friend Durandarte, the flower and mirror of all the enamoured and valiant knights-errant of his time. Merlin, that French enchanter, keeps him here enchanted, as he does me, and many others of both sexes. It is said, he is the son of the devil ; though I do not believe him to be the devil's son,

but only, as the saying is, that he knows one point more than the devil himself. How, or why, he enchanted us, nobody knows: but time will bring it to light, and I fancy it will not be long first. What I admire at, is, that I am as sure, as it is now day, that Durandarte expired in my arms, and that, after he was dead, I pulled out his heart with my own hands; and, indeed, it could not weigh less than two pounds: for, according to the opinion of naturalists, he who has a large heart, is endued with more courage, than he, who has a small one. It being then certain, that this cavalier really died, said I, how comes it to pass, that he complains every now and then, and sighs, as if he were alive?

This was no sooner said, but the wretched Durandarte, crying out aloud, said: O my dear cousin Montesinos! the last thing I desired of you, when I was dying, and my soul departing, was, to carry my heart, ripping it out of my breast with a dagger or poniard, to Belerma. The venerable Montesinos, hearing this, threw himself on his knees before the complaining cavalier, and, with tears in his eyes, said to him: Long since, O my dearest cousin Durandarte, I did what you enjoined me in that bitter day of our loss: I took out your heart, as well as I could, without leaving the least bit of it in your breast; I wiped it with a lace handkerchief, took it, and went off full speed with it for France, having first laid you in the bosom of

the earth, shedding as many tears as sufficed to wash my hands, and clean away the blood, which stuck to them by raking in your entrails. By the same token, dear cousin of my soul, in the first place I lighted upon, going from Roncesvalles, I sprinkled a little salt over your heart, that it might not stink, and might keep, if not fresh, at least dried up, till it came to the lady Belerma; who, together with you and me, and your squire Guadiana, and the duenna Ruydera, and her seven daughters, and two nieces, with several others of your friends and acquaintance, have been kept here enchanted by the sage Merlin, these many years past\*; and though it be above five hundred years ago, not one of us is dead; only Ruydera and her daughters and nieces are gone, whom, because of their weeping, Merlin, out of compassion, turned into so many lakes, which, at this time, in the world of the living, and in the province of La Mancha, are called the lakes of Ruydera. The seven sisters belong to the kings of Spain, and the two nieces to the knights of a very holy order, called the knights of Saint John. Guadiana also, your squire, bewailing your misfortune, was changed into a river of

\* So, (in *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 5, ch. 56,) Amadis and his queen Oriana, with all the other principal heroes of the romance, are enchanted by Urganda, in the Forbidden Chamber in the Firm Island, all seated in chairs of state, and there to remain, till some one of their posterity should dissolve the charm.

his own name ; who, arriving at the surface of the earth, and seeing the sun of another sky, was so grieved at the thought of forsaking you, that he plunged again into the bowels of the earth : but, it being impossible to avoid taking the natural course, he rises now and then, and shews himself, where the sun and people may see him. The aforesaid lakes supply him with their waters, with which, and several others that join him, he enters stately and great into Portugal. Nevertheless, whithersoever he goes, he discovers his grief and melancholy, breeding in his waters, not delicate and costly fish, but only coarse and unsavoury ones, very different from those of the golden Tagus. And what I now tell you, O my dearest cousin, I have often told you before, and since you make me no answer, I fancy, you do not believe me, or do not hear me ; which, God knows, afflicts me very much. One piece of news, however, I will tell you, which, if it serves not to alleviate your grief, will in no wise increase it. Know then, that you have here present (open your eyes, and you will see him) that great knight, of whom the sage Merlin prophesied so many things ; that Don Quixote de la Mancha, I say, who, with greater advantages than in the ages past, has, in the present times, restored the long forgotten order of knight-errantry ; by whose means and favour, we may, perhaps, be disenchanted : for great exploits are reserved for great men. And though it should fall out other-



wise, answered the poor Durandarte with a faint and low voice, though it should not prove so, O cousin, I say, patience, and shuffle the cards \*: and, turning himself on one side, he relapsed into his accustomed silence, without speaking a word more.

Then were heard great cries and wailings, accompanied with profound sighs and distressful sobbings. I turned my head about, and saw through the crystal walls a procession in two files of most beautiful damsels, all clad in mourning, with white turbans on their heads after the Turkish fashion; and last of all, in the rear of the files, came a lady (for by her gravity she seemed to be such) clad also in black, with a white veil, so long, that it kissed the ground. Her turban was twice as large as the largest of the others: her eye-brows were joined; her nose was somewhat flattish; her mouth wide, but her lips red: her teeth, which she sometimes shewed, were thin set, and not very even, though as white as blanched almonds. She carried in her hand a fine linen handkerchief, and in it, as seemed to me, a heart of mummy, so dry and withered it appeared to be. Montesinos told me, that all those of the procession were servants to Durandarte and Belerma, and were there enchanted with their master and mistress, and that she, who came last, bearing the heart in the linen

\* This phrase probably arose from hence, that losers usually shuffle the cards more than winners, and cry, "Patience!"

handkerchief, was the lady Belerma herself, who, four days in the week, made that procession together with her damsels, singing, or rather weeping, dirges over the body, and over the piteous heart of his cousin; and that if she appeared to me somewhat ugly, or not so beautiful as fame reported, it was occasioned by the bad nights and worse days she passed in that enchantment, as might be seen by the great wrinkles under her eyes, and her broken complexion: as to her being pale and hollow-eyed, it was not occasioned by the periodical indisposition incident to women, there not having been, for several months, and even years past, the least appearance of any such matter; but merely by the affliction her heart feels from what she carries continually in her hands; which renews and revives in her memory the disaster of her untimely deceased lover: for had it not been for this, the great Dulcinea del Toboso herself, so celebrated in these parts, and even over the whole world, would hardly have equalled her in beauty, good-humour, and sprightliness.

Fair and softly, quoth I then, good signor Montesinos: tell your story as you ought to do; for you know, that comparisons are odious, and therefore there is no need of comparing any body with any body. The peerless Dulcinea is what she is, and the lady Donna Belerma is what she is, and what she has been, and so much for that. To which he answered: Signor Don Quixote, pardon me;

I confess I was in the wrong, in saying, that the lady Dulcinea would hardly equal the lady Belerma: my understanding, by I know not what guesses, that your worship is her knight, ought to have made me bite my tongue sooner, than compare her to any thing but heaven itself. With this satisfaction given me by the great Montesinos, my heart was delivered from the surprise it was in at hearing my mistress compared with Belerma. And I too admire, quoth Sancho, that your worship did not fall upon the old fellow, and bruise his bones with kicking, and pluck his beard for him, till you had not left him an hair in it. No, friend Sancho, answered Don Quixote, it did not become me to do so; for we are all bound to respect old men though they be not knights, and especially those who are such, and enchanted into the bargain. I know very well, I was not at all behind-hand with him in several other questions and answers, which passed between us.

Here the scholar said: I cannot imagine, signor Don Quixote, how your worship in the short space of time you have been there below, could see so many things, and talk and answer so much. How long is it since I went down? quoth Don Quixote. A little above an hour, answered Sancho. That cannot be, replied Don Quixote; for night came upon me there, and then it grew day; and then night came again, and day again, three times successively; so that by my account I must have been

three days in those parts, so remote and hidden from our sight. My master, said Sancho, must needs be in the right; for, as every thing has happened to him in the way of enchantment, what seems to us but an hour, may seem there three days and three nights. It is so, answered Don Quixote. And has your worship, good Sir, eaten any thing in all this time? quoth the scholar. I have not broken my fast with one mouthful, answered Don Quixote, nor have I been hungry, or so much as thought of it all the while. Do the enchanted eat? said the scholar. They do not eat, answered Don Quixote, nor are they troubled with the greater excrements, though it is a common opinion, that their nails, their beards, and their hair grow. And, Sir, do the enchanted sleep? quoth Sancho. No truly, answered Don Quixote; at least, in the three days that I have been amongst them, not one of them has closed an eye, nor I neither. Here, quoth Sancho, the proverb hits right, Tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are. If your worship keeps company with those, who fast and watch, what wonder is it that you neither eat nor sleep while you are with them? But pardon me, good master of mine, if I tell your worship, that, of all you have been saying, God take me (I was going to say the devil) if I believe one word. How so? said the scholar: signor Don Quixote then must have lied; who, if he had a mind to it, has not had time to imagine and compose such a

heap of lies. I do not believe my master lies, answered Sancho. If not, what do you believe? quoth Don Quixote. I believe, answered Sancho, that the same Merlin, or those necromancers, who enchanted all the crew your worship says you saw and conversed with there below, have crammed into your imagination or memory all this stuff you have already told us, or that remains to be told.

Such a thing might be, Sancho, replied Don Quixote\* ; but it is not so : for what I have related I saw with my own eyes, and touched with my own hands : but what will you say, when I tell you, that, among an infinite number of things and wonders, shewed me by Montesinos (which I will recount in the progress of our journey, at leisure, and in their due time, for they do not all belong properly to this place) he shewed me three country wenches, who were dancing and capering like any kids about those charming fields ; and scarce had I espied them, when I knew one of them to be the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, and the other two the very same wenches that came with her, whom we talked with at their coming out of Toboso. I asked Montesinos, whether he knew them. He answered, no, but that he took them to be some ladies of quality lately enchanted, for they had

\* Observe, that Don Quixote, being actually caught by Sancho, telling lies, dares not, as usual, be angry at his sauciness.



appeared in those meadows but a few days before ; and that I should not wonder at that, for there were a great many other ladies there, of the past and present ages, enchanted under various and strange figures, among whom he knew queen Ginebra, and her duenna Quintannonna, cup-bearer to Lancelot, when he arrived from Britain. When Sancho heard his master say all this, he was ready to run distracted, or to die with laughing ; for, as he knew the truth of the feigned enchantment of Dulcinea, of whom he himself had been the enchanter, and the bearer of that testimony, he concluded undoubtedly that his master had lost his senses, and was in all points mad ; and therefore he said to him : In an evil juncture, and in a worse season, and in a bitter day, dear patron of mine, did you go down to the other world ; and in an unlucky moment did you meet with signor Montesinos, who has returned you back to us in such guise. Your worship was very well here above, entirely in your senses, such as God had given you, speaking sentences, and giving advice at every turn, and not, as now, relating the greatest extravagancies that can be imagined. As I know you, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, I make no account of your words. Nor I of your worship's, replied Sancho : You may hurt me, if you will, you may kill me, if you please, for those I have said already, or those I intend to say, if you do not correct and amend your own. But tell me, Sir, now we are at

peace, how, or by what, did you know the lady our mistress? and if you spoke to her, what said you? and what answer did she make you?

I knew her, answered Don Quixote, by the very same clothes she wore when you shewed her to me. I spoke to her; but she answered me not a word: on the contrary, she turned her back upon me, and fled away with so much speed, that an arrow could not have overtaken her. I would have followed her; but Montesinos advised me not to tire myself, with so doing, since it would be in vain; besides, it was now time for me to think of returning and getting out of the cave. He also told me, that in process of time, I should be informed of the means of disenchanting himself, Belerma, Durandarte, and all the rest there. But what gave me the most pain of any thing I saw, or took notice of, was, that while Montesinos was saying these things to me, there approached me on one side, unperceived by me, one of the two companions of the unfortunate Dulcinea, and with tears in her eyes, in a low and troubled voice, said to me: My lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your worship's hands, and desires you to let her know how you do; and, being in great necessity, she also earnestly begs your worship would be pleased to lend her, upon this new dimity petticoat I have brought here, six reals, or what you have about you, which she promises to return very shortly. This message threw me into suspense and admiration, and, turning to signor Montesinos,

I demanded of him : Is it possible, signor Montenos, that persons of quality under enchantment suffer necessity ? To which he answered : Believe me, signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that what is called necessity prevails every where, extends to all, and reaches every body, not excusing even those who are enchanted : and since the lady Dulcinea sends to desire of you those six reals, and the pawn is, in appearance, a good one, there is no more to be done but to give her them ; for without doubt she must needs be in some very great strait. I will take no pawn, answered I, nor can I send her what she desires ; for I have but four reals : which I sent her, being those you gave me the other day, Sancho, to bestow in alms on the poor I should meet with upon the road ; and said I to the damsel : Sweet-heart, tell your lady, that I am grieved to my soul at her distresses, and wish I were a Fucar\* to remedy them : and pray let her know, that I neither can nor will have health, while I want her amiable presence, and discreet conversation ; and that I beseech her with all imaginable earnestness, that she would vouchsafe to let herself be seen and conversed with by this her captive servant and bewildered knight.

\* A rich German family of Augsburg, made noble by Charles the Fifth. The name is Fugger, and wonderful stories are told of their riches, the greatest part of the money spent in that Prince's wars having passed through their hands.

Tell her, that, when she least thinks of it, she will hear it said, that I have made an oath and vow, like that made by the marquess of Mantua, to revenge his nephew Valdovinos, when he found him ready to expire in the midst of the mountain; which was, not to eat bread upon a table-cloth, with the other idle whims he then added, till he had revenged his death. In like manner will I take no rest, but traverse the seven parts of the universe, with more punctuality than did the infanta Don Pedro of Portugal \*, till she be disenchanted. All this and more your worship owes my lady, answered the damsel; and, taking the four reals, instead of making me a courtesy, she cut a caper full two yards high in the air.

O holy God! cried Sancho aloud at this juncture, is it possible there should be such an one in the world, and that enchanters and enchantments should have such power over him, as to change my master's good understanding into so extravagant a madness! O Sir! Sir! for God's sake, look to yourself, and stand up for your honour, and give no credit to these vanities, which have diminished and decayed your senses. It is your love of me, Sancho, makes you talk at this rate, quoth Don

\* A great voyager, astronomer, and cosmographer, who first begun the designs of the Portuguese on the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. He was fourth son to John the First.

Quixote; and not being experienced in the things of the world, you take every thing, in which there is the least difficulty, for impossible: but the time will come, as I said before, when I shall tell you some other of the things I have seen below, which will make you give credit to what I have now told you, the truth of which admits of no reply or dispute\*.

\* Among other extravagant passages in the old romances, intended to be ridiculed in this adventure of Montesinos' cave, the author seems particularly to have had in view that of the two young Princes, Spheramond and Amadis d'Astre; who, coming to a fountain side, find a damsel ready to be devoured by a lion; they prepare to rescue her, when the earth opens, and swallows up both damsel and lion. The Princes rush after them into the cavern, and, after feeling their way in the dark, come to a spacious court, where they meet an old man and an old woman, who conduct them into a fine hall; there they see thrones, and personages seated on them with imperial crowns on their heads; likewise battles, sea-fights, and a thousand wonderful things; as they are about to ask the meaning of this, the whole vanishes, and they find themselves again by the fountain side.—*Amadis de Gaul*, b. 14, ch. 71.



## CHAP. VII.

*In which are recounted a thousand impertinencies, necessary to the right understanding of this grand history.*

**T**HE translator of this grand history from the original, written by its first author Cid Hamete Ben Engeli, says, that coming to the chapter of the adventure of the cave of Montesinos, he found in the margin these words of Hamete's own handwriting :—

“ I cannot persuade myself, or believe, that all that is mentioned in the foregoing chapter happened to the valorous Don Quixote exactly as it is there written : the reason is, because all the adventures hitherto related might have happened and are probable ; but in this of the cave I find no possibility of its being true, as it exceeds all reasonable bounds. But for me to think, that Don Quixote, being a gentleman of the greatest veracity, and a knight of the most worth of any of his time, would tell a lie, is as little possible ; for he would not utter a falsehood, though he were to be shot to death with arrows. On the other hand, I consider, that he told it with all the aforesaid circumstances, and that he could not, in so short a

space, have framed so vast a machine of extravagancies: and if this adventure seems to be apocryphal, I am not in fault; and so, without affirming it for true or false, I write it. Since, reader, you have discernment, judge as you see fit; for I neither ought, nor can do any more: though it is held for certain, that, upon his death-bed, he retracted, and said, he had invented it only because it was of a piece, and squared with the adventures he had read of in his histories."

Then the translator goes on, saying:—

The scholar was astonished, no less at the boldness of Sancho Panza, than at the patience of his master, judging that the mildness of temper he then shewed sprung from the satisfaction he had just received in seeing his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, though enchanted: for, had it not been so, Sancho said such words and things to him as richly deserved a cudgelling; and in reality he thought Sancho had been a little too saucy with his master; To whom the scholar said: For my part, signor Don Quixote, I reckon the pains of my journey in your worship's company very well bestowed, having thereby gained four things. The first, your worship's acquaintance, which I esteem a great happiness. The second, my having learned what is enclosed in this cave of Montesinos, with the metamorphoses of Guadiana, and the lakes of

Ruydera, which will serve me for my Spanish Ovid I have now in hand. The third is, to have learned the antiquity of card-playing, which was in use at least in the days of the Emperor Charles the great, as may be gathered from the words your worship says Durandarte spoke, when, at the end of that great while Montesinos had been talking to him, he awaked, saying, Patience, and shuffle the cards: And this allusion to cards, and this way of speaking, he could not learn during his enchantment, but when he was in France, and in the days of the said Emperor Charles the great; and this remark comes pat for the other book I am upon, the Supplement to Polydore Virgil on the invention of antiquities: for I believe he has forgot to insert that of cards in his work, as I will now do in mine; which will be of great importance, especially as I shall alledge the authority of so grave and true an author as signor Durandarte. The fourth is, the knowing with certainty the source of the river Guadiana, hitherto unknown.

You are in the right, said Don Quixote: but I would fain know, if by the grace of God a licence be granted you for printing your books, which I doubt, to whom you intend to inscribe them? There are lords and grandees enough in Spain, to whom they may be dedicated, said the scholar. Not many, answered Don Quixote; not because they do not deserve a dedication, but because they will not receive one, to avoid lying under an obligation of

making such a return, as seems due to the pains and complaisance of the authors. I know a prince\*, who makes amends for what is wanting in the rest, with so many advantages, that, if I durst presume to publish them, perhaps, I might stir up envy in several noble breasts. But let this rest till a more convenient season, and let us now consider, where we shall lodge to-night. Not far from hence, answered the scholar, is an hermitage, in which lives an hermit, who, they say, has been a soldier, and has the reputation of being a good christian, and very discreet, and charitable withal. Adjoining to the hermitage he has a little house, built at his own cost; but, though small, it is large enough to receive guests. Has this same hermit any poultry? quoth Sancho. Few hermits are without, answered Don Quixote; for those in fashion now-a-days are not like those in the deserts of Egypt, who were clad with leaves of the palm-tree, and lived upon roots of the earth. I would not be understood, as if, by speaking well of the latter, I reflected upon the former: I only mean, that the penances of our times do not come up to the austerities and strictness of those days. But this is no reason why they may not be all good: at least I take them to be so; and, at the worst, the hypocrite, who feigns himself good, does less hurt than the undisguised sinner.

\* The Conde de Lemos, Don Pedro Fernandez de Castro.

While they were thus discoursing, they perceived a man on foot coming towards them, walking very fast, and switching on a mule, loaden with lances and halberds. When he came up to them, he saluted them, and passed on. Don Quixote said to him : Hold, honest friend ; methinks you go faster than is convenient for that mule. I cannot stay, answered the man ; for the arms you see I am carrying, are to be made use of to-morrow, so that I am under a necessity not to stop, and so adieu : but, if you would know for what purpose I carry them, I intend to lodge this night at the inn beyond the hermitage, and, if you travel the same road, you will find me there, where I will tell you wonders ; and, once more God be with you. Then he pricked on the mule at that rate, that Don Quixote had no time to inquire what wonders they were he designed to tell them : and, as he was not a little curious, and always tormented with the desire of hearing new things, he gave orders for their immediate departure, resolving to pass the night at the inn, without touching at the hermitage, where the scholar would have had them lodge. This was done accordingly ; they mounted, and all three took the direct road to the inn, at which they arrived a little before night-fall. The scholar desired Don Quixote to make a step to the hermitage, to drink one draught : and scarce had Sancho Panza heard this, when he steered Dapple towards the hermitage, and the same did Don Quixote and the scholar :



but Sancho's ill luck, it seems, would have it, that the hermit was not at home, as they were told by an under-hermit, whom they found in the hermitage. They asked him for the dearest wine: he answered, his master had none; but, if they wanted cheap water, he would give them some with all his heart. If I had wanted water, answered Sancho, there are wells enough upon the road, from whence I might have satisfied myself. O for the wedding of Camacho, and the plenty of Don Diego's house! how often shall I feel the want of you!

They quitted the hermitage, and spurred on towards the inn, and soon overtook a lad, who was walking before them in no great haste. He carried a sword upon his shoulder, and upon it a roll or bundle, seemingly of his clothes, in all likelihood breeches or trowsers, a cloak, and a shirt or two. He had on a tattered velvet jacket lined with satin, and his shirt hung out. His stockings were of silk, and his shoes square-toed, after the court-fashion. He seemed to be about eighteen or nineteen years of age, of a cheerful countenance, and in appearance very active of body. He went on singing couplets, to divert the fatigue of the journey; and, when they overtook him, he had just done singing one, the last words whereof the scholar got by heart; which they say were these:—

For want of the pence to the wars I must go:  
Ah! had I but money, it would not be so.

The first, who spoke to him, was Don Quixote, who said: You travel very airily, young spark; pray, whither so fast? let us know, if you are inclined to tell us. To which the youth answered: My walking so airily is occasioned by the heat and by poverty, and I am going to the wars. How by poverty? demanded Don Quixote; by the heat it may very easily be. Sir, replied the youth, I carry in this bundle a pair of velvet trowsers, fellows to this jacket: if I wear them out upon the road, I cannot do myself credit with them in the city, and I have no money to buy others; and for this reason, as well as for coolness, I go thus, till I come up with some companies of foot, which are not twelve leagues from hence, where I will list myself, and shall not want baggage conveniencies to ride in, till we come to the place of embarkation, which they say, is to be at Carthagena: besides, I choose the king for my master and lord, whom I had rather serve in the war, than any paltry fellow at court. And pray, Sir, have you any post? said the scholar. Had I served some grandee, or other person of distinction, answered the youth, no doubt I should; for, in the service of good masters, it is no uncommon thing to rise from the servants' hall to the post of ensign or captain, or to get some good pension: but poor I was always in the service of strolling fellows or foreigners, whose wages and board-wages are so miserable and slender, that one half is spent in paying for starching a ruff; and

it would be looked upon as a miracle, if one page-adventurer in a hundred should get any tolerable preferment. But, tell me, friend, quoth Don Quixote; is it possible, that, in all the time you have been in service, you could not procure a livery? I had two, answered the page: but, as he, who quits a monastery before he professes, is stripped of his habit, and his old clothes are returned him, just so my masters did by me, and gave me back mine; for, when the business was done, for which they came to court, they returned to their own homes, and took back the liveries they had given only for show.

A notable *Espilorcheria*\*, as the Italians say, quoth Don Quixote: however, look upon it as an earnest of good-fortune, that you have quitted the court with so good an intention; for there is nothing upon earth more honourable or more advantageous, than first to serve God, and then your king and natural lord, especially in the exercise of arms, by which one acquires at least more honour, if not more riches, than by letters, as I have often said: for though letters have founded more great families than arms, still there is I know not what that exalts those, who follow arms, above those, who follow letters, with I know not what splendour attending them, which sets them above all others. And bear in mind this piece of advice, which will

\* A sneaking trick of a pitiful beggarly fellow.

be of great use to you, and matter of consolation in your distresses ; and that is, not to think of what adverse accidents may happen ; for the worst that can happen is death, and, when death is attended with honour, the best that can happen is to die. That valorous Roman emperor, Julius Cæsar, being asked, which was the best kind of death, answered, that which was sudden, unthought of, and unforeseen ; and though he answered like a heathen, and a stranger to the knowledge of the true God, nevertheless, with respect to human infirmity, he said well. For, supposing you are killed, in the first skirmish or action, either by a cannon-shot, or the blowing up of a mine, what does it signify ? all is but dying, and the business is done. According to Terence, the soldier makes a better figure dead in battle, than alive and safe in flight ; and the good soldier gains just as much reputation, as he shews obedience to his captains, and to those who have a right to command him. And take notice, son, that a soldier had better smell of gunpowder than of musk ; and if old age overtakes you in this noble profession, though lame and maimed, and full of wounds, at least it will not overtake you without honour, and such honour as poverty itself cannot deprive you of ; especially now that care is taking to provide for the maintenance of old and disabled soldiers, who ought not to be dealt with, as many do by their Negro slaves, when they are old, and past service, whom they discharge and

set at liberty, and, driving them out of their houses, under pretence of given them their freedom, make them slaves to hunger, from which nothing but death can deliver them. At present I will say no more: but, get up behind me upon this horse of mine, till we come to the inn, and there you shall sup with me, and to-morrow morning pursue your journey, and God give you as good speed, as your good intentions deserve.

The page did not accept of the invitation of riding behind Don Quixote, but did that of supping with him at the inn; and here, it is said, Sancho muttered to himself: The Lord bless thee for a master! is it possible that one, who can say so many and such good things, as he has now done, should say he saw the extravagant impossibilities he tells of the cave of Montesinos? Well, we shall see what will come of it.

By this time they arrived at the inn, just at night-fall, and Sancho was pleased to see his master take it for an inn indeed, and not for a castle, as usual. They were scarce entered, when Don Quixote asked the landlord for the man with the lances and halberts: he answered, he was in the stable looking after his mule. The scholar and Sancho did the same by their beasts, giving Rosinante the best manger, and the best place in the stable.



## CHAP. VIII.

*Wherein is begun the braying adventure, with the pleasant one of the puppet-player, and the memorable divinations of the divining ape.*

DON QUIXOTE's cake was dough, as the saying is, till he could hear and learn the wonders promised to be told him by the conductor of the arms; and therefore he went in quest of him where the inn-keeper told him he was; and, having found him, he desired him by all means to tell him, what he had to say as to what he had inquired of him upon the road. The man answered: The account of my wonders must be taken more at leisure, and not on foot: suffer me, good Sir, to make an end of taking care of my beast, and I will tell you things which will amaze you. Let not that be any hindrance, answered Don Quixote; for I will help you: and so he did, winnowing the barley, and cleaning the manger; a piece of humility, which obliged the man readily to tell him what he desired: and seating himself upon a stone bench without the inn-door, and Don Quixote by his side, the scholar, the page, Sancho Panza, and the inn-keeper, serving as his senate and auditory, he began in this manner:—

You must understand, gentlemen, that, in a

town four leagues and a half from this inn, it happened, that an alderman, through the artful contrivance (too long to be told) of a wench his maid-servant, lost his ass; and though the said alderman used all imaginable diligence to find him, it was not possible. Fifteen days were passed, as public fame says, since the ass was missing, when the losing alderman being in the market-place, another alderman of the same town said to him: Pay me for my good news, gossip; for your ass has appeared. Most willingly, neighbour, answered the other; but let us know where he has been seen. In the mountain, answered the finder; I saw him this morning, without a pannel, or any kind of furniture about him, and so lank, that it would grieve one to see him: I would fain have driven him before me, and brought him to you; but he is already become so wild, and so shy, that, when I went near him, away he galloped, and ran in the most hidden part of the mountain. If you have a mind we should both go to seek him, let me but put up this ass at home, and I will return instantly. You will do me a great pleasure, quoth he of the ass, and I will endeavour to pay you in the same coin. With all these circumstances, and after the very same manner, is the story told by all, who are thoroughly acquainted with the truth of the affair.

In short, the two aldermen, on foot, and hand in hand, went to the mountain; and coming to the very place where they thought to find the ass, they

found him not, nor was he to be seen any where thereabouts, though they searched diligently after him. Perceiving then, that he was not to be found, quoth the alderman that had seen him to the other: Hark you, gossip; a device is come into my head, whereby we thall assuredly discover this animal, though he were crept into the bowels of the earth, not to say of the mountain; and it is this: I can bray marvellously well, and if you can do so never so little, conclude the business done. Never so little, say you neighbour? quoth the other; before God, I yield the precedence to none—no, not to asses themselves. We shall see that immediately, answered the second alderman; for I propose that you shall go on one side of the mountain, and I on the other, and so we shall traverse and encompass it quite round; and every now and then you shall bray, and so will I; and the ass will most certainly hear and answer us, if he be in the mountain. To which the master of the ass answered: Verily, neighbour, the device is excellent, and worthy of your great ingenuity. So parting according to agreement, it fell out, that they both brayed at the same instant, and each of them, deceived by the braying of the other, ran to seek the other, thinking the ass had appeared; and, at the sight of each other, the loser said: Is it possible, gossip, that it was not my ass that brayed? No, it was I, answered the other. I tell you then, quoth the owner, that there is no manner of difference, as to the

braying part, between you and an ass; for in my life I never saw or heard any thing more natural. These praises and compliments, answered the author of the stratagem, belong rather to you than to me, gossip; for, by the God that made me, you can give the odds of two brays to the greatest and most skilful brayer of the world; for the tone is deep, the sustaining of the voice\* in time and measure, and the cadences frequent and quick: in short, I own myself vanquished, I give you the palm, and yield up the standard of this rare ability. I say, answered the owner, I shall value and esteem myself the more henceforward, and shall think I know something, since I have some excellence; for, though I fancied I brayed well, I never flattered myself I came up to the pitch you are pleased to say. I tell you, answered the second, there are rare abilities lost in the world, and that they are ill bestowed on those, who know not how to employ them to advantage. Ours, quoth the owner, excepting in cases like the present, cannot be of service to us; and, even in this, God grant they prove of any benefit.

This said, they separated again, and fell anew to their braying; and at every turn they deceived each other, and met again, till they agreed, as a countersign to distinguish their own brayings from that of the ass, that they should bray twice toge-

\* "Lo sostenido de la voz." It means, the lengthening or holding out of a note.

ther, one immediately after the other. Thus doubling their brayings, they made the tour of the mountain; but no answer from the stray ass—no, not by signs: indeed, how could the poor creature answer, whom they found in the thickest of the wood, half devoured by wolves? At sight whereof the owner said: I wondered indeed he did not answer: for, had he not been dead, he would have brayed at hearing us, or he were no ass: nevertheless, gossip, I esteem the pains I have been at in seeking him to be well bestowed, though I have found him dead, since I have heard you bray with such a grace. It is in a good hand\*, gossip, answered the other; for if the abbot sings well, the novice comes not far behind him.

Hereupon they returned home, disconsolate and hoarse, and recounted to their friends, neighbours, and acquaintance, all that had happened in the search after the ass; each of them exaggerating the other's excellence in braying. The story spread all over the adjacent villages; and the devil, who sleeps not, as he loves to sow and promote squabbles and discord wherever he can, raising a bustle in the wind, and great chimeras out of next to nothing, so ordered and brought it about, that the people of other villages, upon seeing any of the folks of our town, would presently fall a braying,

\* Alluding to the civility of complimenting one another to drink first.



as it were hitting us in the teeth with the braying of our aldermen. The boys gave into it, which was all one as putting it into the hands and mouths of all the devils in hell; and thus braying spread from one town to another, insomuch that the natives of the town of Bray\* are as well known as white folks are distinguished from black. And this unhappy jest has gone so far, that the mocked have often sallied out in arms against the mockers, and given them battle, without king or rook†, or fear or shame, being able to prevent it. To-morrow, I believe, or next day, those of our town, the brayers, will take the field against the people of another village, about two leagues from ours, being one of those which persecute us most. And, to be well provided for them, I have brought the lances and halberds you saw me carrying. And these are the wonders I said I would tell you; and if you do not think them such, I have no other for you. And here the honest man ended his story.

At this juncture there came in at the door of the inn a man clad from head to foot in shamois leather, hose, doublet, and breeches, and said with a loud voice: Master host, have you any lodging? for here come the divining ape, and the puppet-show of Melisendra's deliverance. Body of me

\* Pueblo del Rebùsno.

† Alluding to the game of chess.

quoth the inn-keeper, what ! master Peter here ! we shall have a brave night of it. I had forgot to tell you, that this same master Peter had his left eye, and almost half his cheek, covered with a patch of green taffeta, a sign that something ailed all that side of his face. The landlord went on saying : Welcome, master Peter ! where is the ape and the puppet-show ? I do not see them. They are hard by, answered the all-shamois man ; I came before, to see if there be any lodging to be had. I would turn out the Duke d'Alva himself, to make room for master Peter, answered the inn-keeper : let the ape and the puppets come : for there are guests this evening in the inn, who will pay for seeing the show, and the abilities of the ape. So be it in God's name, answered he of the patch ; and I will lower the price, and reckon myself well paid with only bearing my charges. I will go back, and hasten the cart with the ape and the puppets. And immediately he went out of the inn.

Then Don Quixote asked the landlord, what master Peter this was, and what puppets, and what ape he had with him ? To which the landlord answered : He is a famous puppet-player, who has been a long time going up and down these parts of Mancha in Arragon, with a show of Melisendra and the famous Don Gayferos ; which is one of the best stories, and the best performed, of any that has been seen hereabouts these many years.

He has also an ape, whose talents exceed those of all other apes, and even those of men : for, if any thing is asked him, he listens to it attentively, and then, leaping upon his master's shoulder, and putting his mouth to his ear, he tells him the answer to the question that is put to him ; which master Peter presently repeats aloud. It is true, he tells much more concerning things past than things to come ; and, though he does not always hit right, yet for the most part he is not much out ; so that we are inclined to believe he has the devil within him. He has two reals for each question, if the ape answers ; I mean, if his master answers for him, after the ape has whispered him in the ear : and therefore it is thought this same master Peter must be very rich. He is, besides, a very gallant man, as they say in Italy, and a boon companion, and lives the merriest life in the world. He talks more than six, and drinks more than a dozen, and all this at the expense of his tongue, his ape, and his puppets.

By this time master Peter was returned, and in the cart came the puppets, and a large ape without a tail, and its buttocks bare as a piece of felt ; but not ill-favoured. Don Quixote no sooner espied him, but he began to question him, saying : Master diviner, pray, tell me, what fish do we catch, and what will be our fortune ? See, here are my two reals, bidding Sancho to give them to master Peter, who answered for the ape,

and said: Signor, this animal makes no answer, nor gives any information, as to things future: he knows something of the past, and a little of the present. Odds bobs, quoth Sancho, I would not give a brass farthing to be told what is past of myself; for who can tell that better than myself? and for me to pay for what I know already, would be a very great folly. But since he knows things present, here are my two reals, and let good-man ape tell me what my wife Teresa Panza is doing, and what she is employed about? Master Peter would not take the money, saying: I will not be paid before-hand, nor take your reward till I have done you the service; and giving with his right hand two or three claps on his left shoulder, at one spring the ape jumped upon it, and, laying its mouth to his ear, grated its teeth and chattered apace; and, having made this grimace for the space of a Credo, at another skip down it jumped on the ground, and presently master Peter ran and kneeled before Don Quixote, and, embracing his legs, said: These legs I embrace, just as if I embraced the two pillars of Hercules, O illustrious reviver of the long-forgotten order of chivalry! O never-sufficiently extolled knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha! Thou spirit to the faint-hearted, stay to those that are falling, arm to those that are already fallen, staff and comfort to all that are unfortunate! Don Quixote was thunderstruck, Sancho in suspensé, the scholar surprised, the page asto-

nished, the braying-man in a gaze, the inn-keeper confounded, and, lastly, all amazed that heard the expressions of the puppet-player, who proceeded, saying: And thou, O good Sancho Panza, the best squire to the best knight in the world, rejoice, that thy good wife Teresa is well, and this very hour is dressing a pound of flax; by the same token that she has by her left side a broken-mouthed pitcher, which holds a very pretty scantling of wine, with which she cheers her spirits at her work. I verily believe it, answered Sancho, for she is a blessed one, and, were she not a little jealous, I would not change her for the giantess Andandona, who, in my master's opinion, was a very accomplished woman, and a special housewife; and my Teresa is one of those, who will make much of themselves, though it be at the expense of their heirs. Well, quoth Don Quixote, he who reads much and travels much, sees much and knows much. This, I say, because what could have been sufficient to persuade me, that there are apes in the world that can divine, as I have now seen with my own eyes? Yes, I am that very Don Quixote de la Mancha, that this good animal has said, though he has expatiated a little too much in my commendation. But, be I as I may, I give thanks to heaven that endued me with a tender and compassionate disposition of mind, always inclined to do good to every body, and hurt nobody. If I had money, said the page, I would ask master ape what will befall me in my



intended expedition. To which master Peter, who was already got up from kneeling at Don Quixote's feet, answered: I have already told you, that this little beast does not answer as to things future: but, did he answer such questions, it would be no matter whether you had money or not; for, to serve signor Don Quixote here present, I would wave all advantages in the world. And now, because it is my duty, and to do him a pleasure besides, I intend to put in order my puppet-show, and entertain all the folks in the inn gratis. The inn-keeper hearing this, and above measure overjoyed, pointed out a convenient place for setting up the show, which was done in an instant.

Don Quixote was not entirely satisfied with the ape's divinations, not thinking it likely that an ape should divine things either future or past: and so, while master Peter was preparing his show, Don Quixote drew Sancho aside to a corner of the stable, where, without being overheard by any body, he said to him: Look you, Sancho, I have carefully considered the strange ability of this ape, and, by my account, I find that master Peter, his owner, must doubtless have made a tacit or express pact with the devil. Nay, quoth Sancho, if the pack be express from the devil, it must needs be a very sooty pack: but what advantage would it be to this same master Peter to have such a pack? You do not understand me, Sancho, said Don Quixote: I only mean, that he must certainly have

made some agreement with the devil to infuse this ability into the ape, whereby he gets his bread; and, after he is become rich, he will give him his soul, which is what the universal enemy of mankind aims at. And what induces me to this belief, is, finding that the ape answers only as to things past or present, and the knowledge of the devil extends no farther: for he knows the future only by conjecture, and not always that; for it is the prerogative of God alone, to know times and seasons, and to him nothing is past or future, but every thing present. This being so, as it really is, it is plain the ape talks in the style of the devil; and I wonder he has not been accused to the Inquisition, and examined by torture, till he confesses, by virtue of what, or of whom, he divines: for it is certain this ape is no astrologer; and neither his master nor he know how to raise one of those figures called judiciary, which are now so much in fashion in Spain, that you have not any servant-maid, page, or cobbler, but presumes to raise a figure, as if it were a knave of cards from the ground\*; thus destroying, by their lying and ignorant pretences, the wonderful truth of the science. I know a certain lady, who asked one of these figure-raisers, whether a little lap-dog she had would breed, and how

\* The allusion is to a superstition among gamesters, in use every where, especially at games of chance, namely, to pick up from the ground the first card they light on, and set their money on it.

many, and of what colour the puppies would be. To which master astrologer, after raising a figure, answered, that the bitch would pup, and have three whelps, one green, one carnation, and the other mottled, upon condition she should take dog between the hours of eleven and twelve at noon or night, and that it were on a Monday or a Saturday. Now it happened, that the bitch died some two days after of a surfeit, and master figure-raiser had the repute in the town of being as consummate an astrologer as the rest of his brethren. But for all that, quoth Sancho, I should be glad your worship would desire master Peter to ask his ape, whether all be true, which befel you in the cave of Montesinos, because, for my own part, begging your worship's pardon, I take it to be all sham and lies, or at least a dream. It may be so, answered Don Quixote: but I will do what you advise me, since I myself begin to have some kind of scruples about it.

While they were thus confabulating, master Peter came to look for Don Quixote, to tell him the show was ready, desiring he would come to see it, for it deserved it. Don Quixote communicated to him his thought, and desired him to ask his ape presently, whether certain things, which befel him in the cave of Montesinos, were dreams or realities; for, to his thinking, they seemed to be a mixture of both. Master Peter, without answering a word, went and fetched his ape, and, placing him before Don Quixote and Sancho, said: Look you, master

ape, this knight would know, whether certain things, which befel him in a cave, called that of Montesinos, were real or imaginary. And making the usual signal, the ape leaped upon his left shoulder; and seeming to chatter to him in his ear, master Peter presently said: The ape says, that part of the things your worship saw, or which befel you, in the said cave, are false, and part likely to be true: and this is what he knows, and no more, as to this question; and if your worship has a mind to put any more to him, on Friday next he will answer to every thing you shall ask him; for his virtue is at an end for the present, and will not return till that time. Did not I tell you, quoth Sancho, it could never go down with me, that all your worship said, touching the adventures of the cave, was true—no, nor half of it? The event will shew that, Sancho, answered Don Quixote; for time, the discoverer of all things, brings every thing to light, though it lie hid in the bowels of the earth; and let this suffice at present, and let us go see honest master Peter's show; for I am of opinion there must be some novelty in it. How, some? quoth master Peter: sixty thousand novelties are contained in this puppet-show of mine: I assure you, signor Don Quixote, it is one of the top things to be seen that the world affords at this day; "*Operibus credite, et non verbis*;" and let us to work; for it grows late, and we have a great deal to do, to say, and to show.

Don Quixote and Sancho obeyed, and came where the show was set out, stuck round with little wax candles, so that it made a delightful and shining appearance. Master Peter, who was to manage the figures, placed himself behind the show, and before it stood his boy, to serve as an interpreter and expounder of the mysteries of the piece. He had a white wand in his hand, to point to the several figures as they entered. All the folks in the inn being placed, some standing opposite to the show, and Don Quixote, Sancho, the page, and the scholar, seated in the best places, the druggier-man\* began to say, what will be heard or seen by those, who will be at the pains of hearing or seeing the following chapter.

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CHAP. IX.

*Wherein is contained the pleasant adventure of the puppet-player, with sundry other matters, in truth sufficiently good.*

**T**YRIANS and Trojans were all silent†: I mean, that all the spectators of the show hung upon the mouth of the declarer ‡ of its wonders, when from

\* "El Truxaman." So the Turks call an interpreter.

† "Conticuere omnes."—*Virg. Æn.* l. 2, *init.*

‡ "Narrantis conjux pendet ab ore viri."—*Ovid. epist.* l. 2, v. 30.



within the scene they heard the sound of a number of drums and trumpets, and several discharges of artillery; which noise was soon over, and immediately the boy raised his voice, and said: This true history, here represented to you, gentlemen, is taken word for word from the French chronicles and Spanish ballads, which are in every body's mouth, and sung by the boys up and down the streets. It treats, how Don Gayferos freed his wife Melisendra, who was a prisoner in Spain, in the hands of the Moors, in the city of Sansuenna, now called Saragossa; and there you may see how Don Gayferos is playing at tables, according to the ballad:—

“ Gayferos now at tables plays,  
Forgetful of his lady dear,” &c.

That personage, who appears yonder with a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hands, is the emperor Charles the great, the supposed father of Melisendra; who, being vexed to see the indolence and negligence of his son-in-law, comes forth to chide him; and, pray, mark with what vehemency and earnestness he rates him, that one would think he had a mind to give him half a dozen raps over the pate with his sceptre: yea, there are authors who say he actually gave them, and sound ones too: and, after having said sundry things about the danger his honour ran, in not procuring the liberty of his spouse, it is reported, he said to

him: I have told you enough of it, look to it. Pray observe, gentlemen, how the emperor turns his back, and leaves Don Gayferos in a fret. See him now impatient with choler, flinging about the board and pieces, and calling hastily for his armour; desiring Don Orlando his cousin to lend him his sword Durindana; and then how Don Orlando refuses to lend it him, offering to bear him company in that arduous enterprise: but the valorous enraged will not accept of it, saying, that he alone is able to deliver his spouse, though she were thrust down to the centre of the earth. Hereupon he goes in to arm himself for setting forward immediately. Now, gentlemen, turn your eyes towards that tower, which appears yonder, which you are to suppose to be one of the Moorish towers of Saragossa, now called the Aljaferia\*; and that lady, who appears at yon balcony in a Moorish habit, is the peerless Melisendra, casting many a heavy look toward the road that leads to France, and fixing her imagination upon the city of Paris and her husband, her only consolation in her captivity. Now behold a strange incident, the like perhaps never seen. Do you not see yon Moor, who, stealing along softly, and step by step, with his finger on his mouth, comes behind Melisendra? Behold how he gives her a smacking kiss full on her lips: observe the haste she makes to spit and wipe her

\* The royal palace, now that of the Inquisition.

mouth with her white shift-sleeves ; and how she takes on, and tears her beauteous hair for vexation, as if that was to blame for the indignity. Observe that grave Moor in yonder gallery : he is Marsilio, the king of Sansuenna ; who, seeing the insolence of the Moor, though he is a relation of his, and a great favourite, orders him to be seized immediately, and two hundred stripes to be given him, and to be led through the most frequented streets of the city, with criers before to publish his crime\*, and the officers of justice with their rods behind ; and now behold the officers coming out to execute the sentence, almost as soon as the fault is committed : for, among the Moors, there is no citation of the party, nor copies of the process, nor delay of justice, as among us.

Here Don Quixote said with a loud voice : Boy, boy, on with your story in a straight line, and leave your curves and transversals ; for, to come at the truth of a fact, there is often need of proof upon proof. Master Peter also from behind said : Boy, none of your flourishes, but do what the gentleman bids you ; for that is the surest way : sing your song plain, and seek not for counterpoints ; for they usually crack the strings. I will, answered the boy, and proceeded, saying :—

The figure you see there on horseback, muffled

\* In Spain, as the malefactors pass along the streets, it is cried before them—Such an one to be whipped, hanged, &c. for such a crime,

up in a Gascoigne cloak, is Don Gayferos himself, to whom his spouse, already revenged on the impudence of the enamoured Moor, shews herself from the battlements of the tower, with a calmer and more sedate countenance, and talks to her husband, believing him to be some passenger: with whom she holds all that discourse and dialogue in the ballad, which says:—

“ If towards France your course you bend,  
Let me entreat you, gentle friend,  
Make diligent inquiry there  
For Gayferos my husband dear.”

The rest I omit, because length begets loathing. It is sufficient to observe, how Don Gayferos discovers himself; and, by the signs of joy she makes, you may perceive she knows him, and especially now that you see she lets herself down from the balcony, to get on horseback behind her good spouse. But, alas, poor lady! the border of her under-petticoat has caught hold on one of the iron rails of the balcony, and there she hangs dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground. But see how merciful heaven sends relief in the greatest distresses: for now comes Don Gayferos, and, without regarding whether the rich petticoat be torn, or not, lays hold of her, and brings her to the ground by main force; and then at a spring sets her behind him on his horse astride like a man, bidding her hold very fast, and clasp her arms about his shoul-

ders, till they cross and meet over his breast, that she may not fall; because the lady Melisendra was not used to that way of riding. See how the horse by his neighings, shows he is pleased with the burden of his valiant master and his fair mistress, And see how they turn their backs, and go out of the city, and how merrily and joyfully they take the way to Paris. Peace be with you, O peerless pair of faithful lovers! may ye arrive in safety at your desired country, without fortune's laying any obstacle in the way of your prosperous journey! may the eyes of your friends and relations behold ye enjoy in perfect peace the remaining days (and may they be like Nestor's) of your lives! Here again master Peter raised his voice, and said: Plainness, boy; do not incumber yourself; for all affectation is naught. The interpreter made no answer, but went on, saying: There wanted not some idle eyes, such as espy every thing, to see Melisendra's getting down and then mounting; of which they gave notice to king Marsilio, who immediately commanded to sound the alarm: and pray take notice what a hurry they are in; how the whole city shakes with the ringing of bells in the steeples of the mosques.

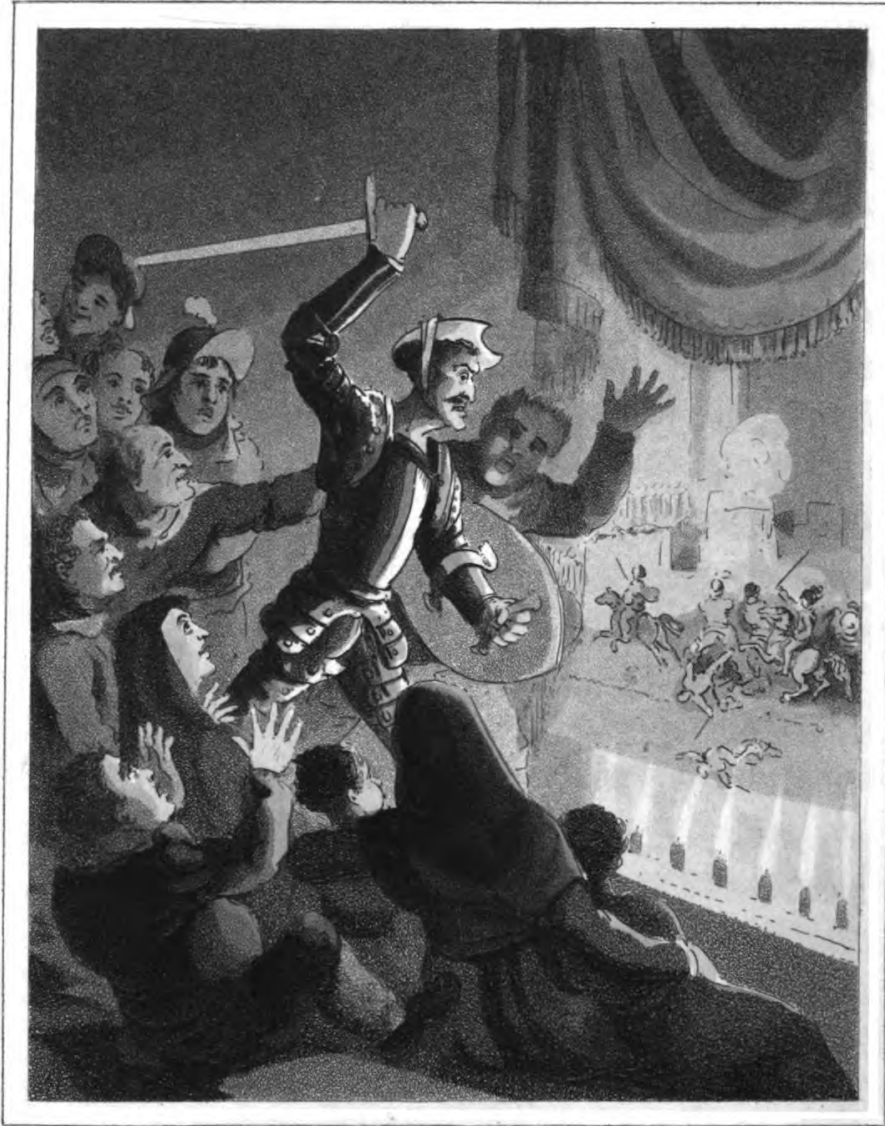
Not so, quoth Don Quixote; master Peter is very much mistaken in the business of the bells; for the Moors do not use bells, but kettle-drums, and a kind of dulcimers, like our waits: and therefore to introduce the ringing of bells in Sansuenna is a gross absurdity. Which master Peter overhearing,



he left off ringing, and said: Signor Don Quixote, do not criticise upon trifles, nor expect that perfection, which is not to be found in these matters. Are there not a thousand comedies acted almost every where, full of as many improprieties and blunders, and yet they run their career with great success, and are listened to, not only with applause, but with admiration? Go on, boy, and let folks talk; for, so I fill my bag, I care not if I represent more improprieties than there are motes in the sun. You are in the right, quoth Don Quixote; and the boy proceeded:—

See what a numerous and brilliant cavalry sallies out of the city in pursuit of the two catholic lovers; how many trumpets sound, how many dulcimers play, and how many drums and kettle-drums rattle; I fear they will overtake them, and bring them back tied to their own horse's tail, which would be a lamentable spectacle. Don Quixote, seeing such a number of Moors, and hearing such a din, thought proper to succour those that fled, and rising up said in a loud voice: I will never consent, while I live, that in my presence such an outrage as this be offered to so famous a knight and so daring a lover as Don Gayferos. Hold, base-born rabble, follow not, nor pursue after him; for, if you do, have at you. And so said, so done, he unsheathed his sword, and at one spring he planted himself close to the show, and with a violent and unheard of fury, began to rain hacks and slashes upon the Moorish





DON QUIXOTE ATTACKING THE PUPPETS.

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puppets, overthrowing some, and beheading others, laming this, and demolishing that: and, among a great many other strokes, he fetched one with such a force, that, if master Peter had not ducked and squatted down, he had chopped off his head with as much ease as if it had been made of sugar-paste. Master Peter cried out, saying: Hold, signor Don Quixote, hold, and consider, that these figures, you throw down, maim, and destroy, are not real Moors, but only puppets made of paste-board: consider, sinner that I am, that you are undoing me, and destroying my whole livelihood. For all that Don Quixote still laid about him, showering down, doubling and redoubling, fore-strokes and back-strokes, like hail. In short, in less than the saying two Credos, he demolished the whole machine, hacking to pieces all the tackling and figures, king Marsilio being sorely wounded, and the head and crown of the emperor Charlemagne cloven in two. The whole audience was in a consternation; the ape flew to the top of the house; the scholar was frightened, the page daunted, and even Sancho himself trembled mightily; for, as he swore after the storm was over, he had never seen his master in so outrageous a passion.

The general demolition of the machinery thus atchieved, Don Quixote began to be a little calm, and said: I wish I had here before me, at this instant, all those, who are not, and will not be convinced, of how much benefit knights-errant are

to the world : for, had I not been present, what would have become of good Don Gayferos and the fair Melisendra? I warrant ye, these dogs would have overtaken them by this time, and have offered them some indignity. When all is done, long live knight-errantry above all things living in the world! In God's name, let it live, and let me die, quoth master Peter at this juncture with a fainting voice, since I am so unfortunate, that I can say with king Roderigo\*, Yesterday I was sovereign of Spain, and to-day have not a foot of land I can call my own. It is not half an hour ago, nor scarce half a minute, since I was master of kings and emperors, my stalls full of horses, and my trunks and sacks full of fine things; and now I am desolate and dejected, poor and a beggar, and, what grieves me most of all, without my ape, who, i'faith, will make my teeth sweat for it, before I get him again: and all through the inconsiderate fury of this Sir knight, who is said to protect orphans, redress wrongs, and do other charitable deeds; but in me alone, praised be the highest heavens for it, his generous intention has failed. In fine, it could only be the "knight of the sorrowful figure," who was destined thus to disfigure me and mine.

Sancho Panza was moved to compassion by what master Peter had spoken, and therefore said to him:

\* The last King of the Goths in Spain overthrown by the Moors.



Weep not, master Peter, nor take on so; for you break my heart, and I assure you my master Don Quixote is so catholic and scrupulous a christian, that, if he comes to reflect that he has done you any wrong, he knows how, and will certainly make you amends with interest. If signor Don Quixote, quoth master Peter, would but repay me part of the damage he has done me, I should be satisfied, and his worship would discharge his conscience; for no body can be saved, who withholds another's property against his will, and does not make restitution. True, quoth Don Quixote; but as yet I do not know that I have any thing of yours, master Peter. How! answered master Peter: What but the invincible force of your powerful arm scattered and annihilated these relics, which lie up and down on this hard and barren ground? Whose were their bodies but mine? and how did I maintain myself but by them? Now am I entirely convinced, quoth Don Quixote at this juncture, of what I have often believed before, that those enchanters who persecute me, are perpetually setting shapes before me as they really are, and presently putting the change upon me, and transforming them into whatever they please. I protest to you, gentlemen, that hear me, that whatever has passed at this time seemed to me to pass actually and precisely so: I took Melisendra to be Melisendra; Don Gayferos, Don Gayferos; Marsilio, Marsilio; and Charlemagne, Charlemagne. This it was that

inflamed my choler ; and, in compliance with the duty of my profession as a knight-errant, I had a mind to assist and succour those who fled ; and with this good intention I did what you just now saw : if things have fallen out the reverse, it is no fault of mine, but of those my wicked persecutors ; and notwithstanding this mistake of mine, and though it did not proceed from malice, yet will I condemn myself in costs. See, master Peter, what you must have for the damaged figures, and I will pay it you down in current and lawful money of Castile. Master Peter made him a low bow, saying : I expected no less from the unexampled christianity of the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the true succourer and support of all the needy and distressed : and let master inn-keeper and the great Sancho be umpires and appraisers, between your worship and me, of what the demolished figures are or might be worth.

The inn-keeper and Sancho said they would ; and then master Peter, taking up Marsilio king of Saragossa, without a head, said : You see how impossible it is to restore this king to his pristine state, and therefore I think, with submission to better judgments, you must award me for his death and destruction four reals and a half. Proceed, quoth Don Quixote. Then for this that is cleft from top to bottom, continued master Peter, taking up the emperor Charlemagne, I think five reals and a quarter little enough to ask. Not very little

quoth Sancho. Not very much, replied the inn-keeper : but split the difference, and set him down five reals. Give him the whole five and a quarter, quoth Don Quixote ; for, in such a notable mischance as this, a quarter more or less is not worth standing upon : and make an end, master Peter ; for it grows towards supper time, and I have some symptoms of hunger upon me. For this figure, quoth master Peter, which wants a nose and an eye, and is the fair Melisendra, I must have, and can abate nothing of two reals and twelve maravedis. Nay, said Don Quixote, the devil must be in it, if Melisendra be not, by this time, with her husband, at least upon the borders of France : for methought the horse they rode upon seemed to fly rather than gallop ; and therefore do not pretend to sell me a cat for a coney, shewing me here Melisendra noseless, whereas, at this very instant, probably she is solacing herself at full stretch with her husband in France. God help every one with his own, master Peter, let us have plain-dealing, and proceed. Master Peter, finding that Don Quixote began to warp, and was returning to his old bent, had no mind he should escape him so, and therefore said to him : Now I think on it, this is not Melisendra, but one of her waiting-maids, and so with sixty maravedis I shall be well enough paid, and very well contented. Thus he went on, setting a price upon several broken figures, which the arbitrators afterwards moderated to the satis-

faction of both parties. The whole amounted to forty reals and three quarters : and over and above all this, which Sancho immediately disbursed, master Peter demanded two reals for the trouble he should have in catching his ape. Give him them, Sancho, said Don Quixote, not for catching the ape \*, but to drink. I would give two hundred to any one that could tell me for certain, that Donna Melisendra and signor Don Gayferos are at this time in France, and among their friends. Nobody can tell us that better than my ape, said master Peter : but the devil himself cannot catch him now ; though I suppose his affection for me, or hunger, will force him to come to me at night ; and to-morrow is a new day, and we shall see one another again.

In conclusion, the bustle of the puppet-show was quite over, and they all supped together in peace and good company, at the expense of Don Quixote, who was liberal to the last degree. He who carried the lances and halberts went off before day, and, after it was light, the scholar and the page came to take their leaves of Don Quixote, the one in order to return home, and the other to pursue his intended journey ; and Don Quixote gave him

\* Here, in the original, is a jingle of words “ (no para tomar el mono, sino lamona)” which it is impossible to preserve in the translation. “ Mono” signifies an ape, and “ mona,” in familiar language, is used for being drunk, or drunkenness—perhaps because men in liquor often play apish tricks.

a dozen reals to help to bear his charges. Master Peter had no mind to enter into any more "tell me's and I will tell you's" with Don Quixote, whom he knew perfectly well; and therefore up he got before sun: and, gathering up the fragments of his show, and taking his ape, away he went in quest of adventures of his own. The inn-keeper, who knew not Don Quixote, was equally in admiration at his madness and liberality. In short, Sancho, by order of his master, paid him very well; and about eight in the morning, bidding him farewell, they left the inn, and went their way, where we will leave them to give place to the relating several other things necessary to the better understanding this famous history.

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#### CHAP. X.

*Wherein is related, who master Peter and his ape were; with the ill success Don Quixote had in the braying adventure, which he finished not as he wished and intended.*

CID HAMETE, the chronicler of this grand history, begins this chapter with these words: I swear as a Catholic christian: To which his translator says, that Cid Hamete's swearing as a Catholic christian, he being a Moor, as undoubtedly he was, meant nothing more than that, as the Ca-



tholic christian, when he swears, does, or ought to speak and swear the truth, so did he, in writing of Don Quixote, and especially in declaring who master Peter was, with some account of the divining ape, who surprised all the villages thereabouts with his divinations. He says then, that whoever has read the former part of this history, must needs remember that Gines de Passamonte, to whom, among other galley-slaves, Don Quixote gave liberty in the sable mountain : a benefit, for which afterwards he had small thanks, and worse payment, from that mischievous and misbehaving crew. This Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote called Ginesillo de Parapilla, was the person who stole Sancho Panza's Dapple ; and the not particularising the when, nor the how, in the first part, through the neglect of the printers, made many ascribe the fault of the press to want of memory in the author. But in short Gines stole him, while Sancho Panza was asleep upon his back, making use of the same trick and device that Brunelo did, who, while Sacripante lay at the siege of Albraca, stole his horse from between his legs ; and afterwards Sancho recovered him, as has been already related. This Gines then (being afraid of falling into the hands of justice, which was in pursuit of him, in order to chastise him for his numberless rogueries and crimes, which were so many and so flagrant, that he himself wrote a large volume of them) resolved to pass over to the kingdom of Arragon, and, covering his left

eye, took up the trade of puppet-playing and legerdemain, both of which he perfectly understood. It fell out, that, lighting upon some christian slaves redeemed from Barbary, he bought that ape, which he taught, at a certain signal, to leap up on his shoulder, and mutter something, or seem to do so, in his ear. This done, before he entered any town, to which he was going with his show and his ape, he informed himself in the next village, or where he best could, what particular things had happened in such and such a place, and to whom; and bearing them carefully in his memory, the first thing he did, was, to exhibit his show, which was sometimes of one story, and sometimes of another, but all pleasant, gay, and generally known. The show ended, he used to propound the abilities of his ape, telling the people, he divined all that was past and present; but as to what was to come, he did not pretend to any skill therein. He demanded two reals for answering each question, and to some he afforded it cheaper, according as he found the pulse of his clients beat; and coming sometimes to houses, where he knew what had happened to the people that lived in them, though they asked no question, because they would not pay him, he gave the signal to his ape, and presently said, he told him such and such a thing, which tallied exactly with what had happened; whereby he gained infallible credit, and was followed by every body. At other times, being very cunning,

he answered in such a manner, that his answers came pat to the questions; and as nobody went about to sift, or press him to tell how his ape divined, he gulled every body, and filled his pockets. No sooner was he come into the inn, but he knew Don Quixote and Sancho; which made it very easy for him to excite the wonder of Don Quixote, Sancho, and all that were present. But it would have cost him dear, had Don Quixote directed his hand a little lower, when he cut off king Marsilio's head, and destroyed all his cavalry, as is related in the foregoing chapter. This is what offers concerning master Peter and the ape.

And, returning to Don Quixote de la Mancha, I say, he determined, before he went to Saragossa, first to visit the banks of the river Hebro, and all the parts thereabouts, since he had time enough and to spare before the tournaments began. With this design he pursued his journey, and travelled two days without lighting on any thing worth recording, till, the third day, going up a hill, he heard a great noise of drums, trumpets, and guns. At first he thought some regiment of soldiers was marching that way, and he clapped spurs to Rosinante, and ascended the hill to see them: and, being got to the top, he perceived, as he thought, in the valley beneath, above two hundred men armed with various weapons, as spears, cross-bows, partisans, halberds, and pikes, with some guns, and a great number of targets. He rode down the hill,

and drew so near to the squadron, that he saw the banners distinctly, and distinguished their colours, and observed the devices they bore; especially one upon a banner or pennant of white satin, whereon was painted to the life an ass, of the little Sardinian breed, holding up its head, its mouth open, and its tongue out, in the act and posture, as it were, of braying, and round it these two verses written in large characters:—

“ The bailiffs twain  
Bray’d not in vain.”



From this motto Don Quixote gathered, that these folks must belong to the braying town, and so he told Sancho, telling him also what was written on the banner. He said also, that the person, who had given an account of this affair, was mistaken in calling the two brayers aldermen, since, according to the motto, they were not aldermen but bailiffs. To which Sancho Panza answered: That breaks no squares, Sir; for it may very well be, that the aldermen, who brayed, might, in process of time, become bailiffs of their town, and therefore may properly be called by both those titles; though it signifies nothing to the truth of the history, whether the brayers were bailiffs or aldermen, so long as they both brayed; for a bailiff is as likely to bray as an alderman. In conclusion, they found, that the town derided was sallied forth to attack another, which had laughed at them too much, and beyond what was fitting for good neigh-

hours. Don Quixote advanced towards them, to the no small concern of Sancho, who never loved to make one in these kinds of expeditions. Those of the squadron received him amongst them, taking him for some one of their party. Don Quixote, lifting up his visor, with an easy and graceful deportment, approached the ass-banner, and all the chiefs of the army gathered about him to look at him, being struck with the same admiration that every body was the first time of seeing him. Don Quixote, seeing them so intent upon looking at him, without any one's speaking to him, or asking him any question, resolved to take advantage of this silence, and, breaking his own, he raised his voice, and said :—

Good gentlemen, I earnestly entreat you not to interrupt a discourse I shall make to you, till you find it disgusts and tires you : for, if that happens, at the least sign you shall make, I will clap a seal on my lips, and a gag upon my tongue. They all desired him to say what he pleased ; for they would hear him with a very good will. With this licence Don Quixote proceeded, saying : I, gentlemen, am a knight-errant, whose exercise is that of arms, and whose profession that of succouring those, who stand in need of succour, and relieving the distressed. Some days ago I heard of your misfortune, and the cause that induces you to take arms at every turn, to revenge yourselves on your enemies. And, having often pondered your business in my



mind, I find, that, according to the laws of duel, you are mistaken in thinking yourselves affronted: for no one person can affront a whole town, unless it be by accusing them of treason conjointly, as not knowing in particular who committed the treason, of which he accuses them. An example of this we have in Don Diego Ordonnez de Lara, who challenged the whole people of Zamora, because he did not know, that Vellido Dolfos alone had committed the treason of killing his king; and therefore he challenged them all, and the revenge and answer belonged to them all: though it is very true, that signor Don Diego went somewhat too far, and greatly exceeded the limits of challenging; for he needed not have challenged the dead, the waters, the bread, or the unborn, nor several other particularities mentioned in the challenge. But let that pass; for, when choler everflows its dam, the tongue has no father, governor, nor bridle, to restrain it. This being so, then, that a single person cannot affront a kingdom, province, city, republic, or a whole town, it is clear, there is no reason for your marching out to revenge such an affront, since it is really none. Would it not be pretty indeed, if those of the watch-making business\* should endeavour to

\* Literally, "the people of the town of Reloxa;" an imaginary town, formed from the word "relox," a clock or watch. The phrase is humorous in the original, and well adapted to the occasion, but would not have been intelligible in the translation.

knock every body's brains out, who calls them by their trade? and would it not be pleasant, if the cheese-mongers, the coster-mongers, the fish-mongers, and soap-boilers, with those of several other names and appellations, which are in every body's mouth, and common among the vulgar; would it not be fine indeed, if all these notable folks should be ashamed of their businesses, and be perpetually taking revenge, and making sackbuts of their swords upon every quarrel, though never so trivial? No, no, God neither permits nor wills it. Men of wisdom, and well-ordered commonwealths, ought to take arms, draw their swords, and hazard their lives and fortunes, upon four accounts: First, to defend the catholic faith; secondly, to defend their lives, which is agreeable to the natural and divine law; thirdly, in defence of their honour, family, or estate; and fourthly, in the service of their king, in a just war: and, if we may add a fifth (which may be ranked with the second) it is, in the defence of their country. To these five capital causes several others might be added, very just and very reasonable, and which oblige us to take arms. But to have recourse to them for trifles, and things rather subjects for laughter and pastime, than for affronts, looks like acting against common sense. Besides, taking an unjust revenge (and no revenge can be just) is acting directly against the holy religion we profess, whereby we are commanded to do good to our enemies, and to love those that hate

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us; a precept, which, though seemingly difficult, is really not so, to any but those, who have less of God than of the world, and more of the flesh than of the Spirit: for Jesus Christ, true God and man, who never lyed, nor could, nor can lye, and who is our legislator, has told us, "his yoke is easy, and his burden light:" and therefore he would not command us any thing impossible to be performed. So that, gentlemen, you are bound to be quiet and pacified by all laws both divine and human.

The devil fetch me, quoth Sancho to himself, if this master of mine be not a tologue\*; or, if not, he is as like one, as one egg is like another. Don Quixote took breath a little; and, perceiving that they still stood attentive, he had a mind to proceed in his discourse, and had certainly done so, had not Sancho's acuteness interposed: who, observing that his master paused a while, took up the cudgels for him, saying: My master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, once called "the knight of the sorrowful figure," and now "the knight of the lions," is a sage gentleman, and understands Latin and the vulgar tongue like any bachelor of arts; and, in all he handles or advises, proceeds like an expert soldier, having all the laws and statutes of what is called duel at his fingers ends: and so there is no more to be done, but to govern yourselves by his direction, and I will bear the blame if you do

\* Tologo; a blunder of Sancho's for teologo, a divine.

amiss : besides, you are but just told, how foolish it is to be ashamed to hear one bray. I remember, when I was a boy, I brayed as often as I pleased, without any body's hindering me, and with such grace and propriety, that, whenever I brayed, all the asses of the town brayed: and for all that I did not cease to be the son of my parents, who were very honest people ; and, though for this rare ability I was envied by more than a few of the proudest of my neighbours, I cared not two farthings. And to convince you, that I speak the truth, do but stay and hearken : for this science, like that of swimming, once learned, is never forgotten.

Then, laying his hands to his nostrils, he began to bray so strenuously, that the adjacent valleys resounded again. But one of those, who stood close by him, believing he was making a mock of them, lifted up a pole he had in his hand, and gave him such a polt with it, as brought Sancho Panza to the ground. Don Quixote, seeing Sancho so evil intreated, made at the striker with his lance : but so many interposed, that it was impossible for him to be revenged : on the contrary, finding a shower of stones come thick upon him, and a thousand cross-bows presented, and as many guns levelled at him, he turned Rosinante about, and, as fast as he could gallop, got out from among them, recommending himself to God with all his heart, to deliver him from this danger, fearing at every step, lest some bullet should enter at his back and come

out at his breast; and at every moment he fetched his breath, to try whether it failed him or not. But those of the squadron were satisfied with seeing him fly, and did not shoot after him. As for Sancho, they set him again upon his ass, scarce come to himself, and suffered him to follow his master; not that he had sense to guide him; but Dapple naturally followed Rosinante's steps, not enduring to be a moment from him. Don Quixote, being got a good way off, turned about his head, and saw that Sancho followed; and, finding that nobody pursued him, he stopped till he came up. Those of the squadron stayed there till night, and, the enemy not coming forth to battle, they returned to their own homes, joyful and merry: and, had they known the practice of the ancient Greeks, they would have erected a trophy in that place.

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## CHAP. XI.

*Of things, which Ben Engeli says, he, who reads them, will know, if he reads them with attention.*

**W**HEN the valiant flies, it is plain he is over-matched; for it is the part of the wise to reserve themselves for better occasions. This truth was verified in Don Quixote, who, giving way to the fury of the people, and to the evil intentions of that resentful squadron, took to his



heels, and, without bethinking him of Sancho, or of the danger in which he left him, got as far on as he deemed sufficient for his safety. Sancho followed him athwart his beast, as has been said. At last he came up to him, having recovered his senses; and, at coming up, he fell from Dapple at the feet of Rosinante, all in anguish, all bruised, and all beaten. Don Quixote alighted to examine his wounds; but, finding him whole from head to foot, with much choler he said: In an unlucky hour, Sancho, must you needs shew your skill in braying; where did you learn, that it was fitting to name a halter in the house of a man that was hanged? To the music of braying, what counterpoint could you expect but that of a cudgel? Give God thanks, Sancho, that, instead of crossing your back with a cudgel, they did not make the sign of the cross on you with a scymitar. I am not now in a condition to answer, replied Sancho; for methinks I speak through my shoulders: let us mount, and be gone from this place: as for braying, I will have done with it; but I shall not with telling, that knights-errant fly, and leave their faithful squires to be beaten to powder by their enemies. To retire is not to fly, answered Don Quixote; for you must know, Sancho, that the valour, which has not prudence for its basis, is termed rashness, and the exploits of the rash are ascribed rather to their good fortune, than their courage. I confess I did retire, but not fled; and herein I imitated sundry

valiant persons, who have reserved themselves for better times ; and of this histories are full of examples, which, being of no profit to you, or pleasure to me, I omit at present.

By this time Sancho was mounted, with the assistance of Don Quixote, who likewise got upon Rosinante ; and so fair and softly they took the way toward a grove of poplar, which they discovered about a quarter of a league off. Sancho every now and then fetched most profound sighs, and doleful groans. Don Quixote asking him the cause of such bitter moaning, he answered, that he was in pain from the lowest point of his back-bone to the nape of his neck, in such manner that he was ready to swoon. The cause of this pain, said Don Quixote, must doubtless be, that the pole they struck you with, being a long one, took in your whole back, where lie all the parts that give you pain, and, if it had reached further, it would have pained you more. Before God, quoth Sancho, your worship has brought me out of a grand doubt, and explained it in very fine terms. Body of me, was the cause of my pain so hid, that it was necessary to tell me, that I felt pain in all those parts, which the pole reached ? If my ancles ached, you might not perhaps so easily guess, why they pained me : but to divine, that I am pained because beaten, is no great business. In faith, master of mine, other men's harms hang by a hair : I descry land more and more every day, and what little I am to expect

from keeping your worship company\* ; for if this bout you let me be basted, we shall return again, and a hundred times again, to our old blanket-tossing, and other follies ; which, if this time they have fallen upon my back, the next they will fall upon my eyes. It would be much better for me, but that I am a barbarian, and shall never do any thing that is right while I live ; I say again, it would be much better for me, to return to my own house, and to my wife and children, to maintain and bring them up with the little God shall be pleased to give me, and not be following your worship through roads without a road, and pathless paths, drinking ill, and eating worse. Then for sleeping, measure out, brother squire, seven foot of earth, and, if that is not sufficient, take as many more : it is in your own power to dish up the mess, and stretch yourself out to your heart's content†. I wish I may see the first, who set on foot knight-errantry, burnt to ashes, or at least the first that would needs be squire to such ideots as all the knights-errant of former times must have been. I say nothing of the present : for, your worship being one of them, I am bound to pay them respect, and

\* Here again Sancho grows very saucy, and his master very patient ; for the Don had left him in the lurch somewhat too abruptly for his character of intrepid, and therefore bears all Sancho says.

† The very language of Don Quixote himself, when he talked of arms and letters in the inn.

because I know your worship knows a point beyond the devil in all you talk and think.

I would lay a good wager with you, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, that, now you are talking, and without interruption, you feel no pain in all your body. Talk on, my son, all that comes into your thoughts, and whatever comes uppermost; for, so you feel no pain, I shall take pleasure in the very trouble your impertinencies give me: and if you have so great a desire to return home to your wife and children, God forbid I should hinder you. You have money of mine in your hands: see how long it is since we made this third sally from our town, and how much you could or ought to get each month, and pay yourself. When I served Thomas Carrasco, father of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, whom your worship knows full well, said Sancho, I got two ducats a month, besides my victuals: with your worship I cannot tell what I may get; though I am sure it is a greater drudgery to be squire to a knight-errant, than servant to a farmer; for, in fine, we, who serve husbandmen, though we labour never so hard in the day-time, let the worst come to the worst, at night we have a supper from the pot, and we sleep in a bed, which is more than I have done since I have served your worship, excepting the short time we were at Don Diego de Miranda's house, the good cheer I had with the skimming of Camacho's pots, and what I ate, drank, and slept, at Basilius's house. All the rest

of the time I have lain on the hard ground, in the open air, subject to what people call the inclemencies of heaven, living upon bits of bread and seraps of cheese, and drinking water, sometimes from the brook, and sometimes from the fountain, such as we met with up and down by the way.

I confess, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, that all you say is true: How much think you I ought to give you more than Thomas Carrasco gave you? I think, quoth Sancho, if your worship adds two reals a month, I shall reckon myself well paid. This is to be understood as to wages due for my labour; but as to the promise your worship made of bestowing on me the government of an island, it would be just and reasonable you should add six reals more; which makes thirty in all. It is very well, replied Don Quixote: according to the wages you have allotted yourself, it is five and twenty days since we sallied from our town; reckon, Sancho, in proportion, and see what I owe you, and pay yourself, as I have already said, with your own hand. Body of me, quoth Sancho, your worship is clean out in the reckoning: for, as to the business of the promised island, we must compute from the day you promised me, to the present hour. Why, how long is it since I promised it you? said Don Quixote. If I remember right, answered Sancho, it is about twenty years and three days, more or less. Don Quixote gave himself a good clap on the forehead, with the palm of his hand,



and began to laugh very heartily, and said : Why, my rambling up and down the sable mountain, with the whole series of our sallies, scarce take up two months, and say you, Sancho, it is twenty years since I promised you the island ? Well, I perceive you have a mind your wages should swallow up all the money you have of mine : If it be so, and such is your desire, from henceforward I give it you, and much good may it do you ; for so I may get rid of so worthless a squire, I shall be glad to be left poor and pennyless. But tell me, perverter of the squirely ordinances of knight-errantry, where have you seen or read, that any squire to a knight-errant ever presumed to article with his master, and say, so much and so much per month you must give me to serve you ? Launch, launch out, cut-throat scoundrel, and hobgoblin (for thou art all these) launch, I say, into the *mare magnum* of their histories, and, if you can find, that any squire has said, or thought, what you have now said, I will give you leave to nail it on my forehead, and over and over to write fool upon my face in capitals. Turn about the bridle, or halter, of Dapple, and be gone home ; for one single step farther you go not with me. O bread ill bestowed ! O promises ill placed ! O man, that hast more of the beast than of the human creature ! Now when I thought of settling you, and in such a way, that, in spite of your wife, you should have been styled Your lordship, do you now leave me ? now you are for going, when I have

taken a firm and effectual resolution to make you lord of the best island in the world? But, as you yourself have often said, honey is not for an ass's mouth. An ass you are, an ass you will continue to be, and an ass you will die; for I verily believe, your life will reach its final period, before you will perceive or be convinced that you are a beast.

Sancho looked very wistfully at Don Quixote all the while he was thus rating him: and so great was the compunction he felt, that the tears stood in his eyes, and, with a doleful and faint voice, he said: Dear Sir, I confess, that, to be a complete ass, I want nothing but a tail: if your worship will be pleased to put me one on, I shall deem it well placed, and will serve your worship in the quality of an ass, all the remaining days of my life. Pardon me, Sir, have pity on my ignorance, and consider, that, if I talk much, it proceeds more from infirmity than malice: but, he who errs and mends, himself to God commends. I should wonder, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, if you did not mingle some little proverb with your talk. Well, I forgive you, upon condition of your amendment, and that henceforward you shew not yourself so fond of your interest, but that you endeavour to enlarge your heart, take courage, and strengthen your mind to expect the accomplishment of my promises, which, though they are deferred, are not therefore desperate. Sancho answered, he would,

though he should draw force from his weakness. Hereupon they entered the poplar grove. Don Quixote accommodated himself at the foot of an elm, and Sancho at the foot of a beech; for these kind of trees and such like have always feet, but never hands. Sancho passed the night uneasily, the cold renewing the pain of his bruises. Don Quixote passed it in his wonted meditations: but for all that they both slept, and at break of day they pursued their way towards the banks of the famous Hebro, where there befel them what shall be related in the ensuing chapter.

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## CHAP. XII.

### *Of the famous adventure of the enchanted bark.*

**I**N two days, after leaving the poplar grove, Don Quixote and Sancho, travelling as softly as foot could fall, came to the river Hebro, the sight of which gave Don Quixote great pleasure, while he saw and contemplated the verdure of its banks, the clearness of its waters, the smoothness of its current, and the abundance of its liquid crystal: which cheerful prospect brought to his remembrance a thousand amorous thoughts; and particularly he mused upon what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos: for though master Peter's ape had told him, that part of those things was true, and part

false, he inclined rather to believe all true than false, quite the reverse of Sancho, who held them all for falsehood itself.

Now, as they sauntered along in this manner, they perceived a small bark, without oars, or any sort of tackle, tied to the trunk of a tree, which grew on the brink of the river. Don Quixote looked round about him every way, and, seeing nobody at all, without more ado alighted from Rosinante, and ordered Sancho to do the like from Dapple, and to tye both the beasts very fast to the body of a poplar or willow, which grew there. Sancho asked the reason of this hasty alighting and tying. Don Quixote answered: You are to know, Sancho, that this vessel lies here for no other reason in the world but to invite me to embark in it, in order to succour some knight, or other person of high degree, who is in extreme distress; for such is the practice of enchanters in the books of chivalry, when some knight happens to be engaged in some difficulty, from which he cannot be delivered, but by the hand of another knight. Then, though they are distant from each other two or three thousand leagues, and even more, they either snatch him up in a cloud, or furnish him with a boat to embark in; and, in less than the twinkling of an eye, they carry him, through the air, or over the sea, whither they list, and where his assistance is wanted. So that, O Sancho, this bark must be placed here for the self same purpose; and this is

as true, as that it is now day; and, before it be spent, tye Dapple and Rosinante together, and the hand of God be our guide; for I would not fail to embark, though barefooted friars themselves should entreat me to the contrary\*. Since it is so, answered Sancho, and that your worship will every step be running into these same (how shall I call them?) extravagancies, there is no way but to obey, and bow the head, giving heed to the proverb: Do what your master bids you, and sit down by him at table. But for all that, as to what pertains to the discharge of my conscience, I must warn your worship, that to me this same boat seems not to belong to the enchanted, but to some fishermen upon the river; for here they catch the best shads in the world.

All this Sancho said while he was tying the cattle, leaving them to the protection and care of enchanters, with sufficient grief of his soul. Don Quixote bid him be in no pain about forsaking those beasts; for he, who was to carry themselves through ways and regions of such longitude, would take care to feed them. I do not understand your longitudes, said Sancho, nor have I heard such a word in all the days of my life. Longitude, replied Don Quixote, means length, and no wonder you do not understand it; for you are not

\* In Spain, so great is the reverence for those dirty gentlemen, that it is next to impious to refuse compliance with any thing they request.



bound to know Latin; though some there are, who pretend to know it, and are quite as ignorant as yourself. Now they are tyed, quoth Sancho, what must we do next? What? answered Don Quixote: why, bless ourselves, and weigh anchor; I mean, embark ourselves, and cut the rope where-with the vessel is tied. And, leaping into it, Sancho following him, he cut the cord, and the boat fell off by little and little from the shore; and when Sancho saw himself about a couple of yards from the bank, he began to quake, fearing he should be lost; but nothing troubled him more than to hear his ass bray, and to see Rosinante struggling to get loose; and he said to his master: The ass brays as bemoaning our absence, and Rosinante is endeavouring to get loose, to throw himself into the river after us. O dearest friends, abide in peace, and may the madness, which separates you from us, converted into a conviction of our error, return us to your presence: and here he began to weep so bitterly, that Don Quixote grew angry, and said: What are you afraid of, cowardly creature? What weep you for, heart of butter? Who pursues, who hurts you, soul of a house-rat? Or what want you, poor wretch, in the midst of the bowels of abundance? Art thou, peradventure, trudging barefoot over the Riphean mountains? No, but seated upon a bench, like an archduke, sliding easily down the stream of this charming river, whence in a short space we shall

issue out into the boundless ocean. But doubtless we are got out already, and must have gone at east seven or eight hundred leagues. If I had, here an astrolabe, to take the elevation of the pole, I would tell you how many we have gone; though either I know little, or we are already past, or shall presently pass, the equinoctial line, which divides and cuts the opposite poles at equal distances. And when we arrive at that line your worship speaks of, quoth Sancho, how far shall we have travelled? A great way, replied Don Quixote: for, of three hundred and sixty degrees, contained in the terraqueous globe, according to the computation of Ptolomy, the greatest geographer we know of, we shall have travelled one half, when we come to the line I told you of. By the lord, quoth Sancho, your worship has brought a very pretty fellow, that same Tolmy (how d'ye call him?) with his amputation, to vouch the truth of what you say.

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's blunders as to the name and computation of the geographer Ptolomy, and said: You must know, Sancho, that one of the signs, by which the Spaniards, and those who embark at Cadiz for the East Indies, discover, whether they have passed the equinoctial line I told you of, is, that all the lice upon every man in the ship die, not one remaining alive; nor is one to be found in the vessel, though they would give its weight in gold for it: and therefore, Sancho, pass

your hand over your thigh, and if you light upon any thing alive, we shall be out of this doubt, and, if not, we have passed the line. I believe nothing of all this, answered Sancho: but for all that I will do as your worship bids me, though I do not know what occasion there is for making this experiment, since I see with my own eyes, that we are not got five yards from the bank, nor fallen two yards below our cattle: for yonder stands Rosinante and Dapple in the very place where we left them; and, taking aim as I do now\*, I vow to God we do not stir nor move an ant's pace. Sancho, said Don Quixote, make the trial I bid you, and take no further care; for you know not what things colures are, nor what are lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoctials, planets, signs, points, and measures, of which the celestial and terrestrial globes are composed: for, if you knew all these things, or but a part of them, you would plainly perceive what parallels we have cut, what signs we have seen, and what constellations we have left behind us, and are just now leaving. And once more I bid you feel yourself all over, and fish: for I, for my part, am of opinion you are as clean as a sheet of paper, smooth and white. Sancho carried his hand softly and gently towards his left ham, and then lifted up his

\* Sancho, aiming as with a gun, at some mark on the shore could perceive what way the boat was making.

head, and, looking at his master, said: Either the experiment is false, or we are not arrived where your worship says, not by a great many leagues. Why, quoth Don Quixote, have you met with something then? Ay, several somethings, answered Sancho, and shaking his fingers, he washed his whole hand in the river, down whose current the boat was gently gliding, not moved by any secret influence, nor by any concealed enchanter, but merely by the stream of the water, then smooth and calm.

By this time they discovered certain large water-mills, standing in the midst of the river; and scarce had Don Quixote espied them, when he said with a loud voice to Sancho: O friend, behold, yonder appears the city, castle, or fortress, in which some knight lies under oppression, or some queen, infanta, or princess in evil plight; for whose relief I am brought hither. What the devil of a city, fortress, or castle do you talk of, Sir? quoth Sancho: do you not perceive, that they are mills standing in the river for the grinding of corn? Peace, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote; for, though they seem to be mills, they are not so: I have already told you, that enchantments transform and change all things from their natural shape. I do not say, they change them really from one thing to another, but only in appearance, as experience shewed us in the transformation of Dulcinea, the sole refuge of my hopes.

The boat, being now got into the current of the river, began to move a little faster than it had done hitherto. The millers seeing it coming adrift with the stream, and that it was just going into the mouth of the swift stream of the mill-wheels, several of them ran out in all haste with long poles to stop it; and, their faces and clothes being covered with meal, they made but an ill appearance; and calling out aloud they said: Devils of men, where are you going? are ye desperate, that ye have a mind to drown yourselves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels? Did I not tell you, Sancho, said Don Quixote, at this juncture, that we are come where I must demonstrate how far the valour of my arm extends? look what a parcel of murderers and felons come out against me: see what hobgoblins to oppose us, and what ugly countenances to scare us. Now ye shall see, rascals. And, standing up in the boat, he began to threaten the millers aloud, saying: Ill-led and worse advised scoundrels, set at liberty and free the person you keep under oppression in this your fortress or prison, whether of high or low degree: for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called "the knight of the lions," for whom, by order of the high heavens, the putting an happy end to this adventure is reserved. And, so saying, he clapped his hand to his sword, and began to fence with it in the air against the millers, who, hearing, but not understanding, these foolish flourishes, set themselves with their poles to



stop the boat, which was just entering into the stream and eddy of the wheels. Sancho fell upon his knees, and prayed to heaven devoutly to deliver him from so apparent a danger; which it did by the diligence and agility of the millers, who, setting their poles against the boat, stopt it; though not so dextrously, but that they overset it, and tipped Don Quixote and Sancho into the water. It was well for Don Quixote, that he knew how to swim like a goose; nevertheless the weight of his armour carried him twice to the bottom; and had it not been for the millers, who threw themselves into the river, and, as it were, craned them both up, they must have inevitably perished\*.

When they were dragged on shore, more wet than thirsty, Sancho, kneeling, with hands joined and eyes uplifted, beseeched God, in a long and devout prayer, to deliver him thenceforward from the daring desires and enterprises of his master. And now came the fishermen, owners of the boat, which the mill-wheels had crushed to pieces; and, seeing it broke, they began to strip Sancho, and demand payment for it of Don Quixote, who, with great tranquillity, as if nothing had befallen him, told the millers and the fishermen, he would pay for the boat with all his heart, upon condition they should deliver up to him, free and without ransom, the

\* Literally, "there had been Troy for them both." "Aqui fue Troya," "Here stood Troy," is a Spanish proverb denoting something ruined or destroyed.

person, or persons, who lay under oppression in their castle. What persons, or what castle do you mean, madman? answered one of the millers: would you carry off those, who came to grind their corn at our mills? Enough, thought Don Quixote to himself, it will be preaching in the desert, to endeavour, by entreaty, to prevail with such mob to do any thing that is honourable: and, in this adventure, two able enchanters must have engaged, the one frustrating what the other attempts, the one providing me a bark, and the other oversetting it: God help us! this world is nothing but machinations and tricks quite opposite one to the other: I can do no more. Then looking towards the mills, he raised his voice, and said: Friends, whoever you are that are enclosed in this prison, pardon me, that, through my misfortune and yours, I cannot deliver you from your affliction: this adventure is kept and reserved for some other knight. Having said this, he compounded with the fishermen, and paid fifty reals for the boat, which Sancho disbursed much against his will, saying: A couple more of such embarkations will sink our whole capital. The fishermen and millers stood wondering at these two figures, so out of the fashion and semblance of other men, not being able to comprehend what Don Quixote drove at by his questions, and the discourse he held with him: and, looking upon them as madmen, they left them, and betook themselves to their mills, and the fishermen to their huts.

Don Quixote and Sancho, like beasts themselves, returned to their beasts; and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark\*.

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### CHAP. XIII.

*Of what befel Don Quixote with a fair huntress.*

SUFFICIENTLY melancholy, and out of humour, arrived at their castle the knight and squire; especially Sancho, who was grieved to the very soul to touch the capital of the money, all that was taken from thence seeming to him to be so much taken from the very apples of his eyes. In conclusion, they mounted, without exchanging a word, and quitted the famous river; Don Quixote buried in the thoughts of his love, and Sancho in those of his preferment, which he thought, for the present, far enough off: for, as much a blockhead as he was, he saw well enough, that most, or all of his master's actions were extravagancies, and waited for an opportunity, without coming to accounts or discharges, to walk off some day or other, and

\* This adventure is evidently borrowed from Amadis de Gaul, b. 9, ch. 77, where Amadis of Greece and his damsel or squire Finistea take a fisher-boat, and put to sea, at the mercy of the winds and waves, till they are thrown upon an island, where their boat is split into a thousand pieces against the rocks.

march home. But fortune ordered matters quite contrary to what he feared.

It fell out then, that the next day, about sunset, and at going out of a wood, Don Quixote cast his eyes over a green meadow, and saw people at the farther side of it: and drawing near, he found they were persons taking the diversion of hawking. Drawing yet nearer, he observed among them a gallant lady upon a palfrey, or milk-white pad, with green furniture, and a side-saddle of cloth of silver. The lady herself also was arrayed in green, and her attire so full of fancy, and so rich, that fancy herself seemed transformed into her. On her left hand she carried a hawk; from whence Don Quixote conjectured, she must be a lady of great quality, and mistress of all those sportsmen about her, as in truth she was: and so he said to Sancho: Run, son Sancho, and tell that lady of the palfrey and the hawk, that I, "the knight of the lions," kiss the hands of her great beauty, and, if her highness gives me leave, I will wait upon her to kiss them, and to serve her to the utmost of my power, in whatever her highness shall command: and take heed, Sancho, how you speak, and have a care not to interlard your embassy with any of your proverbs. You have hit upon the interlarder, quoth Sancho: why this to me? as if this were the first time I had carried a message to high and mighty ladies in my life. Excepting that to the lady Dulcinea, replied Don Quixote, I know of none

you have carried, at least none from me. That is true, answered Sancho; but a good pay-master needs no surety; and where there is plenty, dinner is not long a dressing: I mean, there is no need of advising me; for I am prepared for all, and have a smattering of every thing. I believe it, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote: go in a good hour, and God be your guide.

Sancho went off at a round rate, forcing Dapple out of his usual pace, and came where the fair huntress was; and alighting, and kneeling before her, he said: Beauteous lady, that knight yonder, called "the knight of the lions," is my master, and I am his squire, called at home Sancho Panza. This same knight of the lions, who not long ago was called he of "the sorrowful figure," sends by me to desire your grandeur would be pleased to give leave, that, with your liking, good-will, and consent, he may approach and accomplish his wishes, which, as he says, and I believe, are no other, than to serve your high-towering falconry and beauty: which, if your ladyship grant him, you will do a thing that will redound to your grandeur's advantage, and he will receive a most signal favour and satisfaction.

Truly, good squire, answered the lady, you have delivered your message with all the circumstances, which such embassies require: rise up, for it is not fit the squire of so renowned a knight as he of "the sorrowful figure," (of whom we have already heard



a great deal in these parts) should remain upon his knees: rise, friend, and tell your master, he may come and welcome; for I, and the duke my spouse, are at his service, in a country seat we have here hard by. Sancho rose up, in admiration as well at the good lady's beauty, as at her great breeding and courtesy, and especially at what she had said, that she had some knowledge of his master, "the knight of the sorrowful figure;" and, if she did not call him "the knight of the lions," he concluded it was, because he had assumed it so very lately. The duchess (whose title is not yet known) said to him: Tell me, brother squire, is not this master of yours the person, of whom there goes about a history in print, called "The ingenious gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has for mistress of his affections one Dulcinea del Toboso?" The very same, answered Sancho; and that squire of his, who is, or ought to be, in that same history, called Sancho Panza, am I, unless I was changed in the cradle, I mean in the press. I am very glad of all this, quoth the duchess: go, brother Panza, and tell your master, he is heartily welcome to my estates, and that nothing could happen to me, which could give me greater pleasure. With this agreeable answer, Sancho, infinitely delighted, returned to his master, to whom he recounted all that the great lady had said to him, extolling, in his rustic phrase, her beauty, her good-humour, and her courtesy, to the skies. Don Quixote, putting on his

best airs, seated himself handsomely in his saddle, adjusted his visor, enlivened Rosinante's mettle, and with a genteel assurance advanced to kiss the duchess's hand; who, having caused the duke her husband to be called, had been telling him, while Don Quixote was coming up, the purport of Sancho's message; and they both, having read the first part of this history, and having learned by it the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, waited for him with the greatest pleasure, and desire to be acquainted with him, and a purpose of carrying on the humour, and giving him his own way, treating him like a knight-errant, all the while he should stay with them, with all the ceremonies usual in books of chivalry, which they had read, and were also very fond of.

By this time Don Quixote was arrived, with his beaver up; and making a shew of alighting, Sancho was hastening to hold his stirrup, but was so unlucky, that, in getting off from Dapple, his foot hung in one of the rope-stirrups, in such manner, that it was impossible for him to disentangle himself; but he hung by it with his face and breast on the ground. Don Quixote, who was not used to alight without having his stirrup held, thinking Sancho was come to do his office, threw his body off with a swing, and carrying with him Rosinante's saddle, which was ill girted, both he and the saddle came to the ground, to his no small shame, and many a heavy curse muttered between his teeth on

the unfortunate Sancho, who still had his legs in the stocks. The duke commanded some of his sportsmen to help the knight and squire; who raised up Don Quixote in ill plight through this fall; and limping, and as well as he could, he made shift to go and kneel before the lord and lady. But the duke would by no means suffer it: on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he went and embraced Don Quixote, saying: I am very sorry, Sir knight of the sorrowful figure, that your first arrival at my estate should prove so unlucky: but the carelessness of squires is often the occasion of worse mischances. It could not be accounted unlucky, O valorous prince, answered Don Quixote, though I had met with no stop till I had fallen to the bottom of the deep abyss: for the glory of having seen your highness would have raised me even from thence. My squire, God's curse light on him, is better at letting loose his tongue to say unlucky things, than at fastening a saddle to make it sit firm: but whether down or up, on foot or on horseback, I shall always be at your highness's service, and at my lady duchess's, your worthy consort, and worthy mistress of all beauty, and universal princess of courtesy. Softly, dear signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, quoth the duke; for where lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso is, it is not reasonable other beauties should be praised.

Sancho Panza was now got free from the noose; and happening to be near, before his master could

answer, he said: It cannot be denied, but must be affirmed, that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is very beautiful: but where we are least aware, there starts the hare. I have heard say, that what they call nature is like a potter, who makes earthen vessels, and he, who makes one handsome vessel, may also make two, and three, and a hundred. This I say, because, on my faith, my lady the duchess comes not a whit behind my mistress the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Don Quixote turned himself to the duchess, and said: I assure you, madam, never any knight-errant in the world had a more prating, nor a more merry-conceited squire, than I have; and he will make my words good, if your highness is pleased to make use of my service for some days. To which the duchess answered: I am glad to hear that honest Sancho is pleasant: it is a sign he is discreet; for pleasantry and good-humour, signor Don Quixote, as your worship well knows, dwell not in dull noddles; and since Sancho is pleasant and witty, from henceforward I pronounce him discreet. And a prate-apace, added Don Quixote. So much the better, quoth the duchess; for many good things cannot be expressed in few words, and, that we may not throw away all our time upon them, come on, great knight of the sorrowful figure. Of the lions, your highness should say, quoth Sancho; the sorrowful figure is no more. Of the lions then let it be, continued the duke: I say, come on, Sir knight of the lions

to a castle of mine hard by, where you shall be received in a manner suitable to a person of so elevated a rank, and as the duchess and I are wont to receive all knights-errant, who come to it.

By this time Sancho had adjusted and well girted Rosinante's saddle, and Don Quixote, mounting upon him, and the duke upon a very fine horse, they placed the duchess in the middle, and rode towards the castle. The duchess ordered Sancho to be near her, being mightily delighted with his conceits. Sancho was easily prevailed upon, and, winding himself in among the three, made a fourth in the conversation, to the great satisfaction of the duke and duchess, who looked upon it as a notable piece of good fortune, to entertain in their castle such a knight-errant, and such an erred-squire.

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#### CHAP. XIV.

*Which treats of many and great things.*

**E**XCESSIVE was the joy, which Sancho conceived, to see himself, in his thinking, a favourite of the duchess's; expecting to find in her castle the same as at Don Diego's, or Basilius's; for he was always a lover of good cheer, and consequently took every opportunity of regaling himself by the forelock, where, and whenever it presented. Now the history relates, that, before they came to the



pleasure-house, or castle, the duke rode on before, and gave all his servants their cue, in what manner they were to behave to Don Quixote ; who arriving with the duchess at the castle-gate, immediately there issued out two lacqueys or grooms, clad in a kind of morning-gowns of fine crimson satin down to their heels ; and taking Don Quixote in their arms, without being observed, said to him : Go, great Sir, and take our lady the duchess off her horse. Don Quixote did so, and great compliments passed between them thereupon. But, in short, the duchess's positiveness got the better, and she would not alight, nor descend from her palfrey, but into the duke's arms, saying, she did not think herself worthy to charge so grand a knight with so unprofitable a burden. At length the duke came out, and took her off her horse ; and at their entering into a large court-yard, two beautiful damsels came, and threw over Don Quixote's shoulders a large mantle of the finest scarlet, and, in an instant, all the galleries of the court-yard were crowded with men and women-servants, belonging to the duke and duchess, crying aloud : Welcome the flower and cream of knights-errant ! and all or most of them sprinkled whole bottles of sweet-scented waters upon Don Quixote, and on the duke and duchess ; at all which Don Quixote wondered : and this was the first day that he was thoroughly convinced of his being a true knight-errant, and not an imaginary one, finding himself treated just

as he had read knights-errant were in former times.

Sancho, abandoning Dapple, tacked himself close so the duchess, and entered into the castle: but, his conscience soon pricking him for leaving his ass alone, he approached a reverend duenna, who, among others, came out to receive the duchess, and said to her in a whisper: Mistress Gonzalez, or, what is your duennaship's name? Donna Rodriguez de Grijalva, answered the duenna: what would you please to have with me, brother? To which Sancho answered: Be so good, sweetheart, as to step to the castle-gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine; and be so kind as to order him to be put, or put him yourself, into the stable; for the poor thing is a little timorous, and cannot abide to be alone by any means in the world. If the master be as discreet as the man, answered the duenna, we are finely thriven. Go, brother, in an evil hour for you and him that brought you hither, and make account, you and your beast, that the duennas of this house are not accustomed to such kind offices. Why truly, answered Sancho, I have heard my master, who is the very mine-finder \*

\* "Zaberi." A discoverer of mines, and who has a share in the property. A child born between Holy Thursday noon, and Good Friday noon, supposed to see seven yards into the ground. It is a popish old wife's fable, first learned from the Moors, and still believed by the vulgar in Spain and Portugal.

of histories, relating the story of Lancelot, when he from Britain came, say, that ladies took care of his person, and duennas of his horse; and, as to the particular of my ass, I would not change him for signor Lancelot's steed. If you are a buffoon, brother, replied the duenna, keep your jokes for some place where they may make a better figure, and where you may be paid for them; for from me you will get nothing but a fig for them. That is pretty well, however, answered Sancho; for I am sure then it will be a ripe one, there being no danger of your losing the game of your years for want of a trick\*. You son of a whore, cried the duenna, all on fire with rage, whether I am old or no, to God I am to give an account, and not to you, rascal, garlic-eating stinkard. This she uttered so loud, that the duchess heard it, and turning about, and seeing the duenna so disturbed, and her eyes red as blood, asked her with whom she was so angry? With this good man here, answered the duenna, who has desired me in good earnest to go and set up an ass of his that stands at the castle-gate; bringing me for a precedent, that the same thing was done, I know not where, by one Lancelot, and telling me how certain ladies looked after him, and certain duennas after his steed; and to mend the matter, in mannerly terms called me old woman. I should take that for the greatest affront that

\* A metaphor from card-playing.

could be offered me, answered the duchess; and, speaking to Sancho, she said: Be assured, friend Sancho, that Donna Rodriguez is very young, and wears those veils more for authority and the fashion, than upon account of her years. May the remainder of those I have to live never prosper, answered Sancho, if I meant her any ill: I only said it, because the tenderness I have for my ass is so great, that I thought I could not recommend him to a more charitable person, than to signora Donna Rodriguez. Don Quixote, who over-heard all, said: Are these discourses, Sancho, fit for this place? Sir, answered Sancho, every one must speak of his wants, be he where he will. Here I bethought me of Dapple, and here I spoke of him; and if I had thought of him in the stable, I had spoken of him there. To which the duke said: Sancho is very much in the right, and is not to be blamed in any thing: Dapple shall have provender to his heart's content; and let Sancho take no farther care, for he shall be treated like his own person.

With these discourses, pleasing to all but Don Quixote, they mounted the stairs, and conducted Don Quixote into a great hall, hung with rich tissue and cloth of gold and brocade. Six damsels unarmed him, and served him as pages, all instructed and tutored by the duke and duchess what they were to do, and how they were to behave towards Don Quixote, that he might imagine and see they used him like a knight-errant. Don Quixote,

being unarmed, remained in his strait breeches and shammy doublet, lean, tall, and stiff, with his jaws meeting, and kissing each other on the inside: such a figure, that, if the damsels who waited upon him, had not taken care to contain themselves (that being one of the precise orders given them by their lord and lady) they had burst with laughing. They desired he would suffer himself to be undressed, and put on a clean shirt; but he would by no means consent, saying, That modesty was as becoming a knight-errant as courage. However, he bade them give Sancho the shirt; and shutting himself up with him in a room, where stood a rich bed, he pulled off his clothes, and put on the shirt; and, finding himself alone with Sancho, he said to him: Tell me, modern buffoon, and antique blockhead, do you think it a becoming thing to dishonour and affront a duenna so venerable and so worthy of respect? Was that a time to think of Dapple? Or are these gentry likely to let our beasts fare poorly, who treat their owners so elegantly? For the love of God, Sancho, refrain yourself, and do not discover the grain, lest it should be seen of how coarse a country web you are spun. Look you, sinner, the master is so much the more esteemed, by how much his servants are civiler and better bred; and one of the greatest advantages great persons have over other men, is, that they employ servants as good as themselves. Do you not consider, pitiful thou, and unhappy me, that, if people



perceive you are a gross peasant, or a ridiculous fool, they will be apt to think I am some gross cheat, or some knight of the sharpening order? No, no, friend Sancho, avoid, avoid these inconveniencies; for whoever sets up for a talker and a railer, at the first trip, tumbles down into a disgraced buffoon. Bridle your tongue, consider, and deliberate upon your words, before they go out of your mouth; and take notice, we are come to a place, from whence, by the help of God, and the valour of my arm, we may depart bettered three or even five-fold\* in fortune and reputation. Sancho promised him faithfully to sew up his mouth, or bite his tongue, before he spoke a word that was not to the purpose, and well considered, as he commanded him, and that he need be under no pain as to that matter, for no discovery should be made to his prejudice by him.

Don Quixote then dressed himself, girt on his sword, threw the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, put on a green satin cap, which the damsels had given him, and thus equipped, marched out into the great saloon, where he found the damsels drawn up in two ranks, as many on one side as the other, and all of them provided with an equipage for washing his hands †, which they administered with many

\* Literally, "in a tierce or a quint:" an allusion to the name of picquet.

† It is the custom in Italy and Spain to bring water and a towel to strangers.

reverences and ceremonies. Then came twelve pages, with the gentleman-sewer, to conduct him to dinner, where by this time the lord and lady were waiting for him. They placed him in the middle of them, and, with great pomp and majesty, conducted him to another hall, where a rich table was spread with four covers only. The duke and duchess came to the hall-door to receive him, and with them a grave ecclesiastic \* : one of those, who govern great men's houses ; one of those, who, not being princes born, know not how to instruct those that are how to demean themselves as such ; one of those, who would have the magnificence of the great measured by the narrowness of their own minds ; one of those, who, pretending to teach those they govern to be frugal, teach them to be misers. One of this sort, I say, was the grave ecclesiastic, who came out with the duke to receive Don Quixote. A thousand polite compliments passed upon this occasion ; and, taking Don Quixote between them, they went and sat down to table. The duke offered Don Quixote the upper-end, and, though he would have declined it, the importunities of the duke prevailed upon him to accept it. The ecclesiastic seated himself over-against him, and the duke and duchess on each side, Sancho was present all the while, surprised and astonished to see

\* The character of this ecclesiastic is, probably, a satire on some monk or clergyman, who had fallen foul of the author.

the honour those princes did his master, and, perceiving the many entreaties and ceremonies, which passed between the duke and Don Quixote, to make him sit down at the head of the table, he said: If your honours will give me leave, I will tell you a story of a passage that happened in our town concerning places. Scarce had Sancho said this, when Don Quixote began to tremble, believing, without doubt, he was going to say some foolish thing. Sancho observed, and understood him, and said: Be not afraid, Sir, of my breaking loose, or of my saying any thing that is not pat to the purpose: I have not forgotten the advice your worship gave me a while ago, about talking much or little, well or ill. I remember nothing, Sancho, answered Don Quixote: say what you will, so you say it quickly. What I would say, quoth Sancho, is very true, and, should it be otherwise, my master Don Quixote, who is present, will not suffer me to lie. Lie as much as you will for me, Sancho, replied Don Quixote; I will not be your hindrance; but take heed what you are going to say. I have so heeded, and reheeded it, quoth Sancho, that all is as safe as the repique in hand\*, as you will see by the operation. It will be convenient, said Don Quixote, that your honours order this blockhead to be turned out of doors; for he will be making a

\* Alluding to the game of picquet, in which the repique may be safe against the greatest cards in appearance.

thousand foolish blunders. By the life of the duke, quoth the duchess, Sancho shall not stir a jot from me: I love him much; for I know he is mighty discreet. Many such years, quoth Sancho, may your holiness live, for the good opinion you have of me, though it is not in me: but the tale I would tell is this:—

A certain gentleman of our town, very rich, and of a good family — for he was descended from the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married Donna Mencia de Quinones, who was daughter of Don Alonzo de Marannon, knight of the order of St. James, who was drowned in the Herradura; about whom there happened that quarrel in our town some years ago, in which, as I take it, my master Don Quixote was concerned, and Tommy the mad-cap, son of Balvastro the smith, was hurt — Pray, good master of mine, is not all this true? Speak, by your life, that these gentlemen may not take me for some lying prating fellow. Hitherto, said the ecclesiastic, I take you rather for a prater, than for a liar: but henceforward I know not what I shall take you for. You produce so many evidences, and so many tokens, that I cannot but say, quoth Don Quixote, it is likely you tell the truth: go on, and shorten the story; for you take the way not to have done in two days. He shall shorten nothing, quoth the duchess; and, to please me, he shall tell it his own way, though he have not done in six days; and should it take

up so many, they would be to me the most agreeable of any I ever spent in my life.

I say then, Sirs, proceeded Sancho, that this same gentleman, whom I know as well as I do my right hand from my left (for it is not a bow-shot from my house to his) invited a farmer, who was poor, but honest, to dinner. Proceed, friend, said the ecclesiastic, at this period; for you are going the way with your tale not to stop till you come to the other world. I shall stop before we get half way thither, if it pleases God, answered Sancho: and so I proceed. This same farmer, coming to the said gentleman-inviter's house——God rest his soul, for he is dead and gone, by the same token it is reported he died like an angel; for I was not by, being at that time gone a reaping to Tembleque. Pr'ythee, son, said the ecclesiastic, come back quickly from Tembleque, and, without burying the gentleman (unless you have a mind to make more burials) make an end of your tale. The business then, quoth Sancho, was this, that they being ready to sit down to table——methinks I see them now more than ever. The duke and duchess took great pleasure in seeing the displeasure the good ecclesiastic suffered by the length and pauses of Sancho's tale; but Don Quixote was quite angry and vexed. I say then, quoth Sancho, that they both standing, as I have said, and just ready to sit down, the farmer disputed obstinately with the gentleman to take the upper end of the



table, and the gentleman, with as much positiveness, pressed the farmer to take it, saying, he ought to command in his own house. But the countryman, piquing himself upon his civility and good breeding, would by no means sit down, till the gentleman, in a fret, laying both his hands upon the farmer's shoulders, made him sit down by main force, saying: Sit thee down, chaff-threshing churl; for, let me sit where I will, that is the upper end to thee. This is my tale, and truly I believe it was brought in here pretty much to the purpose.

The natural brown of Don Quixote's face was speckled with a thousand colours. The duke and duchess dissembled their laughter, that Don Quixote might not be quite abashed, he having understood Sancho's slyness: and, to wave the discourse, and prevent Sancho's running into more impertinencies, the duchess asked Don Quixote what news he had of the lady Dulcinea, and whether he had lately sent her any presents of giants or caitiffs, since he must certainly have vanquished a great many. To which Don Quixote answered: My misfortunes, madam, though they have had a beginning, will never have an end. Giants I have conquered, and caitiffs, and have sent several; but where should they find her, if she be enchanted, and transformed into the ugliest country-wench that can be imagined? I know not, quoth Sancho Panza; to me she appeared the most beautiful

creature in the world: at least, in activity, or a certain spring she has with her, I am sure she will not yield the advantage to a tumbler. In good faith, lady duchess, she bounces from the ground upon an ass as if she were a cat. Have you seen her enchanted, Sancho? quoth the duke. Seen her? answered Sancho: who the devil but I was the first that hit upon the business of her enchantment? She is as much enchanted as my father.

The ecclesiastic, when he heard talk of giants, caitiffs, and enchantments, began to suspect, that this must be Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose history the duke was commonly reading; and he had as frequently reproved him for so doing, telling him it was extravagance to read such extravagancies: and, being assured of the truth of his suspicion, with much choler he said to the duke: Your excellency, Sir, shall give an account to God for what this good man is doing. This Don Quixote, or Don Coxcomb, or how do you call him, I I fancy, can hardly be so great an ideot as your excellency would have him, laying occasions in his way to go on in his follies and extravagancies. And turning the discourse to Don Quixote, he said: And you, stupid wretch\*, who has thrust it into your brain, that you are a knight-errant, and that you conquer giants and seize caitiffs? Be gone in a good hour, and in such this is said to

\* Literally, "soul of a pitcher."

you; return to your own house, and breed up your children, if you have any; mind your affairs, and cease to ramble up and down the world, sucking the wind, and making all people laugh that know you, or know you not. Where, with a mischief, have you ever found, that there have been, or are, knights-errant? Where are there any giants in Spain, or caitiffs in La Mancha, or Dulcineas enchanted, or all the rabble rout of follies that are told of you? Don Quixote was very attentive to the words of this venerable man; and, finding that he now held his peace, without minding the respect due to the duke and duchess, with an ireful mien, and disturbed countenance, he started up, and said —But his answer deserves a chapter by itself.

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#### CHAP. XV.

*Of the answer Don Quixote gave to his reprover, with other grave and pleasant events.*

**D**ON QUIXOTE, then, standing up, and trembling from head to foot, as if he had quicksilver in his joints, with precipitate and disturbed speech, said: The place where I am, and the presence of the personages before whom I stand, together with the respect I ever had, and have, for men of your profession, restrain and tye up the hands of my just indignation: and therefore, as well upon the account of what I have said, as being

conscious of what every body knows, that the weapons of gownmen are the same as those of women,—their tongues, I will enter with mine into combat with your reverence, from whom one rather ought to have expected good counsels, than opprobrious revilings. Pious and well meant reproof demands another kind of behaviour and language; at least the reproving me in public, and so rudely, has passed all the bounds of decent reprehension: for it is better to begin with mildness than asperity, and it is not right, without knowledge of the fault, without more ado to call the offender madman and idiot. Tell me, I beseech your reverence for which of the follies you have seen in me, do you condemn and revile me, bidding me get me home, and take care of my house, and of my wife and children, without knowing whether I have either? What? is there no more to do but to enter boldly into other men's houses, to govern the masters; and shall a poor pedagogue, who never saw more of the world than what is contained within a district of twenty or thirty leagues, set himself at random to prescribe laws to chivalry, and to judge of knights-errant? Is it, then, an idle scheme, and time thrown away, to range the world, not seeking its delights, but its austerities, whereby good men aspire to the seat of immortality? If gentlemen, if persons of wealth, birth, and quality were to take me for a madman, I should look upon it as an irreparable affront: but to be esteemed a fool by

pedants, who never entered upon, or trod the paths of chivalry, I value it not a farthing. A knight I am, and a knight I will die, if it be heaven's good will. Some pass through the spacious field of proud ambition; others through that of servile and base flattery; others by the way of deceitful hypocrisy; and some by that of true religion: but I, by the influence of my star, take the narrow path of knight-errantry, for the exercise whereof I despise wealth, but not honour. I have redressed grievances, righted wrongs, chastised insolencies, vanquished giants, and trampled upon hobgoblins: I am in love, but only because knights-errant must be so; and, being so, I am no vicious lover, but a chaste Platonic one. My intentions are always directed to virtuous ends, to do good to all, and hurt to none. Whether he, who means thus, acts thus, and lives in the practice of all this, deserves to be called a fool, let your grandeurs judge, most excellent duke and duchess.

Well said, i'faith! quoth Sancho: say no more in vindication of yourself, good my lord and master; for there is no more to be said, nor to be thought, nor to be persevered in, in the world: and besides this gentleman denying, as he has denied, that there ever were, or are, knights-errant, no wonder if he knows nothing of what he has been talking of. Peradventure, quoth the ecclesiastic, you, brother, are that Sancho Panza they talk of, to whom your master has promised an island. I am so, answered



Sancho, and am he who deserves one as well as any other he whatever. I am one of those, of whom they say, Associate with good men, and thou wilt be one of them; and of those, of whom it is said again; Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fed; and, He that leaneth against a good tree, a good shelter findeth he. I have leaned to a good master, and have kept him company these many months, and shall be such another as he, if it be God's good pleasure; and if he lives and I live, neither shall he want kingdoms to rule, nor I islands to govern. That you shall not, friend Sancho, said the duke; for, in the name of signor Don Quixote, I promise you the government of one of mine, now vacant, and of no inconsiderable value. Kneel, Sancho, said Don Quixote, and kiss his excellency's feet for the favour he has done you. Sancho did so. Which the ecclesiastic seeing, he got up from table in a great pet, saying: By the habit I wear, I could find in my heart to say, your excellency is as simple as these sinners: what wonder if they are mad, since wise men authorise their follies? Your excellency may stay with them, if you please; but, while they are in the house, I will stay in my own, and save myself the trouble of reproving what I cannot remedy. And, without saying a word, or eating a bit more, away he went, the entreaties of the duke and duchess not availing to stop him; though indeed the duke said not much, through laughter, occasioned by his impertinent passion.

The laugh being over, he said to Don Quixote: Sir knight of the lions, you have answered so well for yourself, that there remains nothing to demand satisfaction for in this case: for though it has the appearance of an affront, it is by no means such, since, as women cannot give an affront, so neither can ecclesiastics, as you better know. It is true, answered Don Quixote, and the reason is, that whoever cannot be affronted, neither can he give an affront to any body. Women, children, and churchmen, as they cannot defend themselves though they are offended, so they cannot be affronted, because, as your excellency better knows, there is this difference between an injury and an affront: An affront comes from one, who can give it, does give it, and then maintains it; an injury may come from any hand, without affronting. As for example: A person stands carelessly in the street: ten others armed fall upon him, and beat him: he claps his hand to his sword, as he ought to do: but the number of his adversaries hinder him from effecting his intention, which is to revenge himself: this person is injured, but not affronted. Another example will confirm the same thing: A man stands with his back turned: another comes and strikes him with a cudgel, and runs for it when he has done: the man pursues him, and cannot overtake him: he, who received the blows, received an injury, but no affront, because the affront must be maintained. If he, who

struck him, though he did it basely and unawares, draws his sword afterwards, and stands firm, facing his enemy, he, who was struck, is both injured and affronted; injured, because he was struck treacherously, and affronted, because he, who struck him, maintained what he had done by standing his ground, and not stirring a foot. And therefore, according to the established laws of duel, I may be injured, but not affronted: for women and children cannot resent, nor can they fly, nor stand their ground. The same may be said of men consecrated to holy orders: for these three sorts of people want offensive and defensive weapons; and, though they are naturally bound to defend themselves, yet are they not to offend any body. So that, though I said before, I was injured, I now say, in no wise; for he, who cannot receive an affront, can much less give one. For which reasons I neither ought, nor do resent what that good man said to me: only I could have wished he had staid a little longer, that I might have convinced him of his error in thinking and saying, that there are no knights-errant now, nor ever were any in the world: for had Amadis, or any one of his numerous descendants, heard this, I am persuaded, it would not have fared over well with his reverence. That I will swear, quoth Sancho: they would have given him such a slash, as would have cleft him from top to bottom, like any pomegranate or over-ripe melon: they were not folks to be jested with

in that manner. By my beads, I am very certain, had Reynaldos of Montalvan heard the little gentleman talk at that rate, he would have given him such a gag, that he should not have spoken a word more in three years. Ay, ay, let him meddle with them, and see how he will escape out of their hands. The duchess was ready to die with laughter at hearing Sancho talk ; and, in her opinion, she took him to be more ridiculous and more mad than his master, and there were several others at that time of the same mind.

At last Don Quixote was calm, and dinner ended : and, taking away the cloth, there entered four damsels ; one with a silver ewer, another with a bason of silver also, a third with two fine clean towels over her shoulder, and the fourth tucked up to her elbows, and in her white hands (for doubtless they were white) a wash-ball of Naples-soap. She with the bason drew near, and, with a genteel air and assurance, clapped it under Don Quixote's beard ; who, without speaking a word, and wondering at the ceremony, believed it to be the custom of that country to wash beards instead of hands, and therefore stretched out his own as far as he could : and instantly the ewer began to rain upon him, and the wash-ball damsel hurried over his beard with great dexterity of hand, raising great flakes of snow (for the lathering was not less white) not only over the beard, but over the whole face and eyes, of the obedient knight, insomuch that it

made him shut them whether he would or no. The duke and duchess, who knew nothing of all this, were in expectation what this extraordinary laving would end in. The barber-damsel, having raised a lather a handful high, pretended that the water was all spent, and ordered the girl with the ewer to fetch more, telling her, signor Don Quixote would stay till she came back. She did so, and Don Quixote remained the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable. All that were present, being many, beheld him, and seeing him with a neck half an ell long, more than moderately swarthy, his eyes shut, and his beard all in a lather, it was a great wonder, and a sign of great discretion, that they forbore laughing. The damsels concerned in the jest held down their eyes, not daring to look at their lord and lady; who were divided between anger and laughter, not knowing what to do, whether to chastise the girls for their boldness, or reward them for the pleasure they took in beholding Don Quixote in that pickle. At last the damsel of the ewer came, and they made an end of washing Don Quixote, and then she, who carried the towels, wiped and dried him with much deliberation; and all four at once, making him a profound reverence, were going off. But the duke, that Don Quixote might not smell the jest, called the damsel with the bason, saying: Come, and wash me too, and take care you have water enough. The arch and diligent wench came,



and clapped the bason to the duke's chin, as she had done to Don Quixote's, and very expeditiously washed and lathered him well, and leaving him clean and dry, they made their curtsies, and away they went. It was afterwards known, that the duke had sworn, that, had they not washed him as they did Don Quixote, he would have punished them for their pertness, which they had discreetly made amends for by serving him in the same manner. Sancho was very attentive to the ceremonies of this washing, and said to himself: God be my guide! is it the custom, trow, of this place, to wash the beards of squires as well as of knights? On my conscience and soul, I need it much: and, if they should give me a stroke of a razor, I should take it for a still greater favour. What are you saying to yourself, Sancho? quoth the duchess. I say, madam, answered Sancho, that in other princes' courts, I have always heard say, when the cloth is taken away, they bring water to wash hands, and not suds to scour beards; and therefore one must live long, to see much: it is also said, he who lives a long life, must pass through many evils; though one of these same scourings is rather a pleasure than a pain. Take no care, friend Sancho, quoth the duchess; for I will order my damsels to wash you too, and lay you a bucking, if need be. For the present, I shall be satisfied, as to my beard, answered Sancho: for the rest, God will provide hereafter. Hark you, sewer, said

the duchess, mind what honest Sancho desires, and do precisely as he would have you. The sewer answered, that signor Sancho should be punctually obeyed; and so away he went to dinner, and took Sancho with him, the duke and duchess remaining at table with Don Quixote, discoursing of sundry and divers matters, but all relating to the profession of arms and knight-errantry.

The duchess entreated Don Quixote, since he seemed to have so happy a memory, that he would delineate and describe the beauty and features of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; for, according to what fame proclaimed of her beauty, she took it for granted, she must be the fairest creature in the world, and even in all La Mancha. Don Quixote sighed at hearing the duchess's request, and said: If I could pull out my heart, and lay it before your grandeur's eyes here upon the table in a dish, I might save my tongue the labour of telling what can hardly be conceived: for there your excellency would see her painted to the life. But why should I go about to delineate and describe, one by one, the perfections of the peerless Dulcinea, it being a burden fitter for other shoulders than mine, an enterprise worthy to employ the pencils of Parrhasius, Timantes, and Apelles, and the graving-tools of Lysippus, to paint and carve in pictures, marbles, and bronzes; and Ciceronian and Demosthenian rhetoric to praise them. What is the meaning of Demosthenian, signor Don Quixote? quoth the

duchess : it is a word I never heard in all the days of my life. Demosthenian rhetoric, answered Don Quixote, is as much as to say, the rhetoric of Demosthenes, as Ciceronian of Cicero ; who were the two greatest orators and rhetoricians in the world. That is true, said the duke, and you betrayed your ignorance in asking such a question : but for all that, signor Don Quixote would give us a great deal of pleasure in painting her to us ; for though it be but a rough draught, or sketch only, doubtless she will appear such as the most beautiful may envy. So she would most certainly, answered Don Quixote, had not the misfortune, which lately befel her, blotted her idea out of my mind ; such a misfortune, that I am in a condition rather to bewail, than to describe her : for your grandeurs must know, that, going, a few days ago, to kiss her hands, and receive her benediction, commands, and licence for this third sally, I found her quite another person than her I sought for. I found her enchanted, and converted from a princess into a country wench, from beautiful to ugly, from an angel to a devil, from fragrant to pestiferous, from courtly to rustic, from light to darkness, from a sober lady to a jumping Joan\* ; and, in fine, from Dulcinea del Toboso, to a clownish wench of Sayago†. God be my aid, cried the duke at this instant with a loud voice :

\* Alluding to her jumping upon the ass.

† Of the territory of Zamora. The phrase is applied to poor people in general.

who may it be that has done so much mischief to the world? who is it that has deprived it of the beauty that cheered it, the good humour that entertained it, and the modesty that did it honour? Who? answered Don Quixote: who could it be, but some malicious enchanter, of the many invisible ones that persecute me; that cursed race, born into the world to obscure and annihilate the exploits of the good, and to brighten and exalt the actions of the wicked? Enchanters have hitherto persecuted me; enchanters still persecute me; and enchanters will continue to persecute me, till they have tumbled me and my lofty chivalries into the profound abyss of oblivion: and they hurt and wound me in the most sensible part; since to deprive a knight-errant of his mistress, is to deprive him of the eyes he sees with, the sun that enlightens him, and the food that sustains him. I have already often said it, and now repeat it, that a knight-errant without a mistress, is like a tree without leaves, a building without cement, and a shadow without a body that causes it.

There is no more to be said, quoth the duchess: but for all that, if we are to believe the history of signor Don Quixote, lately published with the general applause of all nations, we are to collect from thence, if I remember right, that your worship never saw the lady Dulcinea, and that there is no such lady in the world, she being only an imaginary lady, begotten and born of your own brain, and

dressed out with all the graces and perfections you pleased. There is a great deal to be said upon this subject, answered Don Quixote: God knows whether there be a Dulcinea or not in the world, and whether she be imaginary or not imaginary: this is one of those things, the proof whereof is not to be too nicely inquired into. I neither begot, nor brought forth, my mistress, though I contemplate her as a lady endowed with all those qualifications, which may make her famous over the whole world; such as, the being beautiful without a blemish, grave without pride, amorous with modesty, obliging as being courteous, and courteous as being well bred; and finally, of high descent, because beauty shines and displays itself with greater degrees of perfection, when matched with noble blood, than in subjects that are of mean extraction. True, quoth the duke: but signor Don Quixote must give me leave to say what the history of his exploits forces me to speak; for from thence may be gathered, that, supposing it be allowed, that there is a Dulcinea in Toboso, or out of it, and that she is beautiful in the highest degree, as your worship describes her to us, yet in respect of high descent, she is not upon a level with the Orianas, the Alastrajareas, Madasimas, and others of that sort, of whom histories are full, as your worship well knows.

To this I can answer, replied Don Quixote, that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own works, that



virtue ennobles blood, and that a virtuous person, though mean, is more to be valued than a vicious person of quality. Besides, Dulcinea has endowments, which may raise her to be a queen, with crown and sceptre; for the merit of a beautiful virtuous woman extends to the working greater miracles, and though not formally, yet virtually she has in herself greater advantages in store. I say, signor Don Quixote, cried the duchess, that you tread with great caution, and, as the saying is, with the plummet in hand; and, for my own part, henceforward I will believe, and make all my family believe, and even my lord duke, if need be, that there is a Dulcinea in Toboso, and that she is this day living and beautiful, and especially well born and well deserving that such a knight as signor Don Quixote should be her servant; which is the highest commendation I can bestow upon her. But I cannot forbear entertaining one scruple, and bearing I know not what grudge to Sancho Panza. The scruple is;—the aforesaid history relates, that the said Sancho Panza found the said lady Dulcinea, when he carried her a letter from your worship, winnowing a sack of wheat; by the same token it says it was red; which makes me doubt the highness of her birth.

To which Don Quixote answered: Madam, your grandeur must know, that most or all the things, which besel me, exceed the ordinary bounds of what happen to other knights-errant, whether directed

by the inscrutable will of the destinies, or ordered through the malice of some envious enchanter : and as it is already a thing certain, that, among all or most of the famous knights-errant, one is privileged from being subject to the power of enchantment ; another's flesh is so impenetrable that he cannot be wounded ; as was the case of the renowned Orlando, one of the twelve peers of France, of whom it is related that he was invulnerable, excepting in the sole of his left foot, and in that only by the point of a great pin, and by no other weapon whatever : so that, when Bernardo del Carpio killed him in Roncesvalles, perceiving he could not wound him with steel, he hoisted him from the ground between his arms, and squeezed him to death, recollecting the manner in which Hercules slew Antæus, that fierce giant, who was said to be a son of the earth. I would infer from what I have said, that, perhaps, I may have some one of those privileges : not that of being invulnerable, for experience has often shewn me, that I am made of tender flesh, and by no means impenetrable ; nor that of not being subject to enchantment ; for I have already found myself clapped into a cage, in which the whole world could never have been able to have shut me up, had it not been by force of enchantments : but, since I freed myself from thence, I am inclined to believe no other can touch me ; and therefore these enchanters, seeing they cannot practise their wicked artifices upon my person, revenge themselves upon

what I love best, and have a mind to take away my life by evil entreating Dulcinea, for whom I live : and therefore I am of opinion, that, when my squire carried her my message, they had transformed her into a country wench, busied in that mean employment of winnowing wheat. But I have before said, that the wheat was not red, nor indeed wheat, but grains of oriental pearl : and for proof hereof, I must tell your grandeurs, that, coming lately through Toboso, I could not find Dulcinea's palace ; and that, Sancho my squire having seen her the other day in her own proper figure, the most beautiful on the globe, to me she appeared a coarse ugly country wench, and not well spoken, whereas she is discretion itself : and since I neither am, nor in all likelihood can be, enchanted, she it is who is the enchanted, the injured, the metamorphosed and transformed : in her my enemies have revenged themselves on me, and for her I shall live in perpetual tears till I see her restored to her former state.

All this I have said, that no stress may be laid upon what Sancho told of Dulcinea's sifting and winnowing ; for since to me she was changed, no wonder if she was metamorphosed to him. Dulcinea is well-born, of quality, and of the genteel families of Toboso, which are many, ancient, and very good ; and no doubt the peerless Dulcinea has a large share in them, for whom her town will be famous and renowned in the ages to come, as Troy

was for Helen, and Spain has been for Cava\*, though upon better grounds, and a juster title. On the other hand, I would have your grandeurs understand, that Sancho Panza is one of the most ingenious squires that ever served knight-errant: he has indeed, at times, certain simplicities so acute, that it is no small pleasure to consider, whether he has in him most of the simple or acute: he has roguery enough to pass for a knave, and negligence enough to confirm him a dunce: he doubts of every thing, and believes every thing: when I imagine he is falling headlong into stupidity, he outs with such smart sayings as raise him to the skies. In short, I would not exchange him for any other squire, though a city were given me to boot: and therefore I am in doubt, whether I shall do well to send him to the government your grandeur has favoured him with: though I perceive in him such a fitness for the business of governing, that, with a little polishing of his understanding, he would be as much master of that art, as the king is of his customs. Besides, we know by sundry experiences, that there is no need of much ability, nor much learning, to be a governor; for there are a hundred

\* A nick-name of Count Julian's daughter, who, having been ravished by King Rodrigo, occasioned the bringing in of the Moors into Spain. Her true name was Florinda; but as she was the occasion of Spain's being betrayed to the Moors, the name is left off among the women, and given to bitches.

of them up and down that can scarcely read, and yet they govern as sharp as so many hawks. The main point is, that their intention be good, and that they desire to do every thing right, and there will never be wanting counsellors to advise and direct them in what they are to do; like your governors, who, being sword-men, and not scholars, have an assistant on the bench. My counsel to him would be, All bribes to refuse, but insist on his dues; with some other little matters, which lie in my breast, and shall out in proper time, for Sancho's benefit, and the good of the island he is to govern.

Thus far had the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote proceeded in their discourse, when they heard several voices, and a great noise in the palace, and presently Sancho came into the hall all in a chafe, with a dish-clout for a slabbering bib; and after him a parcel of kitchen-boys, and other lower servants. One of them carried a tray full of water, which, by its colour and uncleanness, seemed to be dish-water. He followed and persecuted him, endeavouring with all earnestness to fix it under his chin; and another scullion seemed as solicitous to wash his beard. What is the matter, brothers? quoth the duchess, what is the matter? what would you do to this good man? What! do you not consider that he is a governor elect? To which the roguish barber answered: Madam, this gentleman will not suffer himself to be washed, as is the custom, and as our lord the duke and his master



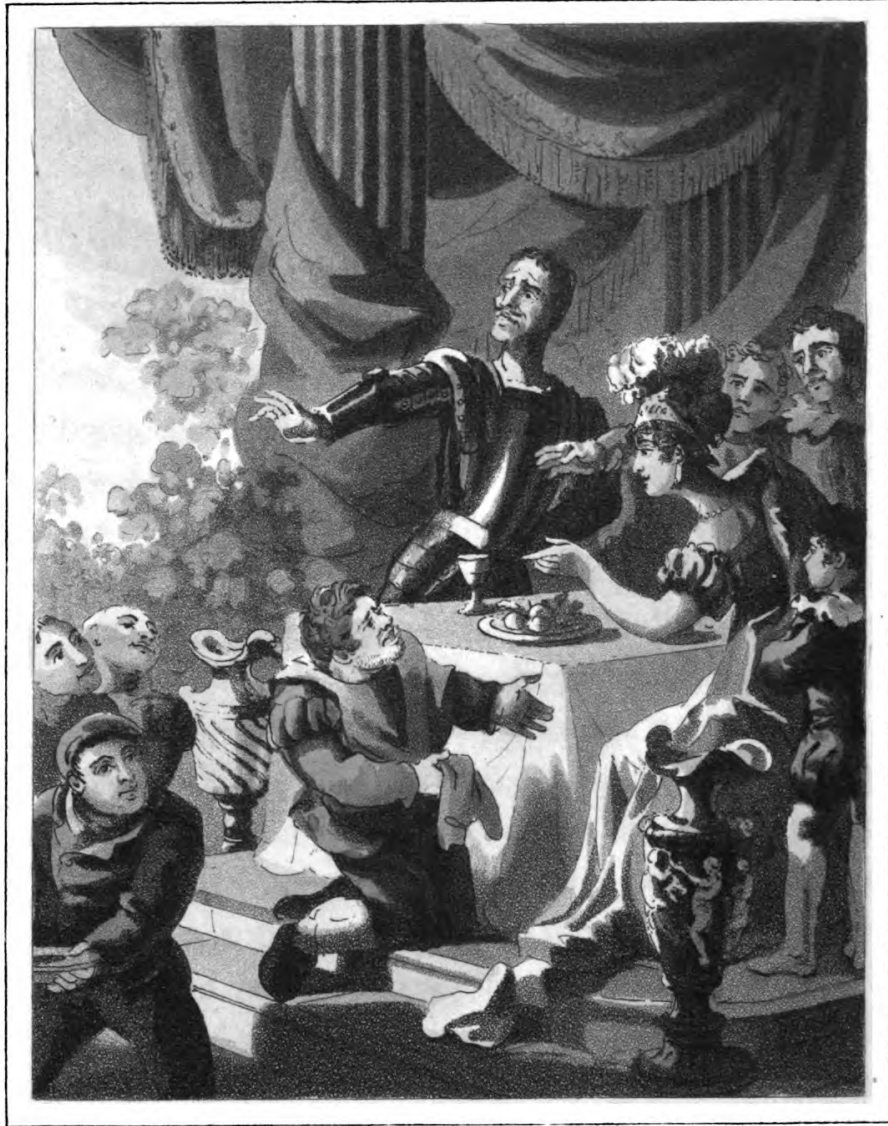
have been. Yes, I will, answered Sancho, in great wrath ; but I would have cleaner towels, and clearer suds, and not such filthy hands : for there is no such difference between me and my master, that he should be washed with angel-water, and I with the devil's ley. The customs of countries, and of princes' palaces, are so far good, as they are not troublesome : but this custom of scouring here is worse than that of the whipping penitents. My beard is clean, and I have no need of such refreshings ; and he, who offers to scour me, or touch a hair of my head (I mean of my beard) with due reverence be it spoken, I will give him such a dowse, that I will set my fist fast in his skull : for such ceremonies and soapings as these look more like gibes than courtesy to guests. The duchess was ready to die with laughing, to see the rage, and hear the reasonings of Sancho. But Don Quixote was not over-pleased, to see him so accoutred with the nasty towel, and surrounded with such a parcel of kitchen-tribe : and so making a low bow to the duke and duchess, as if begging leave to speak, he said to the rabble with a solemn voice : Ho, gentlemen cavaliers, be pleased to let the young man alone, and return from whence you came, or to any other place you list ; for my squire is as clean as another man, and these trays are as painful to him as a narrow-necked jug. Take my advice, and let him alone ; for neither he nor I understand jesting. Sancho caught the words out of his master's mouth,

and proceeded, saying: No, no, let them go on with their jokes; for I will endure it as much as it is now night. Let them bring hither a comb, or what else they please, and let them curry this beard, and if they find any thing in it that offends against cleanliness, let them shear me cross-wise.

Here the duchess, still laughing, said: Sancho Panza is in the right in whatever he has said, and will be so in whatever he shall say: he is clean, and, as he says, needs no washing; and, if he is not pleased with our custom, he is at his own disposal\*: and besides, you ministers of cleanliness have been extremely remiss and careless, and I may say presumptuous, in bringing to such a personage, and such a beard, your trays and dish-clouts, instead of ewers and basons of pure gold, and towels of Dutch diaper: but, in short, you are a parcel of scoundrels and ill-born, and cannot forbear shewing the grudge you bear to the squires of knights-errant. The roguish servants, and even the sewer who came with them, believed that the duchess spoke in earnest, and so they took Sancho's dish-clout off his neck, and with some confusion and shame slunk away and left him: who, finding himself rid of what he thought an imminent danger, went and kneeled before the duchess, and said: From great folks great favours are to be expected: that, which your ladyship has done me to-day, cannot be

\* Literally, "His soul is in his hand."





SANCHO APPEALING TO THE DUCHESS.

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repaid with less than the desire of seeing myself dubbed a knight-errant, that I may employ all the days of my life in the service of so high a lady. A peasant I am ; Sancho Panza is my name ; married I am ; children I have ; and I serve as a squire : if with any one of these I can be serviceable to your grandeur, I shall not be slower in obeying, than your ladyship in commanding. It appears plainly, Sancho, answered the duchess, that you have learned to be courteous in the school of courtesy itself. I mean, it is evident, you have been bred in the bosom of signor Don Quixote, who must needs be the cream of complaisance, and the flower of ceremony, or cirimony, as you say. Well fare such a master, and such a man, the one the pole-star of knight-errantry, and the other the bright luminary of squirely fidelity ! Rise up, friend Sancho ; for I will make you amends for your civility, by prevailing with my lord duke to perform, as soon as possible, the promise he has made you of the government.

Thus ended the conversation, and Don Quixote went to repose himself during the heat of the day, and the duchess desired Sancho, if he had not an inclination to sleep, to pass the afternoon with her and her damsels in a very cool hall. Sancho answered, that, though indeed he was wont to sleep four or five hours a-day, during the afternoon heats of the summer, to wait upon her goodness, he would endeavour with all his might not to sleep at



all that day, and would be obedient to her commands; and so away he went. The duke gave fresh orders about treating Don Quixote as a knight-errant, without deviating a tittle from the style, in which we read the knights of former times were treated.



END OF VOL. III.





