













THE  
HISTORY and ADVENTURES  
OF THE RENOWNED  
DON QUIXOTE.

Translated from the SPANISH of

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

To which is prefixed,

Some ACCOUNT of the AUTHOR'S LIFE.

By T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

Illustrated with Twenty-eight new Copper-Plates, designed by HAYMAN,  
And engraved by the best ARTISTS.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, over against Catherine-Street, in the Strand;  
T. OSBORN, T. and T. LONGMAN, C. HITCH and L. HAWES, J. HODGES,  
and J. and J. RIVINGTON.

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1755

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LONDON,

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand, opposite St. Dunstons Church, in the Strand.  
By T. SMOLLETT, M.D. and J. BARRON, Esq. in Pall Mall.  
and J. BARRON, Esq. in Pall Mall.  
MDCCLXXII.



# P R E F A C E.

**H**EAVENS! with what eagerness must thou be waiting for this prologue, courteous reader, whosoever thou art, gentle or simple, in hope of finding it replete with resentment, reproaches and revenge, against the author of the second Don Quixote: him, I mean, who 'tis reported, was ingendered at Tordesillas, and brought forth in Tarragona. But, truly, I have no intention to give thee that satisfaction; for, although injuries may awaken indignation, in vulgar breasts; mine, I hope, will always be an exception to that rule. Thou wouldst be glad, perhaps, to find me bestowing upon him, the epithets of ass, blockhead, and insolent coxcomb; but such low revenge never once entered my imagination; his own conscience will sufficiently chastise him: let him therefore chew the cud of remorse, and digest it if he can. I own, I cannot help feeling the unjust reproach, when he taxes me with lameness, and old age, as if it had been in my power to retard the lapse of time; or that I had been maimed in some tavern-brawl, and not on the most glorious occasion that ever the past or present age beheld, or posterity can ever hope to see. If my wounds do not brighten in the eyes of every spectator, they are, at least, esteemed by those who know where they were acquired\*, and who think, that a soldier who falls in battle makes a much more noble appearance than he who saves himself by flight. This opinion is so rooted within my own breast, that, were such an impossibility proposed and effected, I would rather be lame, as I am, with the share I had in that stupendous action, than sound of body, without the honour of having been there. The wounds that appear in a soldier's countenance and bosom, are so many stars to guide the rest of mankind to the heaven of honour, and the desire of honest praise; and it ought to be observed, that an author does not write with his grey hairs, but according to the dictates of his understanding, which is usually improved by years and experience. I perceive also, that he calls me envious; and, as if I were utterly ignorant, is at the pains to describe the nature of envy; though I protest, of the two kinds, I only harbour that which is pure, virtuous and noble. This being the case, as it undoubtedly is, I have not the least inclination to inveigh against any priest, especially one who bears the office of familiar to the holy inquisition; and, if what he says be advanced in behalf of him whose cause he seems to espouse, he is altogether mistaken, in my opinion, of that person, whose genius I adore: I admire his works, together with his continual occupation in the practice of virtue: but I am actually obliged to this honourable author, for saying, that my novels † are more satirical than

\* The battle of Lepanto.

† Novelas Exemplares.

exemplary, though he owns they are good of their kind; for, without being exemplary, they cannot possibly be good.

I suppose, gentle reader, thou art, by this time, of opinion, that I walk with great circumspection, and scrupulously confine myself within the bounds of modesty, conscious that it is inhuman to heap affliction on the afflicted; and that this gentleman's must needs be very great, since he dares not appear in the open field, and in the face of heaven, but conceals his name, and dissembles his country, as if he had been guilty of high treason: tell him, therefore, in my name, if ever thou shouldst chance to find him out, that I do not at all think myself injured by what he has done; for, well do I know, what temptations the devil spreads before us; and that one of his most effectual snares, is to make a man believe, that he has capacity to write a book, by which he shall obtain an equal share of money and reputation. In confirmation of what I say, I will, with thy good leave and favour, tell thee a short story.

There was in Sevil, a certain madman, seized with the most diverting whim that ever entered the brain of a lunatic. He used to walk with a hollow cane, pointed at one end; and whenever he met with a dog in the street, or in any other place, he clapped his foot on one of the creature's hind legs, pulled up the other with his hand, and applying, as well as he could, the pipe to his posteriors, instantly blew him up as round as a ball: this operation being performed, he clapt him twice on the belly, and dismissed the patient, saying, very gravely to the mob, that never failed to gather round him, "Gentlemen, I suppose now, you think it is an easy matter to blow up a dog." In like manner, I say, "I suppose your worship thinks it an easy matter to write a book." If this story should not be to his liking, be so good, friendly reader, as to tell this other, which also relates to a dog and a madman.

There was another idiot in Cordova, who had a trick of carrying upon his head, a piece of marble, or heavy stone; and, as often as he perceived any dog off his guard, he would approach him slyly, and let it fall plum upon his head. This was no joke to the poor dog, who used to run barking and howling, the length of three whole streets, before he ventured to look behind. But, among others he, one day, happened to discharge his burthen on a capmaker's favourite dog; down went the stone upon his head, the injured beast set up the howl; the master seeing what passed, was filled with indignation, snatched up his measure, and falling out upon the lunatic, did not leave a whole bone in his skin, saying at every blow he bestowed, "Dog! rascal! use my spaniel in this manner! did not you see, barbarous villain, that my dog was a spaniel!" Thus repeating the word, Spaniel, a great many times, he beat the aggressor into jelly.

The madman being documented, sneaked off, and kept his chamber a whole month; at the end of which, he returned to his former pastime, with a greater stone than ever, and coming up to a dog that lay asleep, considered him with great attention; but was afraid of discharging the stone, saying, "Ware spaniel!" In short, all the dogs he afterwards met with, whether curs or mastifs, were in his opinion, spaniels; so that he never ventured to repeat his experiment.—Now, this may be the fate of our historian, who will not choose to open the flood-gates of his wit again, in composing books, which, if bad, are harder than stone.

Tell him, likewise, that I value not his threats a farthing; when he says, that his performance will deprive me of bread; but, answer him, with a quotation from the famous interlude of the Perendenga: "To four and twenty, live my lord, and Christ be with us all." Long live the great count de Lemos, whose well-known christian generosity supports me, against all the strokes of adverse fortune; and long life to the transcendent charity of the most illustrious archbishop of Toledo, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas; if there was not one printing-press in the whole world, or if more books were published against me than there are letters in the couplets of Mingo Rebulgo; these two princes, unsolicited by any adulation or other kind of praise, on my part, but purely out of their own benevolence, have been pleased to honour me with their countenance and favour, in which I think myself infinitely more happy and rich, than if I had been conducted to the highest pinnacle of fortune, in the ordinary way. Honour may be enjoyed by a poor, but never by a vicious man: nobility may be clouded by indigence, but never altogether obscured; for, virtue shining by its own internal light, even through the inconveniencies and crannies of poverty, will recommend itself to the esteem of high and princely minds, and of consequence obtain their favour and protection. Thou need'st say no more to him; nor will I give thee any farther trouble, except to observe, that thou art to consider this Second part of Don Quixote, as a work of the same artificer, and composed of the same materials with the first, in which I present the knight at full length; and, in short, exhibit him dead and buried; that no man, for the future, may presume to raise fresh evidence against him; those already examined, being sufficient for the purpose. The more so, as a man of honour has already given an account of his ingenious follies, without any intention to resume the subject: for, there may be too much even of a good thing; and the scarcity of those things which are in themselves indifferent, often brings them into some degree of estimation. I had almost forgot to tell thee, that thou mayst expect the *Perfiles*, which I am now finishing, together with the Second Part of *Galatea*.

## A P P R O B A T I O N.

BY order of signor doctor Gutierrez de Cetina, vicar-general of the city of Madrid, where his majesty keeps his court, I have perused the Second Part of the Sage Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; in which I can find nothing unworthy of a zealous christian, or deviating from that respect which is justly due to good example and moral virtue. On the contrary, the performance contains much erudition, and profitable amusement; not only in the well-supported sequel of his design, to extirpate those vain and lying books of chivalry, which had already, too far, spread their infection; but, also in the purity of his Castilian language, unadulterated with insipid affectation, which every man of sense abhors; and in his manner of correcting the vicious, who generally feel the point of his satire. Yet, he so wisely observes the laws of christian rebuke, that the patient, labouring under the infirmity which he intends to cure, may, in such sweet and palatable medicine, even without his own knowledge, or the least hindrance and loathing, swallow down an effectual detestation for vice; so, that he will find himself at once delighted and reformed, in consequence of an art which is known to few. There are many authors, who not knowing how to blend and mix instruction with delight, have seen all their tedious labours miscarry; because, not being able to imitate Diogenes, as a learned philosopher, they have presumed licentiously, not to say obscurely, to mimic him as a cynic, giving ear to slander, and inventing things that never happened; by which means, they enlarge the vicious capacity of those whom their harsh reproofs stigmatize; and, perhaps, strike out new paths of lewdness hitherto unknown: so that, instead of reformers, they become teachers and abettors of vice. In this manner, they grow hateful to men of sense, and lose all their credit, if they had any, with the people who refuse to encourage their writings: while the vicious, are rather hardened than amended by their rash and imprudent corruption; for, the knife and caustic are not proper for all kinds of tumors, some of which are more successfully treated by soft and gentle remedies, by the application of which, the experienced and learned physician often attains his end of discussing them; a period much more eligible than that which is obtained by the barbarity of steel.

The writings of Miguel de Cervantes have met with a very different reception, not only from our nation, but likewise from strangers; who, as if he was something miraculous, are inflamed with the desire of seeing the author of those books which have met with such general applause,

on account of the decency and decorum, as well as the agreeable sweetness of his stile, in Spain, France, Italy, Germany and Flanders. This I can, with great truth, affirm, that on the twentieth and fifth day of February, in this year of God one thousand six hundred and fifteen, I attended my master, his grace Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, cardinal archbishop of Toledo, when he returned the visit of the French ambassador, who came to treat about a double match, between the princes and princesses of France and Spain; and several gentlemen of that country, belonging to the embassy, who were equally sensible and well-bred, as well as lovers of the Belles Lettres, in their conversation with me, and the other chaplains of the cardinal, desired to know what books of genius were in highest esteem among us: I chanced to mention this performance, which was then under my examination; but, no sooner did they hear the name of Miguel de Cervantes, than they began to expatiate upon the high esteem in which France, and the neighbouring kingdoms, held his productions; namely, the Galatea, which one of them could almost repeat; with the novels, and the first part of Don Quixote. Such were the commendations they bestowed upon them, that I offered to introduce them to the author, whom they honoured with a thousand demonstrations of regard. They were curious to know his age, profession, quality and fortune; and when I found myself obliged to tell them he was a soldier and a gentleman, oppressed with poverty and old age; one of them replied in these very words, "What! does not Spain load such a man with riches, and maintain him out of the public treasury."—Another of those gentlemen, hearing this observation, interposed, saying, with great vivacity, "If necessity compels him to write, God grant that he may never enjoy affluence; but, in being poor, enrich the world with his works."

I believe, this will be thought rather too much for a certificate; and some will say, that I have even encroached upon the bounds of flattery: but, the truth of my allegation, disproves that suspicion, and acquits me of the charge; besides, in this age, adulation is bestowed upon none but those, who are in a capacity of greasing the fist of the flatterer; who, though he praises in fulsome fiction, expects to be rewarded in substantial truth.

Madrid, Feb. 27.  
1615.

The Licentiate MARQUES TORRES.

## The Ordinary LICENCE.

**B**Y order and command of the lords of council, I have caused to be examined, the book specified in this petition; which book contains nothing to the prejudice of religion or morals; but, on the contrary, is fraught with much lawful amusement, blended with moral philosophy: wherefore, it may be allowed to be printed.

Madrid, Nov. 5.

1615.

Doctor GUTIERREZ DE CETINA.

## A P P R O B A T I O N.

**B**Y order and command of the lords of council, I have perused the Second part of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes: a book that contains nothing to the prejudice of our holy catholic faith, or sound morals; on the contrary, much honest recreation, and agreeable amusement, such as the antients judged not only allowable, but convenient for the commonwealth: even the severe Lacedemonians erected a statue to the goddesses of laughter; and the Theffalians instituted festivals to the same power, according to Pausanias, quoted by Vossius, Lib. II. De signis eccles. cap. 10. for exhilarating the melancholy, and raising the dejected spirits; as observed by Tully, in his first book, de Legibus; and by the poet, who says, 'Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.' Which maxim hath been the guide of this author, who has mingled fiction with truth, delight with instruction, and morals with pleasantry; disguising the hook of reproof, with the bait of sprightly entertainment, and fulfilling the sequel of his well-executed scheme, to depreciate and expel the books of chivalry, from the mischievous contagion of which he hath purged these kingdoms, with admirable diligence and dexterity. In short, it is a work worthy of that great genius which is the honour and ornament of our nation, and the envy and admiration of strangers. This is my opinion, with submission, &c.

Madrid, March 17.

1615.

JOSEPH DE VALDIVIELSO.

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THE  
LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS

Of the Sage Knight

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of the behaviour of the curate and barber, with regard to Don Quixote's infirmity.

CID Hamet Benengeli, in the second part of this history, containing the third fally of Don Quixote, relates that the curate and barber forbore to visit him for a whole month, that they might not revive and recal to his imagination, the remembrance of things past; but, during all that time, they frequently went to see the housekeeper and niece, on whom they laid strong injunctions to cherish the knight with great care and tenderness, and treat him with such comfortable food as should be most agreeable to his stomach and brain, in which, they reasonably supposed that his whole disorder lay. The ladies assured them, it was their chief study, which they would prosecute with all imaginable care and satisfaction; for, they began to perceive that their master, at certain intervals, gave tokens of being in his right wits. This information afforded great pleasure to the two friends, who now concluded they had acted wisely, in bringing him home, on the enchanted waggon, as hath been recounted in the last chapter of the first part of this sublime and punctual history; and determined to pay him a visit, that they might be convinced of his amendment, which they deemed almost impossible: tho' they agreed to avoid, with great care, the subject

of chivalry, that they might run no risk of ripping up the wound so lately closed.

In short, they entered his chamber, and found him sitting upon his bed, in a waistcoat of green bays, and a red Toledan night-cap, so meagre, shrunk and withered, that he looked like an Ægyptian mummy: he received them very courteously, and when they enquired into the state of his health, spoke of his indisposition and himself with great judgment and elocution. Their conversation happening to turn on what is called reasons of state, and modes of administration, they amended certain abuses, and condemned others, reforming one custom, and banishing another; as if each of the three had been a new legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or regenerated Solon; and in such a manner did they furbish up the commonwealth, that one would have imagined they had committed it to a forge, and brought out another quite different from that which they put in. Don Quixote spoke on every subject that was handled, with such discretion, as actually convinced the two examiners, that he was quite sound, and had recovered the right exercise of his judgment; while the niece and housekeeper, who were present all the time, thought they could never be thankful enough to God, when they heard their master talk so sensibly. But, the curate altering his first resolution, which was, to avoid the subject of chivalry, now determined to make an experiment, by which he should be thoroughly satisfied, whether the knight's cure was real or imaginary; with this view, he, from one thing to another, came to mention some news from court, and among other pieces of intelligence, said he was certainly informed that the Turk had taken the sea, with a powerful armament, tho' his design was not known, nor could it be guessed where the expected storm would burst: but, that these preparations, which keep us almost constantly in arms, had alarmed all christendom; and that his majesty had ordered the coasts of Naples and Sicily, with the island of Malta, to be provided against all attempts. To this intimation Don Quixote replied, "His majesty has acted like a most prudent warrior, in providing for the safety of his dominions, that the enemy may not find them unprepared; but, if he would take my advice, I would furnish him with an expedient, which, I believe, our sovereign at present little thinks of."

The curate no sooner heard these words, than he said within himself, "Lord have mercy upon thee, poor Don Quixote! if I am not mistaken, thou art just going to cast thyself headlong, from the highest pinnacle of madness, into the profound abyss of thy folly." But the barber, who immediately adopted the same suspicion, asked the knight what that expedient was, which he thought should be put in practice, by way of prevention; observing that it was, perhaps, such a scheme as deserved to be inserted in the  
list



list of those impertinent advices usually offered to crowned heads. "Mine Mr. shaver, said Don Quixote, will be pertinent, not impertinent." "I don't say otherwise, replied the barber, I only made that observation, because experience hath shewn, that all, or the greatest part of those projects which have been offered to his majesty, are either impossible, extravagant, or prejudicial to the state." "My scheme, answered the knight, is neither impossible nor extravagant, but, on the contrary, the most easy, just, brief and expeditious, that ever projector conceived." "Methinks your worship is very slow in delivering it, signor Don Quixote," said the priest. "I should not choose, answered the knight, to have what I say here, carried by to-morrow morning, to the ears of the lords of the council; by which means, another may reap the credit and reward of my labour." "For my own part, cried the barber, I here give my word, before God! never to disclose what your worship shall impart, either to king or knave, or any mortal man: an oath I learned in the romance of the curate, who, in the preface, gives the king notice of the robber that stole his hundred ducats, and ambling mule." "I am not acquainted with the story, said Don Quixote, but, the oath is a good oath, because I am convinced, that Mr. Nicholas is an honest man." "Be that as it will, replied the curate, I will be bound for him, and undertake, that with regard to this affair, he shall speak no more than if he was actually dumb, on pain of whatever penalty you shall think proper to inflict." "And who will be security for you, Mr. curate?" said the knight. "My profession, answered the priest, by which I am bound to keep secrets." "Body of me! cried Don Quixote, his majesty has nothing to do, but, to issue a proclamation, commanding all the knights-errant in Spain to assemble at his court, by such a day; and altho' not more than half a dozen should come, among these one may be found, who is alone sufficient to overthrow the whole Turkish power. Pray, gentlemen, give attention, and take me along with you: is it such a new thing, for a single knight to cut in pieces a whole army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had but one common throat, or were made of ginger-bread? How many histories are there, think you, filled with such marvellous exploits? Unfortunate it is for me, (I will not say, for any other) that the renowned Don Belianis is not now alive, or some knight of the innumerable race of Amadis de Gaul; for, if any one of them was now living, to confront the Turks, in good sooth, I should not choose to farm their conquests; but, God will provide for his own people, and produce some champion, who, if not equal in valour to former knights-errant, at least, will be inferior to none of them in point of courage\* —Heaven knows my meaning—I will say no

\* Ridiculous as this scheme may seem to be, such an expedient has actually succeeded in practice. During the captivity of John king of France, his dominions were ravaged by above one hundred thousand

more." "Lack-a-day! (cried the niece, when she heard this insinuation) I'll be hanged, if my uncle is not resolved to turn knight-errant again." "A knight-errant, replied Don Quixote, I will live and die; and the Turks may make their descents or ascents, when they will, with all the power they are masters of—I say again, heaven knows my meaning"—Here the barber interposing, "Gentlemen, said he, I beg you will give me leave to tell a short story of what once happened at Sevil; it comes so pat to the purpose, that I have a strong inclination to relate it." Don Quixote and the curate granted his request, and the rest yielded him attention, when he began in these words:

"There was in the mad-house at Sevil, a certain lunatic, whom his relations had sent thither, on account of the defect in his judgment: he had taken his degrees in the canon law, at Ossuna, and many were of opinion, that if he had acquired them at Salamanca, he would not have been a bit the wiser: this graduate, after having been confined some years, took it in his head, that he was quite well, and restored to his right wits; and in this imagination, wrote to the archbishop, earnestly intreating him, with many sensible arguments, to give order that he should be extricated from the misery in which he lived; since, thro' the mercy of God, he had recovered his lost judgment, tho' his relations kept him still in confinement, that they might enjoy his estate, and in despite of truth, were resolved that he should be mad to the day of his death. The archbishop, persuaded by the many sensible and pathetic letters he received, ordered one of his chaplains to go to the rector of the mad-house, and inquire into the truth of what the licentiate alledged, and even to talk with himself, that if he should find him quite recovered, he might bring him away, and set him at liberty. The chaplain obeyed the command of his grace, and the rector assured him that the man was still mad; for, although he would very often talk like a person of excellent understanding, at the long run, he commonly broke out into folly and nonsense, as absurd as the first part of his discourse was rational and discreet: however, he himself might make the experiment, by conversing with the licentiate. The chaplain accordingly went to his apartment, and talked with him a whole hour and more, during which time, the lunatic did not utter one vague or incoherent sentence, but, on the contrary, spoke so judiciously, that the chaplain could not help believing him quite sound of intellect: among other things, he told him the rector was his enemy,

peasants, who under the name of Jacqueers, assembled in arms to exterminate the noblesse, and among other horrid outrages, murdered every gentleman that fell in their way. The dutchess of Normandy and Orleans, together with three hundred ladies of rank, retired for protection to Meaux, where they were surrounded, and would have actually perished by the swords of these banditti; had they not been rescued by the count de Poix, and the captal of Buch, who hearing of their distress, hastened to their relief, with no more than sixty knights; and, without hesitation, attacked that furious multitude with such bravery and vigour, that they were soon routed and dispersed.

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and pronounced him still distracted, tho' with lucid intervals, that he might not lose the presents which he received from his relations; so, that the greatest cause of his misfortune was no other than his own affluent estate, which to enjoy, his adversaries craftily pretended to doubt of the mercy which our Lord had vouchsafed him, in re-converting him from a beast into a man: in short, he talked so effectually, as to render the rector suspected, to prove his relations covetous and unnatural, and himself so discreet, that the chaplain determined to carry him forthwith to the archbishop, that his grace might be personally satisfied of the truth. With this laudable intention, he desired the rector to order the licentiate to be dressed with the cloaths in which he entered the house; the rector again advised him to consider what he was about, for, the licentiate was without all question, still distracted: but, these cautions and counsels had no effect in dissuading the chaplain from carrying him off, and the rector seeing the archbishop's order, was fain to obey; so, that the licentiate received his own cloaths, which were decent and new. Seeing himself thus divested of the badge of his disorder, and habited again, like a person of sound intellects, he besought the chaplain, that he would be so charitable as to allow him to go and take leave of his companions in affliction; the other granted his request, and said he would accompany him, in order to see the patients; upon which, they went up stairs, followed by several persons who chanced to be then present, and the licentiate going to the gate of a cell, in which there was a furious madman, tho' at that time he was calm and quiet, said to him, "Brother, have you any commands for me? I am going to my own house; for, God of his infinite goodness and mercy, without any desert of mine, hath been pleased to restore unto me the use of my reason, and I am now perfectly recovered; so, that there is nothing impossible to the power of the Almighty: put therefore your hope and trust in him, who, as he hath restored me to my former state, will grant the same indulgence to you, if you confide in his protection—I will take care to send you some cordial food, and be sure, at all events, to eat it, for, you must know, I conclude from experience, that all our disorder proceeds from an empty stomach, and the brain's being filled with wind. Take heart, brother, take heart; for, despondence under misfortune consumes the constitution, and hastens the stroke of death." This discourse being overheard by another lunatic, who was confined in a cell opposite to that of the furious patient, he started up stark naked from an old matt on which he lay, and roared aloud, "Who is that going away so sober and so sound?" The licentiate replied, "'Tis I, brother, who am going home, being under no necessity of tarrying longer in this place; thanks be to heaven for the signal favour I have received!" "Take care what you say, Mr. licentiate, and let not the devil deceive

ceive you, answered the madman: halt a little, stay where you are, and spare yourself the trouble of being brought back." "I know that I am perfectly recovered, said the licentiate, and shall have no further occasion to visit the Stations\*." "You recovered! cried the other, good! we shall see—adieu—but, I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that, for the transgression this day committed in Sevil, by discharging you from the house, as a person of sound judgment, I will take such vengeance as shall be a monument of wrath, for ever and ever, amen. Do'st thou not know, pitiful licentiate, that all this is in my power, being, as I have already observed, Jove the thunderer, who wield the flaming bolts, with which I use to threaten, and can destroy the universe? But, with one evil only, will I chastise this ignorant people: I will not suffer one drop of rain to fall upon the city, nor its confines, nor indeed, in any part of this district, for the space of three whole years, reckoning from the day and minute in which this dreadful menace is made. Thou free! thou sound! thou recovered! and I mad! I distracted and confined! I will sooner hang myself than rain one spoonful." The bye-standers were very attentive to the vociferous exclamations of this madman, when our licentiate turning to the chaplain, and taking him by the hand, said, "Dear sir, give yourself no uneasiness or concern about what he says; for, if he who is Jupiter, withholds refreshing showers from the earth, I who am Neptune, the father and god of waters, will rain as often as I please, should there be occasion for it, in consequence of the privilege I possess." To this promise, the chaplain replied, "Nevertheless, signor Neptune, it will not be politic to incense signor Jupiter; therefore, your worship will be so good as to stay where you are, till some other day, when we may have more leisure and convenience to remove you." The rector and the rest of the company could not help laughing, the chaplain was out of countenance, the licentiate was stripped, and sent back to his cell, and so ends my story."

"And this is the story, Mr. barber, said Don Quixote, which came so pat to the purpose, that you could not help relating it? Ah! Mr. shaver, Mr. shaver, he must be blind indeed, that cannot see through the bottom of a sieve; is it possible, your worship does not know that comparisons in point of genius, virtue, beauty and descent, are always odious and ill received? I, Mr. barber, am not Neptune god of waters, neither do set up for being thought a wise man, knowing that I am not so; the sole end of my labours is to convince the world of its error, in not seeking to renew those most happy times, when the order of knight-errantry exerted itself in full perfection; but, this depraved age of ours is unworthy of tasting that

\* A certain number of churches through which they made circuits, uttering an appointed prayer at each.

felicity which was enjoyed by those ages, when knights-errant undertook the charge, and burdened their shoulders with the defence of kingdoms, the protection of damsels, the relief of wards and orphans, the chastisement of the proud, and the promotion of the humble. The greatest part of your modern knights rustle in damasks, brocades, and other rich and splendid attire, instead of rattling in coats of mail: no knight now sleeps in the open field, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, armed at all points, capap-pec: no warrior, in this degenerate age, sits on horseback, and without disengaging his feet from the stirrups, but, leaning upon his lance, endeavours to take, as it were, a snatch of sleep, after the example of former knights-errant: no champion, now-a-days coming out of some dreary wood, immediately enters another rocky wilderness, thro' which he reaches the barren and deserted coast of the rough and stormy sea, where finding, in some creek, a crazy boat without oars, sails, mast or tackle, he intrepidly throws himself into it, and launches out upon the implacable billows that whirl him aloft to heaven, and then sink him to the profound abyss, while his unshaken soul defies the storm: then, when he dreams of no such matter, he finds himself three thousand leagues and more from the place where he embarked, and leaping ashore on some remote and unknown country, atchieves adventures worthy to be written, not on parchment, but on brass: but, now, sloth triumphs over activity, idleness over toil, vice over virtue, arrogance over valour, and the theory over the practice of arms, which obtained and shone resplendent in those golden ages that produced knights-errant. Pray, tell me, who could be more honourable and valiant than the famous Amadis de Gaul? who more discreet than Palmerin of England? who more insinuating and pliant than Tirante the white? who more gallant than Lifuarte of Greece? who more hacked and hacking than Don Belianis? who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? or, who more daring than Felixmarte of Hy. cania? who more sincere than Esplandian? who more desperate than Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamont? who more prudent than king Sobrino? who more bold than Reynaldo? who more invincible than Roldan? and who more gallant and courteous than Rogero, from whom (according to Turpin, in his Cosmographia) the present dukes of Ferrara are descended. All these, and many more which I could name, Mr. curate, were knights-errant, and the very light and glory of chivalry: these, or such as these, are the champions proposed by my scheme, which, should it take place, would effectually serve his majesty's purpose, spare an infinite expence, and the Turk would even tear his own beard in despair: in that case, I would tarry where I am, since the chaplain would not think fit to enlarge me, and if Jupiter, as the barber said, would not rain, here am I ready to frustrate his intent:

this

this I mention, that Mr. bafon there, may know I understand his meaning." " Verily, fignor Don Quixote, faid Mr. Nicholas, I meant no harm, fo help me God! my intention was good, and therefore, your worship ought not to be displeafed." " Whether I am displeafed or not, replied the knight, I myfelf know beft."

Here the curate interpoſing, faid, " Tho' I have hitherto ſcarce opened my mouth, I cannot be eaſy under a ſcruple which tears and gnaws my conſcience, and which aroſe from what fignor Don Quixote hath juſt now aſſerted." " In greater matters, Mr. curate may command me, answered the knight: out with your ſcruple, then; for ſcruples of conſcience are very uncomfortable companions." " With your good permiſſion, replied the prieſt, this it is: I can, by no means perſuade myſelf that the whole tribe of knights-errant, whom your worship have named, were really and truly earthly perſons of fleſh and blood; on the contrary, I imagine, all theſe things are fictions, fables, and lying dreams, recounted by men who are awake, or rather, by thoſe who are half a ſleep." " That, faid Don Quixote, is another error incident to many people, who do not believe that any ſuch knights ever exiſted; and I have, on divers and fundry occaſions, endeavoured to diſſipate that almoſt general miſtake, by the light of truth: ſometimes, indeed, I have not ſucceeded in my attempts; however, I have frequently gained my point, by ſupporting it on the ſhoulders of demonſtration; and truly, the caſe is ſo clear, that I could almoſt affirm, I have with my own eyes, beheld Amadis de Gaul, who was a tall man, of a fair complexion, well furniſhed with a black beard, his aſpect ſomething between mild and ſevere, concise of ſpeech, ſlow to anger, and ſoon appeaſed. In the ſame manner, methinks, I could delineate and paint all the knights-errant that ever were recorded in hiſtory; for, according to the ideas formed by reading theſe hiſtories, and by comparing their exploits and diſpoſitions, found philoſophy may diſcover their lineaments, ſtatures, and complexions." " Signor Don Quixote, faid the barber, how large do you think the giant Morgante muſt have been?" " As to the affair of giants, answered the knight, there are different opinions; ſome affirming, and others denying the exiſtence of any ſuch beings: but the holy ſcriptures, which ſurely cannot fail one atom, in point of truth, put that affair beyond all diſpute, in relating the ſtory of that Philiftine Goliah, who was ſeven cubits and an half in height; a moſt amazing ſtature! Beſides, in the iſland of Sicily, ſeveral thigh and ſhoulder-bones have been dug up, ſo large as to manifeſt, that the perſons to whom they belonged muſt have been huge giants, as tall as high towers; and this can be proved by mathematical demonſtration: but, nevertheleſs, I will not pretend to aſcertain the ſize of Morgante; tho' I believe he was not very tall, becauſe, I find in  
the

the history which gives a particular account of his exploits, that he often slept under a roof; now, if there was any house capacious enough to receive him, his magnitude could not be very extraordinary." "No, surely," said the curate, who being diverted with his extravagant assertions, asked his opinion, concerning the looks and persons of Reynaldo de Montalvan, Don Roldan, and the rest of the twelve peers of France, who were all knights-errant. "With regard to Reynaldo, answered Don Quixote, I will venture to say, he was broad-visaged, of a ruddy complexion, with large rolling eyes, full of punctilio, excessively choleric, and a friend to robbers and vagabonds. As for Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando, for, he is mentioned in history by all these names, it is my opinion, and, I affirm, that he was of a midling stature, broad-shouldered, somewhat bandy-legged, of a dark complexion and carotty beard, hairy all over, with a frowning aspect, sparing of speech, though very affable and well-bred." "If Roldan was not more comely than you have represented him, replied the curate, I do not wonder that Angelica the fair disdained and deserted him, for the gallantry, mirth and pleasantry of the little smock-faced Moor, to whose embraces she yielded; and surely, she was in the right, to prefer the smoothness of Medoro to the roughness of Roldan." "That same Angelica, Mr. curate, said the knight, was an unsettled, rambling young woman that longed after novelties, and left the world as full of her impertinent actions as of the fame of her beauty. She undervalued a thousand noblemen, a thousand valiant and discreet admirers, and contented herself with a yellow-haired page, who had neither fortune nor reputation, but that of being grateful to his friend. The renowned Ariosto, who sung the praises of her beauty, either not daring or not designing to rehearse what happened to her after her base intrigue, because he deemed it a theme not extremely honourable for his muse, dropped her at these lines:

Another bard may sing in loftier lay,  
How he obtain'd the scepter of Cathay.

And truly, this was a sort of prophecy; for, the poets are also called vates, which, in Latin, signifies diviners, and it was plainly verified in the event, an Andaluzian bard having since that time sung in verse her tears and lamentation, as the most famous and sublime genius of Castile hath celebrated her beauty."

"Pray tell me, signor Don Quixote, said the barber, among all those authors who have written in her praise, hath not some one or other

composed a satire against my lady Angelica?" "I firmly believe, replied the knight, that if Sacripante or Roldan had been bards, they would have made the damsel smart severely, it being natural and peculiar to poets, who are disdained and rejected by their false mistresses, whether real or imaginary, to revenge themselves by satires and lampoons; a resentment altogether unworthy of generous breasts; but, hitherto I have not met with any such defamatory verses against the lady Angelica, tho' she made strange confusion in the world." "That is a wonder, indeed," said the curate, when hearing the housekeeper and niece, who had sometime before quitted the company, bawling aloud in the yard, they ran out to see what was the occasion of such noise.

## C H A P. II.

The notable fray that happened between Sancho and Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper; with other diverting incidents.

**T**HE history relates, that the noise which Don Quixote, the curate and barber heard, was occasioned by the niece and housekeeper scolding at Sancho, who struggled to get in and see his master, while they defended the door. "What does the swag-bellied lurcher want in this house?" said the housekeeper, get you home, brother; it was you and none but you, that turned my poor master's brain, inticing him from his own home, to strol about the highways." To this apostrophe Sancho replied, "Housekeeper of satan! 'tis my brain that's turned; 'twas I that was inticed to strol about the highways, and not thy master; for, he carried me a rambling: so that you have reckoned without your host. 'Twas he that wheedled me from my own house, with the promise of an island, which I expect to this good hour." "Devil choak thee with islands, thou cursed cormorant! cried the niece, and pray, what is an island; is it any thing to eat, thou gorbellied glutton, ha?" "No, not to eat, but to govern, answered Sancho, and a fat government it is. Better than the places of any four of the king's alcaldes." "Be that as it will, said the housekeeper, thou shan't set foot in this house, thou bag of mischief and bundle of malice! go, and look after thy own family, fatten thy hogs, and let us hear no more of these islands or oyl-lands."

The curate and barber were highly entertained with this dialogue; but, Don Quixote, fearing that Sancho would open his budget, and disburthen himself of some mischievous load of folly, by blabbing things not much to his credit, called him in, bidding the women hold their tongues, and  
give



give him entrance. Sancho being accordingly admitted, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Quixote, whose recovery they despaired of, seeing him so unalterably fixed in his folly, and so wholly possessed with the frantic spirit of knight-errantry. "You shall see, neighbour," said the curate to the barber, "that when we least think of it, this poor gentleman will make another fally." "That I make no doubt of," answered the barber, "but I don't wonder so much at the madness of the knight as at the simplicity of the squire, who believes so devoutly in this island, that, I think, all the invention of man could not extract it from his skull." "God mend them!" replied the curate; "mean while, let us keep a strict eye over their behaviour, and observe the operation of their joint extravagance; for, the madness of the master seems to have been cast in the same mould with the foolishness of the man, and, in my opinion, the one without the other would not be worth a farthing." "True," said the barber, "and I should be glad to know what they are now talking of." "I dare say," replied the curate, "the niece and housekeeper will give us a good account of their conversation; for, they are none of those who can resist the opportunity of listening."

In the mean time, Don Quixote having shut himself up in his apartment with Sancho, said, "It gives me much concern, Sancho, to hear thee say, as thou dost, that I enticed thee from thy cottage, when thou knowest that I, at the same time, quitted my own house: together we set out, lived and travelled together; sharing the same fortune and the same fate. If thou hast been once tossed in a blanket, I have been bruised an hundred times, and this is the only pre-eminence I enjoyed." "And that's but reasonable," replied Sancho, "according to your worship's own remark, that misfortune belongs more to knights-errant, than to their squires." "There you are mistaken, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for the Latin adage says, *Quando caput dolet, &c.*" "Nay, quoth Sancho, I understand no lingo but my mother-tongue." "The meaning," said his master, "is, When the head akes, all the members are affected. I therefore, as thy lord and master, am thy head, and thou as my servant are a part of me; so, that whatever mischief has happened, or may happen to me, ought to extend to thee likewise, in the same manner as I bear a share in all thy sufferings." "That may be," said Sancho; "but when I, as a member, was tossed in a blanket, my head sat peaceably on the other side of the wall, and beheld me vaulting in the air, without feeling the least uneasiness; and since the members are obliged to ake with the head, I think it is but just, that the head should ake with the members." "How canst thou affirm, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that I

felt no pain while thou wast tossed in the blanket? Say, or think so no more; for, I was, at that time, more afflicted in mind than thou in body.

“But let us wave this subject for the present; and, time will, no doubt, offer an opportunity of considering it more maturely, and of setting every thing to rights; and tell me, friend Sancho, how am I spoke of in this place? what say the vulgar? what character do I bear among the gentry? and how am I treated by the knights? what is their opinion of my valour, exploits and courteous behaviour? and how do they relish the design I have undertaken of raising and restoring to the world the long-forgotten order of knight-errantry? In short, Sancho, I desire that thou wilt inform me of every thing thou hast heard on this subject, without adding to the good, or subtracting from the evil; it being the duty of servants to represent the truth to their masters, in its own native form, neither exaggerated by adulation, nor diminished by any other vain respect; and let me tell thee, Sancho, if the naked truth was always conveyed to the ears of princes, undisguised by flattery, we should see better days, and other æras would deserve the name of the iron age, more than the present, which would be justly looked upon as the age of gold. Remember this advice, Sancho, and inform me with honesty and discretion, of all that thou knowest, in regard to what I have asked.” “That I will with all my heart, sir, answered Sancho, on condition that your worship wont be offended with the truth, since you desire to see it in its nakedness, just as it came to my knowledge.” “I shall not be offended in the least, replied Don Quixote; speak therefore, freely, without going about the bush.”

“Well then, said the squire, in the first place, you must know that the common people think your worship a stark, staring madman, and me a most notorious fool; the better sort say, that scorning the rank of a private gentleman, you have put Don before your name, and dubbed yourself knight, with a small garden, a few acres of land, and a doublet clouted on both sides. The knights forsooth are affronted that your small gentry should pretend to vie with them, especially those needy squires who sole their own shoes, and darn their black hose with green filk.” “That observation, said Don Quixote, cannot affect me, for I always wear good cloaths, and never appear patched. My doublet may, indeed, be torn, but then it is by my armour, not by time.” “Touching the valour, courtesy, adventures and design of your worship, said Sancho, there are different opinions. Some say he is mad, but a diverting madman; others allow that he is valiant, but unlucky; a third set observe, that he is courteous, but impertinent; and in this manner

we are handled so feverely, that neither your worship nor I have a whole bone left." " You see, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that whenever virtue shines in an eminent degree, she always meets with persecution. Few or none of the celebrated heroes of antiquity could escape the calumnies of malice: Julius Cæsar, a most daring, wise and valiant general, was accused of being ambitious, and not over cleanly in his customs or apparel: Alexander, who by his achievements acquired the name of Great, was said to be a drunkard: and Hercules, renowned for his labours, reported to have been lewd and effeminate: Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, was grumbled at for being excessively quarrelsome, and Amadis himself ridiculed as an arrant whiner. Therefore, son Sancho, among so many aspersions thrown upon such great men, I may well overlook what is said against me; since it is no worse than what thou hast repeated." " That's the very thing, body of my father!" replied Sancho. " What is there any thing more?" said his master. " More! cried the squire, the tail is yet unflea'd. What you have heard is but cakes and gingerbread; but, if your worship would know all the backbitings we suffer, I will this moment bring hither one, who can inform you of every circumstance, without losing a crumb; for, last night, the son of Bartholomew Carrasco arrived from Salamanca, where he has been at his studies, and got a batchelor's degree; and when I went to welcome him home, he told me there was a printed book of your worship's history, in which you go by the name of ' The ingenious squire Don Quixote de la Mancha; ' and that I am mentioned in it, by my own name of Sancho Panza, as well as my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with other things that passed between you and me only; at hearing of which, I crossed myself through fear, wondring, how they should come to the knowledge of the historian." " You may depend upon it, Sancho, said Don Quixote, the author of our history must be some sage enchanter; for nothing is hid from writers of that class." " How can he be a sage enchanter, said Sancho; when batchelor Sampson Carrasco (for that's the name of him who told me) says the author of our history is called Cid Hamet Bean-and-jelly?" " That name is moorish," replied Don Quixote. " Very like, said the squire, for I have often heard, that the Moors are very fond of beans and jellies." " Thou must certainly be mistaken, Sancho, said Don Quixote, in the surname of that Cid, which in Arabic, signifies Signor." " Very possible, answered the squire, but if your worship desires to see the batchelor, I will bring him hither in a twinkling." " Thou wilt oblige me very much, my friend, said Don Quixote, for what thou hast told me has bred such doubts and suspence within  
me,

me, that I cannot eat a morsel, until I am informed of the whole affair." "Then I'll go seek him," replied Sancho, who, leaving his master, went in quest of the batchelor, with whom he returned in a little time, and a most pleasant dialogue ensued.

### C H A P. III.

The ludicrous conversation that passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the batchelor Sampson Carrasco.

**D**ON Quixote remained extremely pensive, in expectation of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear news of himself, in print, according to Sancho's information; though he could scarce persuade himself, that there could be such a history extant; the blood of his enemies whom he had slain, being scarce, as yet, dry upon the blade of his sword; and yet they would have his high achievements already recorded in printed books. He therefore imagined that some sage, either friend or foe, had cast them off, by the power of enchantment: if a friend, in order to aggrandize and extol them above the most distinguished exploits of knight-errantry; if an enemy, to annihilate and depress them beneath the meanest actions that ever were recorded of any squire. "Although, said he, within himself, the deeds of squires are never committed to writing; and, if my history actually exists, seeing it treats of a knight-errant, it must, of necessity, be pompous, sublime, surprizing, magnificent, and true." This reflection consoled him a little: but he became uneasy again, when he recollected that his author was a Moor, as appeared by the name of Cid; and that no truth was to be expected from that people, who are all false, deceitful, and chimerical. He was afraid that his amours were treated with some indecency, that might impair and prejudice the honour of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, wishing for nothing more than a true representation of his fidelity, and the decorum he always preserved, in refusing queens, empresses and damsels of all ranks, while he kept the impulse of his passions under the rein. Tossed therefore, and fluctuating on these and many other fancies, he was found by Sancho and Carrasco, whom the knight received with great courtesy.

The batchelor, though his name was Sampson, was not very big, but a great wag, of a pale complexion and excellent understanding; he was about the age of four and twenty; had a round visage, flat nose, and capacious mouth, all symptoms of a mischievous disposition, addicted to  
jokes

jokes and raillery; as appeared, when he approached Don Quixote, before whom he fell upon his knees, saying, "Permit me to kiss your most puissant hand, signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, for by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, though I have received no other orders than the first four, your worship is one of the most famous knights-errant that ever were, or ever will be, within the circumference of the globe! Blest be Cid Hamet Benengeli, who wrote the history of your greatness! and thrice blest that curious person who took care to have it translated from the Arabic into our mother tongue, for the entertainment of mankind!" Don Quixote raising him up, said, "'Tis true, then that there is a history of me, and that the sage who composed it is a Moor." "So true, signor, (said Sampson) that to my certain knowledge, there are twelve thousand volumes of it, this day, in print; let Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they were printed, contradict me, if they can. It is even reported to be now in the press at Antwerp; and I can easily perceive, that there is scarce a nation or language into which it will not be translated." "One of the things, said Don Quixote on this occasion, which ought to afford the greatest satisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man, is to live and see himself celebrated in different languages, and his actions recorded in print, with universal approbation; I say with approbation, because to be represented otherwise, is worse than the worst of deaths." "In point of reputation and renown, said the batchelor, your worship alone, bears away the palm from all other knights-errant; for, the Moor in Arabic, and the Christian in his language, have been careful of painting the gallantry of your worship to the life; your vast courage in encountering dangers, your patience in adversity, your fortitude in the midst of wounds and mischance, together with the honour and chastity of your platonic love for my lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso."

Here Sancho interposing, said, "I never heard my lady called Donna Dulcinea, but simply the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; so that there the history is wrong." "That is no material objection," answered Carrasco. "No, sure, replied the knight; but tell me Mr. batchelor, which of my exploits is most esteemed in this history?" "As to that particular, said the batchelor, there are as many different opinions as there are different tastes. Some stick to the adventure of the windmills, which to your worship appeared monstrous giants; others, to that of the fulling-mills: this reader, to the description of the two armies, which were afterwards metamorphosed into flocks of sheep; while another magnifies that of the dead body, which was carrying to the place of interment at Segovia: one says, that the deliverance of the gally-slaves excels all the rest; and

a second affirms, that none of them equals the adventure of the Benedictine giants, and your battle with the valiant Biscayner." Here Sancho interrupting him again, said, "Tell me, Mr. batchelor, is the adventure of the Yanguesiens mentioned, when our modest Rozinante\* longed for green pease in December." "Nothing, replied Sampson, has escaped the pen of the sage author, who relates every thing most minutely, even to the capers which honest Sancho cut in the blanket." "I cut no capers in the blanket, answered Sancho; but in the air, I grant you, I performed more than I desired." "In my opinion, said Don Quixote, there is no human history that does not contain reverses of fortune, especially those that treat of chivalry, which cannot always be attended with success." "Nevertheless, resumed the batchelor, some who have read your history, say, they should not have been sorry, had the authors forgot a few of those infinite drubbings which, in different encounters, were bestowed on the great Don Quixote." "But in this, consists the truth of history," said the squire.

Don Quixote observed, that they might as well have omitted them; for those incidents, which neither change nor affect the truth of the story, ought to be left out, if they tend to depreciate the chief character. "Take my word for it, said he, Æneas was not so pious as Virgil represents him, nor Ulysses so prudent as he is represented by Homer." "True, said Sampson, but it is one thing to compose as a poet, and another to record as an historian: the poet may relate or rehearse things, not as they were, but as they ought to have been; whereas, an historian must transmit them, not as they ought to have been, but exactly as they were; without adding to, or subtracting the least tittle from the truth." "Since this moorish gentleman has told all the truth, said Sancho, I don't doubt that among the drubbings of my master, he has mentioned mine also; for, they never took the measure of his shoulders, without crossing my whole body; but at this I ought not to wonder, since, as he observes, when the head aches, the members ought to have their share of the pain." "You are a sly rogue, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, and I find you don't want memory, when you think proper to use it." "If I had all the mind in the world, said Sancho, to forget the blows I have received, the marks, which are still fresh upon my carcase, would by no means allow me."

"Hold your peace, Sancho, said the knight, and don't interrupt Mr. batchelor, whom I intreat to proceed, and let me know, what more is

\* *Pedir cotufas en el golfo*, signifies to look for tartuffles in the sea, a proverb applicable to those who are too sanguine in their expectations, and unreasonable in their desires.

said of me in this same history." "Ay, and of me too, cried Sancho, who, they say, am one of the principal personages of it." "You mean persons and not personages, friend Sancho," said Sampson. "What! have we got another reprimander of words? said the squire; since it is come to this, we shall never have done." "Plague light on me! Sancho, replied the batchelor, if you are not the second person of the history; and there are many who would rather hear you speak than the first character in the book; tho' some there be also, who say you are excessively credulous, in believing there could be any foundation for the government of that island, which was promised to you by signor Don Quixote, here present." " \* There is no time lost, said Don Quixote, while thou art advancing in years, Sancho, age will bring experience; and then thou wilt be more qualified and fit to govern than thou art at present." "'Fore God! Sir, said Sancho, the island which I cannot govern with these years, I shall never govern, were I as old as Methusalem: the mischief is, that this same island is delayed I don't know how; not that I want noddle to govern it." "Recommend it, Sancho, said Don Quixote, to the direction of heaven, which does all for the best, and may perhaps exceed your expectation; for, not a leaf can move upon a tree, without the permission of God." "True, said Sampson, if it be the will of God, Sancho shall not want a thousand islands, much less one to govern." "I have seen governors in my time, quoth Sancho, who, to my thinking, did not come up to the sole of my shoe, and yet they were called your lordship, and served in plate." "Those were not governors of islands, replied Sampson, but of other governments more easily managed; for, such as govern islands, ought, at least, to have some grammatical knowledge." "I know very well how to † cram, said Sancho, but as to the matted cawl, I will neither meddle nor make, because I don't understand it: but, leaving this government in the hands of God, who will dispose of me the best for his own service, I am, Mr. Batchelor Sampson Carrasco, infinitely pleased and rejoiced that the author of our history has spoke of me in such a manner as not to give offence; for, by the faith of a good squire! if he had said any thing of me, that did not become an old christian as I am, the deaf should have heard of it." "That were a miracle indeed!" answered Sampson. "Miracle or no miracle, said Sancho, let every man take care how he speaks or writes of honest people, and not set down at a venture, the first thing that comes into his jolterhead."

\* *Aun ay sol en las bardas*---. There is still sun-shine on the wall.---i. e. It is not yet too late.

† Finding it impossible to translate the original pun or blunder, I have substituted another in its room, on the word Grammatical, which I think has at least an equally good effect.

“ One of the faults that are found with the history, added the batchelor, is, that the author has inserted in it, a novel intituled *The Impertinent Curiosity*? Not that the thing itself is bad, or poorly executed; but, because it is unseasonable, and has nothing to do with the story of his worship signor Don Quixote.” “ I’ll lay a wager, cried Sancho, that this son of a cur has made a strange hodge-podge of the whole.” “ Now, I find, said the knight, that the author of my history is no sage, but some ignorant prater, who, without either judgment or premeditation, has undertaken to write it at random, like Orbaneja the painter of Ubeda, who being asked what he painted, answered, “ Just as it happens;” and when he would sometimes scrawl out a mishapen cock, was fain to write under it in Gothic letters, This is a Cock; and my history being of the same kind, will need a commentary to make it intelligible.” “ Not at all,” answered Sampson, it is already so plain, that there is not the least ambiguity in it: the very children handle it, boys read it, men understand, and old people applaud it: in short, it is so thumbed, so read, and so well known by every body, that no sooner a meagre horse appears, than they say, “ There goes Rozinante;” but those who peruse it most, are your pages: you cannot go into a nobleman’s antichamber, where you won’t find a Don Quixote, which is no sooner laid down by one, than another takes it up, some struggling, and some intreating for a sight of it: in fine, this history is the most delightful and least prejudicial entertainment that ever was seen: for, in the whole book, there is not the least shadow of a dishonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good catholic.” “ To write otherwise, said Don Quixote, were not to publish truth, but to propagate lies; and those historians who deal in such, ought to be burnt like coiners of false money: but, I cannot imagine what induced the author to avail himself of novels and stories that did not belong to the subject, when he had such a fund of my adventures to relate: he doubtless stuck to the proverb \*, so the gizzard is crammed, it matters not how; for, truly, had he confined himself to the manifestation of my reveries, my sighs, my tears, my benevolence, and undertakings; he might have compiled a volume larger, or as large as all the works of Tostatus bound together: really, Mr. batchelor, according to my comprehension, it requires great judgment and a ripe understanding to compose histories, or indeed any books whatever; for, to write with elegance and wit is the province of great geniuses only: the wisest person in the comedy is he that plays the fool; for, he must be no simpleton, who can exhibit a diverting re-

\* The original is *De poca, y di heno, el jergon lleno*; i. e. The bed is filled, tho’ it be with hay and straw.



presentation of folly. History is a sacred subject, because the soul of it is truth, and where truth is, there the divinity will reside; yet there are some who compose and cast off books, as if they were tossing up a dish of pancakes."

"There is no book so bad, said the bachelor, but you may find something good in it." "Doubtless, replied the knight, but it frequently happens, that those who have deservedly purchased and acquired great reputation by their writings, lose it all, or at least, forfeit a part of it in printing them." "The reason, said Sampson, is, that printed works are perused with leisure, consequently their faults easily observed; and the greater the reputation of the author is, the more severely are they scrutinized: men celebrated for their genius, great poets, and illustrious historians, are, for the most part, if not always envied by those whose pleasure and particular entertainment consists in criticising the works of others, without having obliged the world with any thing of their own." "That is not to be wondered at, said Don Quixote, for there are many theologicians who make but a poor figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent in discerning the faults and superfluities of those who preach well." "That is all true, signor Don Quixote, said Carrasco, and I could wish that those censurers were either a little more compassionate, or something less scrupulous, than to insist upon such blemishes of the work they decry, as may be compared to little spots in the sun, and as aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus, consider how long the author watched, in order to display the light of his performance, with as little shade as possible: perhaps too, those things which disgust them, are no other than moles, that sometimes add to the beauty of the face on which they grow: and therefore I affirm, that he who publishes a book, runs an immense risk; because, it is absolutely impossible to compose such an one as will please and entertain every reader." "I believe, few will relish that which treats of me," said the knight. "Quite the contrary, answered Sampson, for as stultorum infinitus est numerus, the number of those who are delighted with your history, is infinite; tho' some accuse the author's memory as false or faulty, because he has forgot to tell who the thief was that stole Sancho's Dapple, of whom there was not a word mentioned: we can only infer from the history, that he was stolen; and by-and-by, we find the squire mounted on the same beast, without knowing how he was retrieved: they say likewise, that he has omitted telling what Sancho did with those hundred crowns which he found in the portmanteau, in Sierra Morena; and which are never mentioned, tho' many people desire to know what use he made of them; and this is one of the chief defects in the work."

“ Mr. Sampson, answered the squire, I am not in an humour at present, to give accounts and reckonings of that affair; for, I feel a certain faintishness in my stomach, and if I don't recruit it with a couple of draughts of old stingo, I shall be in most grievous taking\*: I have the cordial at home, and my dame waits for me; but, when I have filled my belly, I will return and satisfy your worship, and all the world, in whatever they shall desire to ask, both with regard to the loss of my beast, and the spending of the hundred crowns.” So, without expecting a reply, or speaking another word, he hied him home, while Don Quixote desired and intreated the batchelor to stay and do penance with him. The batchelor accepted the invitation, and stayed; a pair of pigeons was added to the knight's ordinary; he talked of nothing but chivalry, at table, and Carrasco encouraged the discourse: the repast ended, they took their afternoon's nap, Sancho returned, and the former conversation was renewed.

#### C H A P. IV.

In which Sancho Panza satisfies the doubts, and answers the questions of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco; with other incidents worthy to be recited and known.

**S**ANCHO returning to his master's house, resumed the former conversation, to gratify Mr. Sampson, who said he wanted to know, when, in what manner, and by whom his ass had been stolen: “ You must know, then, said he, that very night we fled from the holy brotherhood, and got into the brown mountain, after the misventuresome adventure of the galley-slaves, and the corpse that was carrying to Segovia, we took up our quarters in a thicket, where my master and I, being both fatigued, and sorely bruised in the frays we had just finished, went to rest, he leaning upon his lance, and I lolling upon Dapple, as if we had been stretched upon four feather-beds: I, in particular, slept so sound, that the thief, whosoever he was, had an opportunity of coming and propping me up with four stakes, fixed under the corner of my pannel, on which I was left astride; so that he slipt Dapple from under me, without my perceiving it in the least.” “ And this no difficult matter, nor new device, said Don Quixote; for, the same thing happened to Sacripante, at the siege of Albraca, where, by this contrivance, his horse was stolen from between his legs, by the famous

\* In Spanish, *Me pondra en la Espina de Santa Lucia*; i. e. Will put me on St. Lucia's thorn: applicable to any uneasy situation.

robber Brunelo." "When morning came, proceeded Sancho, I no sooner began to stretch myself, than the stakes gave way, and down I came to the ground, with a vengeance: I looked for my beast, and finding he was gone, the tears gushed from my eyes, and I set up a lamentation, which, if the author of our history has not set down, you may depend upon it, he hath neglected a very excellent circumstance: a good many days after this mischance, as I chanced to be travelling with my lady the princess Micomicona, descrying a person riding towards me, in the habit of a gypsie, I immediately knew my own ass, and discovered the rider to be Gines de Passamonte, that impostor and notorious malefactor, whom my master and I delivered from the galley-chain."

"The error lies not in that part of the history, replied the batchelor, but, consists in the author's saying that Sancho rode on the same ass, before it appears, that he had retrieved him." "As to that affair, said the squire, I can give you no satisfactory answer, perhaps, it was an oversight in the historian, or owing to the carelessness of the printer." "Doubtless it was so, replied Sampson, but, what became of these hundred crowns? were they laid up, or laid out?" "I laid them out, answered Sancho, in necessaries for my own person, my wife and children; and those crowns were the cause of my gossip's bearing patiently, my ramblings and roving in the service of my lord and master Don Quixote; for, if after such a long absence, I had come home without my ass, and never a cross in my pocket, I might have expected a welcome the wrong way. Now, if you have any thing else to ask, here I am, ready to answer the king in person; and it matters not to any person, whether I did or did not bring them home, or whether I spent them or lent them; for, if the blows I have received in our peregrinations, were to be repaid with money, rated at no more than four maravedis apiece, another hundred crowns would not quit one half of the score: therefore, let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and not pretend to mistake an \* hawk for a hand-faw; for, we are all as God made us, and many of us much worse."

"I will take care, said Carrasco, to apprise the author of the history, that if it should come to another edition, he may not forget to insert what honest Sancho observes, as it will not a little contribute to raise the value of the work." "Mr. batchelor, said the knight, did you in reading it, perceive any thing else that ought to be amended?" "There might be some things altered for the better, replied Carrasco; but, none of such consequence as those already mentioned." "And pray, resumed Don Quixote, does the author promise a second part?" "Yes, said Sampson,

\* In the original, "Black for white."

but,

but, he ſays, he has not yet found it, nor does he know in whoſe poſſeſſion it is; ſo, that we are ſtill in doubt, whether or not it will ſee the light: on that account, therefore, and likewise, becauſe ſome people ſay that ſecond parts are never good, while others obſerve, that too much already hath been written concerning Don Quixote, it is believed that there will be no ſecond part; tho' there is a third ſort more jovial than wiſe, who cry, "Quixote for ever! let the knight engage, and Sancho Panza harrangue; come what will, we ſhall be ſatiſfied." "And how does the author ſeem inclined?" ſaid the knight. "How?" answered Carrasco, to ſet the preſs agoing, as ſoon as he can find the hiſtory, for which he is now ſearching with all imaginable diligence; thereto ſwayed by intereſt, more than by any motive of praiſe." "Since the author keeps intereſt and money in his eye, ſaid Sancho, it will be a wonder if he ſucceeds; for, he'll do nothing but hurry, hurry, like a taylor on Eaſter-eve; and your works that are trumped up in a haſte, are never finiſhed with that perfection they require: I would have Mr. Moor take care, and conſider what he is about; for, my maſter and I will furniſh him with materials, in point of adventures and different events, ſufficient to compoſe not only one, but an hundred ſecond parts. What! I ſuppoſe the honeſt man thinks we are now ſleeping among ſtraw; but, let him lift up our feet, and then he will ſee which of them wants to be ſhod: all that I ſhall ſay, is, if my maſter had taken my advice, we might have been already in the fields, redreſſing grievances, and righting wrongs, according to the uſe and cuſtom of true knights-errant."

Scarce had Sancho pronounced theſe laſt words, when their ears were ſaluted by the neighing of Rozinante, which Don Quixote conſidered as a moſt happy omen, and determined in three or four days, to ſet out on his third expedition: accordingly, he declared his intention to the batchelor, whoſe advice he aſked with regard to the route he ſhould take. Sampſon ſaid, that in his opinion, he ought to direct his courſe towards the kingdom of Arragon, and go to Saragoſſa, where, in a few days, was to be held a moſt ſolemn tournament on the feſtival of St. George; there he would have an opportunity of winning the palm from the Arragonian knights, which would raiſe his reputation above that of all the champions upon earth: he applauded his deſign, as a moſt valiant and honourable determination, and begged he would be more cautious in encountering dangers, becauſe his life was not his own, but the property of all thoſe who had occaſion for protection and ſuccour in diſtreſs.

"That

“ That is the very thing I repose, Mr. Sampson, said the squire, for, my master thinks no more of attacking an hundred men in arms, than a hungry boy would think of swallowing half a dozen \* pippins: body of the universe! Mr. batchelor, if there are times for attacking, there are also seasons for retreating: the cry must not always be, St. Jago †! charge, Spain;” especially as I have heard, and if I remember aright, my master himself has often observed, that valour lies in the middle, between the extremes of cowardice and rashness: this being the case, I would not have him fly without good reason, nor give the assault when he is likely to be overpowered by numbers; but, above all things, I give my master notice, that if he carries me along with him, it shall be on condition, that he fight all the battles himself, and I be obliged to do nothing, but tend his person, that is, take care of his belly, and keep him sweet and clean; in which case, I will ‡ jig it away, with pleasure; but, to think that I will put hand to sword, even against base-born plebeians, with cap and hatchet, is a wild imagination: for my own part, Mr. Sampson, I do not pretend to the reputation of being valiant, but, of being the best and loyalest squire that ever served a knight-errant; and if my master Don Quixote, in consideration of my great and faithful services, shall be pleased to bestow upon me one of those many islands which his worship says, will fall in his way, I shall very thankfully receive the favour; and even, if he should not keep his word, here stand I, simple as I am, and one man must not depend upon another, but, trust in God alone: besides, the bread I eat, without a government, mayhap will relish better than the dainties of a governor; and how do I know, but the devil may, in these governments, raise some stumbling-block, over which I shall fall and beat out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho will I die; but, nevertheless, if by the favour of providence, I could fairly and softly, without much risk or anxiety, obtain an island, or some such matter, I am not such a ninny as to throw it away; for, as the saying is, When the heifer is offered, be ready with the rope; and when good fortune comes to thy door, be sure to bid it welcome.”

“ Brother Sancho, said the batchelor, you have spoke like a professor; but, for all that, put your trust in God, and signor Don Quixote, who instead of an island will give you a whole kingdom.” “ The one as likely as the other, answered Sancho; tho’ I dare venture to assure signor Car-

\* Literally *Badeas*, a kind of water melon.

† This is the cry uttered by the Spaniards when they charge in battle.

‡ *Baylar el agua delante*, is a phrase applicable to those who do their duty with alacrity, taken from the practice of watering the courts in Spain, an office which the maids perform with a motion that resembles dancing.

rasco, that the kingdom, which my master shall bestow upon me, will not be put into a rotten sack; for, I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health sufficient to rule kingdoms and govern islands, as I have, upon many other occasions, hinted to my master." "Consider, Sancho, said the batchelor, that honours often change the disposition; and, perhaps, when you come to be governor, you will not know the mother that bore you." "That may be the case, answered the squire, with those who were born among mallows; but, not with me, who have got four inches of old christian fuet on my ribs: then, if you come to consider my disposition, you will find I am incapable of behaving ungratefully to any person whatever." "God grant it to be so, said the knight; but, this will appear when you arrive at the government, which methinks, I have already in mine eye."

He then intreated the batchelor, if he was a poet, to favour him with a copy of verses on his intended parting from his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, and desired that every line might begin with a letter of her name, so that the initials being joined together, might make Dulcinea del Toboso. Carrasco, tho' he owned he was not one of the famous poets of Spain, who were said to be but three \* and an half, promised to compose such an acrostic as he desired, which, by the by, he foresaw, would be no easy talk, because the name consisted of seventeen letters, and if he should make four stanzas of four lines each, one must be left out; or should they be composed of five, called decimas or roundelays, three letters would be wanting to complete the number: however, he would endeavour to sink one letter as much as he could; so that in four stanzas, the name Dulcinea del Toboso should be included. "That must be done, at all events, said Don Quixote; for, if the name be not plain and manifest, no woman will believe that she was the subject of the poem." This affair being thus settled, as also the time of their departure, which was fixed at the distance of eight days, Don Quixote charged the batchelor to keep it secret, especially from the curate, Mr. Nicholas, his niece and housekeeper, that they might not obstruct his honourable and valiant determination. Carrasco having promised to observe this caution, took his leave of the knight, whom he begged to favour him, on every occasion, with an account of his good or evil fortune, and Sancho went home, to provide every thing necessary for their expedition.

\* Alonzo de Ercilla, author of the Araucana, Juan Rufo de Cordova, author of the Ausriada, Christopher Verves de Valentia, author of the Montferrate, and as for the half, Cervantes in all probability meant himself.

## C H A P. V.

Of the sage and pleasant dialogue between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Panza, with other incidents worthy to be most happily recorded.

**T**HE translator says, he looks upon this chapter as apocryphal, because it represents Sancho Panza speaking in a style quite different from that which might be expected from his shallow understanding, and making such ingenious observations, as he thinks it impossible he should know; but, he would not leave it out, that he might punctually perform the duty of a faithful translator, and therefore proceeds in these words:

Sancho returned to his own house, in such high spirits, that his wife perceived his gaiety at the distance of a bowshot, and could not help saying, "What is the matter, friend Sancho, that you seem so joyful?" To this question the squire answered, "An it pleased God, wife, I should be very glad, if I were not so joyful as I seem to be." "Truly, husband, replied \* Teresa, I don't understand you, and cannot conceive what you mean, by saying, you should be very glad, an it pleased God, you were not so joyful; for, simple tho' I be, I am always glad with what makes me joyful." "Mark me, Teresa, said the squire, I am rejoiced, because it is determined that I shall return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who is going to make a third sally in quest of adventures, and I must accompany him in his expedition; for, so my destiny will have it, together with the comfortable and lovely hope of finding another hundred crowns like those I have expended; on the other hand, sorry am I to part with thee and my children; and if God would permit me to eat my bread, dry-shod at home, without dragging me over cliffs and cross-paths: (and this might be done at a small expence, if he would only say the word) it is plain, that my joy would be more firm and perfect; whereas, that which I feel at present, is mingled with the melancholy thoughts of leaving thee, my duck: wherefore, I justly said I should be glad, an it pleased God, I were less joyful." "Verily, Sancho, said his wife, ever since you made yourself a member of knight-errantry, you talk in such a round-about manner, that there is no understanding what you say." "Let it suffice, answered the squire, that I am understood by God, who is the understander of all things; and there let it rest: mean while, take notice,

\* Sancho's wife has already been mentioned under the names of Juana and Mary, and now she is called Teresa.

gossip, it will be convenient for you to tend Dapple for these two three days, with special care; let his allowance be doubled, that he may be enabled to carry arms, and look out for the pannel and the rest of the tackle; for, we are not going to a wedding, but, to traverse the globe, and give and take dry blows with your giants, dragons and hobgoblins, and hear nothing but hissing, roaring, bellowing and bleating; and all this would be but flowers of lavender, were it not our doom to encounter with Yangueshians and enchanted Moors." "I very well believe, that squires-errant do not eat the bread of idleness, replied Teresa; and therefore, husband, I shall continually pray to our Lord, to deliver you from such misfortunes." "I tell thee, wife, said Sancho, if I did not expect to see myself in a little time governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot." "By no means, dear husband, cried Teresa, let the hen live, tho' she have the pip; and I hope you will live, tho' the devil run away with all the governments upon earth: without a government, did you come from your mother's womb; without a government have you lived to this good hour; and without a government shall you go or be carried to your grave, in God's own time: there are many in the world, who have no governments, and yet, for all that, they live and are numbered among the people. Hunger is the best fauce, and as that is never wanting among the poor, they always relish what they eat; but, take care, Sancho, if you come to a government, that you do not forget me and your children: consider, Sanchico has already fifteen good years over his head, and that it is time for him to go to school, if, in case his uncle the abbot has a mind to breed him to the church: consider too, that your daughter Mary Sancha will not break her heart if we marry her; for, I am much mistaken if she does not long for a husband, as much as you do for a government, and the short and the long of it is, you had better have your daughter ill married than well debauched."

"Take my word for it, answered Sancho, if by the blessing of God, I come to any sort of government, I intend, my dear, to match Mary Sancha so high, as that no body shall come near her, without calling her, your ladyship." "Never think of that, Sancho! cried Teresa, match her with her equal; which will be more prudent than to raise her from clogs to pattens, from good fourteen-penny hoyden grey, to farthingales and petticoats of silk, and from Molly and thou, to Donna and my lady such-a-one: the girl's head would be quite turned, and she would be continually falling into some blunder, that would discover the coarse thread of her home-spun breeding." "Shut that foolish mouth of thine, said Sancho; in two or three years practice, quality and politeness will become quite



quite familiar to her; or, if they should not, what does it signify? let her first be a lady, and then happen what will." "Meddle, Sancho, with those of your own station, replied Teresa, and seek not to lift your head too high; but, remember the proverb that says, When your neighbour's son comes to the door, wipe his nose and take him in. It would be a fine thing, truly, to match our Mary with a great count or cavalier, who would, when he should take it in his head, look upon her as a monster, and call her country wench, and clod-breaker's and hemp-spinner's brat: that shall never happen in my life-time, husband; it was not for that, I brought up my child: do you find a portion, and as to her marriage, leave that to my care; there is Lope Tocho, old John Tocho's son, a jolly young fellow, stout and wholesome, whom we all know, and I can perceive that he has no dislike to the girl: besides, he being our equal, she will be very well matched with him; for, we shall always have them under our eye, and the two families will live together, parents and children, sons and daughters in-law, and the peace and blessing of God will dwell amongst us: wherefore you shall not match me her in your courts and grand palaces, where she will neither understand nor be understood." "Heark ye, you beast and yoke-fellow for Barabbas! replied Sancho, why wouldst thou, now, without rhyme or reason, prevent me from matching my daughter, so as that my grandchildren shall be persons of quality? remember, Teresa, I have often heard my elders and betters observe. He that's coy when fortune's kind, may, after seek, but never find. And should not I be to blame, if, now that she knocks at my door, I should bolt it against her? Let us therefore, take the advantage of the favourable gale that blows."

It was this uncommon stile, with what Sancho says below, that induced the translator to pronounce the whole chapter apocryphal.

"Can't you perceive, animal, with half an eye, proceeded Sancho, that I shall act wisely, in devoting this body of mine to some beneficial government that will lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha according to my own good pleasure: then thou wilt hear thyself called Donna Teresa Panza, and find thyself seated, at church, upon carpets, cushions and tapestry, in despite and defiance of all the small gentry in the parish; and not be always, in the same moping circumstances, without increase or diminution, like a picture in the hangings: but, no more of this; Sanchica shall be a countess, tho' thou should'st cry thy heart out." "Look before you leap, husband, answered Teresa; after all, I wish to God, this quality of my daughter may not be the cause of her perdition: take your own way, and make her dutchess or princess, or

what you please; but, I'll assure you, it shall never be with my consent or good will: I was always a lover of equality, my dear, and can't bear to see people hold their heads high, without reason. Teresa was I christened, a bare and simple name, without the addition, garniture and embroidery of Don or Donna; my father's name is Cascajo, and mine, as being your spouse, Teresa Panza, tho' by rights, I should be called Teresa Cascajo: but, As the king minds, the law binds: and with that name, am I contented, tho' it be not burthened with a Don, which weighs so heavy, that I should not be able to bear it; neither will I put it in the power of those who see me dressed like a countess or governor's lady, to say, 'Mind Mrs. porkfeeder, how proud she looks! it was but yesterday, she toiled hard at the distaf, and went to mass, with the tail of her gown about her head, instead of a veil; but, now, forsooth, she has got her fine farthingales and jewels, and holds up her head, as if we did not know her.' If God preserve me in my seven or five senses, or as many as they be, I shall never bring myself into such a quandary: as for your part, spouse, you may go to your governments and islands, and be as proud as a peacock; but, as for my daughter and me, by the life of my father! we will not stir one step from the village; for, The wife that deserves a good name, stays at home, as if she were lame; and the maid must still be adoing, that hopes to see the men come a wooing. You and Don Quixote may therefore, go to your adventures, and leave us to our misventures; for, God will better our condition, if we deserve his mercy; tho', truly, I cannot imagine who made him a Don; I am sure, neither his father nor grandfather had any such title." "I tell thee, wife, replied the squire, thou hast certainly got some devil in that carcase of thine: the Lord watch over thee, woman! what a deal of stuff hast thou been tacking together, without either head or tail? What the devil has your Cascajos, jewels, proverbs and pride, to do with what I have been saying? Hark ye, you ignorant beast; for such I may call thee, as thou hast neither capacity to understand my discourse, nor prudence to make sure of good fortune, (when it lies in thy way) were I to say, that my daughter shall throw herself from the top of a steeple, or go strolling about the world, like the Infanta Donna Uraca; thou would'st have reason to contradict my pleasure: but, if in two turnings of a ball, and one twinkling of an eye, our good fortune should lay a title across our shoulders, and raising thee from the stubble, set thee in a chair of state, under a canopy, or lay thee upon a sofa, consisting of more velvet \* almohadas, than there are Moors in all the family of the Almohadas in Morocco; wherefore would'st not thou

\* Almohada signifies a cushion.

consent,

consent, and with me, enjoy the good-luck that falls?" "I'll tell thee wherefore, husband, replied Teresa, because, as the saying is, What covers, discovers thee: the eyes of people always run slightly over the poor, but, make an halt to examine the rich; and if a person so examined was once poor, then comes the grumbling, and the slandering; and he is persecuted by back-bitters, who swarm in our streets like bees." "Give ear, Teresa, and listen to what I am going to say, answered Sancho; for, mayhap, thou hast never heard such a thing in all the days of thy life: and I do not now pretend to speak from my own reflection, but, to repeat the remarks of the good father who preached last Lent, in our village: he said, if I right remember, that all objects present to the view, exist, and are impressed upon the imagination, with much greater energy and force, than those which we only remember to have seen. (The arguments here used by Sancho, contributed also, to make the translator believe this chapter apocryphal; because they seem to exceed the capacity of the squire, who proceeded thus) From whence it happens, that when we see any person magnificently dressed, and surrounded with the pomp of servants, we find ourselves invited, and as it were compelled to pay him respect; altho' the memory should, at that instant, represent to us, some mean circumstances of his former life; because, that defect, whether in point of family or fortune, is already past and removed, and we only regard what is present to our view; and if the person whom fortune hath thus raised from the lowness of oblivion, to the height of prosperity, be well-bred, liberal and courteous, without pretending to vie with the ancient nobility; you may take it for granted, Teresa, that no body will remember what he was, but, reverence what he now is; except the children of envy, from whom no thriving person is secure." "I really do not understand you, said Teresa, you may do what you will; but, seek not to distract my brain with your rhetorick and harranguing; for, if you be resolved to do what you say—" "You must call it resolved, woman, and not revolved," cried Sancho. "Never plague yourself to dispute with me, husband, answered Teresa; I speak as God pleases, and meddle not with other people's concerns: if you are obstinately bent upon this same government, I desire you will carry your son Sancho along with you, and from this hour, teach him the art of that profession; for, it is but reasonable that the sons should inherit and learn the trade of their fathers." "As soon as I have obtained my government, said Sancho, I will send thee money by the post; as, by that time, I shall have plenty; for, there are always people in abundance, that will lend to a governor who has no money of his own; and be sure you cloath him in such a manner, as to disguise

guise his present condition, and make him appear like what he is to be." "Send you the money, answered Teresa, and I will dress him up, like any branch of palm \*." "Well then, said Sancho, we are agreed about making our daughter a countess—." "That day I behold her a countess, cried the wife, I shall reckon her dead and buried; but, I tell you again, you may use your pleasure; for, we women are born to be obedient to our husbands, tho' they are no better than blocks."

So saying, she began to weep as bitterly as if she had actually seen her daughter laid in her grave: Sancho consoled her, by saying, that altho' she must be a countess, he would defer her promotion as long as he could. Thus ended the conversation, and the squire went back to Don Quixote, to concert measures for their speedy departure.

## C H A P. VI.

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

**W**HILE this impertinent conversation passed between Sancho Panza, and his wife Teresa Cascajo, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle; for, collecting from a thousand symptoms, that their master wanted to give them the slip a third time, and return to the exercise of his unlucky knight-errantry, they endeavoured, by all possible means, to divert him from his extravagant design: but, all they could say, was like preaching to the desert, or hammering cold iron. However, among many other arguments, the housekeeper said to him, "As I hope to be saved, dear master, if your worship will not settle at home in your own house, but are resolved to stray about the mountains and valleys, like a troubled ghost, in quest of what you term adventures, but what I call mischances, I will complain in person, and raise up my voice to God and the king, that they may apply some remedy to your disorder." To this declaration the knight replied, "Mrs. housekeeper, how God will accept of thy complaints I know not, neither can I guess in what manner his majesty will answer thy petition: this only I know, that if I were king, I would excuse myself from answering that infinite number of impertinent memorials which are daily presented; for, one of the greatest of the many fatigues that attend royalty, is, that of being obliged to listen and reply to all petitions; therefore, I would not have his majesty troubled with any affair of mine." "Pray, sir, said the housekeeper, are there no knights at

\* Alluding to the bough that is adorned and carried in procession on Palm-sunday.

court?" "Yes, there are many, answered Don Quixote; and it is reasonable, that there should be always a good number in attendance, to adorn the court, and support the pomp and magnificence of majesty." "Would it not be better, then, for your worship, replied the matron, to be one of that number, and serve your king and master, quietly and safely at court?" "You must know, good woman, said Don Quixote, all knights cannot be courteous, neither can or ought all courtiers to be knights-errant; there ought to be plenty of both, and tho' we are all knights, there is a great difference between the one sort and the other: your courtiers, without crossing the thresholds of their own apartments, travel over the world, in maps, gratis, and never know what it is to suffer either heat, cold, hunger or thirst, in their journey; whereas, we real knights-errant measure the whole globe with our own footsteps, exposed night and day, on horseback and afoot, to the summer's sun and winter's cold, and all the inclemencies of the weather: we not only, seek to see the picture, but the person of our foe, and on all emergencies and occasions, attack him, without paying any regard to the trifling rules of challenges, whether, for example, his sword and lance be shorter or longer than our own; whether he wears about him any relick or secret coat of mail; or whether the sun and wind be equally divided; with other ceremonies of that nature, which are usually observed in duelling, and which, tho' I know them punctually, thou art little acquainted with: thou must also know, that a good knight-errant, tho' he sees ten giants, whose heads not only touch, but overtop the clouds, with legs like lofty steeples, and arms resembling the masts of vast and warlike ships; while each eye, as large as a mill-wheel, beams and burns like a glass furnace, is by no means confounded or abashed; but, on the contrary, with genteel demeanour and intrepid heart, approaches, assaults, and if possible, vanquishes and overthrows them in a twinkling, tho' they are armed with the shell of a certain fish, said to be harder than adamant; and instead of a sword, use a keen scymitar of damasked steel, or a huge club armed with a point of the same metal, as I have seen on a dozen different occasions. All this I have mentioned, good woman, that thou mayest see what difference there is between knights of different orders; and every prince ought, in reason, to pay greater respect to this second, or rather, this first species of knights-errant, among whom, as we read in history, there have been some who were the bulwarks, not only of one, but of many kingdoms."

"Ah, dear Sir, cried the niece, interrupting him, consider that all those stories of knights-errant are nothing but lies and invention; and every one of the books that contain them deserve, if not to be burnt, at least,

to

to wear a \* San benito, or some other badge, by which it may be known, for an infamous perverter of virtue and good sense." "By the God that protects me! cried the knight, were't thou not undoubtedly my niece, as being my own sister's child, I would chastise thee in such a manner, for the blasphemy thou hast uttered, that the whole world would resound with the example! How! shall a pert baggage, who has scarce capacity enough to manage a dozen lace-bobbins, dare to wag her tongue in censuring the histories of knights-errant? What would signor Amadis say to such presumption? But, surely he would forgive thy arrogance; for, he was the most humble and courteous knight of his time, and besides, the particular champion and protector of damsels; but, thou mightest have been heard by another who would not treat thee so gently; for, all are not affable and well bred: on the contrary, some there are extremely brutal and impolite; all those who call themselves knights, are not intitled to that distinction, some being of pure gold, and others of baser metal, notwithstanding the denomination they assume. But, these last cannot stand the touchstone of truth: there are mean plebeians, who sweat and struggle to maintain the appearance of gentlemen; and on the other hand, there are gentlemen of rank who seem industrious to appear mean and degenerate: the one sort raise themselves either by ambition or virtue, while the other abase themselves by viciousness or sloth; so that we must avail ourselves of our understanding and discernment, in distinguishing those persons, who, tho' they bear the same appellation, are yet so different in point of character." "Good God! said the niece, that your worship should be so learned, that even, if need were, you might mount the pulpit, or go a preaching in the streets, and yet remain in such woeful blindness, and palpable folly, as to persuade the world that you are a valiant, and vigorous righter of wrongs, when you are old, feeble, and almost crippled with age; but, above all things, to give yourself out for a knight, when you are no such thing, for, tho' rich gentlemen may be knighted, poor gentlemen, like you, seldom are."

"There is a good deal of truth in what thou hast observed, cousin, replied Don Quixote; and I could tell thee such things, concerning families, as would raise thine admiration; but, these I suppress, that I may not seem to mix what's human with what's divine: take notice, however, my friends, and be attentive in what I am going to say: all the families in the world, may be reduced to four kinds, which are these; one that from low beginnings, hath extended and dilated to a pitch of power and greatness; another, that from great beginnings hath continued to pre-

\* A dress put upon convicted heretics.

serve and maintain its original importance; a third, that from vast beginnings hath ended in a point, like a pyramid, diminishing and decaying from its foundation, into an inconsiderable point like that of a pyramid, which, in respect of its base, is next kin to nothing; a fourth, and that the most numerous, had neither a good foundation, nor reasonable superstructure, and therefore sinks into oblivion, unobserved; such are the families of plebeians and ordinary people. The first, that from low beginnings, hath mounted to power and greatness, which it preserves to this day, is exemplified in the house of Ottoman, that from an humble shepherd, who gave rise to it, attained that pinnacle of grandeur on which it now stands: the second sort of pedigree, that without augmentation hath preserved its original importance, is exhibited in the persons of many princes, who are such by inheritance, and support their rank without addition or diminution, containing themselves peaceably within the limits of their own dominions: of those who, from illustrious beginnings, have dwindled into a point, there are a thousand examples, in the Pharaohs and Ptolemeys of Ægypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with all the tribe, if they may be so called, of your Median, Assyrian, Persian, Greek and barbarian princes, monarchs, and great men. All these families and states, together with their founders, have ended in a very inconsiderable point; since, at this day, it is impossible to trace out one of their descendants, or, if we could, he would be found in some base and low degree. I have nothing to say of the plebeians, who only serve to increase the number of the living, without deserving any other fame or panegyric. From what I have said, I would have you infer, my precious Wiseacres, that there is a great confusion of pedigrees, and that those only appear grand and illustrious, whose representatives abound with virtue, liberality and wealth: I say, virtue, liberality and wealth, because, the vicious great man is no more than a great sinner; and the rich man, without liberality, a meer covetous beggar; for, happiness does not consist in possessing, but in spending riches, and that, not in squandering them away, but, in knowing how to use them with taste: now, a poor knight has no other way of signaling his birth, but, the practice of virtue, being affable, well bred, courteous, kind, and obliging, a stranger to pride, arrogance, and slander, and, above all things, charitable; for, by giving two farthings cheerfully to the poor, he may shew himself as generous as he that dispenses alms by sound of bell: and whosoever sees him adorned with these virtues, altho' he should be an utter stranger to his race, will conclude that he is descended of a good family. Indeed, it would be a sort of miracle to find it otherwise; so that praise is always the reward of virtue, and never fails to

attend the righteous. There are two paths, my children, that lead to wealth and honour; one is that of learning, the other that of arms: now, I am better qualified for the last than for the first, and, (as I judge from my inclination to arms) was born under the influence of the planet Mars; so that I am, as it were, obliged to choose that road, which I will pursue, in spite of the whole universe: you will therefore fatigue yourselves to no purpose, in attempting to persuade me from that which heaven inspires, fortune ordains, reason demands, and above all things, my own inclination dictates: knowing, as I do, the innumerable toils annexed to knight-errantry, I am also well acquainted with the infinite benefits acquired in the exercise of that profession: I know the path of virtue is very strait, while the road of vice is broad and spacious; I know their end and issue is different: the wide extended way of vice conducts the traveller to death; while the narrow, toilful path of virtue, leads to happiness and life—not that which perisheth, but, that which hath no end; and I know, as our great Castilian poet observes,

By these rough paths of toil and pain,  
Th' immortal seats of bliss we gain,  
Deny'd to those who heedless stray  
In tempting pleasure's flow'ry way."

"Ah! woe is me! cried the cousin, my uncle is a poet too! he knows every thing, and can do every thing: I'll lay a wager, if he should turn bricklayer, he could build a house like any cage." "I do assure thee, niece, replied Don Quixote, if those knightly sentiments did not wholly engross my attention, there is not a thing on earth that I could not make; nor a curiosity that should not go thro' my hands, especially bird-cages and tooth-picks."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a knocking at the gate, which, as they found upon enquiry, was made by Sancho, whose presence was no sooner intimated, than the housekeeper ran away to hide herself, that she might avoid the sight of him whom she abhorred: the niece, therefore, opened the door, and his master came out to receive him with open arms; then shutting themselves up together, another dialogue passed, no ways inferior to the former.



## C H A P. VII.

Of what passed between Don Quixote and his squire; with other surprising incidents.

**T**HE housekeeper seeing that her master and Sancho were locked up together, immediately guessed the subject of the conversation; and imagining, that the result of this consultation would be a third folly, she put on her veil, and full of trouble and anxiety, went in quest of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, thinking, that as he was a well-spoken man, and her master's new friend, he might persuade him to lay aside such an extravagant design: accordingly, she found him taking a turn in his own yard, and fell upon her knees, before him, in a cold sweat, occasioned by her vexation. Carrasco seeing her appear with such marks of sorrow and consternation, said, "What is the matter, Mrs. housekeeper? what hath befallen you? something seems to have harrowed up your very soul!" "Nothing at all, dear Mr. Sampson, cried the housekeeper, only my master is breaking out—he is certainly breaking out!" "How breaking out? said Sampson, is any part of his body unsound?" "Where should he break out, replied the other, but thro' the gate of his madness? my meaning, dear batchelor of my soul! is, that he is going to make another folly, (and that will be the third) searching up and down the world for what he calls ventures, tho' I cannot imagine why they should have that name: the first time, he returned so battered and bruised, that they were fain to lay him across an ass, like a sack of oats, because he could not sit upright: the second time, he was brought home in a waggon, stretched and cooped up in a cage, in which he imagined himself enchanted, in such a woeful plight, that he could scarce be known by the mother that bore him, so lank and meagre, with his eyes sunk into the very lowest pit of his brain; so that before I could bring him to any tolerable degree of strength, I expended more than six hundred new laid eggs, as God and all the world know, as well as my hens, that will not suffer me to tell a lie." "That I verily believe, said the batchelor; your hens are so good, plump and well bred, that they would rather burst than say one thing and mean another: well then, Mrs. housekeeper, nothing else hath happened, neither have you met with any other misfortune, but, the apprehension of what your master Don Quixote will do?" "Nothing else," said she. "Give yourself no trouble then, resumed the batchelor, but go home a God's name, and get

ready something hot for my breakfast; and in your way, repeat St. Apollonia's prayer, if you can; I will follow, in a little time, and then you shall see wonders." "Dear heart! cried the housekeeper, St. Apollonia's prayer, say you? that I should repeat if my master had the tooth-ach, but, lack-a-day! his distemper lies in his skull." "I know what I say, answered Sampson: take my advice, Mrs. housekeeper, and do not pretend to dispute with me; for, I would have thee to know that I am a batchelor of Salamanca; there's no higher batcheleering than that." She accordingly moved homeward, while Sampson went to communicate to the curate that which will be in due time disclosed.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were closetted together, there passed between them, a conversation which the history recounts with great punctuality and truth. "Signor, said the squire, I have at length traduced my wife to consent that I shall attend your worship wheresoever you shall please to carry me." "Say reduced, and not traduced, Sancho," replied the knight. "I have once or twice, if my memory serves me, said Sancho, intreated your worship, not to correct my words, if you understand my meaning; and when you can't make it out, I desire you would say, Sancho, or devil, I don't understand thee: then, if I fail in explaining myself, you may correct me as much as you please; for, I am so fossil?" "I do not understand thee now, cried Don Quixote, nor can I comprehend what thou wouldst be at, in saying I am so fossil." "So fossil, said the squire; that is, whereby, as how I am just so." "Nay, now, thou art more and more unintelligible," replied the knight. "If your worship does not understand me now, answered Sancho, I know not how to express it; for, I am already at my wit's-end, and Lord have mercy upon me." "O! now I conceive thy meaning, said the knight; thou wouldst say thou art so docil, gentle and tractable, as to comprehend every thing I say, and retain whatsoever I shall teach thee." "I'll lay a wager, said the squire, that from the beginning, you knew my meaning by my mumping, but wanted to confound me, by leading me into a thousand more blunders." "It may be so, said the knight, but in reality what says Teresa?" "Teresa, answered Sancho, says I must be sharp with your worship. Fast bind, fast find: he that shuffles does not always cut; and that a bird in hand is with two in the bush: now, I know that a wife's counsel is bad, but he that will not take it is mad." "So say I, replied Don Quixote; proceed, friend Sancho, you speak like an oracle to-day." "Why then, the case is this, resumed Sancho, your worship very well knows we are all mortal, here to-day, and gone to-morrow; for, the lamb goes as fast as the dam; and no man in this world can promise himself more  
hours

hours of life than God is pleased to grant him; because death is deaf, and when he knocks at the door of life is always in a hurry, and will not be detained either by fair means or force, by scepters or mitres, as the report goes, and as we have often heard it declared from the pulpit." "All this is very true, said the knight; but, I cannot guess what you drive at." "What I drive at, answered Sancho, is that your worship would appoint me a certain monthly salary for the time I shall serve you, to be paid out of your estate; for, I don't chuse to depend upon recompenes that come late or low, or never. God will protect me with my own. In short, I would know, what I have to trust to, whether little or much; for, the hen clucks though but on one egg; many littles make a mickle; and he that is getting aught, is losing nought. True it is, if it should happen, which I neither believe nor expect, that your worship can give me the island you have promised me so long, I am not so greedy or ungrateful, but, that I will suffer my rent to be appraised, and my salary deducted in due portion." "To be sure, friend Sancho, said the \* knight, all portions ought to be proportioned." "I understand you, replied the squire, I should have said proportion, instead of portion; but, that is of no signification, since my meaning is comprehended by your worship." "Ay, and so thoroughly comprehended, said Don Quixote, that I have penetrated into the inmost recesses of thy thoughts, and perceive the mark at which those innumerable shafts of thy proverbs are aimed. Look you, Sancho, I would appoint thee a salary, if I could find in any history of knights-errant, one precedent, by which I might discover, or have the least glimpse of what they used to give monthly or yearly; but, I have carefully perused all, or the greatest part of those histories, and cannot remember to have read, that any knight-errant ever paid a certain salary to his squire. I only know, that all of them trusted to favour, and when it was least in their thoughts, provided their masters chanced to be fortunate, they found themselves rewarded with an island, or something equivalent, and at least, were honoured with rank and title. If, with these hopes and expectations, you are willing to return to my service, do it a God's name; but, if you think I will unhinge and deviate from the ancient customs of chivalry, you are grievously mistaken: wherefore, friend Sancho, you may go home again, and declare my intention to your wife Teresa, and if she is pleased, and you are willing to depend upon my favour, bene quidem, if not, let us shake hands and part; while there are peace in the dovehouse, I shall never want pigeons; and remember, my child, that it is better to be rich in

\* I have substituted this play upon the word proportion, in lieu of Sancho's blundering on *Rata*,  
hope,

hope, than poor in possession; and that a good claim is preferable to bad pay. I talk in this manner, Sancho, to shew that I can pour forth a volley of proverbs as well as you; and finally, I must and will give you to understand, that if you do not choose to serve me on these terms, and share my fortune, whatsoever it may be, I pray God may prosper and make a faint of you; for my part, I shall not want squires more obedient and careful, though less troublesome and talkative than your worship."

When Sancho heard this firm resolution of his master, the sky began to lour, and down flagged the wings of his heart in a moment; for, he had believed, that the knight would not set out without him, for all the wealth in the world. While he thus remained pensive and dejected, in came Sampson Carrasco, followed by the niece, who was very desirous to hear, with what arguments he would dissuade her uncle from going again in quest of adventures. Sampson, who was a notable wag, no sooner entered, than embracing the knight, as at first, he pronounced with an audible voice, "O flower of knight-errantry, resplendent sun of arms, thou glory and mirror of the Spanish nation! may it please the Almighty, of his infinite power, that if any person or persons shall raise any impediment to obstruct thy third sally, they may never extricate themselves from the labyrinth of their desires, or accomplish what they so unjustly wish!" Then turning to the duenna, "Mrs. housekeeper, said he, you need not now repeat St. Apollonia's prayer; for, I know it is the precise determination of the stars, that signor Don Quixote shall again execute his new and lofty plan; and I should greatly burden my conscience, if I forbore to intimate, and desire, that this knight will no longer withhold and detain the force of his valiant arm, and the virtue of his heroic soul; because, by his delay, he retards the righting of wrongs, the protection of orphans, the honour of maidens, the favour of widows, the support of wives, with many other things of that nature, which regard, concern, depend upon, and appertain to the order of knight-errantry. Courage! signor Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; may your worship and grandeur set out, before to-morrow morning; and if any thing be wanting to forward your expedition, here am I, ready to make it good with my person and fortune; and if need be, to serve your magnificence in quality of squire; an office in the execution of which I should think myself extremely happy."

Don Quixote hearing this proffer, turned to Sancho, saying, "Did not I tell thee, Sancho, that I should not want for squires? Take notice who it is that offers to attend me; who, but the unheard-of batchelor  
Sampson

Sampson Carrasco, the perpetual darling and delight of the court-yards belonging to the Salamancan schools, sound of body, strong of limb, a silent sufferer of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, and endued with all those qualifications which are requisite in the squire of a knight-errant; but, heaven will not permit me, for my own satisfaction, to break and demolish this pillar of learning, this urn of sciences, and to hew down such an eminent branch of the liberal arts. No, let this new Sampson stay at home, and honour the place of his nativity, together with the grey hairs of his ancient parents; while I make shift with any sort of squire, since Sancho will not vouchsafe to go along with me."

"Y— yes, I do vouchsafe! cried Sancho, blubbing, it shall never be said of me, dear master, that when the victuals were eaten up, the company sneaked off; I am not come of such an ungrateful stock; for, all the world, and especially my own townsmen know, what sort of people the Panzas were, of whom I am descended; besides, I have perceived, and am sensible, by many good works, and more good words, that your worship is actually inclined to do for me; and, if I have haggled more than enough about my wages, it was to please my wife, who, if she once takes in hand to persuade me to any thing, no cooper's adze drives the hoops of a barrel as she drives at her purpose, until she hath gained it; but, after all, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman: now, I being a man every inch of me, when, or wheresoever I please to shew myself, (that I cannot deny) I am resolved to be master in my own house, in spite of the devil, the world and the flesh; and therefore, your worship has no more to do but prepare your will, with the codicil, so as that it cannot be rebuked; and then let us take our departure, that we may not endanger the soul of Mr. Sampson, whose conscience, he says, prompts him to persuade your worship, to make a third fally through the world; and here I promise again, to serve your worship, faithfully and lawfully, as well as, and better, than all the squires that ever attended knights-errant, either in past or present time."

The batchelor was astonished at hearing the manner and conclusion of Sancho's speech; for, although he had read the first part of his master's history, he never believed him so diverting as he is there represented; but, now, hearing him talk of the will and codicil that could not be rebuked, instead of revoked, he was convinced of the truth of what he had read, and confirmed in the opinion of his being one of the most solemn simpletons of the present age; saying, within himself, two such madmen as the master and his squire, are not to be paralleled upon earth. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho were reconciled, and embraced each

each other; and, in consequence of the opinion and assent of the great Carrasco, whom they looked upon as an oracle, it was determined that they should depart in three days, during which they would have time to provide themselves with necessaries for the journey, and find some helmet for the knight, who insisted upon carrying one along with him, into the field. Sampson, accordingly, undertook to accommodate him, saying, he could command an helmet that was in the possession of a friend of his; though the brightness of the metal was not a little obscured by the rust and mould which it had contracted.

Innumerable were the curses which were vented against the batchelor, by the housekeeper and niece, who tore their hair, and scratched their faces, and like the hired mourners, formerly in use, lamented the departure, as if it had been the death of their master. But, Sampson's view in persuading him to another sally, was to execute a design which he had concerted with the curate and barber; as will appear in the sequel. In short, during those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with every thing they thought they should have occasion for: the squire pacified his wife, the knight appeased his niece and house-keeper; and on the evening of the fourth day, without being perceived by any living soul but the batchelor, who insisted upon accompanying them half a league out of town, they set out, and took the road to Toboso; Don Quixote mounted on his trusty Rozinante, and Sancho throned upon his old friend Dapple, with a pair of bags well-lined with belly-timber, and a purse of money, which his master deposited in his hands, in case of accidents in their expedition.

Sampson embracing the knight, intreated him to write an account of his good or evil fortune, that he might congratulate or sympathize with him, as the laws of friendship require. Don Quixote assured him, he would comply with his request; the batchelor returned to the village, and the other two pursued their way towards the great city of Toboso.

## C H A P. VIII.

An account of what happened to Don Quixote, in his journey to visit his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.

“**B**LESSED be the almighty Ala!” saith Cid Hamet Benengeli, in the beginning of this chapter; and this benediction he repeats three times, in consequence of finding Don Quixote and Sancho in the field again; observing, that the readers of this agreeable history may assure themselves that, from this period, the exploits of the knight and his squire begin. He therefore persuades them to forget the former adventures of our sage hero, and fix their attention upon those which are to come; and which now begin in the road to Toboso, as the others took their origin in the field of Montiel; and truly his demand is but reasonable, considering the fair promise he makes. Thus therefore he proceeds:

Scarce had Samson left Don Quixote and Sancho by themselves, when Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to bray most melodiously; a circumstance which was looked upon by both our adventurers, as a fortunate signal, and most happy omen; though, to deal candidly with the reader, the brayings of the asfs exceeded in number the neighings of the horse; from whence Sancho concluded, his fortune would surmount and overtop that of his master. But, whether or not he founded his belief on his knowledge in judicial astrology, I cannot determine, the history being silent on that subject; yet, certain it is, he had been heard to say, when he stumbled or fell, that he wished he had not stirred over his own threshold; for, nothing was to be got by a stumble or fall but a torn shoe, or a broken bone; and truly, simple as he was, he had some reason for making that observation.

“Friend Sancho, said Don Quixote, the night is dark, and so far advanced, that we shall not be able to reach Toboso by to-morrow morning; yet, thither I am determined to go, before I engage in any other adventure, that I may receive the benediction and good leave of the peerless Dulcinea, by the help of which I shall certainly achieve, and happily perform the most perilous exploits; for, nothing in this life exalts the valour of knights-errant so much as the favour of their mistresses.” “I am of the same way of thinking, replied the squire; but, I believe your worship will find some difficulty in seeing her in a proper place for courtship, or indeed, for receiving her blessing, unless she throws

it over the pales of the yard through which I saw her for the first time, when I carried the letter that gave an account of the folly and mad pranks I left your worship committing in the heart of the brown mountain." "Didst thou then actually imagine, said Don Quixote, that those were the pales of a yard, over or through which thou sawest that paragon of gentleness and beauty? Certainly they could be no other than galleries, arcades or piazzas, such as belong to rich and royal palaces." "It may be so, answered Sancho, but, either my memory fails me very much, or, to me they seemed no better than the pales of a farmer's yard." "Be that as it will, resumed Don Quixote, thither we will go, and at any rate get sight of her; for, be it through pales, windows, crannies, or the rails of a garden, so the least ray of that sun of beauty reach mine eyes, it will enlighten my understanding, and fortify my heart, in such a manner, that I shall remain the unequalled phenix of valour and discretion." "Truly, sir, said the squire, when I saw that same sun of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to send forth any rays at all; but, the case was, the wheat that her ladyship was winnowing, as I told you before, raised such a cloud of dust about her, as quite darkened her countenance." "Wilt thou still persist, Sancho, replied the knight, in saying, thinking, believing, and affirming, that my mistress Dulcinea was employed in such a mean office, so wide of all that is, or ought to be practised by persons of rank, who are created and reserved for other exercises and amusements, that denote their quality at the distance of a bow-shot. Thou seemest to forget, O Sancho! those verses of our poet, in which he paints the labours that, in their crystal bowers, engrossed the four nymphs, who, raising their heads above the waves of their beloved Tagus, sat down to work in the verdant meadow, those rich and filken webs, which, as the ingenious poet describes, were with gold and pearls adorned and interweaved. In this manner my mistress must have been employed when thou sawest her; but, some wicked inchanter, envious of my happiness and fame, converts and perverts every thing that yields me pleasure, into shapes and figures different from its real appearance; and in that history of my achievements which, they say, is printed, if the author be some sage, who is an enemy to my success, I am afraid, he hath confounded one thing with another, and clogged every fact with a thousand falsehoods; straying from his subject, to recount actions quite foreign to the skilful detail of a true history. O envy! thou root of infinite mischief, and canker-worm of virtue! The commission of all other vices, Sancho, is attended with some sort of delight; but, envy produces nothing in the heart that harbours it, but  
rage,



rage, rancour and disgust." " So say I, master, answered Sancho ; and I suppose, in this legend or history of us, which batchelor Carrasco says he has seen, my reputation goes like a jolting hackney-coach, and is tossed about, as the saying is, like a tennis-ball. Though in good faith, I never spoke an ill word of any inchanter whatsoever ; nor am I rich enough to stir up envy in any living soul : true it is, I am a little wag-gish, and have a small spice of knavery at bottom ; but, all this is crowned and covered with the broad cloak of my simplicity, which is always natural, and never affected. And if there was nothing else but my believing, as I always do, firmly and sincerely in God, as well as in all that is owned and believed by the holy Roman catholic church ; and my being a mortal enemy, as I certainly am, to the Jews ; the historians ought to have mercy upon me, and use me tenderly in their writings : but, let them say what they will, I, naked was born, and naked remain ; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain : though provided I see myself mentioned in a book, and circulate through the world from hand to hand, I don't value what they can say of me, a fig's end."

" That observation, said Don Quixote, puts me in mind of what happened to a famous poet of this age, who having composed a severe satire against the court-ladies, omitted to insert one in particular, by name, so that it was doubtful whether or not she was implied in any part of the performance. The lady, thus neglected, complained to the poet, asking what he had seen in her character, unworthy of being described among the rest, and desiring him to enlarge the satire, that she might be included in the supplement, or look to himself. The author complied with her request, lashing her in terms not fit to be named ; and she was perfectly well satisfied with the fame of being infamous. Of a piece with this ambition was that reported of the shepherd, who set fire to the celebrated temple of Diana, reckoned one of the wonders of the world, with no other view than to render his name immortal ; and although there was a severe edict, prohibiting all persons whatever from making mention of his name, either by word or writing, that he might not accomplish his aim, it is very well known at this day, that his name was Erostratus. This likewise bears an affinity to that occurrence which passed at Rome, between that great emperor Charles the Vth, and a certain knight. The emperor went to visit the famous temple of the rotunda, which was of old called the Pantheon, but is now more happily named the church of All-saints, the most entire edifice that remains of heathen Rome, and which most of all evinces the grandeur and magnificence of its founders. It is built in the shape of half an orange, of

a vast extent, and very well lighted, though it has but one window, or rather a round lanthorn at its top, from whence the emperor considered the inside of the structure, being attended by a Roman knight, who described the excellence and ingenious contrivance of that vast and memorable work, and after they had descended, said to him, " Sacred sir, a thousand times was I seized with an inclination to clasp your majesty in my arms, and throw myself down from the lanthorn, in order to eternize my name." " I thank you, replied the emperor, for having resisted such a wicked suggestion, and henceforward, will never give you an opportunity of repeating such a proof of your loyalty; avoid my presence, and never presume to speak to me again." But, notwithstanding this severe command, he conferred upon him some extraordinary favour. My meaning, Sancho, is, that the desire of fame is a most active principle in the human breast. What, dost thou imagine was the motive that prevailed on Horatio to throw himself from the bridge, armed at all points, into the depth of the river Tyber? what induced Mutius to burn his hand and arm? what impelled Curtius to dart himself into the flaming gulph, which opened in the midst of Rome? what prompted Cæsar to pass the Rubicon, in spite of all the unfavourable omens that appeared? and, to give you a more modern instance, what consideration bored the ships, and left on shore, encompassed with enemies, those valiant Spaniards, in the new world, under the conduct of the most courteous Cortez. All these, and many other great and various exploits, are, were and shall be performed, in consequence of that desire of fame, which flatters mortals with a share of that immortality which they deem the merited reward of their renowned achievements: although, we catholic christian knights-errant, ought to pay greater attention to that glory which is to come, and eternally survives within the eternal and celestial mansions, than to the vanity of that fame which is obtained in this present, perishable state, and which, considered in its longest duration, must end at length, with the world itself, which hath its appointed period. Wherefore, Sancho, our works must not exceed the limits prescribed by the christian religion, which we profess. We must, in slaying giants, extirpate pride; get the better of envy by benevolence and virtue; resist anger with patience and forbearance; conquer gluttony and sloth by temperance and watchfulness; luxury and lewdness by our fidelity to those whom we constitute mistresses of our inclination; and idleness by travelling through all parts of the world, in quest of opportunities to evince ourselves not only christians, but, moreover, renowned

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ed knights. Thus, Sancho, thou see'st the means of acquiring that superlative praise which produces fame and reputation."

"All that your worship hath hitherto said, replied the squire, I understand perfectly well; but, for all that, I wish you would dissolve me one doubt, which hath this moment struck me in the noddle." "Thy meaning is resolve, Sancho, said the knight; in good time, out with it, and I will give thee satisfaction, as far as my own knowledge extends." "Tell me, then, signor, proceeded Sancho, where now are all those Julys and Augusts, and adventuresome knights who died so long ago?" "The heathens, answered Don Quixote, are doubtless, in hell, and the christians, if they were good catholics, either in purgatory or in heaven." "Right, said the squire; let us next enquire, if the tombs that contain the bodies of that sort of gentry are lighted with silver lamps; or the walls of their chapels adorned with crutches, winding-sheets, periwigs, legs and eyes made of wax: if not, pray in what manner are they adorned?" "To this question Don Quixote answered, that the sepulchres of the heathen heroes were, for the most part, sumptuous temples: the ashes of Julius Cæsar were placed upon the top of a stone-pyramid, of vast dimensions, still to be seen at Rome, under the name of St. Peter's needle: the emperor Adrian's tomb was a building as large as a good village, formerly called Moles Adriani, but, at present, the castle of St. Angelo; and queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a monument that was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world. But none of these sepulchres, nor any other belonging to the heathens, were adorned with shrouds, offerings, or marks to denote the sanctity of the persons there buried." "So I perceive, said Sancho, and now tell me, whether it be more meritorious to slay a giant, or raise up the dead to life again?" "The answer is plain, replied the knight, it is more meritorious to reanimate the dead." "Then, I have caught you fairly, cried the squire; he who revives the dead, restores sight to the blind, straightens the crooked, heals the sick; before whose tomb the lamps continually burn; whose chapels are filled with devout people who adore his relics upon their knees: I say, he shall have more fame in this world, and that which is to come, than all the heathen emperors and knights-errant that ever lived have left, or will leave behind them." "I am very sensible of the truth of what you alledge," answered the knight. "Now, this fame, this grace, this prerogative, or what you call it, resumed the squire, is vested in the bodies and relics of the saints; and with the approbation and licence of our holy mother-church, they have their lamps, tapers, shrouds, crutches, pictures, periwigs, eyes and legs, whereby the devotion of the people is increased,  
and

and their own christian fame promulgated: the bodies and relics of saints are carried upon the shoulders of kings, who kiss the very fragments of their bones, with which they enrich and adorn their most precious altars and oratories." "What would'st thou have me infer from all this?" said Don Quixote. "My meaning, replied Sancho, is, that we should turn saints immediately, and so with the greater dispatch acquire that fame which we are in search of; and pray, take notice, signor, it was but yesterday, or t'other day, as one may say in comparison, that they canonised and beatified two bare-footed friars; and people now think it a great happiness to be allowed to touch and kiss the iron chains with which they girded and tormented their poor bodies, and which are in greater esteem than the sword of Orlando, which, as the report goes, is kept in the armoury of our lord the king, whom God in heaven bless: wherefore, dear master, it is better to be a humble friar of any order whatever, than the most valiant knight that ever breathed; for, with God, two dozen of disciplines will more avail than as many thousand back-strokes, whether they be bestowed on giants, dragons or hobgoblins." "All this is very true, answered Don Quixote, but, we cannot all be friars, and various are the paths by which God conducts the good to heaven. Chivalry itself is a religious order, and some that were knights are now saints in glory." "True, resumed the squire, but, I have often heard it observed, that there are more friars than knights in heaven." "The reason, said the knight, is, because there is a greater number of monks than of the other order." "And yet there are many knights-errant," replied the squire. "There is indeed a good number, answered Don Quixote, but very few that deserve the name."

In this, and other such discourse, they passed that night and the following day, without encoutring any thing worthy of being mentioned; a circumstance that chagrined our knight not a little. Next day, however, in the twilight, they descried the great city of Toboso, at sight of which, Don Quixote's spirits were exhilarated, and Sancho's depressed, because he did not know where to find the house of Dulcinea, whom he had never seen, neither had his master ever beheld this peerless princess; so that the one suffered perturbation from the desire of seeing her, and the other because he had not seen her; and indeed, Sancho could not contrive how to manage the affair, when his master should send him to Toboso. In fine, Don Quixote resolved to enter the city, in the dark; and with this view, they tarried in a thicket of oaks, not far from the gate, till the night was advanced; then entered the town, where they met with things which amount to things indeed.

## C H A P. IX.

Which contains what you will see in the perusal of it.

**I**T was midnight, or thereabouts, when Don Quixote and Sancho leaving their covert, entered the city of Toboso; which was then in profound silence, all its inhabitants being asleep, and lying with outstretched legs, as the saying is. The night was clear, tho' Sancho wished it otherwise, that in the darkness he might find an excuse for his imposition; and nothing was heard in the whole town but the barking of dogs, which thundered in Don Quixote's ears, and very much disturbed the heart of Sancho: yet, from time to time, they were saluted by the braying of asses, the grunting of hogs, and the mewling of cats; which different notes being augmented by the stillness of the night, were considered as ill omens by the enamoured knight, who, nevertheless, said to his squire, "Son Sancho, lead on to the palace of Dulcinea, whom, perhaps, we shall find awake." "Body of the sun! cried Sancho, what palace should I lead to? when I saw her highness she was in a very small cottage." "Then she must have been retired, answered the knight, to some small apartment of her castle, to divert herself with her damsels, according to the use and custom of princesses and ladies of rank." "Signor, said the squire, since your worship, in spite of all that I can say, will have my lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gate open? and will it be decent for us to throw the whole family into confusion and uproar, by making a racket, and demanding entrance, at this time of night? Do you think we are going to a bawdy-house, like your fornicators, who rap and knock, and enter at any hour of the four and twenty?" "First of all, let us fairly find the castle, replied the knight, and then I will tell thee what is to be done; and take notice, Sancho, for either mine eye-sight fails me, or that great shadowy building before us is the palace of Dulcinea." "Advance then, answered Sancho, perhaps it may be so; and yet, tho' I should see it with mine eyes, and touch it with my hands, I will believe it as much as I believe it is now twelve a'clock at noon."

Don Quixote, however, proceeded, and having gone about two hundred paces, came up with the building that produced the shadow, and perceiving it an high steeple, found it was no castle, but in reality the principal church in town. "We are arrived at the cathedral, Sancho," said

faid he. "So I perceive, replied the squire, and God grant we be not arrived at our graves! for, it is no good sign to be stroling about churchyards, at these hours: besides, I have already told your worship, (if my memory serves me right) that my lady's house stands in a blind alley." "The curse of God light on thee, for a blockhead as thou art! cried Don Quixote, where didst thou ever hear of castles and royal palaces built in blind alleys?" "Signor, answered Sancho, every country has its own customs; and perhaps, it is the custom here, in Toboso, to raise palaces and grand edifices in blind alleys; I therefore humbly beseech your worship to search all the streets and alleys I shall meet with; and who knows but in some corner I may light on this same castle, which I wish the dogs had devoured, before it had brought us to such perplexity and confusion." "Talk respectfully, Sancho, of those things that appertain to my mistress, said the knight; let us spend our holyday in peace, and not throw the helve after the hatchet." "Well, I will be pacified, answered the squire, tho', how can I endure your worship should expect that I who have seen my lady's house but once, should know it always, and even find it out, in the middle of the night, when you yourself are at a loss, tho' you must have seen it a thousand times." "You distract me, Sancho, cried Don Quixote: heark ye, heretick, have not I told you a thousand times, that in all the days of my life, I never saw the peerless Dulcinea, nor ever crossed the threshold of her palace, being only enamoured by hearsay, and the great reputation of her beauty and discretion." "I hear your worship say so now, replied Sancho, and tell you in my turn, that if you have not seen her, no more have I." "That is impossible, resumed the knight, at least, you told me, you had seen her winnowing wheat, when you brought back an answer to the letter with which I sent you to her habitation." "Truly, signor, you must not depend upon that, answered Sancho, for, you must know, my seeing her, and bringing back the answer, was also, upon hearsay; and I am as incapable of giving any account of the lady Dulcinea as I am of pulling the moon by the nose." "Sancho! Sancho! said Don Quixote, there is a time for jesting, and a time when jokes are very unseasonable; tho' I say, I have never seen, or spoke with the mistress of my soul, there is no reason for thy making the same declaration, which thou knowest is so contrary to the truth."

While they thus conversed together, they perceived a person passing that way, with a couple of mules, and by the noise of a plough-share which they dragged along, justly concluded that he was a peasant who had risen before day, to go to labour; they were not mistaken; it was actually a labourer,

labourer, who went along finging the ballad of Ronſcevalles \*; which the knight no ſooner heard than he exclaimed, “ Let me die, Sancho! if any thing lucky will befall us to-night; don't you hear what that peafant is finging?” “ Yes, ſaid Sancho, but, what has the defeat at Ronſcevalles to do with our affair? if he had fung the ballad of Calaynos, it would have been the ſame thing with regard to our good or evil fortune.”

Don Quixote ſaid to the peafant, who was by this time come up, “ Can you tell me, honeſt friend, and the bleſſing of God attend you, in what part of this city ſtands the palace of the peerleſs princeſs Donna Dulcinea del Toboſo?” “ Signor, answered the young man, I am a country lad, and have been but a few days in town, in the ſervice of a rich farmer, whoſe lands I till; but, in that houſe that fronts you live the curate and ſexton of the pariſh, and either or both can give your worſhip an account of that ſame princeſs; for, they keep a regiſter of all the inhabitants of Toboſo; tho', I believe, there is no ſuch thing as a princeſs in the whole place: there are indeed many ladies of faſhion, and every one may be a princeſs in her own houſe.” “ She whom I aſk for, muſt be one of theſe,” ſaid the knight. “ It may be ſo, answered the peafant, but, I ſhall be overtaken by the morning.” So ſaying, he drove on his mules, without waiting for any more queſtions.

Sancho, ſeeing his maſter in ſuſpence, and over and above diſſatisfied, “ Signor, ſaid he, day begins to break, and it will not be altogether convenient, to let the ſun find us here in the ſtreet; we had better quit the city, and look out for ſome wood in the neighbourhood, where your worſhip may enjoy the cool ſhade; and I will return by day, and ſearch every hole and cranny in Toboſo for this houſe, caſtle, or palace of my lady, and it will be very unfortunate indeed, if I cannot find it; and if I have the good luck to meet with her ladyſhip, I will tell her where and how I have left your worſhip, in expectation of her contriving ſome means whereby you may viſit her, without any prejudice to her honour and reputation.” “ Sancho, cried Don Quixote, thou haſt uttered a thouſand ſentences within the compaſs of a few words; the counſel thou haſt given me I reliſh, and moſt willingly receive: come, my ſon, let us go in queſt of ſome thicket, where I may embower myſelf, while thou ſhalt return to ſeek, ſee and talk with my miſtreſs, from whoſe courteſy and diſcretion I hope to receive more than miraculous favours.”

Sancho burned with impatience to ſee his maſter fairly out of town, that he might not detect the falſehood of the anſwer which he pretended to bring from Dulcinea, while he remained in the brown mountain; he

\* Like our Chevy-chafe.

therefore pressed him to depart, and, about two miles from the city, they found a thicket or wood, where Don Quixote took up his residence, while Sancho went back to commune with Dulcinea; and, in the course of his embassy, met with adventures that demand new credit and fresh attention.

#### C H A P. X.

Gives an account of the stratagem which Sancho practised, in order to enchant the lady Dulcinea; with other circumstances equally ludicrous and true.

**T**HE author of this stupendous history, when he comes to relate what is contained in this chapter, says, he would have willingly passed it over in silence, because he was afraid that it would not be believed; for, here, the madness of Don Quixote soars to the highest pitch of extravagance that can be imagined, and even, by two bow-shots, at least, exceeds all credit and conception: yet, notwithstanding this jealousy and apprehension, he has recounted it in the same manner as it happened, without adding to the history, or detracting one tittle from the truth, undervaluing the risk he runs of being deemed apocryphal; and surely, he was in the right, for, truth may bend, but will never break, and always surmounts falsehood, as oil floats above water. Wherefore, he proceeds in the narrative, saying:

Don Quixote having taken his station in the forest, grove, or wood, near the great city of Toboso, ordered Sancho to go back to town, and not return to his presence, before he should have spoken to his mistress, and begged, in his name, that she would be pleased to grant an interview to her captive knight, and deign to bestow upon him her blessing, thro' which he might expect the most happy issue to all his attempts and enterprizes.

The squire, having undertaken to execute this command, and to bring back as favourable an answer as he had brought the first time; "Go, my son, said the knight, and be not confounded when you find yourself beamed upon by that resplendent sun of beauty, which is the object of your inquiry: happy thou, above all the squires that ever lived! Be sure to retain in thy memory, every circumstance of thy reception: observe if she changes colour, while thou art delivering my message; if she is discomposed, and under confusion at the mention of my name; whether she sinks upon her cushion, or happens, at the time, to be seated under the rich canopy of her authority: if she be standing, take notice whether or not, she sometimes supports herself on one foot, sometimes on the other; and



and if she repeats her answer more than once, changing it from kind to harsh, from sour to amorous; and if she lifts up her hand to adjust her hair, altho' it be not disordered; finally, son, mark all her gestures and emotions; and if thou bringest me an exact detail of them, I shall be able to divine her most abstruse sentiments, touching the concerns of my passion; for, know, Sancho, if thou art still to learn, among lovers, the least gesticulation in their external behaviour, while the conversation turns upon their amours, is, as it were, a messenger that brings a most certain account of what passes within the soul. Go, friend, and enjoy thy fate, so much more favourable than thy master's; and return with much more success than that which I dread and expect in this cruel solitude, where I now remain." "I go, replied Sancho, and will return in a twinkling; therefore, good your worship, do encourage that little heart of yours, which, at present, must be no bigger than a hazle-nut; and consider, as the saying is, a stout heart flings misfortune; where you meet with no hooks, you need expect no bacon; and again, the hare often starts, where the hunter least expects her. This I observe, because, tho' we did not find the palace and castle of my lady, in the night; now that it is day, I hope to stumble upon it, when I least expect to see it, and if so be, I once catch it, let me alone with her." "Sancho, said the knight, God grant me better fortune in my desires than you have in the application of the proverbs you utter."

This was no sooner said, than Sancho switching Dapple, quitted the knight, who remained on horseback, resting his legs upon his stirrups, and leaning upon his lance, his imagination being engrossed by the most melancholy suggestions. Here let us leave him, and proceed with Sancho Panza, who parting from his master, in equal perplexity and confusion, no sooner found himself clear of the wood, than looking back, and perceiving that Don Quixote was not in sight, he alighted from his ass, and sitting down at the root of a tree, began to catechise himself, in these words: "Brother Sancho, be so good as to let us know, where your worship is going? are you in search of some stray beast? No truly! What then is your errand? why, really, I am going in search of a thing of nought, a princess, God wot, and in her, the sun and the whole heaven of beauty. And pray, where may you expect to meet with this that you mention, Sancho? where, but in the great city of Toboso. And, by whose order are you going upon this enquiry? by order of the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of wrongs, who gives thirst to the hungry, and food to those that are dry. All this is mighty well; but, do you know the house, Sancho? my master says, it must be some royal

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palace,

palace, or stately castle. But, have you never once seen this same palace or stately castle? neither I nor he ever set eyes on it. And do you think it will be well bestowed, if the inhabitants of Toboso, getting notice that you are come with an intention to wheedle away their princesses, and disturb their dames, should break every bone of your skin, and grind your ribs to a paste, with pure cudgelling? Verily, they would not be much to blame, unless they considered, that I do nothing but execute my master's command, and being only a messenger, am not in fault: never trust to that, Sancho; for the Manchegans are as choleric as honourable, and will not suffer themselves to be tickled by any person whatever. Ecod! if you are once smoked, you will come scurvily off. Bodikins! since that be the case, why should I plague myself seeking a cat with three legs, for another man's pleasure? besides, you may as well seek for a magpye in Rabena, or a batchelor in Salamanca, as for Dulcinea in Toboso: the devil, and none but the devil, has sent me on this fool's errand!"

The result of this soliloquy was another that broke out in these words: "There is a remedy for every thing but death, under whose yoke we must all pass, will we nill we, when this life is at an end: this master of mine, as I have perceived by a thousand instances, is mad enough to be shackled among straw; and truly, I am not much behind him in folly: nay, indeed I am more mad than he, seeing I serve and follow him, if there be any truth in the proverb that says, Tell me your company, and I will tell you your manners: and the other, Not he with whom you was bred, but he by whom you are led. Now he being, as he certainly is, a madman, ay, and so mad, as for the most part to mistake one thing for another, affirming white to be black, and black to be white; as plainly appeared, when he took the windmills for giants, the mules of the friars for dromedaries, the flocks of sheep for opposite armies; and a great many other things in the same stile: I say, it will be no difficult matter to make him believe, the first country-wench I shall meet with, to be his mistress Dulcinea: and if he bogles at swallowing the cheat, I will swear lustily to the truth of what I affirm; and if he swears also, I will swear again; and if he is positive, I will be more positive; so, that come what will, my obstinacy shall always exceed his. Perhaps, by this stubborn behaviour, I shall get rid of all such troublesome messages for the future; when he finds what disagreeable answers I bring: or, perhaps, which I rather believe, he will think that one of those enchanters, who, he says, bear him a grudge, hath transmographed her shape, in order to vex and disquiet him."

Sancho

Sancho having found out this expedient, was quite calm and satisfied in his mind, and thinking he had brought the business to a good bearing, remained where he was till the evening, that Don Quixote might think he had sufficient time to execute his orders, and return. Every thing succeeded so well to his wish, that when he got up to mount Dapple, he descried three country-wenches riding from Toboso, towards the place where he stood, upon three young he or she-asses, for, the author does not declare their sex; tho', in all likelihood, they were of the female gender; as your village-maidens commonly ride upon she-asses; but, this being a circumstance of small importance, we shall not give ourselves any trouble to ascertain it.

In short, Sancho no sooner perceived the wenches, than he rode back at a round trot, to his master, whom he found sighing bitterly, and pouring forth a thousand amorous complaints: the knight seeing him arrive, "Well, friend Sancho, said he, is this day to be marked with a white or black stone?" "Your worship, answered the squire, had better mark it with red ochre, like the titles on a professor's chair, that it may be seen the better, by those who look at it." "At that rate, replied Don Quixote, thou bringest me good news." "So good, answered Sancho, that your worship has nothing to do, but, to mount Rozinante, and gallop into the plain, where you will see my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and two of her damsels, coming this way, to pay you a visit." "Gracious God! cried the knight, what is that you say, friend Sancho? Take care how you deceive me, endeavouring, by feigned joy, to enliven my real sadness." "What should I get, by deceiving your worship? said the squire; besides, you can easily be satisfied of the truth of what I say; make haste, signor, come and see our mistress the princess, arrayed and adorned; in short, as she ought to be: her damsels and she are all one flame of gold; all covered with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and brocard, more than ten hands deep; their hair flowing loose about their shoulders, like so many sun-beams waving with the wind; and moreover, they are mounted on three pyed bellfrees, that it would do one's heart good to see them." "Palfreys you mean, Sancho," said the knight. "There is no great difference, answered the squire, between palfreys and bellfrees; but, be that as it will, they are the finest creatures one would desire to see, especially my lady Dulcinea, who is enough to stupify the five senses." "Come then, my son, replied Don Quixote, and as a gratuity for bringing this piece of news, equally welcome and unexpected, I bestow upon thee the spoils of the first adventure I shall achieve; and if thou art not satisfied with that recompense, I will give unto thee the foals that shall this year be brought forth by my three mares, which

which thou knowest we left with young upon our town-common." "I stick to the foals, cried the squire, for, as to the spoils of our first adventure, I question whether or not they will be worth accepting."

By this time, they were clear of the wood, and in sight of the three country-maidens; when the knight lifting up his eyes, and surveying the whole road to Toboso, without seeing any thing but them, began to be troubled in mind, and asked Sancho, if the ladies had got out of town when he left them. "Out of town? said Sancho. What! are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you don't see them coming towards us, glittering and shining like the sun at noon?" "I see no body, replied the knight, but three country-wenches riding upon asses." "God deliver me from the devil! cried the squire, is it possible that three bellfrees, or how-d' ye-call-ums, white as the driven snow, should appear no better than asses, in your worship's eyes? By the lord! I'll give you leave to pluck off every hair of my beard, if that be the case." "Then I tell thee, Sancho, said his master, they are as certainly he or she-asses as I am Don Quixote, and thou Sancho Panza, at least, so they seem to me." "Hold your tongue, signor, replied Sancho, and never talk in that manner, but, snuff your eyes, and go and make your reverence to the mistress of your heart, who is just at hand."

So saying, he advanced towards the damsels, and alighting from Dapple, seized one of their beasts by the halter; then fell upon his knees, before the rider, to whom he addressed himself in this manner: "Queen, princess and dutches of beauty, will your highness and greatness be pleased to receive into grace and favour your captive knight, who sits there, stupified to stone, utterly confounded and deprived of pulse, at seeing himself in presence of your magnificence: I am Sancho Panza his squire, and he is the perplexed and down-trodden knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, alias the knight of the rueful countenance."

By this time, Don Quixote having placed himself on his knees, by Sancho, gazed with staring eyes, and troubled vision, upon the object which the squire called queen and princess; and perceiving nothing but a country-wench's visage, and that none of the most agreeable, for, it was round and flat-nosed, he remained in the utmost confusion and surprise, without daring to open his lips. The other two damsels were equally astonished at seeing a couple of such different figures kneeling before their companion, whom they had detained; but she, breaking silence, pronounced, in a most ungracious and resentful manner: "Get out of the way, and let us pass, for, we are in a hurry." To this apostrophe, Sancho replied, "O princess and universal lady of Toboso! do not your magnificent bowels



F. Hayman in del. delin

G. Scottin sculp.



bowels yearn, to see upon his marrowbones before your sublimated presence, the very pillar and prop of knight-errantry?" One of the other two hearing this pathetic remonstrance, bawled aloud, "Would I had the currying that ass's hide of thine: mind, forsooth, how your small gentry come and pass their gibes upon us country-folks; as if we could not give them as good as they bring; go about your business, friend, and leave us to mind our'n, and so God b'w'ye."

Here the knight interposing, said, "Rise, Sancho, I can plainly perceive that fortune, not yet tired of persecuting me, hath barred every avenue by which any comfort could arrive at the miserable soul that this carcase contains: and thou! the essence of every thing that is desirable in nature, thou sum of human perfection, and sole remedy of this afflicted heart, by which thou art adored! altho' that malicious enchanter, my inveterate enemy, hath spread clouds and cataracts before mine eyes, to them and them only changing and transforming thy unequalled beauty into the appearance of a poor country-wench; if he hath not also altered my figure into that of some frightful spectre horrid to thy view, deign to look upon me with complacency and love; because thou mayest perceive, by this submissive posture I have assumed, even before thy person thus disguised, the humility with which my soul adores thy charms." "You may go kiss my grannam, cried the damsel, I'm a fine madam, truly, to hear such gibberish; we should be more obliged to you, if you would get out of our way, and let us go about our own affairs."

Sancho accordingly quitted his hold, leaving her free to go whither she would, and highly pleased with the issue of his stratagem. The supposititious Dulcinea no sooner found herself at liberty, than pricking her palfrey with a goad which was in the end of a stick she had in her hand, the creature galloped across the field with great speed, and feeling the application more severe than usual, began to plunge and kick in such a manner, that my lady fell to the ground. Don Quixote perceiving this accident, ran with great eagerness to raise her up, and Sancho made haste to adjust and gird on the pannel, which had got under the ass's belly. This affair being set to rights, the knight went to lift his enchanted mistress in his arms, and place her on her seat again; but she, starting up from the ground, saved him that trouble, for, retreating a few paces backward, she made a small race, and clapping both hands upon the crupper, leaped upon the pannel as nimble as a falcon, seating herself astride, like a man.

"By St. Roque! cried Sancho, my lady mistress is as light as a hawk, and can teach the most dextrous horseman to ride; at one jump, she has sprung into the saddle, and without spurs, makes her palfrey fly like any Zebra; and

and truly, her damfels are not a whit behind; for, they go scouring along, as swift as the wind." This was actually true, for, Dulcinea was no sooner remounted, than the other two trotted after her, and at last disappeared, after having gone more than half a league, at full speed, without once looking behind them.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, until they vanished; then, turning to his squire, "Sancho, said he, thou seest how I am persecuted by enchanters, and mayest perceive how far the malice and grudge they bear me, extend; seeing they have deprived me of the pleasure I should have enjoyed at sight of my mistress in her own beauteous form. Surely, I was born to be an example of misery; the very mark and butt for all the arrows of misfortune; nay, thou art also to observe, Sancho, that those traitors were not contented with a simple metamorphosis of my Dulcinea, but, have transformed and changed her into the base and homely figure of that country-wench; robbing her, at the same time, of that which is so peculiar to ladies of fashion, I mean that sweet scent which is the result of their living among flowers and perfume; for, know, my friend, when I went to lift Dulcinea upon her palfrey, as thou sayest it was, tho' to me, it seemed neither more nor less than a she-afs, I was almost suffocated and poisoned with a whiff of undigested garlic!"

"O! ye miscreants! cried Sancho, O! ye malicious and mischievous inchanters! would to God, I could see you all strung by the gills, like so many haddocks! much you know, much you can, and much more will you still be doing. Was it not enough, ye knaves, to change the pearls of my lady's eyes into a couple of cork-tree galls, and her hair of shining gold into the bristles of a red cow's tail; and, in short, to transmogrify every feature of her countenance, without your meddling with the sweetness of her breath, by which we might have discovered what was concealed beneath that bark of homeliness: tho' to tell the truth, I saw not her homeliness, but beauty, which was exceedingly increased by a mole upon her upper lip, something like a whisker, consisting of seven or eight red hairs, like threads of gold, as long as my hand." "According to the correspondence which the moles of the face have with those of the body, said Don Quixote, Dulcinea must have just such another on the brawny part of her thigh, of the same side; but, hairs of such a length, are, methinks, rather too long for moles." "I do assure your worship, answered Sancho, they seemed as if they had come into the world with her." "I very well believe what you say, my friend, replied the knight; for, nature hath bestowed nothing on Dulcinea but what is perfectly finished; wherefore, if thou had'st seen an hundred such



such moles; in her, they would be so many moons and resplendent stars: but, tell me, Sancho, that which you adjusted, and which to me seemed a pannel, was it a plain pad, or a side-saddle?" "It was a great side-saddle, answered the squire, so rich, that half the kingdom would not buy it." "And why could not I see all this?" said the knight. I say, again, Sancho, and will repeat it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men."

The rogue Sancho, finding his master so dextrously gulled, and hearing him talk in this mad strain, could scarce refrain from laughing in his face: in fine, a good deal more of this sort of conversation having passed between them, they remounted their beasts, and took the road to Saragosa, where they expected to arrive time enough to be present at the solemn festival yearly celebrated in that famous city; but, before they accomplished their journey they met with adventures, which, for their variety, novelty and greatness, deserve to be read and recorded, as in the sequel.

## C H A P. XI.

Of the strange adventure which befel the valiant Don Quixote, with the cart or waggon containing the parliament of death.

**D**ON Quixote jogged along, exceedingly pensive, his thoughts being ingrossed by the scurvy trick which the enchanters had played him, in transforming his mistress Dulcinea into the disagreeable figure of a country-wench; and he could not conceive what remedy he should find for restoring her to her former shape: so much was he absorbed in this reflection, that he insensibly dropt the reins upon the neck of Rozinante, who being sensible of the liberty he enjoyed, at every two steps turned aside to take a pluck at the inviting pasture with which those fields abounded. At length, Sancho Panza roused him from this fit of musing, saying, "Signor, melancholy was not made for beasts, but for men; and yet, if men encourage melancholy too much, they became no better than beasts: good your worship be contented, mind what you're about, take hold of Rozinante's reins, rouse up, awake, and shew that good humour which all knights-errant ought to have. What the devil is the meaning of all this faint-heartedness? Sure you don't know whether we are here or in France! let Satan rather run away with all the Dulcineas upon earth; for, the health of one single knight is of more value than all the enchanted persons or transformations that ever were known." "Peace,

Sancho, cried Don Quixote, with a voice that was none of the faintest, Peace, I say, and utter not such blasphemies against that enchanted lady, of whose disgrace and misfortune I am the sole cause; for, from the envy of my wicked foes, her mischance hath sprung." "So say I, answered Sancho, for, he that hath seen her before, let him look at her now, and her fortune deplore." "Well mayest thou make that observation, Sancho, said the knight, seeing thou sawest her in the full perfection of her beauty; as the enchantment did not extend so far as to disturb thy vision, or conceal her charms from thy view: no! against me alone, and my longing eyes, was the force of its poison directed! Yet, nevertheless, Sancho, I cannot help observing that you made but an indifferent picture of her beauty; for, if I rightly remember, you likened her eyes to pearls: now, eyes resembling pearls are more peculiar to dead whittings than to living beauties; and, in my conjecture, Dulcinea's must be rather like green emeralds, arched over with two celestial rainbows: those pearls, therefore, must be compared to her teeth, which, without doubt, you have mistaken for her eyes." "Nothing more likely, answered the squire, for, I was as much confounded by her beauty as your worship by her ugliness: but, let us recommend this whole business to God, who fore-ordains every thing that is to happen in this vale of tears; in this evil world of ours, where scarce any thing is to be had, without a mixture of falsehood, knavery, and sin. One thing, dear sir, of all others, gives me the greatest pain, and that is, to think what method is to be fallen upon, when your worship, after having vanquished some giant or knight, shall command him to go and present himself before the beauty of the lady Dulcinea; where will this poor giant, or this poor miserable object of a vanquished knight, find out the person to whom he is sent? Methinks I see them strolling up and down, and gaping about thro' the streets of Toboso, in quest of my lady Dulcinea; and if they should stumble upon her in their way, they would no more know her than they would know my father." "Sancho, resumed Don Quixote, perhaps the enchantment will not extend so far as to disguise Dulcinea to the eyes of those vanquished giants and knights who shall present themselves before her; and in one or two of the first whom I shall conquer and send thither, we will make the experiment, commanding them to return and give me an account of what shall happen to them, with regard to that affair." "Truly, Signor, said Sancho, I heartily approve of your worship's scheme, because, by this artifice, we will soon learn what we want to know; and if so be, that she is only concealed from your worship, you are the most unfortunate person of the two; for, as my lady Dulcinea enjoys good health and satisfaction,

faction, we will comfort ourselves, and make the best of a bad bargain, going about in quest of adventures, and leaving the rest to time, who is the best physician for these and other greater calamities."

Don Quixote would have replied, but was prevented by the appearance of a sort of waggon that crossed the road, full of the strangest figures that can be imagined, and conducted by a frightful demon that drove the mules. The cart being altogether open, without tilt or cover, the first figure that struck the eyes of Don Quixote, was death itself in human shape; next to which appeared an angel, with broad painted wings: on one side, stood an emperor with a crown (seemingly) of gold, upon his head; and hard by death, was the god Cupid, with his bow, quiver and arrows, but without the bandage on his eyes: there was likewise a knight armed capapee, except that he wore neither helmet nor head-piece, but a hat adorned with a plume of variegated feathers. Besides these, there were other personages of different countenance and dress; so that the whole groupe appearing of a sudden, discomposed our hero a little, and filled the heart of Sancho with fear; but, Don Quixote soon recollected himself, and rejoiced, because he looked upon it as some new and perilous adventure. On this supposition, and with an effort of courage capable of encountering the greatest danger, he placed himself before the wain, and with a loud and threatening voice, pronounced, "Driver, coachman, devil, or whatsoever thou art, tell me, strait, whither thou art going, and who those people are whom thou drivest in that carriage, which looks more like Charon's bark than any modern vehicle." The devil stopping his waggon, very courteously replied, "Signor, we are players belonging to the company of Angulo el Malo, and have, this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, been representing, in a village on the other side of yon hill, the piece called the Parliament of death, which we are going to act over again, this very evening, in that other village now in sight; we therefore travel in our habits, to save ourselves the trouble of undressing and dressing anew: this young man plays the part of death, that other represents an angel; the woman, who is the author's wife, acts the queen; he with the plume of feathers is our hero; the emperor you may distinguish by his gilded crown; and I am the devil, which is one of the best characters in the performance; for, I myself, am the chief actor of this company. If your worship is desirous of knowing any thing else concerning our affairs, question me freely, and I will answer with the utmost punctuality, for, being a devil, I understand every thing."

"By the faith of a knight-errant! said Don Quixote, when I first descried the waggon, I thought myself on the eve of some great adventure;

and now I affirm, that a man ought to examine things with more senses than one, before he can be assured of the truth: proceed, my honest friends, a God's name, in order to exhibit your entertainment, and if I can serve you in any respect, you may command my endeavours, which shall be heartily and freely exerted for your advantage; for, from my childhood, I have been a great lover of masques and theatrical representations."

While this conversation passed between them, they chanced to be overtaken by one of the company, dressed in motley, hung round with a number of morrice-bells, with a pole in his hand, to the end of which were tied three blown ox-bladders. This merry-andrew advancing to Don Quixote, began to fence with his pole, beating the ground with his bladders, and skipping about, so that his bells rung continually; till at length, Rozinante being disturbed at the uncommon apparition, took the bridle between his teeth; and the knight being unable to restrain him, began to gallop across the plain with more nimbleness than could have been expected from the bones of his anatomy. Sancho seeing his master in danger of falling, leaped from Dapple, and ran with all dispatch to give him all possible assistance, but, before he came up, the knight was overthrown close by Rozinante, who had come to the ground with his lord; and this was the usual end and consequence of all his frolicksome adventures. Scarce had Sancho quitted his beast, to run to the assistance of his master, when the bladder-shaking devil jumped upon Dapple, and began to belabour him with his pole; so, that being frightened at the noise, rather than with the smart of the application, he took to his heels, and flew towards the village where they intended to perform. Sancho seeing, at the same time, the career of Dapple, and his master's fall, scarce knew which of these misfortunes he ought first to remedy: but at length, as became a loyal servant and trusty squire, his love for his master prevailed over his tenderness for the beast; tho' every time he saw the bladders raised aloft, and discharged upon Dapple's buttocks, he felt the pangs and tortures of death, and would rather have received every thwack upon the apple of his own eye, than have seen it fall upon the least hair of his ass's tail.

In this state of perplexity and tribulation, he arrived at the place where Don Quixote lay, in very indifferent plight, and helping him to mount Rozinante, "Signor, said he, the devil has run away with Dapple." "Which devil?" cried the knight. "He with the bladders," answered the squire. "I will retrieve him, replied Don Quixote, even if he should conceal him, in the darkest and deepest dungeon in hell: follow me, Sancho, the wagon

gon moves slowly, and the mules shall atone for the loss of Dapple." "There is no occasion for putting ourselves to that trouble, said the squire, good your worship be pacified! for, I see the devil has quitted my ass, and returned to the rest of his crew." This observation was actually true, Dapple and his new rider had come to the ground, in imitation of the knight and Rozinante; upon which the devil trudged on foot to the village, and the ass returned to his right owner. "For all that, said Don Quixote, it will not be amiss to punish the troop, for that devil's incivility, tho' it should be in the person of the emperor himself." "I hope your worship's imagination will harbour no such thoughts, answered Sancho; take my advice, and never meddle with players, who are a set of people in such high favour with the public, that I have known an actor taken up for two murders, and yet scape scot free: your worship must know, that being the ministers of mirth and pleasure, they are favoured, protected, assisted, and esteemed by every body; especially if they belong to the king's company, or to some grandee; in which case, all, or most of them, look like princes in their manners and dress." "Nevertheless, replied the knight, that farcical devil shall not escape unpunished, or applaud himself for what he has done, tho' all mankind should appear in his favour."

So saying, he rode towards the waggon, which was, by this time, pretty near the village; and called aloud, "Stay, my merry men, halt a little, and I will teach you how to treat the asses and cattle belonging to the squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote hollowed so loud as to be heard and understood by the people in the waggon, who judging, by his words, the intention of the speaker, death instantly jumped out of the cart, and was followed by the emperor, the devil-driver, and the angel, with the queen and Cupid in their train: in short, the whole company armed themselves with stones, and drawing up, in order of battle, stood without flinching, to receive the assailant, at point of pebble."

The knight perceiving them arranged in such a formidable squadron, their arms lifted up in a posture that threatened a powerful discharge of stones, checked Rozinante, and began to consider in what manner he should attack them, with least hazard to his person. During this pause, Sancho came up, and seeing him bent upon assaulting such a well-compact brigade, "It will be the height of madness, said he, to attempt any such adventure: consider, dear Sir, that there is no kicking against the pricks; and that there is no armour upon earth sufficient to defend your body from such a shower, unless your worship could creep into a bell of brass: you ought also to remember, that it favours more of rashness than of true  
valour,

valour, for one man to attack a whole army, in which death and emperors fight in person, being aided and assisted both by good and evil angels; and if that consideration will not prevail upon you to be quiet, you ought to be diverted from your purpose, by knowing certainly, that among all those enemies, in the appearances of kings, princes, and emperors, there is not so much as one single knight-errant." "Now, indeed, cried Don Quixote, thou hast hit upon the sole reason that can and ought to dissuade me from my determined design: I neither can nor ought to draw my sword (as I have told thee, on many other occasions) against any person who hath not received the honour of knighthood: to thee, Sancho, it belongs, if so thou art inclined, to take vengeance for the injury done to Dapple, while I, from hence, will assist and encourage thee with salutary advice." "Signor, answered the squire, there is no occasion to take vengeance of any person whatever; for, it is not the part of a good christian to revenge the wrongs he hath suffered: besides, I will prevail upon my ass to leave the affair to my inclination, which is to live peaceably all the days that heaven shall grant me in this life." "Since that is thy determination, replied the knight, honest Sancho, discreet Sancho, christian and sincere Sancho, let us leave these phantomes, and go in quest of adventures more dignified and substantial; for, this country seems to promise a great many, and those very extraordinary too."

He accordingly turned his horse, Sancho went to catch Dapple, while death, with his whole flying squadron, returned to their waggon, and proceeded on their journey. Thus, was the dismal adventure of the waggon of death happily terminated by the wholesome advice which Sancho Panza gave to his master, who, next day, met with another equally surprising, in the person of an enamoured knight-errant.

## C H A P. XII.

Of the strange adventure that happened to the valiant Don Quixote, in his encounter with the knight of the mirrors.

THE night that followed the rencounter with death, Don Quixote and his squire passed among some tall and shady trees; the knight, by Sancho's persuasion, having eaten of what was found in the store that Dapple carried. During this meal, Sancho said to his master, "What a fool should I have been, signor, if I had chosen, by way of gratification, the spoils of your worship's first adventure, instead of the three foals? Verily, verily, a bird in hand is worth two in the bush." "But, for all that, answered Don Quixote, had'st thou suffered me to attack them, as I intended, thou would'st have enjoyed, among the spoils, the emperor's golden crown, with Cupid's painted wings, which I would have stript off, against the grain, and put into thy possession." "The sceptres and crowns of your stage-emperors are never made of pure gold, but, of tin or tinsel," replied the squire. "True, said the knight, the ornaments of comedy ought not to be rich and real, but feigned and artificial, like the drama itself, which I would have thee respect, Sancho, and receive into favour, together with those who represent and compose it; for, they are all instruments of great benefit to the commonwealth, holding, as it were, a looking-glass always before us, in which we see naturally delineated all the actions of life; and no other comparison whatever represents to us more lively, what we are, and what we ought to be, than comedy and her attendants: for example, hast thou never seen a play acted, in which kings, emperors, popes, knights, ladies, and many other characters introduced? One acts the ruffian, another the sharper, a third the merchant, a fourth the soldier, a fifth the designing fool, and a sixth the simple lover; but, the play being ended, and the dresses laid aside, all the actors remain upon an equal footing." "Yes, I have seen all this," answered Sancho. "Then the very same thing, said the knight, happens in the comedy and commerce of this world, where one meets with some people playing the parts of emperors, others in the characters of popes, and finally, all the different personages that can be introduced in a comedy; but, when the play is done, that is, when life is at an end, death strips them of the robes that distinguished their stations, and they become all equal in the grave." "A brave comparison! cried Sancho, tho'

not:

not so new but I have heard it made on divers and fundry occasions, as well as that of the game of ches, during which every piece maintains a particular station and character; but, when the game is over, they are all mixed, jumbled and shaken together in a bag, like mortals in the grave." "Sancho, resumed the knight, every day you become less simple and more discreet." "Yes, said the squire, some small portion of your worship's discretion must needs stick to me; as lands which are, in their own nature, sterile and barren, being well dunged and cultivated, come to yield excellent fruit: my meaning is, that your worship's conversation hath fallen like dung upon the barren desert of my understanding, which being cultivated by the time of my service and communication, will, I hope, produce blessed fruit, such as shall not disgrace, nor stray from the path of that good breeding which your worship hath bestowed on my narrow capacity."

Don Quixote could not help smiling at the affected terms in which Sancho delivered himself, tho' what he said of his own improvement was actually true; for, at certain times, he talked to admiration; and yet, when he attempted to argue, or speak in a polite stile, his efforts always, or for the most part, ended in precipitating himself from the pinnacle of simplicity to the depth of ignorance; his chief talent lying in his memory, which never failed to furnish him with proverbs that he lugged into his discourse, whether they were pat to the purpose or not, as may be seen and observed thro' the whole course of this history.

In this, and other such conversation, the greatest part of the night elapsed, when Sancho began to be inclined to let fall the portcullices of his eyes, as he termed it, when he wanted to go to sleep; he therefore unpannelled Dapple, to let him graze among the rich pasture with which the place abounded; but, Rozinante's saddle he would not remove, in consequence of his master's express order, which was never to unsaddle his steed while they were in the field, or did not sleep under cover; it being an ancient, established custom, observed by all knights-errant, in these cases, to take the bridle out of the horse's mouth, and hang it upon the pommel of the saddle, but, to leave the saddle itself untouched. This expedient was accordingly practised by Sancho, who turned Rozinante loose with Dapple; and between these two animals such a strict, reciprocal friendship subsisted, that, according to tradition from father to son, the author of this true history wrote particular chapters on this very subject; but, in order to preserve the decency and decorum which belongs to such an heroic composition, they are here omitted, tho' sometimes the translator seems to neglect this precaution, and writes, that these two friends used



to approach and scrub each other, most lovingly, and after they had rested and refreshed themselves, Rozinante would stretch his head more than half a yard over Dapple's neck, while the two were wont to stand in this posture, with their eyes fixed upon the ground, three whole days together, at least, till they were parted, or compelled by hunger, to go in quest of sustenance: nay, it is confidently reported, that the author hath compared their mutual attachment to the friendship of Nifus and Euryalus, or that which subsisted between Pylades and Orestes. If this be the case, we may, with admiration, conceive how firm the fellowship of those two pacific animals must have been; to the utter confusion of mankind, who so little regard the laws of friendship and society, according to the common saying, There is no trust in profession; the staff will turn into a spear; and as the song goes\*, The modes of the court, so common are grown, that a true friend can hardly be met: let no man imagine the author went out of his road, in comparing the friendship of brutes with that of the human species; for, men have received valuable hints, and learned many things of importance from beasts, such as the clyster from storks, gratitude and the use of vomits from dogs, vigilance from the crane, foresight and frugality from the ant, honesty from the elephant, and loyalty from the horse.

In fine, Sancho went to sleep, at the root of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote began to slumber under an oak, but being, in a very little time, awaked by a noise behind him, he started up, and employing both eyes and ears to distinguish whence it proceeded, he perceived two men on horseback, one of whom, letting himself drop, as it were, from the saddle, said to the other, "Alight my friend, and unbit the horses; for this place seems to abound with pasture for them, and with silence and solitude, which are the necessary food of my amorous thoughts." He had no sooner pronounced these words, than he threw himself upon the ground, and his armour rattled as he fell, furnishing Don Quixote with a manifest proof of his being a knight-errant: he therefore approached Sancho, who was asleep, and shaking him by the arm, with no small difficulty, brought him to himself; saying, in a low voice, "Brother Sancho, here is an adventure." "God grant it may be a good one, answered the squire, and pray, signor, whereabouts may her ladyship be?" "Where?" said Don Quixote, turn thine eyes this way, and behold lying upon the grass, a knight-errant, who, by what I have already observed, cannot be over and above easy in his mind; for, I saw him throw himself upon the ground, with evident marks of vexation, and heard his armour clatter in his fall."

\* As the original quotation is a fragment that will not complete the sense, I have taken the liberty to make the allusion altogether English.

“But, how has your worship found that this is an adventure?” replied the squire. “I will not positively say that it is altogether an adventure, answered the knight, but rather the beginning of one; for, thus they usually commence: but, hark! he seems to tune a lute or rebeck, and by his hawking and hemming, I suppose he is going to sing.” “In good faith, it is even so, said Sancho, and he must be some knight-errant in love.” “All knights-errant are so, resumed Don Quixote, but, let us listen, and by the thread of his song, discover the clue of his thoughts; for, from the abundance of the heart the tongue speaketh.”

Sancho would have made some reply, but was prevented by the voice of the knight of the wood, which was neither very sweet nor disagreeable; and listening with surprize, they heard him sing the following song:

## I.

Subjected to thy sov'reign will,  
Ah, cruel maid! my fate decree:  
The sentence, tho' inhuman still,  
Shall never be declined by me.

## II.

Say, that my death thy joy would move,  
My breath with freedom I'll resign—  
Or wouldst thou listen to my love,  
The God himself shall whisper mine.

## III.

This heart, thy vassal whilst I live,  
Like ductile wax, and diamond hard,  
Thy stamp will yieldingly receive,  
And keep th' impression unimpair'd.

The knight of the wood finished this complaint with an ah! that seemed to be heaved from the very bottom of his soul, and soon after exclaimed, in a sorrowful tone, “O thou most beautiful and ungrateful woman upon earth! is it possible, that the most serene Casildea de Vandalia, has doomed this her captive knight to consume and exhaust himself in continual peregrinations, in harsh and rugged toils? Is it not enough, that I have established the fame of thy beauty above all comparison, by the extorted confession of all the knights of Navarre, Leon, Tartesia, Castile, and finally of La Mancha?”

“Not so, neither, cried Don Quixote interposing; for I, who am of La Mancha, never made any such acknowledgment; neither could I, or  
ought

ought I to make a confession so prejudicial to the beauty of my own mistress: therefore, Sancho, this knight must certainly be disordered in his judgment; but, let us listen, perhaps he will explain himself." "Very like, answered the squire, he seems to be in the humour of complaining for a whole month."

But, this was not the case; for the knight of the wood, hearing people talk so near him, proceeded no farther in his lamentation, but starting up, called with a courteous and sonorous voice, "Who is there? are you of the number of the happy or afflicted?" "Of the afflicted," replied Don Quixote. "Come hither, then, resumed the stranger, and depend upon it, you will find the very essence of sorrow and affliction."

Don Quixote hearing him speak in such civil and pathetic terms, went towards him, with Sancho at his back, when the complaining knight took him by the hand, saying, "Sit down, Sir knight, for, that you are one of those who profess knight-errantry, I am convinced by finding you in this place, accompanied by solitude and the dews of night, which are the peculiar companions of those who belong to our order."

To this address, Don Quixote replied, "I am a knight of that order you mention; and tho' melancholy, mischance and misfortune have taken up their habitation in my soul, they have not been able to banish from it that compassion which I feel for the unhappy. From the soliloquy you just now uttered, I gather that your misfortunes are of the amorous kind; I mean, that they proceed from the passion you entertain for that beautiful ingrate whom you named in your complaint." While this conversation passed, they sat together upon the grass, with all the marks of amity and good fellowship, as if at break of day they had not been doomed to break each other's head. "Perchance, Sir knight, said the stranger, you are in love?" "By mischance I am so, answered Don Quixote, tho' the vexation that proceeds from well-placed affection, ought rather to be deemed a benefit than misfortune." "True, said the knight of the wood, if our judgment and reason are not disturbed by disdain." "I never was disdained by my mistress," replied Don Quixote. "No indeed, (cried Sancho, who stood hard by) my lady is as meek as a lamb, and as soft as butter."

The stranger knight asked if that was his squire, and the other answering in the affirmative, "I never saw a squire, said he, that like him, durst intrude upon his master's conversation; at least, I can say so much for mine, who, tho' as tall as his father, was never known to open his lips, when I was engaged in discourse." "In good faith! cried Sancho, I have spoke, and will speak again before as good a man as—but, let that rest—the more you stir it, the more it will—."

Here the other squire took hold on Sancho by the arm, saying, "Let you and I go some where, and talk our bellies full, in our own way, and leave our masters at liberty to recount their amours; for, sure I am, the night will be spent before they are done." "With all my heart, replied Sancho, and I will tell your worship who I am, that you may see whether or not I am qualified to be ranked among your talking squires." They accordingly retired together, and between them passed a conversation every bit as merry as that of their masters was grave.

### C H A P. XIII.

In which is continued the adventure of the knight of the wood; with the sage, uncommon and agreeable dialogue that passed between the two squires.

**T**HE knights and their squires being thus parted, the first entertained each other with the story of their loves, while the last indulged themselves with a reciprocal account of their own lives; but, the history first of all records the conversation of the domestics, and then proceeds to relate what passed between the masters. The squires, therefore, having chosen a situation, at a convenient distance from the knights, he of the wood accosted Sancho in these words: "Signor, this is a troublesome life that we squires to knights-errant lead: in good sooth, we earn our bread with the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses that God denounced against our first parents." "It may also be said, replied Sancho, that we earn it with the frost of our bodies; for, no creatures on earth suffer more heat and cold than the miserable squires of knight-errantry; and even that, would be more tolerable, if we had any thing good to eat; for, hearty fare lightens care, as the saying is; but we often pass a whole day, nay sometimes two, without ever breaking our fast, except upon the winds of heaven." "All this, said the other, may be endured, with the hope of reward; for, if the knight-errant is not extremely unfortunate, his squire must, in a very little time, see himself recompensed with the handsome government of some island, or with the possession of a profitable earldom." "For my own part, answered Sancho, I have already told my master, that I shall be satisfied with the government of an island, which he has been so noble and generous as to promise me, divers and fundry times." "And I, said the stranger, am contented with a canonship, which my master has already bespoke for me, on account of my faithful services." "It seems

seems then, your master must be an ecclesiastical knight, replied Sancho, seeing he can provide for his squires in the church: but as for mine, he is a meer layman; tho' I remember, that certain very wise persons (and yet, I believe, not very honest at bottom) advised him to procure for himself an archbishopric; and I was then in a grievous quandary, for fear he should take it in his head to be of the church; in which case, I should not have been qualified to hold a benefice; for, your worship must know, tho' I look like a man, I am no better than a beast at church matters." "Verily, said he of the wood, your worship mistakes the matter quite: your governments of islands are not all so desirable; some are vexatious; some are beggarly; and others attended with much melancholy and fatigue: in short, the most creditable and orderly brings along with it a load of care and inconvenience, that lies heavy on the shoulders of the unhappy person whose lot it is to bear it: it would be abundantly better for us who undergo this accursed slavery, to return to our own homes, and there amuse ourselves with more agreeable pastime; such, for example, as hunting or fishing; for, what squire is there on earth, so poor as to want a horse, a couple of hounds, and a fishing-rod, wherewith to entertain himself at his own habitation?"

"For my own part, answered Sancho, I want neither of these conveniences: true it is, I have not a horse, but then, I am in possession of an ass, which is worth my master's steed twice over: God let me never see a joyful easter, if I would truck with him for four bushels of barley to boot; you may laugh, if you will, at the price I set upon Dapple, (for that is the colour of my beast) then, I should never be in want of hounds; for, there are plenty, and to spare, in our town, and you know nothing is so relishing as to hunt at another's expence." "Really and truly, signor squire, resumed the stranger, I am fully resolved and determined to quit those knights-errant, with all their crazy pranks, and betake myself to my own town, where I will bring up my children; for, thank God, I have three, like as many oriental pearls." "And I have a couple, said Sancho, that may be presented to the pope in person; especially, my daughter, whom I breed up to be a countess, by the blessing of God, tho' it be contrary to her mother's inclination." "And of what age may this young lady be, whom you are breeding for a countess?" said the squire of the wood. "Fifteen years, or thereabouts, answered Sancho; but, she is as tall as a spear, fresh as an April morn, and strong as a porter." "These are qualifications, not only for a countess, but even for the nymph of the green-wood tree, said the other: ah the whoreson baggage! what a buxom jade she must be." "Sancho, nettled at this epithet, replied, "She

“ She is no whore; neither was her mother before her; nor shall either of them be so, an please God, whilst I live: so, I think you might talk more civilly; for, considering your worship has been bred among knights-errant, who are, as it were, courtesy itself, methinks your words might be better chosen.” “ How little are you acquainted with the nature of commendation, signor squire? answered he of the wood: don’t you know, that when any cavalier, at a bull-feast, wounds the bull dexterously, or when any person behaves remarkably well, the people exclaim, How cleverly the son of a whore has done it? and that which looks like reproach, is on such occasions, a notable commendation. Take my word, signor, you ought to renounce all children, if their behaviour does not intitle the parents to such praise.” “ I do renounce them, answered Sancho; at that rate, and for that reason, your worship may call my wife and daughter as many whores as you please; for, both in word and deed, they richly deserve the name; and that I may see them again, I beseech God to deliver me from this mortal sin, which will be the case, if he delivers me from this dangerous employment of squire, which I have incurred a second time, being seduced and inticed by a purse of one hundred ducats, which I found one day in the midst of the brown mountain; and the devil continually sets before mine eyes, here and there and every where, a bag full of doubloons, which, at every step, methinks I have fast in my clutches, hugging it in my arms, and carrying it home to my own house, where I purchase mortgages and estates, and live like any prince, and while I please myself with these notions, I bear, without murmuring, all the toils and fatigues I undergo, in the service of the wiseacre my master, who, I know, is more of a madman than a knight.”

“ So that, according to the proverb, replied the stranger, covetousness bursts the bag. But, if you talk of wiseacres, there is not a greater in the universe than my master, who is one of those concerning whom people say, He is burthened, like an ass, with another man’s load: for, truly, he is turned mad, that another knight may turn wise, and is going about in quest of that which, when he hath found it, may hit him in the teeth.” “ And pray, is he in love?” said Sancho. “ Yes, replied the other, he is enamoured of one Casildea de Vandalia, the most fickle dame that ever was seen; but, her cruelty is not the foot that he halts upon at present: he has got other crotchets of greater importance grumbling in his gizzard, which ere long will more plainly appear.” “ There is no road so smooth, resumed Sancho, but you’ll meet with rubs and hollows in it: other people use beans, but I boil whole kettles full; madness is always more accompanied and followed after, than discretion: but, if it be true,

it is commonly alledged, that company in affliction lessens the weight of it, I shall comfort myself by reflecting that your worship serves a master who is as distracted as mine." "Distracted, I grant you, said he of the wood, but valiant, and still more mischievous than valiant or distracted." "That is not the case with my master, replied Sancho, he has nothing at all mischievous about him; on the contrary, is as dull as a beetle, and knows not what it is to harm man, woman or child, or to harbour the least malice, but seeks to do good unto all mankind: a child may persuade him that it is night at noon; and indeed for that very simplicity, I love him as my own bowels, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, notwithstanding all the mad pranks he is guilty of." "But, for all that, signor and brother of mine, said the stranger, if the blind lead the blind, they are both in danger of falling into the ditch: we had much better retire fair and softly, and return to our own habitations; for, they who go in search of adventures do not always find them to their liking."

About this time Sancho began to hawk a kind of dry spitting, which being perceived and observed by the charitable squire of the wood, "Methinks, said he, we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths; but, I have got something that will agreeably moisten them, hanging at my saddle-bow." He accordingly got up, and going aside to his horse, soon returned with a large leathern bottle of wine, and a pye half a yard long; and this is really no exaggeration; for, it contained a whole fed rabbit, so large, that when Sancho felt it, he took it for a whole goat, or a large kid at least, crying, as soon as he perceived it, "How? does your worship usually carry such provision as this, about with you?" "What d'ye think? answered the other: d'ye take me for a hackney squire\*? I carry a better cupboard on my horse's crupper than e'er a general on his march."

Sancho fell to, without staying for intreaty, and swallowed, in the dark, huge mouthfuls, with as much ease as if it had been flummery, saying between whiles, "Yes indeed, your worship is a true and loyal squire, well dammed and gristed, as the saying is, grand and magnificent withal, as plainly appears from this banquet, which, if it did not come hither by the art of enchantment, at least seems so to have done: this is not the case with such an unlucky poor devil as me, who carry nothing in my bags but a piece of cheese, hard enough to knock out a giant's brains, accompanied by three or four dozen of carrobes, and as many hazzle-nuts; thanks to the niggardli-

\* Literally, *a squire of wool and water*, an allusion to a custom among the Spaniards, who sometimes have domestics to attend them to mass, and sprinkle them with holy water: these are generally shabby fellows, who have very poor appointments.

ness and opinion of my master, and the rule he observes, by which knights-errant must maintain and support themselves with nothing but dried fruits, and the herbs of the field." "In good faith, brother! resumed he of the wood, my stomach was not made for your sweet thistle, wild pear and mountain roots: let our masters please themselves with their own opinions and rules of chivalry, and live according to their meagre commands: for my own part, I always carry some cold pasty, happen what will, and this bottle hanging at my saddle-bow, which I love so devoutly, that I kiss and embrace it almost every minute." So saying, he handed it to Sancho, who lifting it up to his mouth, stood gazing at the stars a whole quarter of an hour, and when his draught was out, he hung his head on one side, pronouncing with a long sigh, "Ah whoreson! how catholic it is!" "You see now, said he of the wood, hearing Sancho's whoreson, how you have praised the wine, by giving it such a title." "I am sensible, replied Sancho, and confess that it is no disparagement to any body to be called the son of a whore, when it is understood in the way of commendation: but, tell me, signor, by the life of what you best love, is not this wine from Cividad Real?"

"You have an excellent taste, answered he of the wood, it comes from no other part, I'll assure you, and has, moreover, some good years over its head." "Let me alone for that, said Sancho, you'll never catch me tripping in the knowledge of wine, let it be never so difficult to distinguish: is it not an extraordinary thing, signor squire, that I should have such a sure and natural instinct in the knowledge of wine, that give me but a smell of any sort whatever, and I will tell you exactly its country, growth and age, together with the changes it will undergo, and all other circumstances appertaining to the mystery: but, this is not to be wondered at; for, by my father's side, I had two kinsmen who were the most excellent tasters that La Mancha hath known for these many years; as a proof of which, I will tell you what once happened to them: a sample of wine was presented to them, out of a hog'shead, and their opinions asked, concerning the condition and quality, that is the goodness or badness of the liquor to which it belonged: one of them tasted it with the tip of his tongue; the other did no more but clap it to his nose: the first said the wine tasted of iron; the other affirmed it had a twang of goats leather: the owner protested that the pipe was clean, and the contents without any sort of mixture that could give the liquor either the taste of iron, or the smell of goats leather: nevertheless, the two famous tasters stuck to the judgment they had given; time passed on, the wine was sold, and when the pipe came to be cleaned, they found in it a small key, tied to a leather  
thern



thern thong. By this your worship may perceive whether or not one who is descended from such a race may venture to give his opinion in cases of this nature." "Therefore, I say, replied the stranger, that we ought to quit this trade of going in quest of adventures, and be contented with our loaf, without longing for dainties: let us return to our own cottages where God will find us, if it be his blessed will." "I will serve my master till he arrives at Saragossa, said Sancho, and then we shall come to a right understanding."

In fine, the two honest squires talked and drank so copiously, that sleep was fain to tie up their tongues, and allay their drought, which it was impossible to remove: each, therefore, grasping the bottle, which by this time was almost empty, fell asleep, with the morsel half chewed in his mouth; and in this situation we will leave them for the present, and relate what happened between the knight of the wood, and him of the rueful countenance.

#### C H A P. XIV.

Wherein the adventure of the knight of the wood is continued.

**I**N the course of the conversation that passed between the two knights, the history relates, that he of the wood said to Don Quixote, "Finally, sir knight, you must know, my destiny, or rather, my choice, led me to place my affection on the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. I call her peerless, because she has no equal, either in point of stature, quality, fortune or beauty. Now this lady, in return for all my virtuous inclination, and amorous desires, like the stepmother of Hercules, employs me in many various toils and dangers, promising, at the conclusion of each, that with the next my cares shall be finished; but, thus she goes on, stringing one labour to another, without number, and I know not which will be the last that is to produce the accomplishment of my wishes. At one time she commanded me to go and challenge that famous giantess of Sevil, called \*Giralda, who is so valiant and strong (her body being made of brass) and who, without shifting her station, is the most changeable and fickle female in the whole world: I came, saw and conquered; fixing her motionless to one point, for, during a whole week, the wind blew from the north. Another time, she ordered me to weigh the ancient figures called the valiant bulls of

\* A brass statue on a steeple at Sevil, serving for a weather-cock.

\* Guifando; an enterprize more suitable to porters than to knights: nay, she even commanded me to throw myself headlong into the gulph of Cabra, an adventure equally new and dangerous, and bring to her a particular account of what is concerted in that dark and deep abyfs. I fixed the inconstant Giralda, weighed the bulls of Guifando, precipitated myself into the gulph, and brought to light the secrets of its abyfs; and yet my hopes are dead—ah how dead! while her cruelty and disdain are still alive—ah how much alive! In short, to conclude, she ordered me to traverse all the provinces of Spain, and compel every knight-errant in the kingdom to confess that she is preferable, in point of beauty, to all the women upon earth; and that I am the most valiant and amorous knight in the world. In consequence of this command, I have travelled over the greatest part of Spain, and vanquished many knights who have presumed to contradict my assertion: but, I value and applaud myself chiefly, for having conquered, in single combat, that so renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess, that my Calfildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea. Now, in that single conquest, I deem myself superior to all the knights in the universe; for, that same Don Quixote hath vanquished all his cotemporaries; and I, in conquering him, have transferred and conveyed to my own person, all his honour, glory, and reputation; the victor being always honoured in proportion to the fame of his vanquished foe; wherefore, the innumerable atchievements of the said Don Quixote are placed to my credit, as if they were the effects of my own personal prowess.”

Don Quixote was astonished at hearing the knight of the wood talk in this manner, and was a thousand times tempted to give him the lie: nay, you lie was at the very tip of his tongue; but, repressing his indignation as well as he could, that he might make the stranger's own tongue convict him of falshood, he replied very calmly, “ That your worship, sir knight, may have vanquished the greatest part of the knights-errant in Spain, and even in the whole world, I do not pretend to question, but, that you have conquered Don Quixote de la Mancha, I doubt very much; perhaps, it might be another who resembles him, though there are few such.” “ How! not conquer him? cried he of the wood; now, by yon canopy of heaven, under which we sit, I engaged, overcame, and subjected that very individual Don Quixote: he is a tall, meagre, long-legged, lanthorn-jawed, stalking figure; his hair inclining to grey, his nose hooked and aquiline, with long, straight, black musta-

\* These are stone statues of bulls, erected by the Romans at Guifando, a town in Castile; all the inscriptions are effaced, except the name of A. Quintus Cæcilius, Consul II.

chios: in his excursions he assumes the name of the knight of the rueful countenance; and is attended by a peasant, called Sancho Panza, who serves him in quality of squire; he presses the loins, and governs the reins of a famous steed hight Rozinante; and in fine, he avows, as mistress of his heart, one Dulcinea del Toboso, formerly known by the name of Aldonza Lorenzo; in like manner, my own mistress, whose name is Casilda, being a native of Andaloufia, is now distinguished by the appellation of Casildea de Vandalia. If all these proofs are not sufficient to evince my veracity, here is my sword, which shall make a convert of incredulity itself."

"Have a little patience, sir knight, said Don Quixote, and give ear unto what I am going to say. You must know, that same Don Quixote you mention, is the dearest friend I have upon earth; so that I may say, I love him as well as my own individual person; now, your description of him is so punctual and exact, that I should never doubt but he is actually the person you have vanquished, did I not see with my eyes, and, as it were, feel with my hands, the impossibility of the fact; and yet, as divers enchanters are his enemies, particularly one who persecutes him incessantly, some one among them may have assumed his figure, and allowed himself to be overcome, in order to defraud the knight of that fame which his gallant exploits had collected and acquired thro' the whole known world: in confirmation of this conjecture, I must also tell you that but two days ago, those perverse enchanters transformed the shape and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso, into that of a mean and plebeian country-wench: so that Don Quixote must have also undergone a transformation. And, if all this is not enough to ascertain the truth of what I say, here is Don Quixote himself, who will maintain it by force of arms, on horseback or on foot, or in any shape you please."

So saying, he started up, and grasping his sword, stood waiting for the resolution of the knight of the wood, who with great deliberation, replied: "A good paymaster needs no pawn, signor Don Quixote; he, who could vanquish you when you was transformed, may well hope to reduce you in propria persona; but, as it is unseemly for knights to perform their exploits in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for day, that the sun may shine upon our works; and let this be the condition of our combat, that the vanquished shall comply with the will of the victor, and do every thing that he shall desire; provided his commands be such as a knight-errant can decently obey."

Don Quixote assured him, that he was extremely well satisfied with the condition and proviso; upon which, they went in quest of their squires, who were found snoring in the very same attitudes in which sleep had surprized them. They wakened, and ordered them to get their horses ready; for by sun-rise they intended to engage in a most unequal and bloody single combat. Sancho was astonished and confounded at this piece of news; despairing of his master's safety, when he recollected what the other squire had told him, concerning the valour of the knight of the wood. The two squires, however, without pretending to make any words, went to look for their cattle, and found the three steeds with Dapple (for they had smelled each other out) very sociably met together. While they were thus employed, "Brother, said he of the wood to Sancho, you must know that it is customary with your warriors of Andaloufia, when they are godfathers in any quarrel, not to stand idle, with their arms across, while their godsons are engaged. This I hint, by way of apprising you that, while our masters are at it, we must exchange a few dry blows too." "That custom, signor squire; answered Sancho, may pass current with those ruffians and warriors you mention; but, that it prevails among the squires of knights-errant, I can by no means believe, at least, I have never heard such a custom mentioned by my master, who knows all the ordinances of chivalry by rote. Besides, granting it to be fact, and expressly ordained, that the squires must go to loggerheads while their masters are engaged; I will by no means comply with it, but pay the penalty incurred by peaceable squires, which I am sure cannot exceed a couple of pounds of wax; and that will not cost me so much as the pence I should expend in the cure of my head, which I would lay my account with having split and divided into two halves; and moreover, it is impossible that I should fight, because I have got no sword, and never wore one in my born days." "I know a very good remedy for that inconvenience, said the stranger: here are a couple of linen bags, of the same size; you shall take one, and I the other, and play away upon each other with equal arms." "With all my heart, answered Sancho; that sort of exercise will serve to dust our jackets, without hurting our skins." "Not quite so neither, resumed the other, for, that the bags may not flap in the air, we will clap into each, half a dozen clear, smooth pebbles, of equal weight and magnitude; so that we may thwack one another, without hurt or damage." "Body of my father! cried Sancho, mind what fable furs and flakes of carded cotton he would line the bags withal, to prevent them from grinding our skulls, and making a paste of our bones! Heark ye, master

master of mine, I'll have nothing to do with them, though they were stuffed with balls of silk; let our masters fight as they shall think proper, but, for our parts, let us drink and live quietly; for, old father time will take care to rid us of our lives, without our seeking occasions to throw them away before the appointed season, at which, being ripe, they drop off of their own accord." "But, for all that, replied he of the wood, we must have a bout, if it should not last half an hour." "By no means, said Sancho, I shall not be so uncivil and ungrateful, as to have any difference, let it be never so small, with a person at whose cost I have both eaten and drank; besides, who the devil, do you think, can fight in cool blood, without any sort of anger or provocation?" "I know how to remove that objection, resumed the stranger: before we begin the battle, I will come up fairly and softly, and give your worship two or three such hearty boxes on the ear, as will lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler, though it should sleep sounder than a dormouse." "Against that expedient, answered Sancho, I know another twice as good: for, I will lay hold on a good cudgel, and before your worship comes to awaken my choler, give your own such a lullaby of dry beating, that it shall never wake but in the next world, where you'll have reason to know that I am not a man who will suffer his nose to be handled by any person whatsoever; wherefore, let every one look to his own affairs. Though it would be the wisest course for every man to let his own choler lie still and sleep: for, nobody knows the heart of his neighbour, and some who go out for wool, come home quite shorn. God himself bestowed his blessing upon peace, and curse upon contention; for, if a cat that is confined, provoked and persecuted, turns into a lion, the Lord knows, what I, who am a man, may turn into: I therefore, signor squire, give your worship notice, that all the mischief and damage which shall proceed from our quarrel, must be charged to your account." "Mighty well, replied the stranger, we shall see what is to be done, when God sends us morning."

Now, a thousand kinds of painted birds began to warble from the trees, and in their various and sprightly notes seemed to welcome and salute the fresh and joyous morn, which already through the gates and balconies of the east, disclosed her beauteous visage, while from her hair distilled an infinite number of liquid pearls, in which delicious liquor, the herbs being bathed, seemed to sprout and rain a shower of seed-pearl, upon the earth. The willows shed favoury manna, the fountains laughed, the brooks murmured, the woods rejoiced, and the meadows adorned themselves at her approach.

But,

But, scarce had the light of day rendered objects distinguishable, when the first thing that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho Panza, was the nose of his brother squire, which was so large as to overshadow his whole body. It is actually said to have been of excessive magnitude, crooked in the middle, and studded all over with warts of a mulberry-colour, like the fruit called berengena; and it hung down two fingers-breadth below his mouth. The size, colour, warts and curvature of this feature, rendered the face so frightful and deformed, that Sancho no sooner beheld it than he began to shake in every limb, like a child troubled with convulsions, and resolved, in his heart, to endure two hundred buffetings, before his choler should be awaked, so as to fight with such an hobgoblin.

Don Quixote surveying his antagonist, found his vizor already down, and closed in such a manner, as effectually concealed his face; but he perceived him to be a muscular man, of a middling stature. Over his arms, he wore a loose coat or cassock, to all appearance of the finest cloth of gold, powdered with a number of small moons formed of the brightest looking-glasses, which had a most magnificent, gay and shewy effect. Over his helmet waved a great quantity of green, yellow and white plumes; and his lance, which leaned against a tree, was excessively long and large, armed with above an hand's breadth of pointed steel. All these particulars were observed and considered by Don Quixote, who concluded from what he saw and observed, that the said knight must be a person of Herculean strength. Nevertheless, far from being afraid, like Sancho Panza, he with the most gallant intrepidity, thus addressed himself to the knight of the mirrors: "I intreat you, by your courtesy, sir knight, if your eager desire of fighting hath not destroyed that quality, to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see, whether or not your countenance corresponds with the gallantry of your demeanour." "Signor cavalier, replied he of the looking-glasses, whether you are victor or vanquished in this enterprize, you will have time and opportunity more than sufficient to consider my visage; and my reason for not satisfying your desire at present, is, that I should deem it a notable injury to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia, to spend so much time as it would take to lift up my beaver, before I compel you to confess what you know I pretend to maintain." "Yet, while we mount our steeds, said Don Quixote, you may easily tell me if I am that same Don Quixote, whom you pretend to have overcome." "To that question I answer, said he of the mirrors, that you are as like the knight I overcame, as one egg is like another; but, as you say, you are persecuted by inchanters,

chanters, I will not venture to affirm, whether or not you are the same person." "That is enough, replied Don Quixote, to convince me that you are mistaken: nevertheless, to persuade you beyond all possibility of doubt, let us have recourse to our horses, and in less time than you would have taken to lift your beaver, if God, my mistress, and my arm avail me, I shall see your face, and you will see I am not that conquered Don Quixote whom you suppose me to be."

Thus breaking off the conversation, they mounted their horses, and Don Quixote turned Rozinante, in order to take a sufficiency of ground for returning to encounter his antagonist; while he of the mirrors took the same precaution. But, the first had not proceeded twenty paces, when he was called back by the other, and the two meeting again half-way, "Take notice, sir knight, said he of the looking-glasses, the condition of our combat is, that the conquered, as I have already observed, must be at the discretion of the conqueror." "I know it, answered Don Quixote, provided the commands imposed upon the vanquished be such as do not transgress the bounds of chivalry." "So I understand the conditions," answered he of the mirrors.

At that instant, the strange nose of the squire presented itself to the eyes of Don Quixote, who was no less astonished than Sancho, at the sight; insomuch, that he took him for some monster or new-fashioned man, such as are not commonly found in this world. Sancho, seeing his master set out, in order to take his career, would not stay alone with nozzle, being afraid, that one flirt of such a snout in his face, would determine the quarrel, and lay him stretched along the ground, either through fear or the severity of the blow: he therefore, ran after his master, and laying hold of one of Rozinante's stirrups, when he saw him ready to turn, "I beseech your worship, dear master, cried he, before you turn to begin the combat, help me in climbing this cork-tree, from whence I may behold, more to my liking than from the ground, your worship's gallant encounter with that same knight." "I rather believe, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that thy motive for clambering up, is to see the bull-fight from a scaffold, without any danger to thyself." "The truth is, answered the squire, the outrageous nose of that squire fills me with such astonishment and affright, that I dare not tarry along with him." "It is such indeed, replied the knight, that were I any other than what I am, I should be scared at it's appearance: come, therefore, and I will help thee to ascend to the place you mention."

While Don Quixote stopped until Sancho should get up into the cork-tree, the knight of the mirrors took as much ground as he thought necessary,

cessary, and imagining that Don Quixote had done the same, without waiting for sound of trumpet, or other signal, he turned his horse, which was not a whit superior to Rozinante, either in fleetness or appearance, and at his full speed, which was a middling trot, rode forwards to encounter his antagonist; but, seeing him busy in the exaltation of Sancho, he pulled in the reins, and halted in the middle of his career; a circumstance that gave infinite joy to his steed, which was already so tired, that he could not move another step. Don Quixote perceiving his enemy approaching with such speed, drove his spurs stoutly into the meagre flanks of Rozinante, and made him spring forwards in such a manner, that the history says, this was the only occasion on which he was ever known to gallop, for at all other times his swiftest pace was no other than a downright trot; and with this hitherto unseen fury, he arrived at the spot where the knight of the mirrors sat thrusting his spurs rowel-deep into the sides of his horse, without being able to move him one finger's breadth from the place where he had made his halt. In this confusion and dilemma, Don Quixote found his antagonist embroiled with his horse and embarrassed with his lance, which, either through want of knowledge or of time, he had not as yet fixed in the rest. Our Manchegan, who never minded these incumbrances, safely and without the least danger to his own person, encountered him of the mirrors with such vigour, as to bring him, very much against his inclination, to the ground, over the crupper of his horse, with such a fall, that he lay without sense or motion, to all appearance bereft of life.

Sancho, no sooner saw him unhorsed, than sliding down from the cork-tree, he ran to his master, who having alighted from Rozinante, stood over the knight of the mirrors, untying his helmet, in order to see, whether or not he was actually dead, and to give him air, in case he should be alive. Then it was, he saw—who can relate what he saw, without creating admiration, wonder and affright in those who hear it? He saw, says the history, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigies, the very perspective of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco; and this he no sooner beheld, than raising his voice, he cried, “Come hither Sancho, and behold what thou shalt see, but not believe; quick, my child, and contemplate the power of magic: here thou wilt see what those wizzards and inchanters can do.” Sancho accordingly approached, and seeing the face of bachelor Carrasco, began to cross and bless himself a thousand times.

Mean while, the overthrown knight, giving no signs of life, Sancho said to Don Quixote, “In my opinion, master, right or wrong, your  
worship





*F. Hayman inv. et delin.*

*G. Sartin Sculp.*



worship should thrust your sword through the jaws of this miscreant, who seems to be the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, and in him, perhaps, you may slay one of those enchanters who are your enemies." "That is no bad advice, said the knight; for, the fewer enemies the better." And so saying, he drew his sword, in order to put in execution the advice and counsel of Sancho, when the squire belonging to the knight of the mirrors, came up without his frightful nose, and cried aloud, "Take care what you do, signor Don Quixote; he who lies at your feet is your friend the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, and I am his squire."

Sancho seeing him, without his original deformity, "And the nose?" said he. "I have it here," replied the other, who putting his hand in his right side pocket, pulled out a paste-board nose, covered with varnish, such as we have already described. Sancho, having considered him more and more attentively, broke out into a loud exclamation of wonder, crying, "Blessed virgin watch over me! Sure this is not my neighbour and gossip Tommy Cecial?" "The very same, (answered the unsnouted squire) Tummas Cecial I am, your own friend and gossip, Sancho Panza, and I will presently tell you by what round-about conduits, tricks and mischievous stories I have been brought hither; in the mean time, supplicate and beseech your master's worship, not to treat, maltreat, wound or slay the knight of the looking-glasses, who now lies at his feet; for, without all doubt, he is no other than our townsman, the inconsiderate and ill-advised batchelor Sampson Carrasco."

About this time, the knight of the mirrors came to himself, and Don Quixote perceiving he had recovered the use of his senses, clapped the point of his naked sword to his throat, saying, "Knight, you are a dead man, if you do not instantly confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels your Casildea de Vandalia, in beauty; and in the next place, you must promise, (provided you escape with life from this contention and overthrow) to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her, in my name, that she may dispose of you according to her good pleasure; and if she leaves you at your own disposal, you shall return in quest of me; for, the tract of my exploits will serve as a guide to conduct you to the place where I shall be, and give me an account of what hath passed between you; these conditions being conformable to what we agreed upon before the combat, and not deviating from the customs of knight-errantry." "I confess, said the vanquished knight, that the clouted dirty shoe of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, excels the dishevelled, tho' shining locks of Casildea; I promise to go and return from her to your presence, and give you a full and particular detail of what you demand." "You

must, in like manner, confess, and believe, added Don Quixote, that the knight whom you overcame neither was, nor could be Don Quixote de la Mancha, but some other who resembled him; as I confess and believe, that although you appear to be the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, you are not really he, but another cloathed in his appearance, with which my enemies have invested you, in order to arrest my arm, and restrain the impetuosity of my rage, so as that I may bear the glory of my conquest with moderation." "I confess, judge and perceive in all respects, as you believe, judge and perceive, answered the discomfited knight; and I beseech you allow me to rise, if the severity of my fall, which hath put me in a miserable plight, will permit me to get up."

He was accordingly assisted in rising, by Don Quixote and his own squire Tommy Cecial, from whose person Sancho could not withdraw his eyes, while he asked a thousand questions; the answers to which manifestly shewed, that he was really and truly the individual Tommy Cecial, whom he pretended to be: but, the apprehension which Sancho had conceived, from what his master said touching the enchanter, who had metamorphosed the knight of the mirrours into the batchelor Carrasco, hindered him from giving credit to the truth of what he saw with his own eyes. Finally, both master and man remained under the influence of that deception, while he of the mirrours, with his squire, in exceeding bad humour and evil plight, took his leave of Don Quixote and Sancho, to go in quest of some place where he might beplaster and besplinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to the prosecution of their journey, in which the history leaves them, to explain the mystery of the knight of the looking-glasses, and his snouted squire.

## C H A P. XV.

Which gives an account and information of the knight of the mirrours, and his squire.

**D**ON Quixote went on his way rejoicing; he gloried, he triumphed in the importance of his conquest, imagining the knight of the mirrours to be the most redoubtable of all knights that had yet ever appeared; and what afforded him likewise great matter of comfort was, that this knight, having engaged himself by the ties of honour, from which he could not deviate, without forfeiting his title to the order, he conceived hopes of hearing soon from Dulcinea, and of being certainly informed whether the enchantment of that princess still continued; tho' indeed, it happened, that he and the knight of the mirrours thought, at that time, differently upon this subject; inasmuch as the latter was solely intent upon thinking how he should repair the damage done to his carcase.

And here the historian informs his readers, that when Sampson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to resume the profession of knight-errantry, it was in consequence of mature consultation between him, the curate, and the barber, when they deliberated upon the means of keeping him in peace and quiet at home, so that his brains, for the future, should not be disturbed in pursuit of those wild extravagancies; the result of which was, that the only way to cure the frenzy of this unhappy man, was at present not to check his ungovernable obstinacy, but, to humour it, and encourage him to go out again, as they saw it was impossible to prevent him; that Sampson should arm himself, and take an opportunity of meeting and challenging him, as a knight-errant; that he should settle the terms with him; that the vanquished should be at the disposal of the conqueror; that, in consequence of this agreement, Don Quixote, when overcome, (which they looked upon as a matter of little doubt or difficulty) should be ordered to return home, and not to pass the bounds of his own village, for the space of two years, without the good-will and permission of the other; that no doubt this he would religiously comply with, as not daring to violate the laws of the order; and that there might be hopes, he would either in that space of time, be naturally cured of those extravagant follies, or they might find out some method of diverting his mind from the farther pursuit of them. Carrasco undertook the affair very readily; and this Thomas Cecial, an intimate

friend and companion of Sancho, and a queer sort of fellow, proffered his service to go upon the expedition, in the quality of squire. Sampson got himself accoutred in the manner you have read, and Cecial appeared in the terrors of that tremendous paste-board nose, to disguise himself from Sancho; and being thus equipped, they followed him so close, that they were very near coming up with him at the adventure of the waggon of death; they met him however in the wood, where ensued what the attentive reader must already be acquainted with; and where, had it not been for Don Quixote's heated imagination, which hurried him into the belief that the batchelor was not the batchelor, signor Sampson Carrasco would have been effectually stopped in the progress of his university degrees, and would not even have found a nest where he expected a flight of sparrows.

Thomas Cecial, finding the unhappy success that attended their undertaking; said, "Mr. Carrasco, I cannot in my conscience see why we ought to complain; it is one thing to undertake, but another thing to finish: we looked upon Don Quixote as mad, and ourselves as hugely wise; but, behold the end! we take our march back again, both from a fool's errand, and you most handsomely drubbed to boot, while he pursues his journey in safety and triumph: and I should really be curious to know which is the greatest fool, he who is made so by nature, or he who makes himself one?" "There is this difference, replied the batchelor, between a natural and a wilful fool, that the former will always remain so, the latter may cease to be so when he has a-mind." "As that is the case, said Thomas, I think I have been a monstrous fool in coming here to attend you as your squire; and therefore, that I may be so no longer, I will this instant hie me to my own habitation." "In that particular, you may do what seems good unto you, replied Sampson, but, as for me, I see not the place of my dwelling, until I shall have taken bodily vengeance upon Don Quixote: 'tis not now from motives of charity or benevolence; no, 'tis revenge, and the anguish of my ribs, that prompt me to persevere in attempting the work of his reformation."

They entertained one another in this manner, till they came to a village, where they had the good fortune to meet a bone-setter, who put the batchelor's ribs somewhat to rights; and Cecial took the route for his own village, leaving Carrasco deep in his meditations, projecting schemes of revenge. In due time, the history will again mention him, but, at present, let us share with Don Quixote in the transports of his joy.

## C H A P. XVI.

What happened to Don Quixote, with a grave gentleman of La Mancha.

**D**ON Quixote, as we have observed, went on his way, glorying in his success. From that day, he dated himself the most renowned and most invincible of all knights that had ever yet gone thro' a course of labours on this our earth: he looked upon all dangers, all difficulties that possibly could come in his way, as already vanquished, already overcome: he now valued not a rush the machinations of the most powerful enchanters. The very traces of former misfortunes, those drubbings out of number he had undergone, in discharging the functions of knighthood, were now quite obliterated from his memory. He thought no more of the shower of stones which had so sorely afflicted his jaw-bones, nor the mortifying ingratitude of the gally-slaves; nor did he think any more of the pack-staves of the Yanguesian carriers, who had the hardiness to make his sides resound like the dusting of a carpet: in short, the idea he conceived of his own felicity was so great, that could I, said he to himself, but accomplish the great point of liberating my celestial princess from the power of enchantment, I should not envy the glory that ever was or will be purchased by any knight in the universe.

He was lost in these reveries, when Sancho interrupted him, " You will hardly, Sir, believe what a fool I am, but, it is an actual truth, that I cannot keep myself from thinking on that horrid and unmeasureable nose of my neighbour Tom CECIAL?" " And dost thou really believe, replied the other, that the knight of the mirrors was Sampson Carrasco; and that thy old companion, Thomas CECIAL, was his squire?" " As to that affair, I can say nothing to it, answer'd Sancho, only one thing I am positive in, that no one but himself could have given me such an account of my house, my wife and my children; and as to his face, when that nose was slipt off, it was the very individual face of Thomas CECIAL, just as I have beheld it many a time, when we were next door neighbours in our village: and as for his voice, I will take my oath, it is the same to a tittle." " Come, Sancho, said Don Quixote, let us reason coolly upon this head: what probability is there, that Sampson Carrasco should come, as a knight-errant, armed cap-a-pee, to offer me combat? Am I his enemy, or did I ever give him occasion to bear resentment against me? Do you imagine I am his rival, or that he has entered into the profession of chivalry, as en-  
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ving the glory I have acquir'd by arms." "But, then, Sir, answer'd Sancho, what account can we give of the resemblance of that same knight and his squire to Sampson Carrasco, and my old friend Thomas Cecial? And if it be enchantment, as your honour says, were there no other two in the world but them, whose likeness they could assume?" "It is all design, answered the other, and the contrivance of those cursed enchanters who persecute me, who easily foreseeing I should be victorious in the combat, changed the form of their vanquished knight into that of the batchelor, that the friendship I have for him might check the fury of my sword, and shield him against the effects of my just indignation; and by that means save the life of him who, by treachery and artifice, had attempted to take away mine. But, what further proof need there be of the power of those enchanters, to change the appearance of human countenances, the fair into the deformed, and the deformed into the fair, than what thou thyself hast lately found by certain experience? Thou, who not two days since, beheld the peerless Dulcinea, in all the charms and lustre of perfect beauty, while at the same time she appeared to me an ugly rustic wench, with blear'd eyes, and stinking breath: and doubtless, if the wicked magician could effect such a diabolic enchantment as that, it is not to be wondered at, if he did the like by Carrasco and Thomas Cecial, to rob me of the glory of my victory: however, this is my consolation, that the prowess of my arm hath prevailed against my enemy, whatever shape he has assum'd." "It is God alone who knows the truth of all things," answered Sancho, who well knowing, that the transformation of Dulcinea was the effect of his own enchantments, upon that account was not quite convinced by his master's arguments, but durst not mutter the least word, lest something should have dropped from him, by which he might have betrayed himself.

While they were discoursing in this manner, a gentleman, mounted in the jockey-fashion, on a fine flea-bitten mare, came up with them, dressed in a riding-coat of fine green cloth, faced with murrey-coloured velvet, and a hunting-cap of the same; his furniture of a piece, murrey-coloured and green: he had a belt of green and gold, at which hung a Moorish scymitar, and his buskins were wrought in the same manner: his spurs were not gilt, but so finely varnished with green, that as they were more of a piece with the rest of his dress, they looked better than if they had been pure gold. When this gentleman overtook them, he saluted them with great politeness, and was spurring on, in order to pass them, when Don Quixote calling to him, said, "Signor, if you are not in haste, and are going this way, I should be exceeding glad to join company with you."

"Sir,



“ Sir, answered the other, I should not have been in such haste to pass you, but was afraid your horse might be unruly, in the company of my mare.” “ If that be all, answered Sancho, you may stop your mare when you please, with great safety; ours is the most sober and most discreet horse in the world, and has more breeding than ever to let his naughtiness get the better of him, upon such occasions, and never transgressed in this particular but once, and then my master and I both suffered severely in the flesh for it: I say once more, your worship may stop; for, if your mare was served up in a dish, our steed would not so much as smell to her.” Upon this assurance, the gentleman stop’d, and look’d with amazement at the air and appearance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which hung like a wallet before Sancho, at the pummel of his ass’s pannel: and, on the other hand, Don Quixote beheld him with no less attention, conceiving him to be some person of figure and distinction. The traveller seem’d to be a man about fifty; he had some, tho’ few grey hairs; his features were sharp, and in his looks appeared neither levity nor moroseness: in short, his appearance bespoke him a man of consequence. He looked with a kind of astonishment at Don Quixote, as having never beheld such a phenomenon before; the lankness of the horse, and the tall stature of the person that rode him, the sepulchral meagerness of his aspect, his solemn gravity, the strangeness of his armour, all together forming such a composition as perhaps had never before been seen in that country.

Don Quixote observed with what attention the traveller considered him, and by the surprize he saw him in, guessing what he wanted to know, as he was himself the very flower of civility, and of excessive complaisance, he was resolved to be before hand with him, and save him the trouble of asking any question: “ Signor, said he, I am not at all surpris’d to find, that with amazement you contemplate this my appearance, so new to you, and so different from that of other mortals; but, your wonder will cease, when I have told you that I am of the fraternity of those knights whom people distinguish by the title of adventure-hunters. I have left my native home, mortgaged my all, bid adieu to ease and pleasure, and cast myself upon fortune, to dispose of me as she shall think proper; my design being to awaken the lost and decayed spirit of knight-errantry: it is now some time since I entered upon the resolution of accomplishing this aim, during which period, I have suffered a variety of fortune, tossed about from one adventure to another, sometimes triumphant, at other times not so successful, until I have in a great measure fulfil’d my design, having relieved many disconsolate widows, afforded protection to many distressed damsels, and been of aid and assistance to divers married women.

men and fatherless children, the true duty and intent of our order; so that, by numberless exploits becoming a christian hero, I am now celebrated in print through almost all the nations of the habitable globe. Thirty thousand copies of my renowned history are already in the hands of the public, and, if heaven does not think proper to put a stop to it, in all likelihood, there will be a thousand times as many more. In one word, Sir, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise stiled the knight of the rueful countenance; and tho' I own it is illiberal to sound one's own praises, yet am I sometimes obliged to do it; but then, never unless when no one is by to do it for me; so that, signor, after what I have told you, neither my lance nor my shield, my horse nor my squire, the wanness of my countenance, nor the lankness of my person, and all my whole composition together, ought any more to affect you with surprize, since you know the profession I am of, and the order I belong to."

There Don Quixote stoped to give the traveller an opportunity of reply; but, he was so long before he opened his mouth, that it seemed as if he could make no answer; however, after a long pause, "Sir knight, said he, you was not mistaken, when, by the surprize you saw me in, you guessed the desire I had to be informed; but, I am still as much surprized as ever, and tho' what you say may be right, that my knowing who you are ought to have made my wonder cease, it is yet far from having that effect upon me: can it be possible, that there are indeed now in the world knights-errant really existing, and that there are published accounts of real adventures? I should never have once dreamed that there was such a thing upon earth as any one who assisted married women and orphans, relieved widows, and protected damsels, if I had not had this opportunity of being convinced by now seeing you; and heaven be praised, that this noble history of your real and glorious atchievements is in print, as it must efface and discredit those numberless romances about knights-errant, who never had being, and with which the world was so pestered and abused, to the apparent corruption of the mind of the readers, and the discredit of real and true history." "As to that circumstance, Sir, there is much to be said, and you must not be too rash in believing, that the histories of knight-errantry are all fable." "Is there any one, answered the traveller, who makes a doubt of it?" "I do, for one, answered Don Quixote; but, we will drop that subject for the present, as I doubt not but if we continue any time travelling together, I shall be able, by the blessing of God, to convince you of your error, and to shew you that you are prejudiced only by the number of those who have entertained a notion, that such accounts are fictitious."

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These last words of Don Quixote gave the gentleman in green a suspicious idea of his understanding; he had a notion that he must be disordered in his senses, and was expecting some other proof of it; but, without entering into farther discourse, Don Quixote desired his companion to let him know who he was, as he himself had given an account of his life and situation. To which request the gentleman replied, "Sir knight of the rueful countenance, I am a gentleman born in a village where, if it pleases God, we shall all dine to-day; my fortune is better than moderate, and my name Don Diego de Miranda. I pass my time cheerfully, with my wife, my children, and my friends; my usual diversions are fishing and hunting, but, I neither keep hounds nor hawks, all I have are some decoy-partridges, and a good ferret. My library consists of about some six dozen of Spanish and Latin books; some are books of history, others of piety, for, as to books of chivalry, I have not yet allowed them to come under my roof; I am more inclined to the reading of profane than religious authors, if the subjects they treat of are of an innocent nature, if the style is engaging, and the incidents affecting and surprising; but, indeed, Spain produces mighty few performances of this sort. I live in terms of good neighbourhood with all about me; sometimes I go to their houses, sometimes I invite them to mine; my table is neat and clean, and sufficiently affluent, without extravagance. I slander no one, nor do I allow backbiters to come near me; my eyes pry not into the actions of other men, nor have I any impertinent curiosity to know the secrets of their lives. I go to mass every day, and the poor man partakes of my substance; I have no ostentation in the good I do; I defend myself against the attacks of hypocrisy and vain-glory, well knowing, that the best fortified heart is hardly proof against those sly deceivers. As far as I have an opportunity, I am a reconciler of differences among my neighbours: I particularly pay my devotions to the blessed mother, and have an entire dependance on the mercies of God our Saviour."

Sancho had listened with uncommon attention to what the gentleman in green, said; and this discourse seemed to him of such exalted piety and virtue, that he immediately conceived such a man must be endowed with the power of working miracles; fully persuaded of this supposition, he threw himself off his ass, ran up to the gentleman, seized his right stirrup, and with a heart overflowing with devotion, and eyes full of tears, fell a kissing his feet. Which humility, when the traveller perceived, "What is the matter, friend, said he, what is the meaning of these embraces?" "Pray let me alone, said Sancho, for in my life before, excepting your worship, did I never know a saint mounted on horseback." "I have

no title to be thought so, answered the gentleman; on the contrary, I am a miserable finner; but, the simplicity of your behaviour, my friend, shews, that you yourself must be a very good man." Upon this declaration, Sancho quitted him, and again remounted Dapple, having by his behaviour unbended the solemn gravity of his master into a smile, and encreased the wonder of Don Diego.

Don Quixote then made enquiry into the number of children he had, informing him at the same time, that the ancient sages, who were not enlightened with the knowledge of the true God, reckoned those gifts of fortune and nature, abundance of friends and encrease of dutiful children, as constituting part of the supreme happiness. "Sir, answered Don Diego, I have one son, and if I had none, should, peradventure, think myself happier than I am; not that he is very bad, but because he does not come up to what I would wish him to be. He is now eighteen years of age, six of which he has spent at Salamanca, studying Greek and Latin, and when I would have had him apply to something else, I found him so dipt in poetry, if that deserves the name of science, that I could not prevail upon him to take to the study of the law, which was what I wanted he should do; nor, would he apply to divinity, the first and noblest of all sciences. I was desirous to make him the honour and ornament of his family, as we live in an age, and under a monarch, where useful and virtuous learning is so amply recompensed; for, what is learning without virtue? No better than pearls on a dung-hill. He will spend whole days in examining whether such a verse in Homer's Iliad be expressed with propriety, whether such an epigram of Martial is to be construed into a lewd sense or not, and whether such a verse in Virgil will bear this or that meaning. In a word, these authors, with Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus, engross the whole of his time and conversation. As to the modern authors of his own country, he seems to have no great relish for them, though, notwithstanding his seeming disregard, he is now busied in making a kind of commentary upon four verses, which, I believe, are designed as a subject for a prize in the schools."

To this information, the other answered, "Sir, children are to be considered as part of the bowels of the parents, and be they good or bad, we must treat them as such, and cherish them accordingly. It is incumbent upon parents, to lead them betimes into the paths of decency and virtue, to instil into them sound principles, and train them up in christian discipline, that by these means they may be the stay of their declining years, and an honour to their own descendants. I am not against  
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using persuasion to encline them either to the study of this or that science, but, look upon using force as altogether unwarrantable; more especially when the young gentleman does not study in view of getting his livelihood, he being so fortunate as to have that secured by inheritance; then I think he should be indulged in pursuing whatever his genius or inclination mostly prompts him to; and though in poetry, there is more pleasure than utility, it generally does honour to the person who has a vein for it. I liken poetry to a young, tender, and beautiful virgin, whom many other virgins, that is, all the other sciences, are assiduous to ornament, enrich and embellish; now, as she makes use of them all, so likewise does she reflect a lustre upon them all. But then, this tender virgin is not to be handled roughly, she is not to be dragged thro' the streets, exposed in public places, or stand as a prostitute at the gates of palaces. She is a kind of alchemy of such rare virtue, that whoever knows the nature of her composition may change her into pure gold of inestimable value; whoever would keep her, must narrowly look after her; she must not be indulged in the indecency of obscene satyr, nor allowed to run into insipid sonnets. And though she may enjoy the profits arising from heroic poetry, weeping tragedy, or laughing comedy, yet the muse must not be venal; no buffoons must have any thing to do with her, and she must be kept sacred from the unhallowed multitude, who neither know nor esteem those hidden treasures she carries about her. And think not that by the multitude, I only mean the common rank of men; no, under that class I number all who are strangers to real knowledge, be they peers or be they princes. But, whoever is possessed of these qualifications I have been mentioning, and with them, attempts the study and execution of poetry, I say, his name will be famous, and held in veneration, wherever politeness extends its influence. As to what you say of your son's not esteeming the poetry of his own country, I don't think he is quite right in that opinion, and for this reason: the mighty Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek; nor Virgil in Greek, for the same reason that he was a Roman; and in general, every one of the ancient poets wrote in the language of his own country, and did not seek for another to clothe the majesty of his ideas. As this is the case, I think it should be a prevailing maxim in all countries; nor should we undervalue the German poet for writing in his own language, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan, for writing in his; but, perhaps, your son does not dislike Spanish poetry, but Spanish poets, as being destitute of the knowledge of other languages or sciences, that might contribute to cultivate, assist and enliven their own natural genius;

and even this prejudice may be carried too far; for, the maxim, that a poet is born with his talent, is certainly just; that is, a real poet comes forth a poet into the world, and with this natural endowment implanted in him by his Creator, produces, without the help of study or cultivation, such things as verify that of the poets when they say, *Est Deus in nobis*. And one so born a poet, if he cultivates his genius by the assistance of art, must be much better, nay, greatly preferable to him who, without natural fire, attains only to the knowledge of the rules alone; for, it is obvious, that as art does not exceed nature, but, serves to polish and bring it to perfection; so art assisting nature, and nature so assisted by art, form the accomplished poet. To conclude, sir, my advice is, that your son should be allowed to follow the bent of his own inclination, and, as he must be already an exceeding good scholar, having mastered the learned languages, which may be looked upon as having mounted the first steps in his progress to the seat of the sciences, by the assistance of that knowledge he will be able, without more help, to climb to the top of human literature, which as much adorns and sets off a gentleman as a mitre does a bishop, or the long robe the counsel learned in the law. If you find him writing satires injurious to private characters, burn his works and rebuke him; but, if he composes discourses, that comprehend for their subject of satire, vice in general, as Horace did with so much elegance, then commend him; for, though it be unlawful to mark and single out particular persons, it is allowable to write against particular vices; for example, to write against envy, or to lash the envious, and so of others. Here are some poets indeed, who, rather than baulk their fancy of saying a smart thing, will risque being sent to the isles of Pontus. As the manners, so will the verses be; if the former are chaste the latter will be so likewise; writing is the interpreter of the mind, which will always produce what is consonant to its own native conceptions; and when kings, and the great men of the earth, once see this wonderful gift of poetry employed on subjects of wisdom, virtue and dignity, they bestow marks of honour, esteem and munificence upon the poet, they crown him from the leaves of that tree, which is proof against the glancing thunderbolt, emblematically denoting, that such as wear that crown ought to be secure against all hurt or offence."

The traveller wondered so much at Don Quixote's discourse, that he began to be stagger'd in his mind, whether he was a madman or not. But, as this conversation did not altogether hit Sancho's taste, he had, in the midst of it, gone out of the road, to beg a little milk of some shep-

shepherds who were milking ewes hard by, and the gentleman in green, who seemed very fond of the good sense and ingenious conversation of Don Quixote, was going to renew their dialogue, when the Don, suddenly lifting up his eyes, saw a carriage with the king's colours meeting them upon the road, and taking this for some new adventure, called to Sancho to bring his helmet. Sancho, hearing the voice of his master, left the shepherd in great hurry, and mounting Dapple, arrived where Don Quixote was, to whom there happened a very terrible and tremendous adventure.

## C H A P. XVII.

Which sets before the reader that highest and most exalted pinnacle, which the incredible magnanimity of Don Quixote ever did, or ever could arrive at, with the happy issue of the adventure of the lions.

**T**HE history then proceeds to inform us, that when Don Quixote called out upon Sancho to bring him his helmet, he, Sancho, was deep in bargain with the shepherds about some curds; and finding himself called off in such violent haste by his master, was at a prodigious loss what to do with them, for he had paid for them, and could not bear the thoughts of losing his purchase; in this extremity he had recourse to his master's helmet, in which he safely stowed them, and hugging himself in this lucky thought, away he trotted to receive the commands of his lord and master, who desired him to deliver his helmet; "For, said he, if I know aught of adventures, that which I descry yonder will prove such a one as will oblige me to have recourse to arms."

Don Diego, upon hearing this declaration, looked about him every where, but, could discover nothing except a carriage coming towards them, with two or three flying flags, by which he guessed the carriage might be loaded with some of the king's money, and mentioned this observation to Don Quixote, who minded not what he said, his brain wandering so upon adventures, that every thing must be one, and nothing but a series of one adventure upon the back of another; he therefore answered the gentleman to this effect: "Sir, forewarned and forearmed is half the day; I am not now to learn that I have enemies of all kinds, visible and invisible; neither know I the time, the place, the hour, nor under what appearance they will attack me." With these words turning about, he demanded his helmet of Sancho, who not having time to disengage the curds from it, was obliged to deliver it, with that lining  
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in the inside to his master, who took it, and without farther examination, clapped it in a great hurry upon his head, which pressing and squeezing the curds, the whey began to ooze down his beard; and this circumstance so startled him, that he called out to Sancho, "What can this mean; is my skull softening or my brains melting, or do I sweat from head to foot? Surely, this I can say, that if I do sweat, it is not through fear, though I am fully persuaded this will prove a most terrible adventure. If you have got any thing, let me have it to wipe me, for this deluge of sweat blinds my eyes." Sancho replied not, but gave him a cloth, and with it sent up his thanks to the Almighty, that his master had not found out what it was. Don Quixote, after rubbing himself, took off his helmet, to see what it was that was so cool upon his head, and, perceiving something white and clotted, put it to his nose and snuffed at it: "By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, cried he, thou hast put curds into my helmet, thou traitor, thou ill-bred squire!" To which apostrophe, Sancho answered with great unconcern and tranquillity, "If they are curds let me have them to eat, but, the devil ought rather to eat them, for, I am sure it must be he who put them there. I offer to defile your worship's helmet! in good troth, I can perceive, by the help of that understanding God has given me, that I am not without my enchanters too, who are at me, as a sort of member and limb of your worship; and I'll be sworn, have put that nastiness there, to instigate your worship to wrath against me, and stir up your worship to anoint my ribs in the manner your worship was wont to do. But, this time, they have missed their aim, I trow, as I can depend upon the just sentence of my master, who will easily weigh with himself, that I had neither curds, cream, nor any such stuff; and that if I had, it was more likely I should have crammed them into my own guts than put them into his worship's helmet." "All this is possible;" cried Don Quixote: and all this the other gentleman saw, and saw with astonishment, more especially, when our hero, after having clean'd his head, beard, chops, and helmet, clap'd the latter upon his skull, and fixing himself in his seat, tried whether or not his sword could be easily drawn; then grasping his spear, "Now, cried he, happen what will happen, here am I determined for the combat, should the prince of the evil spirits set himself in battle array against me."

By this time, the carriage with the streamers was come up, attended only by the driver (who rode one of the mules) and a man who sat upon the fore-part of it. Don Quixote wedged himself directly in their way, and called out, "Whether, my brethren, are you bound? what carriage is this?"



this? what does it contain? what ensigns are those display'd?" To which interrogations, the waggoner replied, "The carriage itself belongs to me, and within are two savage lions, which the general of Oran sends to court to his majesty; the streamers are the ensigns of our lord the king, to shew that what is here contained belongs to the crown." "Are these lions large?" answered Don Quixote. "So large, replied the man, who sat upon the fore-part of the waggon, that lions of a more monstrous size never came from Barbary into this kingdom. I am their keeper, and have had several under my charge before now, but never any so big as they; there is a male and a female, the he is in the first cage, and the female in the other; they are now ravenous with hunger, having had no food to-day, and therefore I must entreat you to get out of the way, as we must make haste to the place where they are to be fed." To which intreaty, Don Quixote answer'd with half a smile, "What are your lion whelps to me, and at this time of day too! are lion whelps brought against me! I'll make those who sent them hither, yes—by the holy God! I'll make them see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Come, honest friend, get off, and as you are their keeper, open the cages and turn them out; for, in the midst of this plain, will I make the savage beasts of the wilderness know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in defiance of the enchanters who have sent them against me."

"A ha! said Don Diego to himself, I think our knight of the rueful countenance has now given us a pretty incontestable sample of what he is, these curds have certainly soaked his skull, and suppurated his brains." Then Sancho came up to Diego, and said, "For God's sake, sir, take care that my master's worship does not encounter these lions, or belike, we shall all of us be tore to pieces." "What, answered he, is your master then really so much out of his wits, that you believe and dread he will engage these savage monsters?" "He is not out of his wits, replied Sancho, but prodigious bold."

"I'll make him give over," answered the other: and going up to Don Quixote, who was praying the keeper to open the cages, he said, "Sir, gentlemen of the order of knights-errant, ought to go upon adventures that have a probability of success, not such as are quite desperate; for, that courage which is almost temerity, favours rather of madness than true fortitude. Besides, these lions do not come with any hostile design against you; no, they think of nothing less; they are going to be presented to the king, and as they are on their way to court, I think they should not be stopped in their journey." "Pray, good sir, said Don Quixote, if you will please to get away from hence, and go  
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mind your ferrets and decoy-partridges, do, and leave every one to mind his own business; this is my business, and it behoves me to know whether or not these lions come against me." Then turning to the keeper, "Sirrah, said he, if you do not immediately open the cages, I swear by the living God, I will this instant pin you to the place where you sit."

The carter, who saw the obstinate resolution of this armed phantom, who addressed him, begged for the sake of charity, he would let him take off his mules, and get with them out of danger, before the lions were uncaged, "For should my cattle be slain, said he, I am undone for ever, having nothing to depend upon for bread but this cart and these mules." "Man of little faith, said Don Quixote, alight, take off thy mules, and do what thou wilt, but thou shalt quickly see thou hast laboured in vain, and that thou mightest have spared thyself this unnecessary trouble." The carter then got off, and unyoked in great hurry, and the keeper spoke aloud, "I call all present to witness that I am forced, against my will, to open the cages, and let loose the lions; and I here declare, that this gentleman is chargeable with, and answerable for, all the harm they shall do, as also for my salary and perquisites over and above. And now, gentlemen, pray take care of yourselves, and get out of the way, for, as to me, I know they will do me no harm." Don Diego again urged him to forbear attempting so extravagant an action, alledging it was tempting of God, to think of going about such a desperate undertaking. The other replied, that he knew what he did; and Don Diego once more desired him to think well of what he was about, as he was certain that he deceived himself. "Sir, said Don Quixote, if you do not care to be a spectator of what you think will be a tragical adventure, set spurs to your mare, and provide for your own safety." Sancho, upon this intimation, fell a blubbing, and earnestly besought him not to think of entering upon this adventure; "For, in comparison of this, said he, the windmills, the terrible adventure of the fulling-mill hammers, nay, all the exploits your worship has performed during the course of your life, are but custards and puff-paste. Consider, sir, continued he, that there can be no enchantment in this cage; I myself have peeped through the cage, and there I saw the claw of a real living lion; and sure I am that the beast that owns such a claw, must be bigger than a mountain." "Be he large or small, answered Don Quixote, thy fear would magnify him to the bigness of one half of the globe. Begone, leave me; if I die, you know our old agreement; repair to Dulcinea. I say no more." He spoke several other things, which shewed he

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was determined on what he was about, and that all attempts to dissuade him were in vain.

Don Diego would willingly have stopped him, but had neither weapons nor armour equal to the other's, and besides, did not think it prudent to engage with a man who was frantic; for, by this time, he was convinced that Don Quixote was so in all respects; who still pressing the keeper, and repeating his threats, Don Diego clap'd spurs to his mare, Sancho applied his heels to Dapple, the carter put forward his mules, and all endeavoured to get as fast out of the way as they could, before the beasts were let loose. Sancho deplored the fate of his master, who he believed was just going to be sacrificed by the lions; he bewailed his own hard fortune, and cursed the hour when he thought of serving him again; however, amidst the intenseness of his grief, he ceased not to punch and jog on his ass, that he might get from the cart as far as possible. The keeper seeing that these runaways were now safe, at a sufficient distance, renewed his expostulations with Don Quixote, who said, "I hear you, friend, but, give yourself no more trouble with arguments or entreaties, it will all signify nothing; and therefore I desire you will make haste."

While the keeper protracted the time in opening the first grate, Don Quixote considered with himself, whether he had best alight for the combat, or continue on the back of Rozinante; and determined, at last, to fight on foot, lest his steed might take fright at the sight of the lions. Accordingly he leaped upon the ground, threw away his lance, braced his shield, and drew his sword; in which attitude, approaching with great steadiness, he placed himself just before the cart, recommending himself, with great devotion, first to the protection of the Almighty, and then to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.

We must observe that, at this place, the author of this history breaks out into pathetic exclamations, expressing himself to this purpose, O Don Quixote de la Mancha! renowned for fortitude, brave beyond human expression, thou mirror, in which all heroes of the earth may contemplate their own perfections! thou second and other Don Manuel de Leon, glory and ornament of Spanish knights! how shall I find words worthy to relate this matchless achievement: by what power of argument shall I make it gain credit among future generations? for, what encomiums ever so exalted, even beyond the hyperbole, can there be, but what thou deservest? On foot thou stood'st, collected within thy magnanimous self, with a sword far from being sharp, with a shield far from bright and shining; there, I say, did'st thou stand waiting and expecting two of the fiercest lions that were ever yet engendered in the dens of Libya. I want

words wherewithal to embellish thy great atchievements; let thy own exploits then be the harbinger of thy praises, O heroic Manchegan!

The author here breaks off his exclamation, and proceeds in the recital of the history, saying,

The keeper seeing Don Quixote fixed in this posture, and finding himself under a necessity of letting loose the he-lion, to avoid the resentment of this enraged and intrepid hero, flung the door of the first cage open, where the lion appeared lying, of a monstrous bigness and terrifying aspect: he immediately turned himself round in the cage, put out one of his paws, and stretched himself at full length, yawned and gaped with great composure, and then, with a tongue of about half a yard long, clean'd his face and eyes, after which he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared around him with eyes like firebrands; a sight sufficient to have struck a damp into the most intrepid heart: but, Don Quixote only fixed his eyes attentively upon him, wishing for the minute he would leap out of the cart, that he might engage, and cut him in pieces; to such an unaccountable degree had his frenzy work'd up his disturbed imagination. But, the lion, naturally generous, and more inclinable to be gentle than rough, heeded not his bravadoes or flourishing; on the contrary, after having looked around him, as we have observed, turned about, and shewing our hero his back-side, with great composure and tranquillity, laid himself down again to rest; which circumstance, Don Quixote perceiving, ordered the keeper to rouse him by blows, and oblige him to come forth: "Nay that I won't, answered he; for, should I enrage him, he would immediately tear me to pieces: come, Sir knight, be contented with what you have done, which is all that can be expected from any man's courage, and give over tempting fortune any more. The door of his cage is open, and he may come forth, or not, as he pleases, but, as he has not come out now, he will not all day. The intrepidity of your honour's valour is sufficiently vouched; I apprehend the bravery of no combatant needs do more than challenge his adversary, and await him in the field; and if the enemy won't meet him, the imputation of cowardice lies with him, and the crown of victory devolves upon the other." "You say true, said Don Quixote; shut the door, my friend, and let me have, under your hand, in the best manner you are able to draw it, a certificate of what you have now seen; for, I think it is highly fitting mankind should know that you open'd the lion's cage; that I waited for him, and he came not out; that I waited for him again, and he came not out; and that again he laid himself down. I am not bound to do any more; so enchantments avaunt, and God prosper truth, justice and noble chivalry: shut the door therefore, and I will wave

wave a signal for those who have run off, to return, and have an account of this action from your own mouth."

The keeper obeyed; and Don Quixote clapping upon the point of his lance the clout Sancho had given him to wipe off the curds, called out to them, who were still pursuing their flight, and at every step, all in a body, turning about their heads, and Don Diego leading them on; but, Sancho chancing to espy the signal of the linen cloth, "I'll be bound to be crucified, said he, if my master has not got the better of the lions, for he now calls to us." They all stopped, and perceived it was Don Quixote who made the sign; upon which the violence of their terrors somewhat abated, and they approached nearer and nearer, by degrees, till they could distinctly hear the voice of Don Quixote calling to them; at last, they came back to the cart, and Don Quixote said to the carter, "Put your mules to again, my friend, and go on in your journey; and, Sancho, give him and the keeper two crowns of gold, as a recompence for the time I have detained them." "That I will most willingly do; but where are the lions, dead or alive?" Then the keeper very circumstantially, and dividing his discourse with great propriety, gave an account of the issue of this adventure, exaggerating, with all his might, and all the power of rhetorick he could muster up, the courage of Don Quixote, at sight of whom, said he, the lion overawed, would not, or rather durst not, venture out of the cage, though I held the door open a considerable time; and that upon remonstrating to the great knight, that it was tempting of God, to provoke the lion so far as to oblige him to come out by force, as he wanted him to have done, and was going to make him do, whether he would or not, his honour had suffered the cage door to be shut. "Sancho, said Don Quixote, what dost thou think now, can enchantments avail ought against true courage? They may indeed, and with ease, stand in the way of my good fortune, but, of valour and resolution they never can deprive me." Sancho gave the crowns to the people; the carter yoked his mules, and the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hand for his liberality, and promised, when he arrived at court, he would give an account of this heroic achievement to his majesty himself. "Should the king, said Don Quixote, perchance enquire who performed it, tell him, the knight of the lions; for, I am determined, that, from this time ever after, the title I have been hitherto distinguished by, of knight of the rueful countenance, shall be changed, barter'd and funk, into that of knight of the lions; and in this alteration, I imitate the example of knights-errant of old, who, as they pleased, altered their designations, as it best suited their purposes.

The carriage went forward, Don Quixote, Sancho, and the traveller in green pursued their journey; and, during all this time, Don Diego de Miranda was so attentive to remark and observe the actions of Don Quixote, that he had not opened his mouth, but looked upon him as a man whose good sense was blended with a strange sort of madness: the reason was, he knew as yet nothing of the first part of his history; had he read that, his amazement at the knight's words and actions would have vanished, as it would have clear'd up to him the nature of his frenzy; but, as he knew not that, he was at times divided in his opinion, sometimes believing him in his senses, and at other times thinking him frantic; because, what he spoke was sensible, consistent, and genteelly expressed, but, his actions discovered all the symptoms of wildness, folly, and temerity. "For, what greater sign of disorder, said he to himself, can there be, than for a man to clap on a helmet full of curds, and then take it into his head, that some magician had liquified his skull, and what more certain proof of fool-hardiness and wild frenzy, than for a person, in spite of all that can be said to him, to resolve to engage lions."

Don Quixote interrupted these reflections and soliloquy of his fellow-traveller, by saying, "Signor Don Diego de Miranda, I don't doubt but that, in your judgment, I must pass for an extravagant madman; and indeed no wonder, for, to be sure, my actions would seem to declare me such; but, at the same time, I must beg leave to say to you, that I am not so disordered, or so bereft of understanding, as to you I may have seemed. The gay cavalier, who in burnished armour, before the ladies prances over the lists, makes a gallant appearance. The adventurous knight too shews off to great advantage, when in the midst of the spacious square, in view of his prince, he transfixes the furious bull. And a noble appearance make those knights, who, in military exercises, or such like, are the life, spirit, and even honour of their prince's court. But, a much more noble figure than all these makes the knight-errant, who in the solitudes of the desert, thro' the almost impervious passages of the forest, and over the craggy mountains, goes in quest of perilous adventures, to bring them to a successful issue, and that only to obtain glory, honour, and an immortal name. A knight-errant, I say, makes a more glorious appearance, when he assists the widow in some solitary plain, than the courtier knight, when he lavishes his gallantry on a town-lady. All cavaliers have their different spheres, in which they act: let the courtier pay his attendance to the ladies; adorn the court of his prince with the splendor of his equipage, entertain gentlemen of inferior fortunes with the hospitality of his sumptuous table; let him propose matches of different exercise, direct  
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he jousts and tournaments; let him shew himself splendid, liberal and munificent; and above all, approve himself a good christian; in acting thus, he will discharge the duties that belong to him. But the knight-errant, let him explore the most hidden recesses of the universe, plunge into the perplexities of the labyrinths; let him, at all times, not be afraid of even impossibilities; in the barren, wasteful wilderness, let him defy the scorching rays of the solstitial sun, and the piercing chillings of the nipping frost. Lions must not frighten him, phantoms must not terrify him, nor dragons dismay him; for, in searching after such, engaging with, and getting the better of all difficulties, consists his true and proper occupation. It being my fortune then to be of this last order, I cannot, consistent with that, avoid engaging in whatever I deem to be part of the duty of my calling; and for these reasons, tho' I knew, that encountering the lions was in itself an act of the greatest temerity, yet it immediately belonged to my profession: I am very sensible that true fortitude is placed between the two extremes of cowardice and fool-hardiness, but then, it is better valour should mount even to an over daring hardiness, than be debased to pusillanimity; for, as the prodigal is more likely to become truly generous than the miser, so will the over courageous sooner be brought to true valour, than the coward to be courageous at all; and in undertaking adventures, I assure you, Don Diego, it is much better to overdo than underdo, and much better does it sound in the ear of him to whom it is related, that a knight is daring and presumptuous, than that he is pusillanimous and faint-hearted."

"Signor Don Quixote, answered Diego, I think all you have said is consonant to the rule of right reason; and I am of opinion, that if the laws and statutes of true chivalry were lost, they would be found deposited and faithfully recorded in your breast: but, if you please, we will put on, for it grows late; let us get towards my house and villa, that you may have some rest, and taste of some refreshment after your late fatigue, which, if it does not weary the body, must be heavy upon the mind, the labours of which often affect the body likewise." "I accept of your invitation, Don Diego, said the other, as a favour and mark of politeness." And hastening forward a little quicker than they had done before, they arrived about two in the afternoon at the habitation of Diego, on whom Don Quixote bestowed the appellation of the knight of the green surtout.



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THE  
LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS

Of the Sage and Valiant KNIGHT

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Of what befel Don Quixote, at the castle or house of the knight of the green surtout; with other out-of-the-way matters.

DON Quixote found, that Diego's house, like the houses of most country gentlemen, was large and roomy; with the arms of the family over the great gates, cut out in rough stone; the buttery was in the yard, the cellar was under the porch, and around were placed divers jars, which jars being of the manufactory of Toboso, recalled the memory of the metamorphosed and enchanted Dulcinea; upon which, without reflecting what he said, or before whom, he poured out his sighs and tears: "O dearest pledges, said he, which now I find in bitterness of sorrow, but sweet and ravishing when heaven's high will ordained it so; O jars of Toboso, which have recalled into my mind, the dear idea of my greatest sorrow!" This exclamation was overheard by the young poet, Diego's son, who, along with his mother, had come down to receive Don Quixote. Both mother and son were struck with his uncouth figure, and he, alighting from Rozinante, with great good breeding, begged leave to kiss the lady's hands. To which intreaty, Don Diego added, "Madam, receive, with your usual politeness, signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, whom I here introduce to you as a gentleman of the brightest parts and most intrepid courage of any in the world." Donna Christina (for that was the



the lady's name) received him with all the marks of respect and esteem, and Don Quixote overpaid them in polite and mannerly acknowledgements; the same kind of intercourse passed between him and the young scholar, whom he took by his conversation to be a gentleman of vivacity and acuteness.

The author here minutely describes Don Diego's house, gives an inventory of the furniture usually contained in the house of a rich country gentleman: but, the translators of this history have thought it adviseable not to mention these and such other particular matters, as being rather foreign from the main scope of this history, in which truth has more energy than needless and languid digressions.

Don Quixote was conducted into a hall, where Sancho disarmed him; after which, he remained in his other accoutrements, a pair of wide wauloon breeches, a shamoy-leather doublet, blotted with the rust of his armour; his band was collegian, neither starched nor laced, his buskins of the colour of dates, and his shoes of waxed leather: he girded upon his thigh his trusty sword, which hung at a belt of seal's skin, for, it is believed he had been for some years troubled with an imbecillity in his loins; over all these was a long cloak of good grey cloth; but, before he stirred any further, he applied to his face five or six pitchers (the precise number not being exactly ascertained) of fair water, which nevertheless still ran off a whey colour; and it was undoubtedly owing to the irregular appetites of Sancho, and his having made the bargain for these nasty curds, that his master was now rubbed so white and so clean. In this equipment, as here described, and with a gallant air and address, Don Quixote walked into another hall, where the young gentleman of the house was waiting to receive and entertain him, till dinner should be got ready; for, as to the lady, Donna Christina, she was busy in ordering matters so, upon the arrival of this noble guest, as to let it be seen she knew what reception to give those who came to visit under her roof.

While Don Quixote was unarming, Don Lorenzo (that was the name of Diego's son) took the opportunity of that leisure time to ask his father, who that knight was he had brought home to them; "For, said he, his name and his uncouth figure, and your telling us, at the same time, that he is a knight-errant, puzzle both my mother and me prodigiously." Said Don Diego, "I know not what answer to make you; all I can say is, I never saw a madman act more frantically, and have heard him talk so very sensibly, as gave the lie to all his actions: but, I would have you enter into conversation with him, and sound the depth of his understanding; you have sense enough, and therefore I would have you form a judgment of him

him according to your own observation; to say the truth, I myself am more inclined to believe him distracted than otherwise."

Upon this intimation, Don Lorenzo went to entertain Don Quixote, as we have mentioned, and, among other discourse, he said to Lorenzo, "Signor Don Diego de Miranda, your father has been pleased to inform me a little of your great genius and good judgment, and particularly that you are a great poet." "A poet in some sense, I may be, said Lorenzo; but a great one did I never so much as dare, even in my own imagination, to think myself: true it is, I am a little fond of poetry, and of reading the good poets; but, don't at all for that reason merit the title my father is pleased to bestow upon me." "I love your reserve, said Don Quixote; for, poets are usually far removed from modesty, each thinking himself the greatest in the world." "No rule holds universally, answered Lorenzo, and there may be one who is really a great poet, and yet does not think himself so." "There must be very few such, answered the other; but, pray, Sir, continued he, what verses are those you are about, which your father says makes you so anxious and studious? for, if it be commenting upon some theme, I know somewhat of the art of paraphrasing, and should be glad to see what your performance is; and if they are designed as a poetical prize, let me advise you to obtain the second, for the first is decreed in view of interest, or in favour of the great quality of some person; but, merit carries the second: so that, according to the general practice of our universities, the third becomes the second, and the first the third: but, notwithstanding this acceptance, the name of first makes a great shew." "So far surely, said Lorenzo to himself, this gentleman shews no sign of a disturbed understanding; but we'll go on: Your worship, I presume, has been long at the schools; pray, Sir, what sciences have you addicted yourself to?" "That of knight-errantry, replied Don Quixote; a science equally sublime as your poetry, and in my humble opinion, even mounted a few steps above it." "That science, answered Lorenzo, I am hitherto a stranger to; it has not yet come within the extent of my knowledge." "It is a science, answered the other, that includes in itself virtually, most, if not all the other sciences in the world; for, he who professes it, must be a civilian, and know the laws both of distributive and commutative justice, to determine, with equity and propriety, what lawfully and properly belongs to every individual: he must be a good divine and casuist, that he may, with clearness and precision, defend the principles of the christian faith, which he professes, as often as he shall be required so to do: he ought to be a physician, and particularly a botanist, that, in the midst of desarts and wildernesses,

nesses, he may know those herbs that are of efficacy in curing wounds; for a knight-errant cannot at every turn have recourse to a surgeon. He ought to be an astrologer, to distinguish by the stars the time of the night, together with the climate and part of the globe on which he chances to be: he must be learned in the mathematics, for which he will frequently have occasion; and besides being adorned with all the theological and cardinal virtues, he ought to descend to other minute branches of science; I say, for example, he must know how to swim like an herring, to shoe an horse, to mend a saddle and bridle. And, returning to what we have observed above, he must preserve his fealty to God and his mistress: he must be chaste in thought, decent in speech, liberal in action, valiant in exploits, patient in toil, charitable with the needy; and finally, an asserter of truth, even though the defence of it should cost him his life. Of all these great and small qualities is a good knight-errant composed; so, that signor Don Lorenzo may judge, whether it be a snivelling science which is learned and professed by a knight-errant; and whether it may not be compared with the sublimest which are taught in college and schools." "If that be the case, replied Don Lorenzo, I affirm, that it has the advantage over all others." "How! cried Don Quixote, if that be the case!" "What I would say, resumed Lorenzo, is, that I doubt whether there ever were or are knights-errant adorned with so many virtues." "I have often said what I am now going to repeat, answered Don Quixote, that the greatest part of the world believes there never were knights-errant; and, in my opinion, if heaven does not work a miracle to prove that they both did and do exist, whatever trouble may be taken, will fail of success, as I know by repeated experience: I will not therefore, spend time at present, in refuting and rectifying the error in which you and many others are involved; but my intention is to pray that heaven will extricate you from your mistake, and give you to understand how advantageous and necessary knights-errant have been to the world in past ages, and how useful they might be to the present, were it the custom to solicit their assistance: but, now, for the sins of mankind, idleness, sloth, gluttony and extravagance prevail and triumph." Here Don Lorenzo said within himself, "Now hath our guest given us the slip; but, nevertheless, he is a whimsical madman, and I should be an idle fool, if I thought otherwise."

In this place their discourse was interrupted by a call to table; and Don Diego asked his son, what he had fairly extracted from the genius of his guest? To this question he replied, "All the best physicians and writers that the world contains, will not extract him fairly from the

blotted sheet of his madness ; but, he is a party-coloured maniac, full of lucid intervals." They sat down to eat, and their repast was such as Don Diego had said upon the road he was wont to bestow upon his friends whom he invited, neat, plentiful and favourable ; but, what yielded more satisfaction to Don Quixote, was, the wonderful silence that prevailed over the whole house, which in this particular resembled a monastery of carthusians.

The cloth being removed, grace said, and hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly desired that Don Lorenzo would repeat the verses designed for the literary contest ; and the young gentleman answered, " Rather than appear one of those authors, who when they are requested to rehearse their works, refuse to grant the favour ; and, on the other hand, disgorge them upon those who have no inclination to hear them, I will repeat my gloss, from which I expect no reward, as I composed it solely with a view to exercise my genius." " It was the opinion of an ingenious friend of mine, said Don Quixote, that no man ought to fatigue himself in glossing upon verses ; because, as he observed, the gloss could never come up to the text ; and very often, or indeed, almost always, the gloss was foreign to the intention and proposition of him who proposed it ; besides, the laws of the gloss were extremely narrow, restricting the paraphraser from the use of interrogations ; and, " Said he," or, " I will say ;" as well as from changing verbs into nouns, and altering the sentiment ; with other ties and shackles incurred by those who try their fortune in this way, as you yourself undoubtedly know." " Verily, signor Don Quixote, cried Don Lorenzo, I am very desirous of intrapping your worship in false Latin ; but, it is not in my power ; for you slip through my fingers like an eel." " I do not know, answered the knight, what you mean by saying I slip through your fingers." " I will explain myself some other time, replied Don Lorenzo, mean while your worship will be pleased to hear the paraphrase and the text, which run thus."

#### THE TEXT.

COULD I the moments past renew,  
 Though fate should other joys deny ;  
 Or bring the future scenes to view,  
 In time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.

THE

## THE GLOSS.

AS all things perish and decay ;  
So did that happiness I mourn,  
On silent pinion fleet away ;  
Ah ! never—never to return.  
At fortune's feet forlorn I lie :  
Would she again propitious strew  
Her favours, who more blest than I,  
Could I the moments past renew.

No pleasure, palm or wreath I claim,  
No wealth or triumph seek to find ;  
For, all my wish and all my aim  
Is to retrieve my peace of mind.  
Ah, fortune ! thy returning smile  
Would change to bliss my destiny,  
And ev'ry gloomy thought beguile,  
Though fate should other joys deny.

Fond wish ! impossible and vain,  
No pow'r on this terrestrial ball  
Can time's unwearied foot detain,  
Or his accomplish'd flight recall.  
He forward flies, nor looks behind ;  
And those miscarriage will pursue,  
Who hope the fugitive to bind,  
Or bring the future scenes to view.

Perplex'd with hopes and fears I live,  
Though death at once would ease my pain ;  
What folly then for me to grieve,  
Who can that easy cure obtain ?  
No ! yet a wiser course I'll steer,  
Resolv'd my fortune still to try,  
Until these happier days appear,  
In time's dark womb that rip'ning lie.

Don Lorenzo no sooner concluded his paraphrase, than Don Quixote starting up, took the young gentleman by the right hand, and raising his voice even almost to a cry, pronounced, "Now by the heaven of heavens! noble youth, you are the best poet in the world, and deserve to be crowned with laurel, not by Cyprus or Gaeta, as an author said, whom God pardon, but by the academy of Athens, did it now subsist, and by those of Paris, Bologna and Salamanca, which are still in being. Heaven grant, that those judges who deny you the first prize, may be transfixed by the arrows of Apollo, and that the muses may never deign to cross the thresholds of their doors. Signior, let me hear, if you please, some of your more majestic verses, that I may be thoroughly acquainted with the pulse of your admirable genius." Is it not diverting, to observe, that Don Lorenzo was pleased with the applause of Don Quixote, although he considered him as a madman? O influence of flattery, how far do'st thou extend! and how unlimited are the limits of thy agreeable jurisdiction! This truth is verified in the behaviour of Lorenzo, who, in compliance with the desire and intreaty of the knight, repeated this sonnet, on the fable or story of Pyramus and Thisbe,

S O N N E T.

**F**AIR Thisbe's charms what bulwarks could withstand!  
 They pierc'd ev'n to her gallant lover's soul;  
 And Cupid hasten'd from the Cyprian strand,  
 To view the narrow pass by which they stole.  
 Here silence spoke, and through that narrow breach,  
 Which ev'n the timid voice durst not essay,  
 Th' intrepid souls to perfect union stretch;  
 Inspir'd, impower'd by love's almighty sway.  
 Th' ill-fated pair to death untimely came,  
 With flow'ry pleasure's tempting bait intic'd:  
 By the same poignard, monument and fame,  
 At once destroy'd, enclos'd, immortaliz'd.

"Blessed be God!" cried Don Quixote, when he had heard the sonnet of Don Lorenzo, "That amidst the infinite number of consumptive poets that now exist, I have found one consummate, as your worship has plainly evinced yourself, by the art and execution of those stanzas."

The knight was sumptuously regaled in the house of Don Diego, for the space of four days, at the expiration of which, he thanked his entertainer

tainer for the noble treatment he had received from his hospitality, and begged leave to depart; for, as it did not become knights-errant to devote much time to ease and banquetting, he was desirous of fulfilling the duty of his profession, in seeking adventures, with which he understood that country abounded, and in which he hoped to employ the time till the day of the tournament of Saragossa, whither he was bound: but, first of all he was resolved to enter the cave of Montefinos, about which so many strange stories were recounted all over that neighbourhood, that he might investigate and discover the origin and real springs of the seven lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego and his son applauded the glorious design, and desired he would supply himself with whatever their house or fortune could afford; for, they would, with the utmost good will perform that service which they equally owed to his personal valour and honourable profession. At length arrived the day of his departure, as joyful to the knight as dismal and unfortunate to Sancho Panza, who had lived so much at his ease amidst the plenty of Don Diego's house, that he could not, without reluctance, return to the hunger that prevails in dreary forests, and to the poverty of his ill-provided bags, which, however, he now took care to fill and stuff with what he thought most necessary for his occasions.

At parting, Don Quixote addressing himself to Don Lorenzo, "I know not, said he, whether I have already told your worship, but, if I have, let me now repeat the intimation, that when you are inclined to take the shortest and easiest road to the inaccessible summit of the temple of fame, you have no more to do, but leave on one side the path of poetry, which is pretty narrow, and follow that of knight-errantry, which, though the narrowest of all others, will conduct you to the throne of empire, in the turning of a straw." With this advice, did the knight, as it were, sum up the process of his madness, which, however, was still more manifest in this addition. "Heaven knows what pleasure I should feel in the company and association of Don Lorenzo, whom I would teach, by my own example, to spare the fallen, and trample the haughty under foot; virtues annexed to the order I profess: but, as his tender years do not require such tutorage, nor would his laudable exercises permit him to pursue my steps, I shall content myself with assuring his worship, that being a poet, he may certainly acquire renown, if he will conduct himself rather by the opinion of others, than his own; for, no parent ever thought his own offspring ugly, and this prejudice is still more strong towards the children of the understanding."

Both

Both father and son admired anew the strange medley of Don Quixote's discourse, in which so much discretion and madness were jumbled together; and were astonished at the wilfulness and obstinacy with which he was so wholly bent upon the search of his misadventurous adventures, that constituted the very aim of all his desires. Nevertheless, they repeated their offers of service and civility, and with the good leave of the lady of the castle, Don Quixote and Sancho set out on Rozinante and Dapple.

## C H A P. II.

In which is recounted the adventure of the enamoured shepherd, with other truly diverting incidents.

A LITTLE way Don Quixote had travelled from the habitation of Don Diego, when he was joined by two persons dressed like ecclesiastics or students, and a couple of labouring men mounted upon asses: behind one of the students was a bundle wrapped up in green buckram, seemingly consisting of some linnen and two pair of coarse thread stockings; while the other was encumbered with nothing but a couple of new black fencing foils, with their buttons. The countrymen carried other things, which discovered and gave notice, that they were on their return from some great town, where they had made a purchase, and were bringing it home to their own village; and they, as well as the students, were seized with that admiration which was incident to all those who for the first time beheld Don Quixote; indeed they burned with curiosity to know what sort of a creature he was, so different in appearance from other men.

The knight saluted them courteously, and understanding their road was the same route that he designed to follow, made a proffer of his company, at the same time begging they would slacken their pace, as their beasts travelled faster than his horse. In order to facilitate their compliance with his request, he briefly told them who he was, made them acquainted with his office and profession, which was chivalry, and observed that he was going in quest of adventures, through all parts of the world; giving them to understand, that his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his appellative, the knight of the lions.

All this information was Greek or gibberish to the countrymen, but not to the students, who immediately discovered the weakness of Don Quixote's brain; nevertheless, they beheld him with admiration, and one



one of them, in a respectful manner, accosted him thus: "If your worship, sir knight, follows no determined road, as those who go in quest of adventures, seldom do, be so good as to accompany us, and you will be an eye-witness of one of the most splendid and opulent weddings that ever were celebrated in La Mancha, or in many leagues around." When Don Quixote asked, if it was the marriage of any prince, which he so highly extolled, the other replied, "It is no other than the bridal of a farmer and a country-maid; he the richest of all this neighbourhood, and she the comeliest that ever man beheld. The preparations are new and extraordinary; for, the marriage is to be celebrated in a meadow adjoining to the village of the bride, who, by way of excellency, is called Quiteria the beautiful, and the bridegroom is known by the appellation of Camacho the rich: she is but eighteen, and he turned of twenty, so that they are extremely well-matched; though some curious persons, who remember all the pedigrees in the world, are pleased to say, that her family has in that respect the advantage of Camacho's: but now-a-days these circumstances are altogether overlook'd; for, wealth is able to repair a number of flaws. In a word, Camacho is liberal, and has taken it in his head to overshadow and cover the whole meadow in such a manner, that the sun will find some difficulty in penetrating, so as to visit the verdant plants with which the ground is adorned. He has likewise bespoke choice dances, both with fwords and morrice-bells; for, there are people in the village who can jingle and snap to perfection; not to mention your shoe-slappers, a power of whom are summoned to the nuptials: but, none of those things I have mentioned, or of a great many circumstances I have left untold, are likely to render the marriage so memorable as the behaviour which is on this occasion expected from the rejected Basilius.

This Basilius is a neighbouring swain, and townsman of Quiteria, and there is nothing but a partition-wall between his house and that of her parents, whence Cupid took occasion to renew the long forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe; for, Basilius became enamoured of Quiteria, even from his tender years, and she smiled upon his passion with all manner of honourable indulgence; insomuch, that the love of the two children Basilius and Quiteria furnished entertainment and discourse for the whole village. As their age increased, Quiteria's father resolved to forbid Basilius the usual access he had to his house; and, to free himself from all sorts of jealousy and suspicion, proposed a match between his daughter and the rich Camacho, thinking it would not be so well to give her away to Basilius, to whom fortune had not been so kind as nature; though, to tell the truth, without envy or affection, he is the  
most

most active young man we know, an expert pitcher of the bar, an excellent wrestler, and great judge of hand-ball, he runs like a deer, leaps nimbler than a goat, plays at nine-pins as if he used enchantment, sings like a sky-lark, touches the guitarre so as to make it perfectly speak, and handles a foil like the best fencer in the world." "For that sole accomplishment, cried Don Quixote, the young man deserves not only to be married to the beautiful Quiteria, but even to queen Ginebra herself, were she now alive, in spite of sir Lancelot, and all those who should endeavour to oppose the match." "Let my wife alone for that, said Sancho Panza, who had hitherto travelled in silent attention, she, good woman, would have every body match with his equal, sticking to the old proverb, that says, Let every goose a gander choofe. What I would willingly see, is the marriage of this worthy Basilius, for, he has already got my good-will, with that same lady Quiteria; and God grant them peace and plenty, and rest their souls in heaven (his meaning was quite the reverse) who prevent lovers from marrying according to their inclinations." "If that was always the case, replied Don Quixote, parents would be deprived of that election and jurisdiction they possess, to marry their children when, and how, they shall think proper; and, if every daughter was at liberty to indulge her own inclination in the choice of an husband, one would perhaps choose her father's servant, and another place her affection upon some gaudy coxcomb, whom she might chance to see passing along the street, even though he should be a disorderly ruffian: for, love and affection easily blind the eyes of the understanding, which are so necessary towards the settlement of one's condition in life; and, as we are apt to commit very important mistakes in the article of matrimony, it requires great caution as well as the particular favour of heaven, to succeed in the choice of a wife. A prudent man, who is resolved to undertake a long journey, will, before he sets out, endeavour to find a safe, quiet, and agreeable fellow-traveller. Then why should not the same pains be taken by the man who is going to travel through the whole journey of life? especially, in the choice of a companion for bed, board, and every other purpose for which the wife is subservient to the husband; a man's own wedded wife is not like a commodity which, being once bought, may be bartered, exchanged, or returned, but is an inseparable appendage that lasts for life.

Marriage is a noose, into which, if the neck should happen to slip, it becomes inexplicable as the gordian knot, and cannot be undone till cut asunder by the scythe of death. Much more could I add upon this subject, if I were not prevented by the desire I have to know, whether

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Mr. licentiate has any thing further to entertain us with relative to the history of Basilius." To this hint, the other (call him scholar, batchelor or licentiate) replied, "I have not any thing material to add, but that from the time he understood Quiteria was to be married to Comacho the rich, he was never seen to smile, or heard to speak consistently; he is thoughtful and melancholy, talks to himself: all which are undoubted symptoms of a disordered mind. He scarce either eats or sleeps; and what little he does eat is fruit; when he sleeps at all, it is upon the bare ground, and in the open air, like the beasts of the field. He every now and then looks up to heaven; at other times, like one stupid, fixes his eyes on the ground, and seems as if he was a cloathed statue with the drapery flowing to the gales of the wind: in a word, he gives such indications of a fatal passion, that we believe for certain, when Quiteria to-morrow pronounces the word Yes, she will in that seal the sentence of his death."

"God will order things better, said Sancho, for, he inflicts the wound, and will also perform the cure. No one knows what may happen; there are a great many hours between this and to-morrow, and in one hour, even in a moment, down comes the house: I have myself seen sun-shine and rain at the same time; a man goes to bed well at night, but cannot better himself next morning. Let me know, the best of ye, if any man can brag of having put a spoke in fortune's wheel? no one, to be sure; and between the Yes and No of a woman, I would not venture to thrust the point of a pin, and that for a weighty reason, because there would not be room for it: if you will only allow me one thing, that Quiteria loves Basilius, I'll yet engage to give him a wallet-full of good luck; for, I have been told, that love wears a pair of spectacles, which spectacles make copper look like gold, and poverty appear to be riches, and specks in the eyes to seem pearls." "A curse on thee! cried Don Quixote, what is it thou would'st be at? once thou art set in to stringing thy proverbs, none but Judas, with whom I wish thou wert, can have patience to hear thee out? Say, animal, what knowest thou about spokes or wheels?" "O! since you do not understand me, answered the squire, no wonder you think it nonsense what I say; but that signifies nothing, I understand myself, nor have I said many nonsensical things yet, only your worship always plays the cricket upon my words and actions." "God confound thee, thou confounder of all language! said Don Quixote. Cricket! I suppose thou meanest critic." "As to that matter, Sir, said Sancho, be not too severe upon me; you know I was neither bred at court, nor studied at Salamanca, to know when I am right in the letter of a word; and, as I hope for mercy from God, I think it unreasonable to expect that the

Sayagues \* should speak in the same manner as the Toledans; tho', for that matter, there are Toledans who are not more nice than other folks at the work of speaking properly." "Very true, said the licentiate, for how should a man, whose business is in the tan-yards, and in the Zocodover †, speak so good language as they who do nothing but walk from morning to night in the cloysters of the cathedral? and yet they are all Toledans: on the other hand, purity, propriety, elegance and perspicuity are to be found among polite people of sense, tho' they be natives of Majalahonda: I say people of sense, because so great a number of people are not so, and sense is the foundation of good language, assisted by custom and use. I must tell you, gentlemen, it has pleased God, for my sins, that I have studied the canon-law at Salamanca, and I pique myself a little, on being able to converse in clear, easy, and expressive language." "If you had not piqued yourself more upon your dexterity at these good-for-nothing foils you carry about with you, than upon your knowledge in languages, instead of lagging the hindmost, you might have been at the head of your class," said the other student. "I tell you, Mr. batchelor, that you are the most prejudiced man in the world, in that respect, for treating dexterity at the sword as a matter of no signification." "It is no prejudice with me, it is a confirmed opinion and truth, replied Corchuelo; and if you please to make the experiment, I will convince you. You carry foils now along with you, and an opportunity offers; I'll shew you that I have nerves and strength, backed with such courage as will prove sufficient to demonstrate to you, that my opinion is not the effect of prejudice: get off your ass, and try your measured distances, your wheelings, your longes and art of defence; and I'll engage with only the plain rustic skill I have, to make you see the stars at noon-day; for, I trust under God, the man is yet unborn who can make me turn my back; and there is scarce any one who I will not oblige to give ground." "As to turning your back or not turning your back, that is none of my business, replied the master of the science; tho' it is not impossible but that the first spot you fix your foot on may prove your burying-ground: I mean, it is possible you may be left dead there, for slighting the noble science of defence." "That we shall see presently," replied Corchuelo, jumping hastily upon the ground, and snatching with great fury one of the foils, which the other carried upon his ass.

Here Don Quixote cried out, "Not so, by heavens! I will be umpire of this fencing match, and judge of this long controverted dispute." So

\* Poor people that live about Zamora.

† Zocodover, a square in Toledo, like Smithfield, where cattle are sold.

faying,

saying, he alighted from Rozinante, and grasping his lance, planted himself in the very middle of the road, just as master licentiate, in a masterly posture, and regular advances, was making towards Corchuelo, who ran at him with fire, as the saying is, flashing from his eye; while the two country fellows, without dismounting, sat still as spectators of this most deadly tragedy. Corchuelo assailed him every way with high strokes, low strokes, backstrokes, cuts, thrusts, slashes out of number, and as thick as hail; in short, he fell upon the licentiate, like an enraged lion, but was checked a little, in the career of his fury, by a smart push in the mouth from the licentiate's foil, who made him kiss the buttons, tho' with less devotion than if it had been a relic. In a word, the licentiate, by skilful and well planted thrusts, counted the buttons of his cassock, and went thro' it so often, that it hung in rags like the tails of the polypus: twice was Corchuelo's hat struck off, and so spent was he, that in rage and spite, and furious choler, he flung the foil into the air with so much force, that one of the countrymen, who went to fetch it, being a kind of scrivener, declared upon oath, that it went near three quarters of a league; which affidavit being preserved, has been, and is, a testimony to demonstrate, that art prevails over strength.

Corchuelo, quite tired out, sat down, and Sancho going up to him, "Mr. batchelor, said he, if you will be ruled by me, from henceforth challenge no one to fence, but dare them to wrestle and pitch the bar, since now you are of a proper age and strength for that exercise; for, I have heard say of these fencers, that they can thrust you the point of a sword thro' the eye of a needle." "I am now convinced, answered Corchuelo, and am taught by experience, a truth I could not otherwise have believed."

So getting up, he went and embraced his adversary, and they were now better friends than ever: and the company not being willing to wait for the scrivener, who was gone after the foil, imagining he might be too long absent, they all resolved to put forward as fast as they could, that they might arrive early at Quiteria's village, whither they were all going. As they travelled on their way, the licentiate demonstrated to them the excellencies of the noble science of defence, by such convincing arguments, drawn from the nature of truth and mathematical certainty, that every one was convinced of the usefulness of the science; and Corchuelo particularly was made a convert, and entirely cured of his obstinacy.

The night was just fallen, and before they came to the village it seemed as if something like a heaven full of an infinite number of bright stars was between them and it: they likewise heard an harmonious but mix'd

found of flutes, tambourines, psalters, cymbals, drums, and bells; and, as they came nearer, they perceived the boughs of an arbour, which was made on one side of the entrance into the village; and this all flaming with lights, which were not in the least disturbed by the wind; for, the evening was so calm, that there was not a breath of air, so much as to move a leaf upon a tree. But, the life and spirit of the wedding consisted in the musicians, who, in bands ranged up and down that delightful place, some singing, some dancing, and others playing upon the different instruments. In a word, it looked as if joy and delight were sporting and playing thro' this meadow: a great many were employed in raising scaffolds, that they might view from them more commodiously the plays and dances which were to be in that place, to solemnize the nuptials of Camacho the rich, and the obsequies of Basilius. Don Quixote refused to enter the village, tho' both the batchelor and the countryman invited him; but he pleaded what he thought a sufficient excuse, the custom of knights-errant to sleep in fields and forests, rather than in towns, tho' under gilded roofs; and therefore he turned a little aside, grievously against the will of Sancho, who had not yet forgotten the good lodgings he had enjoyed at the house of Don Diego.

### C H A P. III.

An account of the wedding of Camacho the rich, and what happened to Basilius the poor.

THE fair Aurora had hardly allowed Phœbus time to dry up the liquid pearls that hung upon his dropping locks, when Don Quixote shaking from his limbs the drowsy fetters of sloth, got upon his legs, and called to Sancho Panza, who lay stretched along, and snoring, which situation his master seeing before he awak'd him, broke out into this soliloquy: "Happy thou, and blessed beyond the fate of other mortals, who neither envying nor envied, sleepest sound, with unconcern of soul! Enchanters neither persecute, nor enchantments terrify thee: sleep on, I say again, and a hundred times more I say, sleep on; no jealousies on account of a mistress torture thee with perpetual watchings; no anxious cares of paying debts awake thee; no sollicitude how thou must to-morrow provide for thyself and little ones, breaks in upon thy slumbers. Ambitious views create thee no disquiet, nor the vain pomp of this empty world occasions thee any disturbance; thy concern is center'd within the bounds  
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of taking care of thy afs; for, as to taking care of thy person, that is laid upon my shoulders, a charge and burthen that both nature and custom have laid upon masters; the servant sleeps, while the master is awake, and thinking how he shall maintain him, advance him in life, or do him some service. The uneasiness that arises from seeing the heavens, as it were, hard as brass, locked up, and refusing rain to cherish the earth, brings no anxiety upon the servant but upon the master, who, in the days of dearth and famine, is bound to provide for him who served him in the time of abundant and plentiful harvest."

To all this effusion Sancho answered not one word; for, he was fast asleep, nor would have waked when he did, but that his master jogged him with the but-end of his lance. He waked yawning and drowsy; and turning his face every way, "Umph, said he, from yonder shady bower, if my nostrils deceive me not, proceeds rather the steam and favour of broiled rashers of bacon, than the fragrance of thyme and jessamine. O' my conscience, weddings that begin in this savoury manner, must needs, in truth, be magnificent and abundant." "Thou epicure, said Don Quixote, have done, and let us go see this wedding, and what will be the fate of the slighted Basilius." "Let his fate be as it pleases, quoth Sancho; what, he poor and marry Quiteria! A pretty fancy truly, for one not worth a groat to think of matching so high; 'tis my opinion, a man who is poor ought to bless God for what he finds, and not be diving to find troubles at the bottom of the sea. I'll lay a limb, that Camacho can cover this same Basilius from head to foot with sixpenny pieces; and if this be so, as it certainly is, Quiteria would be a pretty lady of a bride indeed, to refuse all the fine cloaths and fine things that, I warrant you, Camacho has given her already, and can give her still more; and to prefer, instead of them, a pitch of the bar truly, and a pass at the foils, which, it seems, makes up Basilius's riches. Go into a tavern for a pint of wine, and see if they will take a pitch of the bar, or a clever push of the foils, in lieu of the reckoning: as for your abilities, and your refinements and graces, that will bring in none of the ready; count Dirlos may have them for me; but, when they happen to take their resting-place on a man who has wherewithal, O then, I wish no better than that my life may shew off as well as they do. Upon a good foundation a good house may be raised, and the very best bottom and best foundation of any, is wealth." "O! cried Don Quixote, have done, have done with this harangue; I do from my soul believe, if one would but suffer thee to go on, thou wouldst lose both thy eating and sleeping in talking." "Was your worship possessed of a good memory,

replied

replied Sancho, you would remember certain articles stipulated between us, before we sallied forth upon this expedition; one of which was, that I was to talk as much as I pleased, provided it was not scandal against my neighbour, or derogating from your worship's authority; and I imagine, that nothing I have hitherto said, is a breach of this agreement." "I remember no such agreement, said Don Quixote; but, allowing it to be so, it is my pleasure you should give over, and come attend me; for, now the instruments we heard last evening send their cheering sounds through the vallies; and beyond all doubt the nuptials will not be put off to the sultry heat of the noon-day, but be solemnized in the fresh cool of the morning."

Sancho did as he was commanded, and putting on Rozinante's saddle and Dapple's pannel, they both mounted, and gently walked their beasts into the artificial shade. The first object that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho, was an entire bullock spitted whole, upon an elm, roasting by a fire of wood of the size of a middling mountain, and round it six pots, but not such pots as are cast in common moulds, for, they were half jars, and each of them contained a whole shamble of meat; whole sheep found room in them, and were stowed as commodiously as if they had been so many pigeons. There was an innumerable quantity of cased hares, and ready-plucked fowls that hung about the branches of the trees, ready to be swallowed up in these receivers; and an infinite number of wild fowl, with vast quantities of venison, were likewise hanging about the trees, for the air to cool them. Sancho himself told above threescore skins, which, as it was afterwards discovered, were full of rich wines, every skin containing above twenty four quarts. Loaves of the whitest bread were piled up like heaps of wheat on a threshing-floor; and such a quantity of cheese ranged in the form of bricks, as seemed a wall; two pans, as wide as cauldrons, and larger than a dyer's vat, full of oil, were ready for frying their fritters and pancakes; and when fried, they took them out with strong peels, and dipped them in another pot that stood by full of prepared honey. The cooks, men and women, amounted to above fifty, clean, good-humoured, and all busy; in the belly of the roasting bullock, were sewed a dozen sucking pigs, to make it tender and savoury. Spices of all sorts, which seemed to have been bought by wholesale and not by retail, stood in a vast chest. In short, the preparations for the wedding were indeed in a rustic taste, but in such plenty and profusion as might have feasted an army.

Sancho looked at every thing, attentively considered each particular, and was in raptures with the whole. But, his whole heart and affections



tions were chiefly captivated by the flesh-pots; out of them he would have been glad, with all his heart, to have filled about a moderate barrel. Then the wine-skins made his bowels yearn; and after these the contents of the frying-pans, if vessels of such immoderate size may be so called. He could hold out no longer; it was not in the power of his nature to contain himself; therefore, up he went to one of the cooks, who was busy, and addressing himself to him with a humble and hungry air, begged that he might be permitted to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pots. To which request the cook replied, "Hunger does not preside over this day, thanks be to Camacho the rich; even alight, and see if thou canst find any where a ladle, and skim out a fowl or two, and much good may it do thy good heart." "I see no ladle," said Sancho. "God forgive me all my sins! cried the cook, what a poor helpless thing thou art, stay." So saying, he laid hold of a kettle, and dipping it at once, into one of the half-jar pots, brought up three pullets, and a couple of geese. "Here, said he, eat, make a breakfast of this scum, and see if you can stay your stomach with it, till dinner-time." "I have nothing to put it in," said Sancho. "Then, take ladle and all, replied the cook; for, Camacho's riches and good fortune are sufficient to supply every thing."

While Sancho Panza passed his time in this manner, Don Quixote was attentive in observing about a dozen of countrymen, who entered in at one side of this spacious arbour, mounted upon beautiful mares, each of them accoutred with rich and gay caparisons, and hung round with little bells. They were clad in holiday apparel, and coursed round the meadow in a body, and, in regular careers, several times, with a joyous moorish shout, flourishing, and crying out, "Long live Camacho and Quiteria, he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest of the universe." Which exclamation, Don Quixote hearing, said within himself, "It is evident they never have beheld the beauty of my Dulcinea del Toboso; had they ever been blessed with a sight of her transcendant charms, they would be more sparing in their praises of this their Quiteria."

Some time after there entered, at different parts of the arbour, different sets of dancers; one of whom consisted of twenty-four sword-dancers, all of them clean, well-made jolly swains, clad in fine, white linen, and white handkerchiefs embroidered with silk of various colours. One of those who were mounted upon the mares asked a youth, who led the band of the sword-dancers, whether any of his companions had received any hurt? "As yet, replied the other, we are all safe and sound, thanks  
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be to God, no one is wounded ; and immediately upon that mixed among his companions with so many twistings and windings, and with such dexterity, that though Don Quixote had been used to behold such dances, he never saw any he approved so much. Another dance likewise pleased him prodigiously ; that was another chorus of twelve most beautiful damsels, of such an age, that none appeared under fourteen, nor did any seem to be quite eighteen ; they were all clad in green stuff of Cuença, their locks were, some plaited, some flowing loose, and all so fine and flaxen, as to rival those of Phœbus himself, and crowned with garlands of roses of jessamine and of woodbine. This beautiful bevy was led up to the dance by a venerable old man and an ancient matron, both more airy and agile than could be expected from their years. A bagpipe of Zamora was their music, and with modesty in their looks and countenances, and lightness of foot, they danced and tripped it away the prettiest in the world. After these, entered an emblematic dance of eight nymphs divided into two bodies : the god of love led one, and Interest the other ; Cupid with his wings, his bow, his quiver and arrows ; Interest clad in gold, and silk of rich and various colours. The nymphs, attendants on Cupid, had their names displayed in white parchment, and capital letters on their backs : the first was named Poetry, the second Discretion, the third Pedigree, the fourth Bravery. The attendants on Interest were likewise characterised : the first was Liberality, the second Bounty, the third Treasure, the fourth Quiet possession. The whole masque was preceded by a wooden castle, drawn by savages clad in ivy and hemp dyed green, and so savage they looked that they had almost frightened Sancho. On the front and on each of the four sides of this machine were inscribed these words, " The castle of discretion." Four able musicians played on the tabor and the pipe ; and Cupid, who began the dance, after he had made two movements, lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow against a damsel that stood upon the battlements of the castle, to whom he pronounced this address :

I am the god whose pow'r extends  
 Through the wide ocean, earth, and sky ;  
 To my soft sway all nature bends,  
 Compell'd by beauty to comply.  
 Fearless, I rule, in calm and storm,  
 Indulge my pleasure to the full,  
 Things deem'd impossible perform,  
 Bestow, resume, ordain, annul.

Having

Having repeated these stanzas, he shot an arrow to the top of the castle, and retired to his station. Then Interest advanced, and performed other two movements; after which the tabors were silent, and the power rehearsed these lines.

My pow'r exceeds the might of Love;  
 For, Cupid bows to me alone,  
 Of all things fram'd by heav'n above,  
 The most respected, fought, and known.  
 My name is Interest, mine aid  
 But few obtain, though all desire,  
 Yet, shall thy virtue, beauteous maid,  
 My constant services acquire.

Interest retiring, was succeeded by Poetry, who, after having performed his motions like the rest, fixed his eyes upon the lady of the castle, and said,

Let Poetry, whose strain divine  
 The wond'rous pow'r of song displays,  
 His heart to thee, fair nymph, consign,  
 Transported in melodious lays:  
 If haply, thou wilt not refuse  
 To grant my supplicated boon,  
 Thy fame shall, wafted by the muse,  
 Surmount the circle of the moon.

Poetry disappearing, Liberality advanced from the side of Interest, and, after several movements, repeated these lines.

My name is Liberality,  
 Alike beneficent and wise,  
 To shun wild prodigality,  
 And fordid avarice despise.  
 Yet, for thy favour lavish grown,  
 A prodigal I mean to prove,  
 An honourable vice, I own,  
 But, giving is the test of love.

In this manner, all the figures of the two squadrons advanced and retired, every one performing his movements, and repeating his verses, some of which were elegant, and others foolish enough; but those we

have inserted, were all that Don Quixote could retain, although his memory was very tenacious: then mixing altogether in the dance, they wined and turned with great ease, grace and agility. Cupid, in passing shot arrows at the castle, while Interest battered it with round gilded earthen pots: at length, after the dance had continued a good while, this last pulled out a large purse made of calf-skin, to all appearance full of money, and throwing it at the castle, the boards seemed to be disjoined by the blow, and immediately fell asunder, leaving the damsel quite discovered and defenceless; then Interest, with the figures of his train, advancing, and throwing a great gold chain about her neck, seemed bent upon taking and dragging her into captivity. This design being perceived by Cupid and his partisans, they made an effort to release her, and all their motions were performed by the sound of the tabors, to which they danced and capered in concert. Then the savages interposing, and effecting an accommodation, refitted and rejoined the boards of the castle with admirable dispatch, the damsel enclosed herself anew; and thus the dance was finished, to the infinite satisfaction of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, what author had contrived and composed this entertainment; and being told it was the production of the curate, who had a rare noddle for such conceits, "I'll lay a wager, said he, that this same batchelor or curate is more a friend of Camacho than of Basilius; and that he is better acquainted with satire than prayer; for, he has very artfully interwoven in this masque the talents of Basilius, and the wealth of his rival." Sancho Panza overhearing this observation, "My cock is the king, said he, and I hold fast by Camacho." "Then am I convinced, replied the knight, that Sancho is one of those low-born peasants, who cry, Long life to the conqueror." "I know not, resumed the squire, what sect I am of; but, this I know perfectly well, that I shall never skim from the flesh-pots of Basilius, such a delicate scum as this, that I have taken from the boilers of Camacho." With these words, he produced the kettle full of geese and pullets, and seizing a bird, began to eat with great glee and satisfaction; saying, in defiance of the talents possessed by Basilius, "Thou art worth just as much as thou hast, and hast just as much as thou art worth. There are only two families in the world, as my grannam was wont to observe, the have-somethings and the have-nothings: though she stuck always to the former; and now-a-days, my good master, we are more apt to feel the pulse of property than of wisdom. An ass with golden trappings, makes a better appearance than an horse with a pack-saddle. Therefore, I say again, I hold fast by Camacho, the plentiful scum of whose  
pots

pots contains geese, hens, hares, and coney, while that of Basilius, if it comes to hand, or even if it should only come to the feet, is no better than dish-washings."

"Sancho, cried Don Quixote, hast thou finished thy harangue?" "It shall be finished, replied the squire, as I see your worship is displeased with it; though, if your disgust had not fallen in the way, I had cut out work enough for three days." "Grant heaven, said the knight, that I may see thee dumb before I die." "At the rate we follow, answered Panza, before your worship dies, my mouth will be crammed with clay, and then I may chance to be so dumb that I shall not speak another word to the end of the world, or at least, till the day of judgment." "Even should that be the case, replied Don Quixote, I say unto thee, O Sancho! thy silence will never counterbalance what thou didst, dost, and wilt say, during the course of thy life; especially as, according to the nature of things, the day of my death will happen before thine; so that I have no hope of ever seeing thee silent, even while thou art drinking or sleeping, and that is the greatest favour I could expect."

"In good sooth, signor, said the squire, there is no trusting to \*Mrs. Ghostly, I mean death, who gobbles up the goslin as well as the goose; and as I have heard our curate observe, tramples down the lofty turrets of the prince, as well as the lowly cottage of the swain. That same lady who is more powerful than coy, knows not what it is to be dainty and squeamish, but eats of every thing, and crams her wallet with people of all nations, degrees and conditions: she is none of your labourers that take their afternoon's nap, but, mows at all hours, cutting down the dry stubble as well as the green grass; nor does she seem to chew, but rather swallows and devours every thing that falls in her way; for, she is gnawed by a dog's hunger that is never satisfied; and though she has no belly, plainly shews herself dropsical, and so thirsty as to drink up the lives of all the people upon earth, just as one would swallow a draught of cool water." "Enough, friend Sancho, cried the knight, interrupting him in this place, keep thyself well, now thou art in order, and beware of stumbling again; for, really a good preacher could not speak more to the purpose than thou hast spoken upon death, in thy rustic manner of expression: I say unto thee, Sancho, if thy discretion was equal to thy natural parts, thou mightest ascend the pulpit, and go about teaching and preaching to admiration." "He is a good preacher, who is a good liver, answered Panza; and that is all the divinity I know."

\* In the original there is a play upon the words *Descarnada*, *Cordero* and *Curnero*, which I have endeavoured to imitate, by substituting goose in the room of mutton, which is the literal meaning of the text.

“ And that is sufficient, said the knight ; yet I shall never understand or comprehend, as the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, how thou, who art more afraid of a lizard than of thy maker, should be so wise ? ”

“ Signor, replied Sancho, I desire your worship would determine in your own affairs of chivalry, without taking the trouble to judge of other people’s valour or fears ; for my own part, I am as pretty a fearer of God as one would desire to see in any neighbour’s child : wherefore, I beseech your worship, let me discuss this same scum ; for, every thing else is idle chat, of which we shall be able to give a bad account in the other world.” So saying, he renewed his attack upon his kettle, with such keen appetite as awakened that of his master, who would have certainly joined in the assault, had not he been prevented by that which we must now relate.

#### C H A P. IV.

Which continues to treat of Camacho’s wedding, and other incidents.

**W**HILE Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the conversation, related in the preceding chapter, they heard a great noise and shouting, raised by a company mounted on mares, galloping in full cry, to meet the young couple, who came, surrounded by a thousand kinds of instruments, and accompanied by the curate, the relations, and all the creditable people of the neighbouring villages, in their holiday cloaths. Sancho seeing the bride, exclaimed with marks of admiration, “ P’faith ! she looks more like one of your gay court-dames than a plain country maid. Now, by the biggest beads of my rosary ! instead of a tin \* brooch, her breast is bedizened with rich coral, and her hoyden-grey is turned into thirty-piled velvet, and body o’ me ! the trimming is not of white linnen but of filk and fatten ; then handle me her hands set off with what ? jewels of jet ? no ! let me never thrive, if they an’t decked with rings of gold ! aye, and of massy gold, paved with pearls as white as a curd, every one of which is worth a jew’s eye. O the whoreson baggage ! and such hair ! if it is not false, I never saw any so long and so fair in my born-days. Do but mind how buxom, straight and tall she is, and see whether she may not be compared to a moving palm-tree, loaded with clusters of dates ; for, nothing can be more like the gewgaws and toys that hang from her hair and neck. By my salvation !

\* The *Patina* was a small consecrated plate which the Spanish women, especially those of an inferior rank, wore upon their breasts.

the damsel is well covered, and might pass through all the banks of Flanders." Don Quixote, though he smiled at the rustic praises of his squire, owned that, exclusive of his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, she was the most beautiful female he had ever seen.

Nevertheless the fair Quiteria was paler than usual; and this change of complexion must have been owing to the bad night which brides always pass, in striving to compose themselves for the approaching day of their nuptials. The company repaired to a theatre erected at one side of the meadow, and adorned with carpets and boughs, where the ceremony was to be performed, and from whence they could see the masques and other diversions; and they had just arrived at the place, when their ears were saluted with a noise behind them, and a voice that pronounced, "Stay a little, hasty and inconsiderate couple." In consequence of this address, they turned about, and perceived it was uttered by a man cloathed in a loose black coat, interpersed with crimson flames, crowned, as they soon perceived, with a chaplet of funereal cypress, and holding in his hand a truncheon of uncommon size. As he approached, he was known to be the gallant Basilius; at sight of whom they were surprized, and waited in suspense to see the issue of his exclamation, dreading some mischance from such an unseasonable visit. At length, wearied and breathless, he came up to the bride and bridegroom, and thrusting in the ground his staff that was pointed with steel, he fixed his eyes upon Quiteria, and with a pale aspect, and hoarse, quavering voice, pronounced these words: "Thou well knowest, ungrateful Quiteria, that, according to the holy faith we profess, thou canst not espouse another husband, while I am alive; nor art thou ignorant, that while I waited until time and diligence should meliorate my fortune, I never sought to deviate from that decorum which thy honour required I should preserve; yet, thou, disburthening thyself of all the obligations which thou owest to my honest passion, hast made another person master of what is justly mine; a man, whose wealth is not only subservient to his good fortune, but even renders him superlatively happy; which happiness, that he may enjoy to the full (not that I think he deserves it, but because it is the will of heaven to bestow it) I will, with my own hands, remove the impossibility, or inconvenience that may obstruct it, by taking myself out of the way. Long live, long live Camacho the rich, with Quiteria the ungrateful, to enjoy many quiet and happy years; and death be the portion of the poor Basilius, whose poverty clipped the wings of his fortune, and laid him in an untimely grave."

So saying, he laid hold of the staff which he had stuck in the earth, and drew from it a middling tuck, which was concealed in it as in a scabbard; then fixing that which may be called the hilt on the ground, he threw himself with great activity and resolution upon the point, which in an instant, came out bloody at his shoulder, leaving the unhappy youth weltring in gore, and stretched upon the ground, transfixed with his own weapon. His friends immediately ran to his assistance, pierced with affliction at his misery and lamentable fate, and Don Quixote dismounting, flew to his relief, held him in his arms, and found that he had not as yet expired. They were inclined to withdraw the tuck, but, the curate, who was present, gave his opinion that it should not be withdrawn before he had confessed himself, because his death would be the immediate consequence of pulling out the weapon. Mean while Basilius recollecting himself a little, said in a faint and piteous tone, "Ah, cruel Quiteria! wouldst thou, in this last and fatal agony, bestow upon me thy hand in marriage, I should deem my rashness exculpated, seeing by that I should acquire the happiness of calling thee my own." The curate, hearing this address, exhorted him to employ his attention upon the health of his soul, rather than upon such carnal pleasures, and earnestly pray to God to pardon his sins, and in particular this last desperate determination. To this remonstrance Basilius replied, that he would by no means confess, until Quiteria should first grant him her hand, a favour which would set his heart at rest, and give him spirits to undergo his confession.

Don Quixote hearing the petition of the wounded man, declared, in an audible voice, that Basilius requested nothing but what was just and reasonable, and besides very practicable, and that signor Camacho's honour would suffer no more in wedding Signora Quiteria as the widow of Basilius, than in receiving her from her father's own hands; for, here nothing was required but the monosyllable of assent, which could have no other effect than the trouble of pronouncing it, as the bridal bed must also be the tomb of such a marriage. Camacho heard the whole, which kept him in such confusion and suspense, that he knew not what to say or do: but the friends of Basilius were so clamorous in solliciting him to consent to Quiteria's giving her hand in marriage to the hapless youth, whose soul would otherwise perish in despair, that he was persuaded, and as it were compelled to say, that if his bride would grant that favour, he should be satisfied, as it would only for a moment delay the accomplishment of his desires. Immediately they surrounded Quiteria, whom







whom with tears, intreaties, and other pathetic remonstrances, they pressed to give her hand to poor Basilius; but she, more obdurate than marble, and more inflexible than a statue, neither could, would, or desired, to answer one word; nor would she have made the least reply, had not the curate desired her to come to a speedy determination, for, the soul of Basilius being already between his teeth, would not afford long time for hesitation.

Then the beautiful Quiteria, without speaking one syllable, but seemingly disordered, sad and sorrowful, advanced to the place where Basilius lay, with his eyes already fixed, breathing short and thick, murmuring the name of Quiteria, and, to all appearance, dying rather like an heathen than a christian. The bride at length approaching and kneeling before him, desired by signs he would hold out his hand; then Basilius unfixing his eyes, and stedfastly gazing upon her, "O Quiteria! said he, thou art become pious at a time when thy piety must serve as a sword to finish my unfortunate life; seeing I have not strength enough left to obtain that glory which thou wouldst confer in calling me thine, or to suspend the grief that comes so fast to cover mine eyes with the dismal shades of death: what I request, O fatal star of my destiny! is, that thy consent to this exchange of vows may not be a meer compliment to deceive me anew, but that thou wilt confess and declare, there is no restraint upon thy inclination, while thy hand is given and delivered to me as thy lawful husband; for, it would be cruel to use deceit and dissimulation with one in such extremity, who has always behaved to thee with such sincerity and truth." Having pronounced these words, he fainted away, so that all the bystanders thought his soul would forsake his body in that swoon: but, when he retrieved the use of his faculties, Quiteria all blushing with modesty, took hold of his right hand, saying, "No force upon earth would be sufficient to bias my will; and therefore, with all the freedom of inclination, I give thee my hand as thy lawful wife, and receive thine on the same terms, if thou bestowest it with the same good will, undisturbed and unconfounded by the calamity into which thou hast been hurried by thy own precipitate conduct." "I do, answered Basilius, without either disorder or confusion; but, on the contrary, with all the clearness of understanding with which heaven hath thought proper to endow me, I give and deliver myself for thy true and faithful husband." "And I take thee for such," replied Quiteria, whether thou mayest live many years, or now be hurried from mine arms to the grave." "Considering how desperately this spark is wounded, said Sancho Panza, methinks he talks woundily; make him

him

him lay aside his courtship, and mind his soul, which seems to be in his tongue rather than between his teeth."

The hands of Basilius and Quiteria being joined, the tender-hearted curate, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the nuptial benediction, and fervently prayed, that God would grant forgiveness and repose to the soul of the bridegroom, who no sooner perceived the ceremony was performed, than he nimbly sprung upon his legs, with incredible activity, withdrew the tuck which was sheathed in his body, to the admiration of the bystanders, some of whom, being more simple than curious, began to cry aloud, a miracle! a miracle! But, Basilius replied, "No miracle! no miracle! but sheer industry! nothing but industry!" The curate, confounded and astonished, ran up to feel the wound with both his hands, and found that the blade, instead of passing through the body of Basilius, had run through an iron tube fitted to the part, and full of blood, which, as they afterwards understood, was prepared so as to retain its fluidity; in a word, the curate and Camacho, with almost all the company, found themselves fairly outwitted. The bride, however, expressed no mortification at the deceit; on the contrary, hearing somebody observe, that such a marriage, obtained by fraud, could not be valid, she said she confirmed it anew. From which circumstance every one concluded, that the stratagem had been contrived and executed with her privity and consent; and this supposition enraged Camacho and his adherents to such a degree, that they referred their revenge to the prowess of their hands, and unsheathing a great many swords, assaulted Basilius, in whose favour almost an equal number were instantly produced, and Don Quixote taking the lead on horseback, well armed with his lance and shield, made the whole company give ground; while Sancho, who had no delight or comfort in such exploits, retired to the cauldrons from which he had extracted his agreeable scum, looking upon that place as a sacred sanctuary and respected retreat. The knight exclaimed, in an audible voice, "Forbear, gentlemen, forbear; it is unjust to revenge the grievances of love; for, in this particular love and war are the same; and as in the first, it is lawful and customary to use feints and stratagems against the enemy, so likewise, in amorous contests and competitions, all sorts of tricks and contrivances are allowed in attaining the accomplishment of the lover's desire, provided they do not tend to the disparagement or dishonour of the beloved object. Quiteria was fated to Basilius, and Basilius to Quiteria, by the just and favourable determination of heaven. Camacho is rich, and may purchase his pleasure, when, where, and how his inclination shall require; whereas, Basilius has but this

this one poor sheep, of which he ought not to be deprived by any person, how powerful soever he may be: for, those whom God hath joined, no man shall put asunder; and he who attempts it must first pass through the point of this lance." So saying, he brandished it with such strength and dexterity, as filled the hearts of those who did not know him with fear and consternation; and the disdain of Quiteria made such a deep impression upon the imagination of Camacho, that he shook her from his heart in an instant: so that the persuasions of the curate, who was a prudent and well-meaning priest, pacified and quieted him and his partizans, who, in token of peace, sheathed their weapons, blaming the inconstancy of Quiteria more than the contrivance of Basilius; and Camacho himself observed, that if she loved Basilius before marriage, the same love would have continued after it; and that he had more reason to thank heaven for having lost, than he should have had for obtaining, such a help-mate.

Camacho and those of his train, being thus consoled and appeased, the friends of Basilius took no step to disturb their peace; and Camacho the rich, in order to shew how little he repented or thought of the trick which had been played upon him, desired that the entertainments might proceed as if he was really to be married: but, Basilius with his bride and followers refusing to partake of them, set out in a body for the place of his habitation; for, the poor who are virtuous and discreet will always find people to honour, attend, and support them, as well as the rich with all their parasites and companions. In consequence of their earnest intreaty, they were accompanied by Don Quixote, whom they esteemed as a prodigy of valour and integrity; and nothing was cloudy but the soul of Sancho, when he found it impossible to enjoy the splendid banquets and diversions of Camacho, that lasted till night: he, therefore, in a fretful and melancholy mood, followed his master, who joined the troop of Basilius; leaving behind the flesh-pots of Ægypt, although he still retained them in his fancy; and the half-finished scum of his kettle enhanced the glory and abundance of the benefit he had lost: so that, pensive, fullen and sad, yet without hunger or dismounting from Dapple, he silently trudged after the heels of Rozinante.

## C H A P. V.

In which is recounted the vast adventure of the cave of Montesinos, in the heart of La Mancha, which was happily atchieved by the valiant Don Quixote.

GREAT and manifold were the treats and particulars of respect paid to Don Quixote by the new-married couple, who thought themselves greatly obliged by the readiness he had shewn to defend their cause, and looked upon his valour to be equal to his discretion; indeed, they esteemed him a perfect Cid in arms, and a Cicero in elocution. Honest Sancho regaled himself three days at their expence, during which it was known that the contrivance of the fictitious wound had not been communicated to Quiteria, but was hatched by the ingenuity of Basilius himself, in hope of meeting with that success which, as we have seen, he actually attained: true it is, he confessed he had imparted his design to some of her friends, that they might, in case of necessity, favour his intention, and facilitate the execution of his deceit.

“Whatsoever hath virtue for its ultimate aim, said Don Quixote, neither can or ought to be called deceit; and surely no aim can be more excellent than the union of two lovers in the holy bands of marriage.” He observed, that the greatest enemy of love is hunger and necessity; for, love is altogether sprightly, joyous, and satisfied, especially when the object of desire is in possession of the lover, whose fierce and declared adversaries are want and inconvenience. He made these observations with a view to persuade signor Basilius to quit the exercise of those talents he possessed, which, tho’ they acquired reputation, would not earn a farthing of money, and to employ his attention in augmenting his estate by legal and industrious means, that never fail the prudent and the careful. The poor man of honour (if a poor man can deserve that title) possesses, in a beautiful wife, a jewel; and when that is taken away, he is deprived of his honour, which is murdered: a beautiful and chaste woman, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurel and palms of triumph; for, beauty alone attracts the inclinations of those who behold it, just as the royal eagle and soaring hawk stoop to the favourable lure; but, if that beauty is incumbered by poverty and want, it is likewise attacked by ravens, kites, and other birds of prey; and if she who possesses it firmly withstands all these assaults, she well deserves to be called the crown of her husband. “Take notice,

notice, dearest Basilius, added the knight, it was the opinion of a certain sage, that there was but one good wife in the whole world; and he advised every husband to believe she had fallen to his share, and accordingly be satisfied with his lot. I myself am not married, nor hitherto have I entertained the least thought of changing my condition; nevertheless, I will venture to advise him who asks my advice, in such a manner, that he may find a woman to his wish: in the first place, I would exhort him to pay more regard to reputation than to fortune; for, a virtuous woman does not acquire a good name, merely by being virtuous; she must likewise maintain the exteriors of deportment, for, the honour of the sex suffers much more from levity and freedom of behaviour in public, than from any private misdeeds. If thou bringest a good woman to thy house, it will be an easy task to preserve and even improve her virtue; but, shouldest thou choose a wife of a different character, it will cost thee abundance of pains to mend her; for, it is not very practicable to pass from one extreme to another: I do not say it is altogether impossible, tho' I hold it for a matter of much difficulty."

Sancho hearing these remarks, said to himself, "This master of mine, whenever I chance to utter any thing pithy or substantial, will say I might take a pulpit in hand, and travel thro' the world, teaching and preaching to admiration; now, I will say for him, that when he begins to string sentences, and give advice, he might not only take one pulpit in hand, but, even a couple on each finger, and stroll about the market-towns. Wit, whither would'st thou? May the devil fetch him for a knight-errant! he knows but every thing; I thought for certain, he could be acquainted with nothing but what relates to his chivalries; but, he pecks at every thing, and throws his spoonful in every man's dish."

His master overheard him murmuring in this manner, and asking what he grumbled at, "I don't grumble, answered Sancho, I was only saying to myself, I wished I had heard those remarks of your worship, before I married; in which case, I might now, perhaps, might remark in my turn, The loosened ox is well licked." "What, is Teresa such a bad wife?" said the knight. "Not very bad, answered the squire, but, then she is not very good; at least, not so good as I could wish." "You are in the wrong, Sancho, said Don Quixote, to disparage your wife, who in effect is the mother of your children." "As to that matter, replied Sancho, we are not at all in one another's debt; for, she can disparage me fast enough, especially when she takes it in her head to be jealous, and then Satan himself could not endure her."

In a word, they stayed three days with the new-married couple, during which they were treated and served like the king's own person; and here Don Quixote desired the nimble-wristed licentiate, to provide him with a guide to direct his steps to the cave of Montefinos, which he had a long-  
 ing desire to explore, that he might investigate with his own eyes the truth of those wonderful stories that were reported of it, through the whole neighbourhood. The licentiate promised to accommodate him with a first cousin of his own, a famous student deeply read in books of chivalry, who would willingly conduct him to the very mouth of the cave, and point out the lakes of Ruydera, so famous, not only in the province of La Mancha, but also through the whole kingdom of Spain: and he likewise observed, that he would find his conversation very entertaining; for, he was a lad who knew how to compose books for the press, and even dedicate them to princes. At length, this cousin arrived upon an ass big with foal, whose pannel was covered with a piece of tawdry tapestry or carpet: Sancho saddled Rozinante, put Dapple in order, stowed his wallet, which was reinforced by the cousin's, likewise very well stored; then recommending themselves to God, and taking leave of the company, they set out, choosing the shortest road to the famous cave of Montefinos.

While they travelled along, Don Quixote addressing himself to the student, asked what was the nature and quality of his exercises, studies and profession? To this question, the other answered, that his profession was humanity; and that his exercise and study consisted in composing books for the press, of great emolument, and no less entertainment to the public; that one of them was intituled, The book of Liveries, in which he had described seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottos, and cyphers: "From these, said he, your courtiers may extract and assume such devices as will suit their fancies, in times of festivity and rejoicing, without going about begging from any person whatever, or cudgelling their brains, as the saying is, in order to invent what will suit their several desires and dispositions; for, I insert those that will fit the jealous, the disdained, the forgotten and absent, so exactly, that the just will far exceed the number of the gentiles. I have likewise finished another book called, The Metamorphoses; or, The Spanish Ovid, of an invention equally new and agreeable; for, there, in imitation of Naso, I give a burlesque description and history of the Giralda of Sevil, the Angel of La Madalina, the Conduit of Vecinguerra at Cordova, the Bulls of Guisanda, the Sierra Morena, the Fountains of Leganitos, and the Lavapies of Madrid, not forgetting the Piojo, the Golden Pipe and the Priora, with their allegories, metaphors and transformations, which at once surprize, instruct and entertain.



ertain. I have a third performance, which I denominate, The supplement to Polydore Virgil, which treats of the invention of things, and is a work of great study and erudition; for, many things of great importance, which Polydore has omitted, I examine and explain, in a most elegant stile: he, for example, has forgot to let us know who was the first person troubled with a defluxion of rheum, and who was first anointed for the cure of the French distemper: now, these two questions I resolve, in the most accurate manner, upon the authority of above five and twenty authors; so your worship will perceive whether I have laboured to good purpose, and composed a book that will be useful to the world in general."

Sancho having listened very attentively to this narration, "Tell me, signor, said he, so may God lend an helping hand to the printing of your books; tell me, if you know, and surely you know every thing, who was the first man that scratched his own head; for my own part, I firmly believe it must have been our father Adam." "Certainly, answered the student; for, Adam without doubt had a head and hair upon it; now, that being the case, and he being the first man in the world, he must have scratched it sometimes." "I am of the same opinion, resumed Sancho, but now, pray tell me who was the first tumbler?" "Verily, brother, resumed the scholar, I cannot determine that point, until I shall have studied it, and study it I will, upon my return to the place where I keep my books; so that I shall satisfy you the next time we meet; for, I hope this will not be the last time of our meeting." "Then I desire you will give yourself no trouble about the matter, said Sancho; for, I have already found out the solution of my question: know, signor, that the first tumbler must have been Lucifer, who, when he was thrown and ejected from heaven, came tumbling down to the bottomless pit." "Friend, cried the student, you are certainly in the right." "That question and answer, said Don Quixote, is none of thy own; thou must have learned them from some other person, Sancho." "Hold your tongue, signor, replied the squire; for, in good faith! if I begin to question and answer, I shall not have done till morning: yes, as to the matter of asking like a fool, and answering like a simpleton, I have no occasion to crave the assistance of my neighbours." "Thou hast said more than thou art aware of, answered Don Quixote; for, some people there are who fatigue themselves in learning, and investigating that which, when learned and investigated, is not worth a farthing either to the memory or understanding."

In this and other such relishing discourse they passed that day, and at night took up their lodging in a small village, from whence, as the scholar told the knight, the distance to the cave of Montesinos did not exceed

a couple of leagues; and he observed, that if Don Quixote was really determined to explore the cavern, it would be necessary to provide ropes, by which he might be lowered down to its bottom. The knight said, that although he should descend to the abyfs, he would see the bottom, for which purpose, he purchas'd about a hundred fathoms of rope; and next day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, they arriv'd at the cave, and found the mouth broad and spacious, tho' overgrown with thorns, weeds, brambles and brakes, so thick and intricate, that it was almost quite cover'd and conceal'd: at sight of the place all three alighted; the student and Sancho immediately began to fasten the rope strongly about the knight, and while they were thus employ'd in cording and girding him, Sancho addressing himself to the adventurer, "Dear master, said he, consider what your worship is about: seek not to bury yourself alive, and to be us'd like a bottle of wine, let down to cool in some well; for, it neither concerns nor belongs to your worship to be the surveyor of that pit, which must be worse than a dungeon." "Tie the knot, and hold thy tongue, friend Sancho, answer'd Don Quixote, for, such an enterprize as this was reserved for me alone." Then the guide interposing, "I intreat your worship, signor Don Quixote, said he, to consider attentively, and examine, as it were, with an hundred eyes, every circumstance within this cave, where, perhaps, there may be things which I shall insert among my transformations." "The cymbal, answer'd Sancho, is in the hands that can play it to the utmost nicety."

This discourse having pass'd, and the ligature being made, not over the knight's armour, but his doublet, "We have been guilty of an inadvertency, said Don Quixote, in coming hither unprovided with a small bell, which, had it been tied to me with the same cord, would, with its sound, have given you notice, as I descended, of my being alive: but, as it is now impossible to be accommodated, I commit myself to the hands of God, who will conduct me." Then falling upon his knees, he, in a low voice, preferred a prayer to heaven, beseeching God to assist and crown him with success, in this seemingly perilous and new adventure. His ejaculation being finished, he pronounced, in a loud voice, "O! thou mistress of my deeds and motions, the most resplendent and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso! if the prayer and petition of this thy adventurous lover can possibly reach thine ears, I conjure thee, by thy unheard-of beauty, to grant my request, which is no other than that thou would'st not now deny me thy favour and protection, when I stand so much in need of both; for, I am just upon the brink of darting, plunging and ingulphing myself into the profound abyfs that opens wide before me, on purpose that  
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the world may know there is nothing so impossible that I will not attempt and execute, under the wings of thy favour."

So saying, he approached the pit, where he found it would be impracticable to slip down, or make way for entering, without the strength of arms and back-strokes; he therefore, unsheathing his sword, began to lay about him, and mow down the bushes that grew around the mouth of the cave, out of which an infinite number of huge crows and daws, affrighted at the noise and disturbance, sallied forth with such force and velocity, as laid the knight upon his back; and had he been as superstitious as he was a good catholic, he would have looked upon this irruption as a bad omen, and excused himself from visiting the bowels of such a dreary place: at length he rose, and seeing that the flight of crows, and other birds of might, was now over, (for a number of bats had likewise come forth) he put the rope in the hands of Sancho and the scholar, desiring them to lower him down to the bottom of that dreadful cavern, which, when he entered, Sancho gave him his benediction, and making a thousand crosses over him, exclaimed, "God and the rock of France, together with the trinity of Gaeta, be thy guides, thou flower, and cream, and scum of knights-errant: I say again, God be thy guide, and bring thee back safe, sound, and without deceit, to the light of this life, which thou art now forsaking to bury thyself in that obscurity." Almost the same prayer and deprecation was uttered by the scholar; while Don Quixote called aloud for rope, and afterwards for more rope, which they gave him by little and little; and by that time the voice, which ascended through the windings and turnings of the cave, ceased to vibrate on their ears, they had already uncoiled the hundred fathoms, and were inclined to hoist him up again, as they had no more cord to spare: they stayed, however, about half an hour, at the expiration of which they began to pull up the rope, which seemed to have no weight attached to it, and came up with such ease, that they imagined the knight was left below; a supposition, in consequence of which the squire wept most bitterly, while he pulled with great eagerness, in order to discover the truth; but, when they had coiled up about fourscore fathoms, they felt the weight again, and were exceedingly rejoiced: finally, at the distance of ten fathoms, they distinctly perceived Don Quixote, to whom Sancho addressed himself, saying, "Dear master, I wish your worship an happy return; we began to think you had tarried below to breed."

To this welcome the knight answered not a word; and when they pulled him up, they perceived his eyes were shut, and that, to all appearance, he was fast asleep: then he was laid upon the ground, and untied;  
but

but still he did not awake: however, by dint of turning, jogging, shaking and moving, they, after some time, brought him to himself, when yawning hideously, as if he had awoke from a profound and heavy sleep, he looked around with amazement, and pronounced, "God forgive you, friends, for having withdrawn me from the most delightful prospect and agreeable life that ever mortal saw or enjoyed: in effect, I am now fully convinced, that all the pleasures of this life fleet away like a shadow or a dream, or fade like the flowers of the field. O unfortunate Montefinos! O deeply wounded Durandarte! O hapless Belerma! O weeping Guadiana! and you forlorn daughters of Ruydera, who by your waters shew the copious floods of tears that fall from your beauteous eyes."

The scholar and Sancho hearing these words, which Don Quixote seemed to heave with immense pain from his very intraits, begged he would explain the meaning of what he had said, and inform them of what he had seen in that infernal gulph. "Infernal, call you it? said the knight; pray give it a better epithet, for, that it surely does deserve, as you will presently perceive." Then he desired they would give him something to eat, for, he was excessively hungry; and they, spreading the carpet upon the grass, produced the buttery of their bags, when all three sitting around them, in love and good fellowship, made one meal serve for supper and afternoon's luncheon, which being finished, and the cloth taken away, "My sons, said Don Quixote, let no man stir, but listen with your whole attention to that which I am going to rehearse."

## C H A P. VI.

Of the wonderful incidents recounted by the extravagant Don Quixote, who pretended to have seen them in the profound cave of Montefinos; from the greatness and impossibility of which, this adventure has been deemed apocryphal.

**I**T might be about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun retiring behind a cloud, so as to emit a scanty light and temperate rays, gave Don Quixote an opportunity of relating coolly and comfortably to his two illustrious hearers the particulars he had seen in the cave of Montefinos; and he accordingly began to recite what follows:

“ About twelve or fourteen fathoms below the mouth of this dungeon, there is a concavity on the right hand, wide enough to contain a large waggon with its cattle, and illuminated by a small stream of light that descends through corresponding cracks and crannies, that open at a distance on the surface of the earth: this spacious cavity I perceived, when I was tired and out of humour at finding myself hanging and descending by a rope, through that dark and dreary dungeon, without knowing any certain or determined way; I therefore resolved to enter it, and repose myself a little, and called to you to leave off lowering the rope, until I should give you further notice; but, I suppose you did not hear me, so that I gathered up the cord you let down, and making it into an heap or coil, sat down upon it, in a very pensive mood, to consider how I should descend to the bottom, having no person to support my weight. While I sat musing on this misfortune, I was, all of a sudden, overpowered by a most profound sleep, and without dreaming of the matter, or knowing how, or wherefore, I awoke, and found myself in the midst of the most beautiful, charming and delightful meadow that nature could create, or the most fertile imagination conceive. I rubbed and wiped my eyes, so as to see that far from sleeping I was broad awake: nevertheless, I felt my head, and fumbled in my bosom, in order to be assured, whether it was really my identical self, or some unsubstantial phantom and counterfeit; but the touch, the reflection and connected discourse I held with myself, concurred to convince me, that I was the same at that time as I find myself at present. Then was my view regaled with a sumptuous palace or castle, with walls and battlements of clear, transparent crystal, and two large folding-gates, which opening, there came forth, advancing towards me, a venerable old man, clad in a long cloak of purple

ple bays, that trailed upon the ground : his shoulders and breast were girded with a collegiate scarf of green fatten ; his head was covered with a black Milan cap ; and his beard, white as the drifted snow, descended to his middle. He wore no arms, but held in his hand a rosary of beads as large as walnuts, though the tens were as big as ostrich-eggs ; and his deportment, air, gravity, and dignified presence, filled me with surprize and veneration. Coming up to me, the first thing he did was to hug me closely in his arms, then he said, “ Long, very long, most valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, have we, who are enchanted in these solitudes, expected thy arrival, that thou mayest inform the world of what is contained and concealed in this profound cavern, which is called the cave of Montefinos ; an adventure hitherto reserved on purpose to be achieved by thy invincible heart and most stupendous courage. Follow me, illustrious signor, and I will shew thee the wonders that lie hid in this transparent castle, of which I am governor and perpetual warder, as being that identical Montefinos from whom the cavern takes its name.” No sooner had he told me who he was, when I asked if it was true, what the world above related of him, namely, that he had, with a small dagger cut out the heart of his great friend Durandarte, and carried it to the lady Belerma, according to his own desire, while he was in the agonies of death. He answered, every circumstance was true, except that of the dagger ; for, it was neither a dagger, nor small in its dimensions, but a polished poignard as sharp as an awl.”

Here Sancho interposing, observed, that such a poignard must have been made by Raymond de Hozes of Sevil. “ I do not know who was the maker, said the knight, but it could not be that sword-cutler ; for, Raymond de Hozes was living t’other day ; whereas, many years are elapsed since the battle of Roncesvalles, where that misfortune happened ; but, this inquiry is of no importance ; nor does it disturb or alter the truth and evidence of the story.” “ No, surely, cried the scholar, pray, good your worship Don Quixote proceed ; for, I listen to your narration with infinite pleasure.” “ And I feel no less in recounting it,” answered the knight.

“ Well then, the venerable Montefinos led me into the crystalline palace, where, in a low hall, cool beyond conception, and lined with alabaster, stood a monument of marble of exquisite workmanship, upon which I perceived a knight lying at full length, I do not mean a statue of bronze, marble or jasper, such as we commonly see on other tombs, but a man of real flesh and bones : he held his right hand, which being muscular and hairy, denoted the great strength of the owner, over the region of  
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the heart, and before I had time to ask any questions, Montefinos seeing me astonished, and gazing attentively at the sepulchre, " This is my friend Durandarte, said he, the flower and mirrour of all the valiant and enamoured knights of his time : here he is kept enchanted, as well as myself, and many others of both sexes, by Merlin that French enchanter, who is said to have been begotten by the devil ; though, for my own part, I believe he is not really the devil's son, but that, according to the proverb, he knows one point more than the devil. How or for what reason he enchanted us, nobody knows, but time will discover the mystery ; and, in my opinion, that time is not far off : what surprizes me is, I know as certainly as the sun shines, that Durandarte breathed his last in my arms, and after he was dead, I with my own individual hands took out his heart, which must certainly have weighed a couple of pounds ; for, according to the observation of naturalists, the man who has a large heart is endowed with more valour than he whose heart is of smaller dimensions : this being the case, and the knight certainly dead, how comes he, even at this day, to sigh and complain, from time to time, as if he was actually alive ?

He had no sooner pronounced these words than the wretched Durandarte cried, in a loud voice, " O cousin Montefinos ! the last favour I requested of you, was, that when my soul should quit my body, you would extract my heart either with poignard or dagger, and carry it to Belerma." The venerable Montefinos hearing this apostrophe, kneeled before the piteous knight, and with tears in his eyes, replied, " Already, signor Durandarte, my dearest cousin ! already have I executed what you commanded me to perform, on that unlucky day of our defeat ; I extracted your heart as well as I could, without leaving the smallest particle of it in your breast ; I wiped it with a laced handkerchief, and set out with it, full gallop for France, after having first committed you to the bosom of the earth, with such a flood of tears as was sufficient to bathe and wash my hands of the blood they had contracted by raking in your bowels ; and as a surer token, dear cousin of my soul ! at the first place I reached, in my way from Roncesvalles, I sprinkled your heart with a little salt, that it might not acquire a bad smell, and continue, if not quite fresh, at least tolerably sweet, until it could be presented to the lady Belerma, who, together with you and me, your squire Guadiana, the duenna Ruydera, her seven daughters and two nieces, and many others of your friends and acquaintance, have been long enchanted in this place by the sage Merlin ; and, although five hundred years are elapsed, not one of us, is dead ; though we have lost Ruydera with her daughters

ters and nieces, who, by weeping, are, through the compassion of Merlin, converted into so many lakes, which, in the world above, and in the province of La Mancha, are called the lakes of Ruydera; the Seven Sisters, belong to the king of Spain, and the Two Nieces to the knights of a very holy order, called St. John. Your squire Guadiana bewailing likewise your misfortune, was changed into a river of the same name, which, when it reached the surface of the earth, and saw the sun of the other sky, was so grieved at the thoughts of leaving you, that he sunk down into the bowels of the globe; but, as it was not possible for him to resist his natural current, he from time to time rises up, shewing himself to the sun and to the nations: he receives a reinforcement from the waters of the forementioned lakes, with which, and many others that join his stream, he enters Portugal in majesty and pomp. Nevertheless, where-soever he runs, he discovers a fullen melancholy, and does not pique himself upon breeding within his channel fish of dainty relish and esteem; but only such as are coarse and unfavoury, and widely different from those of the golden Tagus. What I now say, my dear cousin, I have often expressed, and as you make no reply, I conclude you either do not hear or do not give credit to my words: a circumstance which, as heaven doth know, overwhelms me with affliction. I will at present, make you acquainted with one piece of news, which, if it does not alleviate your sorrow, can, surely, in no shape, tend to its augmentation. Know then, here stands in your presence (open your eyes and behold him) that great knight of whom so many things have been prophesied by the sage Merlin; that Don Quixote de la Mancha, I say, who has renewed, and with greater advantages than in times past, raised again from oblivion the long forgotten chivalry, by the means and favour of which, perhaps, we ourselves may be disenchanted; for great men such great achievements are reserved." "And, if that should not be the case, replied the afflicted Durandarte, in a faint and languid tone; and if that should not be the case, cousin, I say, Patience, and shuffle the cards." Then turning himself upon one side, he relapsed into his usual silence, without speaking another word.

At that instant hearing a great noise of shrieks and lamentations, accompanied with doleful sighing and dismal sobbing, I turned about, and saw through the crystal walls into another apartment, through which a procession passed, consisting of two files of most beautiful damsels in mourning, with white turbans on their heads, in the Turkish manner; at the head of these came a lady, for such, by her stately demeanour, she seemed to be, clothed like the rest in black, with a veil so full and long  
that



that it kissed the ground : her turban was twice as large as the largest of the others, her eye-brows met above her nose, which was flattish ; her mouth was large, but her lips retained the colour of vermilion : her teeth, which she sometimes disclosed, were thin and ill-set, though white as blanched almonds, and in her hand she held a fine linen cloth, in which, as near as I could guess, was an heart so dried and shrivelled that it seemed to be of perfect mummy. Montefinos gave me to understand, that all those of the procession were domestics of Durandarte and Belerma, enchanted in that place, together with their lord and lady ; and that the last who carried the heart in the napkin, was Belerma herself, who, with her damsels, never failed to appear in that procession four days in the week, and sing, or rather howl dirges over the body, and the woeful heart of his cousin ; and that, if she now seemed a little homely, or not quite so beautiful as fame reported her, the change proceeded from the bad nights and worse days she passed in that state of enchantment, as I might perceive in her large wrinkles and wan complexion ; nor did that yellowness and those furrows proceed from any irregularity in the monthly disorder incident to women ; for, many months and even years had passed since she had the least shew of any such evacuation ; but, solely from the anguish of her heart, occasioned by that which she holds incessantly in her hand, and which renews and recalls to her memory the misfortune of her ill-fated lover : had it not been for that mischance, scarce would she have been equalled in beauty, sprightliness, and grace, even by the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, celebrated as she is not only in this country, but also thro' the whole universe."

" Softly, signor Don Montefinos, said I, interrupting him at this period, be so good as to tell your story as it ought to be told ; for, you know all comparisons are odious, and therefore there is no occasion to compare any person with another ; the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and the lady Donna Belerma is likewise what she is and has been, and there let the matter rest." To this remonstrance he replied, " Pardon me, signor Don Quixote ; I confess I have been to blame, and egregiously erred, in saying, the lady Dulcinea would scarce equal the lady Belerma ; seeing, my having known by certain guesses that your worship is the knight of Dulcinea, was sufficient to have induced me to bite off my tongue, rather than compare her with any thing but heaven itself." Such satisfaction from the great Montefinos allayed the disgust that my heart received in hearing Belerma compared with my mistress."

" I marvel much, said Sancho, that your worship did not fall upon the old hunks, and break every bone in his skin ; ay, and pull his beard in such

a manner as not to leave one single hair." "By no means, friend Sancho, answered the knight, it would not have become me to behave in that manner; for, we are all obliged to respect our seniors, although they are not knights; but more especially those who are really of that quality, and besides in a state of enchantment. This I know full well, that there was nothing left unpaid on either side, in the course of the questions and answers that passed between us."

Here the scholar interposing, "I cannot conceive, said he, signor Don Quixote, how your worship, in such a short time as that you have spent below, could see so many things, and ask and answer such a number of questions." "How long is it since I descended," said the knight. "Little more than an hour," replied the squire. "That's impossible, resumed Don Quixote; for night fell, and morning dawned, and darkness and light succeeded each other three times; so that, by my reckoning, I must have remained three days in those sequestered shades, which are hidden from our view." "If the truth must be told, master, said Sancho, as all those things have happened by enchantment, perhaps, what appeared but one hour to us, might seem three days and nights to your worship." "It may be so," answered the knight. Then the student asking, if his worship had eaten any thing in all that time; "I have not tasted one mouthful, said he, nor had I the least sensation of hunger." "And do those who are enchanted, eat?" resumed the scholar. "They do not eat, answered Don Quixote, nor do they void the larger excrements, though, it is supposed, that their nails, beards and hair are always growing."

Here Sancho desired to know, if ever those enchanted gentry enjoyed the benefit of sleep? To which interrogation his master replied, "No, surely, at least in those three days that I passed among them, neither they nor myself once closed an eye." "Here then, said the squire, we may conveniently thrust in the proverb, Tell me your company, and I'll tell you your manners. While your worship keeps company with enchanted people, who are always fasting and watching, it is no great wonder, if you neither eat nor sleep while you are among them; but, really, signor, your worship must forgive me, if I say, that of all you have told us, God take me, I was going to say the devil, if I believe one circumstance." "How! cried the scholar, then signor Don Quixote must have lied; and, even if we could entertain such a supposition, he has not had time to compose and contrive such a number of fables." "I do not believe that my master tells lies," answered Sancho. "What then is thy conception?" said the knight. "I conceive, replied Sancho, that Merlin, or those magicians who have enchanted the whole rabble, which

which your worship hath seen and discoursed with below, have likewise stuffed your noddle or memory with all that nonsense which you have already recounted, as well as what you have left untold." "That might be the case, said Don Quixote, but, I assure you it is not so at present; for, what I have recounted I saw with my own eyes, and touched with my own hands. But, what wilt thou say, when I now tell thee, that among an infinite number of other wonderful things, which I shall relate hereafter, in the course of our travels, as they do not all belong to this place, Montefinos shewed me three country-wenches leaping and skipping like so many goats through those delightful plains; and scarce had I set eyes on them, when I recognized them to be the peerless Dulcinea, and the other two individual young women, with whom we spoke in the neighbourhood of Toboso. When I asked Montefinos if he knew them, he answered in the negative, but said he took them to be some enchanted ladies of quality; for, they had appeared but a few days in that meadow; nor ought I to wonder at that circumstance, forasmuch as in the same place there were many other ladies of the past and present age, enchanted in different and strange forms, among whom he recollected queen Ginebra, and her duenna Quintanona, who was skinker to Lancelot, when he came from Britain." Sancho hearing his master talk in this manner, was ready to run distracted, or burst with laughing; for, knowing the truth of the feigned enchantment of Dulcinea, of which indeed he himself had been the author and evidence, he was convinced, beyond all doubt, that his master was stark staring mad; and in that persuasion exclaimed, "In evil hour, accursed season and unlucky day, my dear master, did your worship go down to the other world; and in a mischievous moment did you meet with signor Montefinos, who has sent you back in such a woeful condition. Well was your worship here above, in your sound judgment such as God had bestowed upon you, saying sentences, and giving counsel at every turn, and not as at present, venting a heap of the greatest nonsense that was ever conceived." "I know thee too well, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, to mind what thou sayest." "And I, in like manner, replied the squire, know you too well to regard what you say: wound me or confound me, or kill me if you will, for what I have said, and what I mean to say, if your worship does not mend and correct your own speeches; but, now we are at peace, pray tell me how or by what token you came to know our lady mistress, and if you spoke to her, what answer she made?"

"I knew her again, replied the knight, by the same cloaths she wore when thou thyself did'st shew her to my astonished eyes: I likewise addressed

dressed myself to her, but, she answered not a syllable; on the contrary, she turned about and fled so swiftly, that an arrow would not have overtaken her: nevertheless, I wished to follow, and would certainly have pursued her, had not Montefinos advised me not to fatigue myself; for, it would be to no purpose, and besides, it was time for me to return to the light above. He likewise told me that, in process of time, he would give me notice in what manner he, Durandarte, Belerma, and all the rest, in those sequestred shades, were to be disenchanted. But, what of all I saw and observed, gave me the greatest pain, was this: while I was engaged in this conversation with Montefinos, one of the hapless Dulcinea's companions came up to me, unperceived, and with tears in her eyes, thus accosted me, in a low and whimpering voice, "My lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your worship's hands, and begs your worship will be pleased to let her know how your worship does: moreover, being in great necessity, she supplicates your worship, in the most earnest manner, to be pleased to lend her, upon this here new cotton under-petticoat, half a dozen rials, or any small matter your worship can spare, which, upon her honest word, shall be restored in a very short time." This message filled me with surprize and concern; and turning to the sage, "Is it possible, signor Montefinos, said I, that people of condition are exposed to necessity, in a state of enchantment?" To this question he replied, "Take my word for it, signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that which we call necessity is known in all states, extending to all conditions, prevailing among every class of people, and not even sparing those who are enchanted: and since signora Dulcinea del Toboso seuds to beg these six rials, and the pledge seems to be well worth the money, you had better let her have them; for, she must certainly be in great trouble." "The pledge I will not touch, said I, nor indeed can I comply with her request; for, I have not above four rials;" which I gave her, and these were the very individual pieces which I received from thee, Sancho, t'other day, in order to give away in charity to the poor I might meet with on the road. "Sweetheart, said I, tell your lady that her distress affects me to the very soul, and I wish I were as rich as Fouckar \* to remove it; let her know, that I neither can, nor ought to enjoy health, while deprived of her agreeable presence and improving conversation; and that I fervently and earnestly beg her goodness will be pleased to indulge with her company, this her captive servant and af-

\* Fouckar was a very rich merchant of Augsborg, and a great favourite of Charles V. who owed him a very considerable sum. It is reported of him, that when the emperor lodged at his house, in his return from Tunis, the fire in his chamber was of cinnamon, and his landlord lighted it with his imperial majesty's own obligation, thereby cancelling an immense debt. The wealth of these traders, for there were two brothers, became proverbial, and it was usual to say of any very opulent person, "He is as rich as a Fouckar."

flicted knight. Tell her also that, when least she dreams of any such matter, she shall hear that I have made a vow, like that which was sworn by the marquis of Mantua, to revenge his cousin Valdovinos, when he found him at the last gasp, in the middle of the mountain; namely, that he would not eat from off a table-cloth, together with some whimsical additions, until he should have revenged his death; and, in like manner, I will swear never to be quiet, but traverse the seven divisions of the globe, as punctually as did the infant Don Pedro \* of Portugal." "All that and much more you owe to my lady," said the damsel, who, taking the rials, instead of curtesying, cut a caper in the air two yards high.

"O holy God! cried Sancho, with a loud voice, is it possible that those enchanters and enchantments should have such power to change the good sense of my master into such nonsensical madnefs! O signor! signor! for the love of God, look to yourself, have some respect for your own honour, and give no credit to these vanities, which have diminished and disturbed your senses." "Thy regard for me, Sancho, makes thee talk in that manner, answered the knight: and as thou art not experienced in the events of this world, every thing that is uncommon, to thee seems impossible; but, the time will come, as I have already observed, when I shall recount some circumstances which I saw below, that will compel thee to believe what I have now related, the truth of which neither admits of dispute or reply."

\* This was the great patron of the Portuguese discoveries along the coast of Africa to the cape of Good Hope.

## C H A P. VII.

In which are recounted a thousand fooleries, equally impertinent and necessary to the true understanding of this sublime history.

**H**E who translated this sublime history from the original, composed by its first author Cid Hamet Benengeli, says, that turning to the chapter which treats of the adventure of the cave, he found this observation written on the margin, in the hand-writing of the said Hamet.

I cannot conceive or persuade myself that the valiant Don Quixote literally saw and heard all that is recounted in the foregoing chapter, for this reason: all the adventures in which he has hitherto been engaged, are feasible and likely to have happened; but, this of the cave I can by no means believe true, in any circumstance, because it is so wide of all reason and probability; then to suppose that Don Quixote would tell lies, he who was the truest gentleman and most noble knight of his time! It is not possible! He certainly would have suffered himself to be shot to death, rather than deviate one tittle from the truth: besides, I consider that he explained and recounted the adventure so circumstantially, that he could not be supposed to have contrived extempore such a large concatenation of extravagancies; but, after all, should the adventure seem apocryphal, the blame cannot be laid to my door, and therefore I give it to the public, without affirming it either to be true or false. Reader, if thou hast discernment, thou mayest judge for thyself; for it is neither my duty, nor is it in my power, to do more: tho' it is held for certain, that the knight, on his death-bed, retracted the whole, saying he had invented the story, because it seemed to agree and quadrate with those adventures he had read in his books.

Then the Arabian proceeds in the history, to this effect:

The scholar was equally astonished at the presumption of Sancho Panza, and the forbearance of his master, and concluded that the satisfaction he derived from having seen his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, even tho' enchanted, had produced that milkiness of temper, which was now so remarkable; had not this been the case, Sancho's freedom and remarks were such as would have brought a wooden shower upon his shoulders; for, he was downright impertinent to his master, to whom the student thus addressed himself: "For my own part, signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, I look upon this as the happiest journey I ever performed; for, in the course of it, I have made four valuable acquisitions: In the first place,

I have gained the acquaintance of your worship, which I deem a piece of singular felicity. Secondly, I have been made acquainted with what is locked up and contained in the cave of Montesinos, together with the metamorphoses of Guadiana, and the lakes of Ruydera; transmutations that will aptly fill a place in the Spanish Ovid which I have in hand. Thirdly, I have discovered the antiquity of card-playing, which, at least, must be as old as the time of Charlemagne, as may be gathered from the words which your worship heard Durandarte pronounce, when, at the end of that long harrangue of Montesinos, he awoke and said, Patience, and shuffle the cards. For, that phrase and manner of speaking he could not have learned during his enchantment, but certainly, when he was alive and well in France, during the reign of the said Charlemagne; and this investigation comes pat to the purpose, for the other book which I am composing, I mean the Supplement to Polydore Virgil, on the invention of antiquities; for, I take it for granted, he has forgot to insert in his book the discovery of card-playing, which I will now explain, and doubtless it will be a very material circumstance, especially when confirmed by such a grave and authentic evidence as signor Durandarte. Fourthly and lastly, I have now ascertained the source of the Guadiana, hitherto unknown among the nations."

"You have indeed, good reason to be satisfied, replied the knight; but, I should be glad to know, if, by God's assistance, you should obtain a license for printing those books (which is a matter of doubt with me) to what patron you intend they should be dedicated?" "There are plenty of lords and grandees in Spain, answered the scholar, to whom they may be dedicated." "But a very few, said Don Quixote; not, but that a great many deserve dedications, but, because few will receive them, that they may not lay themselves under the obligation of making such a recompense as may seem due to the labour and courtesy of authors: one prince, indeed, I know, who supplies the defect of the rest, with such advantages, that if I durst presume to describe them, I might perhaps excite envy in many noble hearts: but, let that circumstance rest till a more convenient season; and, in the mean time, let us endeavour to find some place where we may procure a night's lodging." "Not far from hence, replied the student, is an hermitage, where lives an anchorite, who is said to have been a soldier, and bears the character of being a good christian, and moreover, a very discreet and charitable man: adjoining to the hermitage is a little house, built by the labour of his own hands, which, tho' narrow, is large enough to receive travellers." "Can that same hermitage produce any poultry?" said Sancho. "There are few hermitages destitute of that

provision, answered the knight; for, the anchorites of these days, are not like those who dwelt in the deserts of Lybia, cloathing themselves with palm leaves, and subsisting on the roots of the earth. And here I would not be understood to extol one sort, in order to depreciate another; for, the penitence now in use does not come up to the rigour and austerity of those times: nevertheless, they are all good, at least, so I suppose them to be; and even should the stream run foul, the hypocrite, who cloaks his knavery, is less dangerous to the commonwealth than he who transgresses in the face of day."

This conversation was interrupted by the appearance of a man coming towards them on foot, leading and switching a mule loaded with lances and halberts: when he came up, he saluted them, and passed on at a good pace, and Don Quixote perceiving his hurry, "Honest friend, said he, pray stop a little, for you seem to go faster than your mule could wish." "Signor, answered the man, I cannot tarry at present, because these arms of which I have the charge, are to be used to-morrow morning, so that I cannot possibly stay; therefore adieu: but, if you desire to know for what purpose they were procured, at the inn which is beyond the hermitage I have some thoughts of taking my night's lodging, and if you are travelling the same road, there you will find me, and there you shall hear strange tidings; so, once more I bid you farewell." So saying, he whipped up the mule in such a manner, that Don Quixote had not time to ask another question concerning those strange tidings, which he promised to relate; but, being extremely curious, and continually fatigued with the desire of learning novelties, he ordered his company to set on that instant, and proceed to the inn, without touching at the hermitage, where the scholar wished to pass the evening. In compliance with the knight's desire, all three mounted their beasts, and followed the direct road to the hermitage, which having reached a little before the twilight, the student proposed that they should call and take a draught. Sancho Panza hearing this proposal, immediately turned Dapple's head towards the hermitage, being followed by Don Quixote and the scholar: but, his ill luck seemed to have ordained, that the hermit should not be at home, as they were told by an under hermit whom they found in the place. When the squire demanded a flask of his best and dearest, he answered, that his master had no wine, but if he chose a pitcher of his cheapest water, he should have it with all his heart. "If I had chosen water, said Sancho, there is plenty of wells upon the road, from which I might have quenched my thirst. O the wedding of Camacho! and the abundance of Don Diego's house! how often shall I lament the loss of you?"

When



When he had uttered this ejaculation, they quitted the hermitage, and pushed on towards the inn, and having rode forwards a little way, they overtook a lad who travelled the same road, at his own leisure: he carried a sword over his shoulder, that supported a bundle of cloaths, which seemed to consist of troussers, a cloak and shirt; for, he wore a velvet jacket with some slips of fatten, and the shirt hanging out: he had silk stockings, and square-toe'd shoes, in the court fashion: his age seemed to be about eighteen or nineteen; he had a sprightly countenance, and an agility in his person; he amused himself in singing couplets to beguile the fatigue of travelling, and when they overtook him, had just finished one, which the student remembered to have run in this strain:

To the wars my necessity drags me away,  
But, if I had money, at home I would stay.

The first who accosted him was Don Quixote, saying, "You travel very light, young gentleman; pray, good now, whither may you be going?" To this interrogation the youth replied, "I travel so light on account of poverty, and the heat of the weather; and I am going to the wars." "The heat may be a very good reason, resumed the knight; but how should poverty be the cause of your travelling in that manner?" "Signor, answered the youth, I carry in this bundle a pair of velvet trunk breeches, fellows to this jacket, which, if I wear out in the country, they will do me no service in town, and I have not wherewithal to purchase a reinforcement: for this reason, therefore, and the benefit of the free air, I travel as you see me, until I get up with some companies of foot, which are quartered at a town about twelve leagues from hence; there I shall enlist among them, and find some baggage-waggon, in which I may proceed to the place of embarkation, which they say is to be Carthagena; and I would much rather have the king for my lord and master, and serve him in his wars, than be the lacquey of some scoundrel at court." "And have you obtained any post?" said the scholar. "Had I served a grandee of Spain, or some person of quality, replied the youth, I should certainly have got something of that kind; for, this is the advantage of being in good service, that a man is frequently preferred from the back of his master's chair to a pair of colours, a company, or some handsome provision: but, it was my unhappy fate to be always in the service of poor, idle rascals or foreigners, who gave such a miserable and consumptive allowance of board wages, that one half was expended in the starching of a ruff; and it would be looked upon as a miracle, if any such page-adventu-

rer should obtain a tolerable provision." "And pray, friend, said Don Quixote, is it possible, that during all the years you have been in service, you never had a livery?" "Yes, answered the page, I have had two; but, as he who quits a convent, rather than profess, is stripped of his habit, and obliged to resume his own cloaths; so was I served by my masters, who, after having transacted the business that brought them to court, returned to their own homes, and took back the liveries, which they had given me out of meer ostentation."

"A very scandalous \* Espilorcheria indeed! as the Italians call it, said Don Quixote; but, notwithstanding, you may think yourself very happy in having left the court with such a laudable intention; for, there is nothing upon earth more productive of honour and profit, next to the service of God, than the service of the king, our natural lord and master; especially in the exercise of arms, by which more honour, if not more wealth, is acquired than by learning itself; for, as I have divers and sundry times observed, although a greater number of families has been raised by learning than by arms, yet those founded upon arms rise, I don't know how, above their fellows, with a kind of natural splendour, by which all others are outshone: and what I am now going to say, I desire you will lay up in your remembrance; for, it will be of much comfort and utility to you, in the midst of all your sufferings: never entertain a thought of what adversity may happen, for the worst is death; and provided it comes with honour, it is the greatest happiness to die. Julius Cæsar, that valiant emperor of Rome, being asked which was the most agreeable death, answered, "That which is sudden, unexpected, and unforeseen:" and tho' this reply favoured of the pagan, ignorant of the knowledge of the true God, nevertheless, with regard to his being freed from the pangs of human infirmity, he said well: for, supposing you should be slain in the first action or skirmish, either by a cannon ball, or the explosion of a mine, what does it signify? we must all die, and there is an end of the whole; and, according to Terence, a dead soldier who falls in battle, makes a much nobler appearance than one who lives by running away: the good soldier acquires reputation in proportion to the obedience he pays to his captain, or those who have a right to command him; and pray, take notice, child, a soldier had much better smell of gunpowder than of civet; and if old age overtake you in that noble employment, tho' you should be covered over with wounds, paralytic, or lame, it can never overtake you without such honour as poverty cannot diminish; especially now that provision is to be made for the maintenance and relief of old disabled

\* A knavish trick.

foldiers; for, it is not reasonable that they should be treated like negro slaves, to whom, when they are old and incapable of service, their masters often give their freedom, driving them from their houses, and, under the title of liberty, leaving them still slaves to hunger, which nothing but death can dispel. This is all I have to say at present, therefore get up, and ride behind me to the inn, where I shall treat you with a supper, and, in the morning, you may pursue your journey, which I pray God may be as fortunate as your intention is good."

The page excused himself from riding behind the knight, tho' he embraced his invitation to supper at the inn; and Sancho said within himself, "Lord comfort thee for a master! Is it possible that a man who can utter so many good things, should affirm that he has seen all that impossible nonsense which he has told of the cave of Montesinos? But, time is the trier of all things."

In such discourse they arrived at the inn, just as it grew dark, and Sancho was not a little rejoiced to find that his master took it to be a real inn, and not a castle, according to his usual whims. They had scarce entered when Don Quixote inquired of the landlord about the man with the lances and halberts, and understood he was in the stable, providing for the accommodation of his beast; an example which was followed by the student and Sancho, who preferred Rozinante to the best manger and stall of the whole stable.

## C H A P. VIII.

In which is set forth the braying adventure, and the diverting atchievement of the puppets, with the memorable responses of the divining ape.

**D**ON Quixote would not stay till his bread was baked, as the saying is, so impatient was he to hear and know the strange tidings that were promised by the arms-carrier, in quest of whom he forthwith went to the place where the landlord said he was; and having found him, desired he would by all means gratify him with a circumstantial account of those things he had mentioned on the road. "The account of my strange tidings, answered the man, I shall give when I am more at leisure, and not at work as I am at present: if your worship will give me time to take care of my beast, I will tell you such things as you will be surprized to hear." "They shall not be delayed on that account, said the knight, for, I myself will lend you an helping hand." He accordingly winnowed the corn and cleaned the manger; so that the man, induced by his humility, could do no less than grant his request, with good will: sitting down therefore, in a hollow of the wall, close by Don Quixote, who, with the scholar, page, Sancho Panza, and the inn-keeper, composed his council and audience, he began to relate what follows:

"You must know, gentlemen, that in a village at the distance of four leagues and an half from this inn, it came to pass, that a certain alderman, through the craft and malice of a servant wench, which I have not time to explain, lost an ass; and tho' the said alderman used all possible means to find him, he found it impossible to succeed: fifteen days had the ass been missing, according to public fame and report, when the owner was, in the market-place, accosted by another alderman of the same town, who said, "Hansel me for my good news, neighbour; your beast has appeared." "That I will, neighbour, and heartily, answered the other; but, let us know where he has appeared." "Upon the mountain, replied the finder: I saw him this morning, without pack-saddle or any sort of furniture; and so lean, that it was piteous to behold him. I would have driven him before me, and brought him home; but, he is so wild and shy, that when I went near him, he took to his heels, and ran into the most concealed part of the mountain: if you choose it, we two will go in quest of him; stay till I house my own beast, and I'll return presently." "I shall be much obliged to you, said he of the strayed ass; and

I shall endeavour to repay you in the same coin." With these very circumstances, and in the self-same manner that I relate the affair to you, it is told and related by all those who have entered into the true spirit of the case.

In conclusion, the two aldermen walked hand in hand to the mountain, and coming to the place and spot where they expected to find the ass, they found him not: nor could they get one glimpse of him, altho' they searched all about over and over. Perceiving that he was not likely to appear, "Heark ye, neighbour, said the alderman who had seen him, there is a contrivance come into my head, by which we shall certainly discover this animal, even though he should be concealed in the bowels of the earth, much more if he is in this mountain; and that is this, I have a marvellous knack at braying, and if you have any turn that way, you may conclude the business is done." "Any turn, neighbour! cried the other: by the Lord! I will not yield in point of braying to the best man alive, not even to an identical ass." "We shall see presently, answered the second alderman; for, my intention is that you should go to one side of the mountain, and I to the other, so as to walk round it quite, and every now and then you shall bray, and I will bray; and it cannot be but that the ass will hear, and answer, if he is on this mountain." To this proposal the owner replied; "Neighbour, it is an excellent scheme, and worthy your great genius." So parting, according to agreement, it came to pass that both brayed almost at the same time, and each being deceived by the other's braying, ran forward in hopes of finding the ass; when perceiving their mistake, "Neighbour, said the loser, is it possible that was not my ass which brayed just now?" "No: it was I," answered the other. "Agad, then, cried the owner, there is not the least difference in point of braying, between you and an ass! for, in my life did I never hear or see such a resemblance." "That compliment and approbation, answered the contriver, would be much better bestowed upon yourself than upon me, neighbour; for, by the God that made me! you could give two heats of advantage to the biggest and best brayer in Christendom; for, the sound you produce is deep, sonorous, within proper time and compass, and the falls frequent and sharp; in a word, I own myself overcome, and yield you the palm and banner of that rare talent." "By the mass! said the owner, I will from hence forward have a higher opinion of my own ability, and believe I know something, since I really possess such a gift; for, although I always thought I brayed tolerably well, I never imagined I excelled so much as you say I do." "I therefore tell you, replied the other, that

many rare talents are loft in this world ; and that they are ill-beflowed upon thofe who cannot turn them to advantage." " Ours, faid the owner, except in fuch cafes as this, that we have now in hand, can be but of little fervice, and even in this, God grant it may turn to account."

After thefe mutual compliments they parted a fecond time, and began to bray again ; but ftill they were deceived and met as before, until, by way of counter-fignal, from which they might know one another, they agreed to bray twice twice in a breath : accordingly, they doubled their brayings, and encompassed the whole mountain, without being favoured with the leaft answer, or fign from the ftrayed afs ; and indeed, no wonder the poor, unfortunate animal did not answer ; for they found him in the remoteft part of the wood, almoft devoured by the wolves. The owner feeing him in this plight, " I marvelled much, faid he, that he did not answer, for had he been alive and heard you, he muft have brayed again, elfe he had been no afs ; but, as I have had the pleafure of hearing you bray fo melodioufly, neighbour, I think my trouble well-beflowed, even although I have found him dead." " 'Tis in good hands, neighbour, replied the other ; for in chanting the clerk is not a whit inferior to the curate."

Having made thefe mutual remarks, they returned to the village, equally hoarfe and difconfolate, and recounted to their friends, neighbours, and acquaintance, what had happened to them, in their fearching for the afs, extolling one another to the f skies for the talent of braying ; fo that every circumftance of the ftory was related among the neighbouring villages ; and the devil, who is never at reft, but, always glad of an opportunity to fow difcord and fcatter quarrels, raifing lies in the wind, and huge chimeras from little or no foundation, fo ordered matters, that the people of the other villages, when they faw any perfon belonging to our town, began to bray, as if to hit him in the teeth with the braying of our aldermen. The ftory was taken up by the boys, which was all one as if it had fallen into the hands and mouths of all the devils in hell ; and the braying was circulated from one town to another in fuch a manner, that the natives of the village of Braywick are as well known and diftinguifhed as a Blackamoor from a Spaniard ; and this joke has become fo ferious, that our townfmen have frequently gone forth in arms and regular order, to give battle to the jokers, without any regard to king or rook, or fear or fhame ; I believe that to-morrow or next day, the men of Braywick will take the field once more againft the people of another village within two leagues of us, who are our chief perfecutors ; and that we may be well provided for the occafion, I have purchafed the  
lances

lances and halberts you have seen. Now these are the strange tidings which I said I would relate; and if you do not think them so, I have no other worth your hearing."

Thus the honest man concluded his story, and at that instant came into the house, a man cloathed in a doublet, breeches and hose of shamoy leather, who said with a loud voice, "So ho, Mr. Landlord, have you got any lodging for the fortune-telling ape, and the puppet-shew of the deliverance of Melifendra." "Odd's bodikins! cried the innkeeper, master Peter here! we shall have rare doings i'faith!" We forgot to observe, that the left eye, and half of the cheek of this master Peter was cover'd with a patch of green silk, from whence it was supposed all that side of the face laboured under some infirmity. Be that as it will, the innkeeper proceeded, saying, "Welcome, good master Peter; but, where is the ape and the puppet-shew? for I see neither." "They are at hand, answered the owner of the shamoy-suit; but I came before, to know whether or not we could have lodging?" "The duke d'Alva himself should be turned out to make room for master Peter, said the landlord; bring hither your ape and your shew, for, there is company in the house that will pay for a fight of them." "In good time then, replied the wearer of the patch: I will lower the price, and think myself well paid, if they defray the expence of my lodging; mean while, I'll go and lead hither the cart that contains my puppets and my ape."

So saying, he went out, and Don Quixote inquiring who this master Peter was, with the puppet-shew and ape; the landlord replied, "This is a famous puppet-shew man, who has long travelled through La Mancha and Arragon, representing the story of Melifendra, who was delivered by the famous Don Gayferos, one of the most entertaining and best represented histories which have been for many years seen in this kingdom; he likewise carries along with him an ape of the rarest talent that ever was known among apes, or conceived among men; for, if you ask any question, it listens attentively to what you say, then leaping upon its master's shoulders, and clapping its mouth to his ear, it gives an answer, which master Peter immediately explains. Of things that are past, it says much more than of those that are to come, and though it does not hit the truth exactly in every thing, it errs but seldom; so that we are inclined to believe it is inspired by the devil. Every question costs a couple of rials, provided the ape answers, I mean, supposing the master answers for the ape, after it has whispered in his ear: wherefore, master Peter is thought to be woundy rich; indeed he is a gallant

man, as they say in Italy, an excellent companion, and lives the pleafantest life in the world ; he talks as much as any fix, and drinks more than a dozen, and all at the expence of his tongue, his ape, and his puppet-fhew."

Just as he spoke these words, master Peter returned with the cart that contained his puppets and the ape, which was a very large animal, without a tail, though his buttocks were like felt, but not ugly withal; and Don Quixote no sooner beheld him than he asked, " Pray, Mr. Fortuneteller, what have we got in the net? what fortune awaits us? Behold, here are my two rials." So saying, he ordered Sancho to give them to Mr. Peter, who having received the money, answered in the name of the ape, " Signor, this animal gives no response or intelligence concerning what is to come; he is only acquainted with the past, and knows something of the present." " Rabbit it! cried Sancho, I would not give a doit to be told of the past; for, who knows that better than myself, and to pay for being informed of what I know, would be downright folly: but, since you know the present, here are my two rials; and tell me, good your apeship, how my wife Teresa Panza is at present employed?" Master Peter refused to take the money, saying, " I will not receive a premium per advance, until it is preceded by service." Then clapping his hand twice upon his left shoulder, the ape, with one skip, leaped upon it, and laying its mouth to his ear, began to mow and chatter with great eagerness; and having made this motion, which continued as long time as one would take in repeating the creed, with another skip he leaped upon the ground. Immediately master Peter, with infinite hurry, threw himself on his knees, before Don Quixote, and hugging his shins exclaimed, " These legs I embrace, as I would embrace the pillars of Hercules, O thou celebrated reviver of the already forgotten order of knight-errantry! thou never enough to be applauded cavalier Don Quixote de la Mancha, the soul of the dejected, the prop of the falling, the shield of those that are fallen, the staff and comfort of all the unhappy!" Don Quixote was alarmed, Sancho thunderstruck, the scholar surprised, the page confounded, the Braywick carrier amazed, the landlord astonished, and, in a word, admiration prevailed among all those who heard the words of the fhewman; while he proceeded, saying, " And thou, worthy Sancho Panza, the best squire of the bravest knight in the universe, be merry and rejoice; for thine agreeable helpmate, Teresa, is in good health, and this very moment employed in dressing a pound of flax; by the same token, there stands at her right-hand a broken mouthed pitcher, containing



taining a good sup of wine, with which she comforts herself while she is at work." "That I can easily believe, answered Sancho; for, she is a rare one, and if she was not a little given to jealousy, I would not exchange her for the giants Andandona, who, as my master says, was a very proper and complete housewife; and truly my Teresa is one of those who will live to their hearts content, even though their heirs should pay for it."

"I am now convinced, said Don Quixote, that he who reads and travels much will see and learn a great deal. This observation I make, because no arguments would have been sufficient to persuade me that there are apes in the world, endowed with the gift of divination, as I have this day seen with my own eyes; for I am the very Don Quixote named by that good animal, which, however, has expatiated rather too much in my praise; but, be that as it may, I give thanks to God who bestowed upon me a mild and compassionate disposition, ever inclined to do good to all mankind, and harm to no person whatever." "If I had money, said the page, I would ask signor ape, what will be the success of my present peregrination?" To this hint, master Peter, who had rose from his prostration, replied, "I have already told you, that this creature does not answer for what is to come; if he did, your want of money would be no objection; for, in order to serve Don Quixote here present, I would willingly forfeit all the interested views in the world; and now, as in duty bound, I will, for his amusement, set up my shew, and divert all the people in the house, without fee or reward." The landlord, hearing this declaration, was rejoiced beyond measure, and pointed out a proper place for the exhibition of his entertainment, which was prepared in a twinkling.

Don Quixote was not very well satisfied with the divinations of the ape, as he did not think it natural for such an animal to divine, in things either past, present, or to come; and therefore, while master Peter was busy in setting up his shew, he retired, with his squire, to a corner of the stable, where they could confer together without being overheard, and spoke to this effect: "Heark ye, Sancho, I have considered this wonderful talent of the ape, and, according to my notion, this same master Peter, its owner, must certainly have made a secret or express pact with the devil." "Nay, if it be the devil's pack, answered Sancho, it must be a very dirty pack; but, what signifies such a pack to master Peter?" "Sancho, replied the knight, you do not understand my meaning: what I would say is, that he must certainly have made some concert with the devil, who hath infused this talent into the ape,  
by

by which he gains his livelihood ; and when he becomes rich, he must yield him his soul, which is the aim of that universal enemy of mankind ; and what confirms me in this opinion is, that the ape answers no questions but such as regard the past and present time : now the devil's understanding reaches no farther ; what is to come he knows only by conjecture, and that, not always ; for, it is the attribute of God alone, to know times and seasons : to him there is neither past nor future, but, all things are ever present to his eyes. This being the case, as doubtless it is, the ape certainly speaks from the inspiration of the devil ; and I am surprized it hath not been accused and examined by the holy office, which would soon discover by virtue of whom it presumes to divine ; for, surely this ape is no astrologer ; nor did he or his master ever raise, or were capable of raising, those figures called judicial, which are now so common in Spain, that every pitiful little huffy, page, and even cobbler, has the impudence to raise an horoscope, as readily as a knave of trumps, from the ground, ruining and disgracing, by their ignorance and falsities, the wonderful truth of that noble science. One lady I myself knew, who having inquired of one of those pretenders, whether a little bitch she had would have puppies, and of what colour they would be ? Mr. Astrologer, after having raised his figure, replied, that the bitch would bring forth three puppies, one of a green, another of carnation, and the third of a mixed colour, provided the bitch would take the dog between the hours of eleven and twelve at noon or night, on Sunday or Monday. Notwithstanding this prediction, the bitch died in three days of a surfeit ; and yet Mr. Figure-caster was still esteemed in the place, a most infallible astrologer, as almost all those fellows are." " Nevertheless, answered Sancho, I wish your worship would desire master Peter to ask his ape, if what happened to your worship in the cave of Montefinos, is really true ; as for my own part, begging your worship's pardon, I cannot for the blood of me help thinking it was all a flam and a lie, or at least no better than a dream." " It may be so, replied Don Quixote ; but, I will take thy advice ; for, truly, I myself have some sort of scruples about the matter."

Here he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Peter, who came to tell him that the shew was ready, and invite him to come and see it ; for, it would be well worth his trouble. Then the knight imparted his sentiments, desiring he would ask the ape whether or not certain incidents that happened in the cave of Montefinos were dreams or realities, for, to him the whole seemed to be real. Master Peter, without answering one word, went and brought the ape into the presence of Don Quixote and

and Sancho, and thus accosted it; "Look ye, Mr. Ape, this knight wants to know, whether certain things that happened to him in a place called the cave of Montefinos, be true or false." Then making the usual signal, the creature leaped upon his left shoulder, and seemingly whispered something in his ear. In consequence of this communication, "The ape, said master Peter, declares, that part of what your worship saw and underwent in that same cave, is false, and part is likely to be true; and this, and nothing else, is all he knows touching that interrogation: but, if your worship desires to be further informed, he will, next Friday, answer all the questions you can ask; at present, his virtue has left him, and will not return till Friday, as I have already observed." "Signor, said Sancho to his master, did not I always affirm your worship should never make me believe that all, or even the half of those accidents you pretended to have met with in the cave was true?" "The event will shew, answered Don Quixote; for, there is nothing that time, the discoverer of all things, will not bring to light, even tho' it should be hidden in the bowels of the earth. Let that suffice for the present; and now we will go and see the puppet-shew of honest master Peter, which I really believe will be productive of some novelty." "Of some! cried master Peter; my shew is productive of sixty thousand: why, I tell your worship, signor Don Quixote, there is nothing equal to it in the whole world; but, Operibus credite & non verbis: let us begin presently, for it grows late, and we have a great deal to do, to say, and shew."

In consequence of this request, Don Quixote and Sancho repaired to the place where the puppet-shew was set up, and set forth with a great number of little wax-lights, which made a most resplendent appearance. Master Peter withdrew within the curtain, in order to play the figures of the piece; and on the outside sat a boy, who was his servant, to interpret and explain the mysteries of the shew, holding a wand, with which he pointed out the puppets as they entered. All the people of the inn being seated, some fronting the stage, and Don Quixote with Sancho, the page and the scholar, accommodated with the best places, the drugoman began to pronounce that which will be heard and seen by those who will take the trouble to read or peruse the following chapter.

## C H A P. IX.

In which is continued the diverting adventure of the puppet-shew; with other matters really entertaining enough.

UNIVERSAL silence prevailed among Tyrians as well as Trojans, that is, all the spectators of the shew, sat in silent expectation, suspended as it were on the mouth of him who was appointed to expound the wonders of the piece; when their ears were saluted with the found of atabals, trumpets, and artillery, that issued from behind the scene; and this noise being soon over, the boy thus began in an audible voice: "This true history, which will now be represented before the honourable company, is literally extracted from the French Chronicles and Spanish ballads, which may be heard every day repeated in the streets by man, woman, and child. It exhibits the manner in whichignor Don Gayferos accomplished the deliverance of his spouse Melifendra, who was a captive in Spain, detained by the Moors in the city of Sanfuenna, which was formerly the name given to what we now call Saragossa; and pray, gentlemen, take notice, Don Gayferos is playing at tables, according to the old song:

Now Gayferos, at tables playing,  
Of Melifendra thinks no more.

And that personage who next appears, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand, is the emperor Charlemagne, the supposed father of Melifendra, who, vexed at the indolence and carelessness of his son-in-law, comes forth to chide him; and observe with what vehemence and keenness he seems to scold; one would imagine he intended to give him half a dozen raps on the pate with his sceptre; nay, some authors say, that he actually did bestow them, ay, and that with very good will: after having said abundance of things concerning the risk his honour would run, if he did not effect the deliverance of his spouse, he is reported to have added these words, "I have said enough, look to it." Behold, gentlemen, how the emperor turns about and walks off, leaving Don Gayferos in a fume, who, in the impatience of his anger, throws away the table and pieces, and calls hastily for his armour, desiring his cousin Orlando to lend him his sword Durindana. Don Orlando will not comply with his request, but offers to attend him, in his difficult enterprize; however, the provoked hero will not accept of his offer; on the contrary, he

he says his own single arm is sufficient to deliver his wife, even tho' she were concealed in the profoundest centre of the earth. So saying, he goes in to arm, that he may be able to set out with all expedition. Gentlemen, turn your eyes to the tower that appears yonder, and suppose it one of the towers belonging to the castle of Saragossa, now called Aljaferia, and that lady who stands in the balcony in the Moorish dress is the peerless Melifendra, who from thence hath often cast her longing eyes towards the road to France, and consoled herself in her captivity, by thinking on the city of Paris and her valiant lord. Observe likewise a new incident, the like of which, perhaps, you have never seen before: don't you see that Moor stealing along silently and softly, step by step, with his finger on his month, behind Melifendra: now mind how he prints a kiss in the very middle of her lips, and with what eagerness she spits, and wipes them with the sleeves of her shift, lamenting aloud, and tearing, for anger, her beautiful hair, as if it had been guilty of the transgression. Behold, now, that venerable Moor in yon gallery; he is Marsilius the king of Sanfuenta, who, having perceived the insolence of the Moor, altho' he was his own relation, and a great favourite, orders him to be apprehended, and carried through the principal streets of the city, with the criers before, and the rods behind, with which he is to receive two hundred stripes: and here you shall see the sentence executed, almost as soon as the crime is committed; for, among the Moors, there is no copy of a writ, trial or delay, as in our courts of justice."

Here Don Quixote interposing, said, with a loud voice, " Boy, boy, follow your story in a right line, without falling into curves and crosses; for, there is not so much proof and counter-proof required to bring truth to light." " Sirrah (cried Mr. Peter, from behind the curtain) none of your vagaries, but follow that gentleman's counsel, which is good and wholesome: sing your plain song, without counter-points; for, you may spin the thread so fine as to break it." " I shall obey your orders," answered the boy, who proceeded, saying,

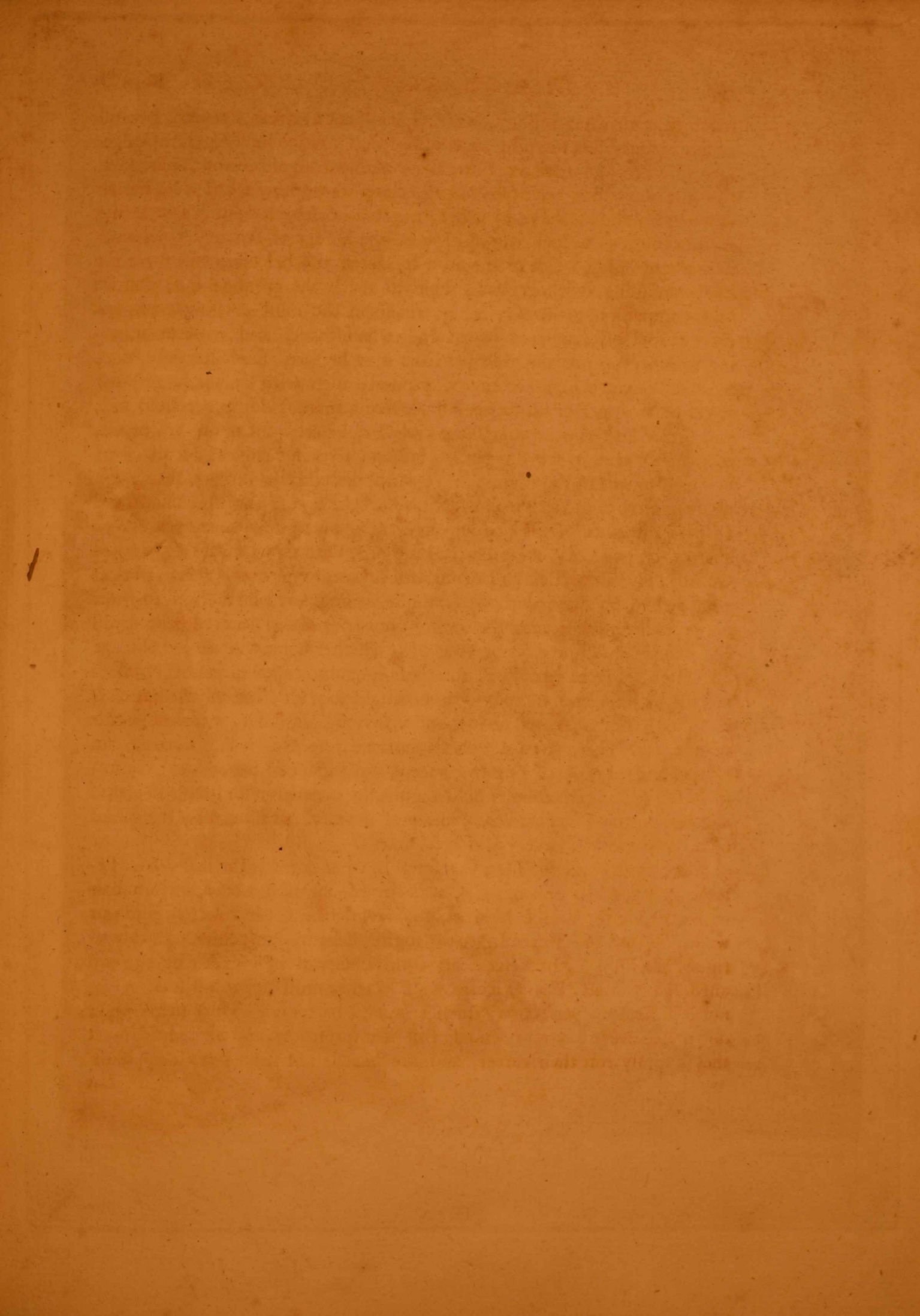
" That there figure a-horseback, wrapped up in a cloak of Gascony, is the very individual Don Gayferos, to whom his own lady, by this time, revenged of the presumptuous and enamoured Moor, talks with more seeming composure from the battlements of the tower, supposing him to be some traveller, and between the two passeth that whole discourse and conversation, recorded in the ballad, which says,

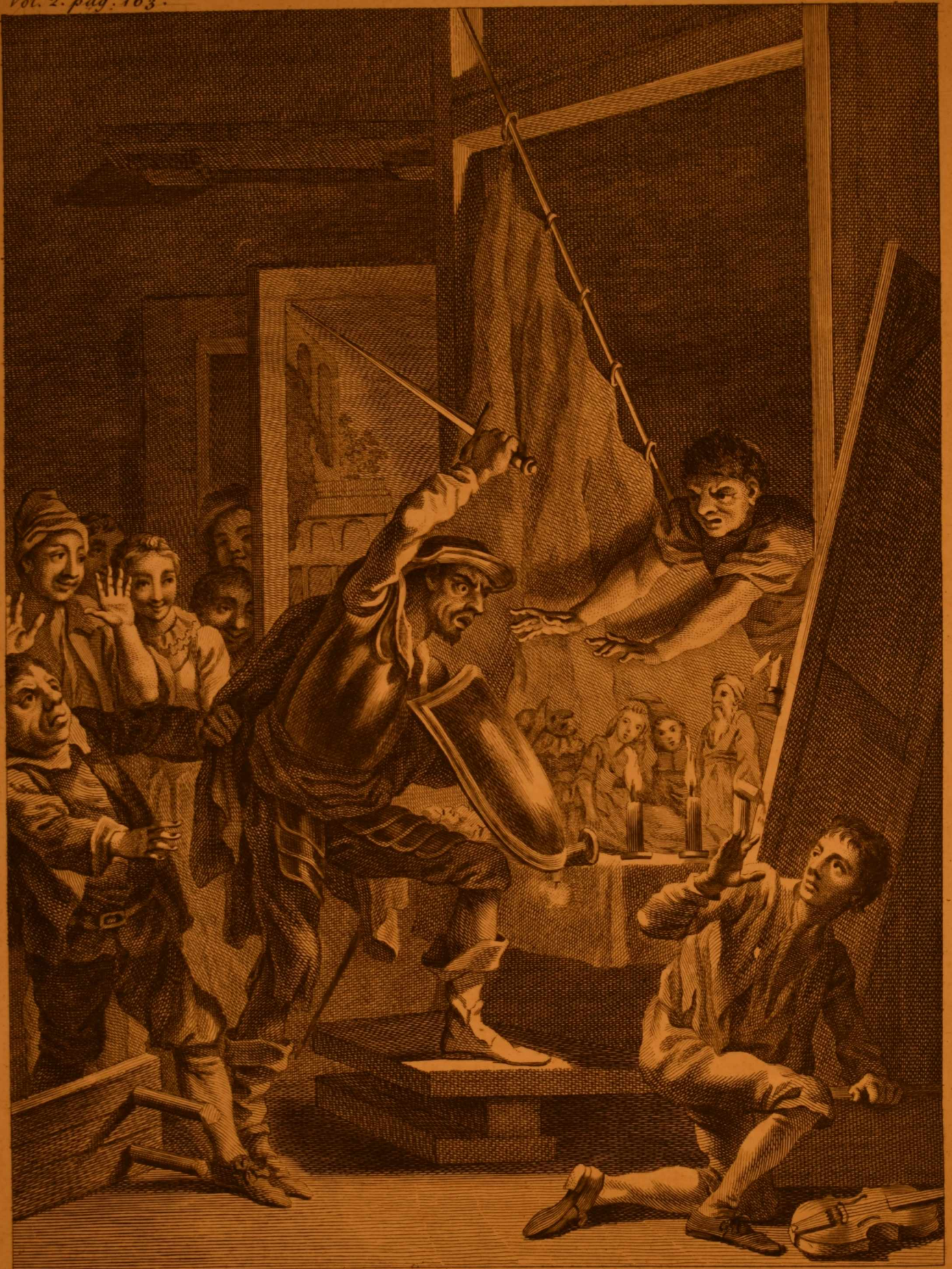
Sir knight, if you to France do go,

For Gayferos enquire:

together with what follows, which I shall not at present repeat, because prolixity ingenders disgust: let it suffice that you see how Gayferos discovers himself, and that we learn from the joyful gestures of Melisendra, that she recognizes her husband; especially as we now see her let herself down from the balcony, in order to get a-horseback behind her loving spouse: but, as ill luck would have it, the border of her under-petticoat has caught hold of one of the iron spikes of the balcony, and there she hangs dangling, without being able to reach the ground: but, you see how compassionate heaven brings relief in the most pressing emergencies; for, Don Gayferos comes to her assistance, and without minding whether or not the rich petticoat may be torn, seizes his lady, and, by main force, brings her to the ground; then with one jerk, sets her upon the crupper of his horse, astride like a man, bidding her hold fast, and throw her arms around his neck, so as to cross them on his breast, that she may be in no danger of falling; for, my lady Melisendra was not used to ride in that manner: you likewise perceive how the horse, by his neighing, expresses the satisfaction he feels in carrying the valiant and beautiful burthen of his lord and mistress: you see how they turn about, and quitting the city, take the road to Paris, with equal eagerness and joy. Go in peace, ye peerless pair of faithful lovers; may you arrive in safety at your desired country, without fortune's raising any obstruction to your happy journey; and may the eyes of your friends and kindred behold you enjoy in peace all the days of your life, which I hope will exceed the age of Nestor!" Here Mr. Peter interposing again, called aloud, "None of your flourishes, sirrah: seek not to entangle yourself; for, all affectation is naught." The interpreter, without answering a syllable, went on in this manner. "There were not wanting some idle eyes which nothing can escape, and they, perceiving the descent and flight of Melisendra, gave notice of it to king Marsilio, who straight gave orders for sounding to arms: and behold the hurry and commotion of the city, occasioned by the sound of bells that ring in every minoret."

"It cannot be, cried Don Quixote. In what regards the bells, Mr. Peter is guilty of an impropriety; for, the Moors use no bells, but attabals or kettle-drums, and a kind of dulcimers, like those belonging to our waits; so that the circumstance of ringing bells in Sansuenna, is a downright absurdity." Mr. Peter hearing this observation, left off ringing, and answered, "Signor Don Quixote, your worship must not mind such trifles, nor seek for that perfection which is not to be found. How many plays do you see every day represented, full of impropriety and absurdities? yet they happily run their career, and are heard, not simply with applause, but







but even with universal admiration. Proceed boy, and let people talk; for, provided I fill my pocket, I don't care if there should be more improprieties than there are atoms in the sun." "You are in the right," replied the knight; and thus the boy went on:

"Behold what a number of resplendent cavalry marches out of the city in pursuit of the two catholic lovers: what a sound of trumpets, tinkling of dulcimers, and rattling of drums and kettle-drums! I am afraid they will overtake and bring them back tied to their horse's-tail, and that would be a most dismal spectacle."

Don Quixote, seeing such a number of Moors, and hearing this uproar, thought it was incumbent upon him to assist the fugitives; and therefore, starting up, he pronounced with a loud voice, "Never while I breathe will I consent that such an injury should be done in my presence to a knight so famous, daring and enamoured as is Don Gayferos: desist, ye base born plebeians; seek not to follow and punish him, but, face me in battle, if you dare." With these words and actions he unsheathed his sword, and springing up to the puppet-shew, began with incredible agility and fury to lay about him among the Moorish puppets, demolishing some, beheading others, maiming this, and hacking that; and in the course of this exercise, he fetched such a back-stroke, that had not Mr. Peter stooped and squatted down with great expedition, he would have sliced off his head as easily as if it had been made of ginger-bread. This unfortunate shew-man exalting his voice, "Hold, for the love of God! signor Don Quixote, said he, and take notice, that those whom you overthrow, kill and destroy, are not real Moors, but poor, harmless, little figures of paste; consider, sinner that I am! you are ruining me, by depriving me of my livelihood." Notwithstanding this remonstrance, the knight continued to play away in a perfect shower of back-strokes, fore-strokes, outside and inside, that fell as thick as hail; so that, in less than a couple of credos, he brought the whole shew to the ground, all the tackle and figures being hewed down, and dismembered; king Marsilio himself sorely wounded, and the crown, together with the head of the emperor, cleft in twain. The whole audience was involved in confusion: the ape fled to the roof of the house, the scholar trembled, the page was seized with consternation, and Sancho Panza himself overwhelmed with terror and dismay, for, as he swore after the hurricane subsided, he had never before seen his master in such a frantic rage.

The puppet-shew being thus intirely demolished, Don Quixote became a little more composed, saying, "I wish I had here before me, at this very moment, those who either do not, or will not believe that knights-errant

are of any benefit or service to mankind, that they might see what would have become of the worthy Don Gayferos, and the beautiful Melifendra, had not I been present on this occasion: certainly, by this time, they would have been overtaken by those dogs, who would have done them some grievous injury: let knight-errantry, therefore, live and flourish above all things upon the face of the earth." "In a happy hour, let it live (cried Mr. Peter in a languid tone) and let me die, who am so unfortunate, that I may say with king Rodrigo, "Yesterday I was lord of Spain, and now there is not one battlement I can call my own." Half an hour, yea not half a minute is elapsed, since I saw myself in possession of kings and emperors; my stables, coffers and bags were filled with an infinite number of horses, and other gay particulars, and now I find myself quite desolate and abased, poor and beggarly, and, which is worst of all, deprived of my ape, who, in good faith, will make my teeth sweat, before he returns to me his lawful master; and all this misfortune I have suffered from the inconsiderate fury of this here Sir knight, who is said to protect orphans, rectify wrongs, and perform other charitable actions, but, in me alone, his generous intention has failed; blessed and praised be the highest heavens above! In a word, the knight of the rueful figure is he by whom I and mine are disfigured and undone."

Sancho Panza melted at this piteous lamentation: "Do not weep, Mr. Peter, said he, do not whine so piteously, or thoul't break my heart; for, I'd have thee know, my master Don Quixote is such a catholic and charitable christian, that provided he be convinced of having done thee wrong, he knows how to make amends, and will satisfy and repay thee with double interest." "If signor Don Quixote, replied the shew-man, will make atonement for the deeds by which he has undone me, I shall rest satisfied, and his worship's conscience will be at peace; for, that man cannot expect salvation who witholds the effects of his neighbour against his will, and refuses to make restitution." "You are in the right, said Don Quixote; but, as yet I do not know that I withhold any of your effects, Mr. Peter." "How! none of mine? (cried the shew-man) and these unfortunate remains that lie extended on the hard and barren pavement, were they not thus scattered and annihilated by the invincible force of that redoubted arm? to whom but me did their unhappy bodies belong? and with what but them did I procure a comfortable subsistence?" "Now, cried Don Quixote, I am fully convinced of what I have on divers occasions believed; namely, that those enchanters, by whom I am persecuted, take pleasure in presenting realities to my view, and then changing and metamorphosing them into such figures and forms as they choose to bestow:

stow: believe me, gentlemen, to me every thing that has passed appeared a true and literal concurrence of real facts; and the figures represented, seemed to be really and truly the very individual persons of Melifendra, Don Gayferos, Marsilio, and Charlemagne: in consequence of that belief, my wrath was provoked, and, in order to fulfil the function of a knight-errant, I resolved to favour and assist the fair fugitive; in the execution of which resolve, I have done what you see. If the exploit has turned out contrary to my expectation, the blame ought not to lie with me, but with those miscreants by whom I am persecuted: nevertheless, as I have committed an error, although it did not proceed from malice aforethought, I stand by my own award condemned in costs: let Mr. Peter make out his own bill of the figures that are demolished, and I promise it shall be paid on the spot, in good and lawful current coin of this kingdom." The shew-man hearing this declaration, made a profound bow, saying, "I expected no less from the unheard-of christianity of the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, the unflinching auxiliary and support of the whole tribe of needy and forlorn vagabonds: Mr. Landlord, and the great Sancho, shall act as moderators and appraisers between your worship and me, with regard to what the injured figures are or might be worth."

The innkeeper and squire having undertaken this office, Mr. Peter lifted up the headless Marsilio king of Saragossa, saying, "You see how impossible it is to reinstate this king in his former situation; and therefore, with submission to better judgments, I think I must be allowed four rials and an half, on account of his death and final perdition." The knight desiring him to proceed, "Then, said he, for this dreadful gash from top to bottom (taking up the cloven emperor Charlemagne) I cannot be thought exorbitant, if I demand five rials and a quarter." "That's no small matter," said Sancho. "Nor a great deal too much," replied the landlord. They split the difference, and set him down at five rials. "Let him have the whole five and the quarter, said Don Quixote; for, in such a notable misfortune, a quarter more or less is a meer trifle: and pray, dispatch, Mr. Peter, for, it is now supper-time, and I begin to feel some symptoms of a keen appetite." "For that figure without a nose, and deprived of one eye, which is the beautiful Melifendra, proceeded Peter, I demand, without the least abatement, two rials and twelve maravedis." "The devil's in't, cried the knight, if Melifendra is not by this time, with her husband, at least upon the frontiers of France; for, the horse on which they were mounted, seemed to fly rather than tread the ground; so that there is no reason for your selling me a cat instead of a hare, that is, in  
presenting

presenting me with a noseless Melifendra, when, in all probability, that lady is now enjoying herself at leisure with her husband in France. God give every man joy of his own, Mr. Peter, and let us all endeavour to walk tightly and rightly; and now you may proceed." Mr. Peter perceiving Don Quixote beginning to warp and return to his old biases, resolved to be even with him, and with that view, said, "This cannot be Melifendra, but must be one of her waiting-women, for whom I shall think myself very well payed, and rest satisfied with threescore maravedis." In the same manner did he set prices on many other maimed figures; so that, after they were moderated by the two arbitrators to the satisfaction of both parties, the whole sum amounted to forty rials and three quarters, which being disbursed by Sancho, Mr. Peter demanded another brace of rials for the trouble he should have in catching the ape. "Let him have them, Sancho, said Don Quixote, not for catching the ape, but the juice of the grape\* : and I would now give two hundred as a reward to any person who would certify that the lady Donna Melifendra, and her lord Don Gayferos, are now safe among their friends in France." "No person upon earth can resolve that question sooner or better than my ape, replied Mr. Peter; but, the devil himself cannot catch him at present, tho' I imagine, hunger and affection will compel him to return to me sometime to-night; and if God will send us a new day, we shall see what can be done." In fine, the hurricane of the puppet-show being quite blown over, the whole company supped together in peace and good fellowship, at the expence of Don Quixote, who was liberal to excess.

Before day-break, the lance and halbert-carrier set out for his village, and early in the morning the scholar and the page came to take their leave of Don Quixote, the first intending to return to his own home, and the other to pursue his journey, for the comfort of which, the knight made him a present of half a dozen rials. Mr. Peter, having no inclination to reinvolve himself in any sort of dispute with Don Quixote, to whose disposition he was no stranger, arose before the sun, and packing up the remains of his puppets, together with his ape, sallied forth also in quest of further adventures. The innkeeper, who knew not Don Quixote, was equally astonished at his madness and liberality: finally, Sancho paid him handsomely, by his master's order, and the two bidding him farewell about eight a clock in the morning, left the inn, and betook themselves to the road, in which we will leave them, having now a proper opportunity to recount other incidents appertaining and necessary to the illustration of this famous history.

\* In the original there is a miserable pun upon the words *Mono* and *Mona*, the first of which signifies an ape, and the other drunkenness.

## C H A P. X.

In which the reader will discover who Mr. Peter and his ape were; together with Don Quixote's bad success in the braying adventure, which did not at all turn out according to his wish and expectation.

CID Hamet, author of this sublime history, begins this chapter with these words; "I swear, as a catholic christian:" and upon this occasion, the translator observes, that Cid Hamet being a Moor, as he certainly was, in swearing as a catholic christian means no more than that, as a catholic christian, when he makes oath, swears he will speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, in like manner he would adhere to it, as a catholic christian adheres to his oath, in what he intended to write concerning Don Quixote, especially in disclosing the mystery of Mr. Peter, and the fortune-telling ape, whose talent attracted the admiration of all that country. He then proceeds to observe, that he who has read the first part of this history, cannot but remember that same Gines de Passamonte, whom, together with his fellow-slaves, Don Quixote set at liberty near the brown mountain; a benefit for which he was ill-thanked, and worse requited by that mischievous and immoral crew. This Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote called Ginesillo de Parapilla, was the very thief who stole Sancho's Dapple, and as, through the fault of the printers, neither the time nor the manner of that conveyance is described, in the first part of the book, many people ascribed this error of the press to want of memory in the author: but, in short, stolen he was by Gines, even while Sancho was sitting sleeping on his back, by means of the same contrivance and expedient that was used by Brunelo, who, while Sacripante lay at Albraca, withdrew his horse from between his legs; and Sancho afterwards retrieved him, as we have already related. Gines then, afraid of being overtaken by justice, that was in quest of him, to chastise him for his numberless tricks and transgressions, which were so manifold and remarkable as to fill a large volume of his own composing, resolved to remove himself into the kingdom of Arragon, to cover his left eye with a patch, and profess the occupation of playing puppets, and performing feats of legerdemain, which he understood to great perfection: he afterwards happened to fall in company with some christians, just delivered from bondage in Barbary, of whom he purchased that ape, which he taught to leap upon his shoulder, at a certain signal and whisper, or seem to whisper in his ear.

Having

Having so far succeeded, before he entered any place with his puppet-shew and ape, he took care to inform himself at the next village, or of any person whom he could conveniently pump, of the particular accidents that had happened in that place, with all their circumstances, which he retained by dint of a tenacious memory. The first thing he did, was to represent his puppet-shew, the subject of which he extracted sometimes from one story, and sometimes from another; but, it was always full of mirth and entertainment, and well known: and this being ended, he propounded the talents of his ape, telling the audience that he could disclose the past and present; but, with regard to the future, he practised no stratagem and address: for every response he demanded two rials, tho' sometimes, he afforded them cheaper, just as he felt the pulse of his consulters; and as he sometimes came to families, the anecdotes of which he knew, even tho' they would spend no money upon questions, he would make the signal to the ape, and then say he had communicated this and that circumstance, which tallied exactly with what had really happened. By these means, he acquired the credit of infallibility, and drew the whole country after him; at other times, as he had abundance of cunning and penetration, he would answer in such a manner, that the responses agreed perfectly well with the questions; and there being no body to hamper him, by inquiring and sifting into the bottom of this pretended divination of the monkey, he found means to make monkeys of all his followers, and fill his bags at the same time. As soon as he entered the inn, he knew Don Quixote and Sancho, and this recognition enabled him to excite the admiration of the knight, squire, and all the by-standers: but, his art would have cost him dear, had Don Quixote lowered his hand a little, when he decapitated king Marfilio, and destroyed his whole cavalry, as we have related that adventure in the preceding chapter.

So much for Mr. Peter and his ape: and now, returning to Don Quixote de la Mancha, we must observe, that after having departed from the inn, he resolved, in the first place, to visit the banks of the river Ebro, and all the circumjacent country, before he should enter the city of Saragossa, as the length of time between this period and the tournaments permitted him to make such an excursion. With this resolution, he proceeded in the road, through which he travelled two days, without encountering any thing worth relating, until on the third, as he ascended a rising-ground, his ears were saluted with a mighty noise of kettle-drums, trumpets, and muskets, which he at first imagined might proceed from some company of soldiers marching that way: in order, therefore, to view them, he spurred up Rozinante, and when he reached the top of the rising-ground, saw below,

as near as he could guess, above two hundred men, equipped with different kinds of arms, such as lances, cross-bows, partisans, halberds, pikes, a few muskets, and a great number of targets. He rode down the hill, and drew so near this squadron, that he could distinguish their colours, and observe their devices, particularly a banner or pendant of white satin, in which was painted to the life, an ass of the small Sardinian breed, with his head raised, and his mouth open, and his tongue lolling out, as if in the very act and attitude of braying, and surrounded by this motto, in capital letters,

It is no children's play,  
When brother bailiffs bray.

From this symbol Don Quixote gathered, that those people belonged to the village of Braywick; and this discovery he communicated to Sancho, whom he likewise made acquainted with the motto of the standard; observing, at the same time, that he, by whom they were informed of the adventure, had committed a mistake, in saying the brayers were aldermen; for, according to this couplet, they must have been bailiffs. To this observation, Sancho replied, "Signor, in that circumstance, there is nothing to be mended; for, those who were aldermen when they brayed, might very well in time come to be bailiffs of the corporation, consequently they may be mentioned with both titles; especially as it is of small signification to the truth of the story, whether the brayers were aldermen or bailiffs, provided they really conjunctly and severally did bray; for, a bailiff is as likely to bray as an alderman."

Finally, conjecturing and understanding that the people who were ridiculed, had come forth to fight those who had ridiculed them, and carried the joke beyond the bounds of reason and good neighbourhood, Don Quixote approached their line of battle, to the no small chagrin of Sancho, who was never fond of interposing on such occasions; and they were immediately received by the whole squadron, who believed the knight was come to espouse their quarrel. Then Don Quixote lifting up his vizor, with graceful ease and courteous demeanour, advanced to the standard of the ass, where he was environed by the chiefs of the army, who gazed at him with that admiration incident to all those who beheld him for the first time. The knight perceiving them looking at him so attentively, without speaking or asking any question, resolved to take advantage of their silence, and breaking his own, began in this manner, with an audible voice, "Worthy gentlemen, I beg, in the most earnest manner, that you will not interrupt a discourse I intend to make, until you perceive it be-

comes insipid, and disgusting; in which case, I will, upon the least sign, put a seal upon my lips, and a gag upon my tongue."

All the spectators assured him, he might say what he pleased, and they would willingly give him the hearing; so that, thus licensed, he proceeded to this effect: "I, gentlemen, am a knight-errant, whose exercise is that of arms, and whose profession is to assist the needy, and favour those who want favour and protection. Some days ago I was informed of your disgrace, and the motives which have induced you to arm at every turn, in order to take vengeance on your enemies; and having once and again revolved your affair in my mind, I find that, according to the laws of duel, you are in the wrong to suppose yourselves affronted: for, no individual can affront a whole community, unless they are accused of treason by the lump, because the person guilty of the said treason, is not known, consequently cannot be challenged by himself. Of this practice, we have an instance in Don Diego Ordonnez de Lara, who challenged the whole town of Zamorano, because he did not know that Vellido Dolfos alone was the traitor who had slain his king; he, therefore, defied the whole body of inhabitants, and to the whole body of them did the answer and revenge belong: though, indeed, signor Don Diego bordered upon extravagance, and exceeded the bounds of defiance; for, he had not sufficient reason to challenge the dead, the water and the bread, or those who were yet unborn, as well as other minute matters therein set forth: but, let that pass, When choler once is born \*, the tongue all curb doth scorn—I mean a bridle to restrain it. This being the case, then, that one single person cannot affront an intire kingdom, province, city, society, or corporation, it plainly appears, that you have no just cause to come forth, in order to take vengeance for that which was not really an affront: for, it would be a good joke indeed, if the inhabitants of a town called Clockwell, should take it in their heads, at every turn, to slay every person that might ask, What † i't a clock? Or if the cheefemongers, fruiterers, whalebone-sellers, soapboilers, and those of other names and appellations that are in the mouth of every boy, and hackneyed among the vulgar; I say, it would surely be a good joke, if all those people, who are distinguished by their different callings, should be ashamed and incensed at such simple provocations, and be always making sacbuts of their swords, in every trifling quarrel: no, no; God neither likes, nor will he suffer such

\* Literally, 'When choler quits the mother, the tongue has then no father.'

† I have ventured to deviate a little from the precise meaning of the original, which the reader will own to be very insipid, when he reads the literal translation: "For, it would be good, if the inhabitants of the town of Reloxa, (signifying a watch or clock) should, at every turn, slay those that call them so."



unjustifiable revenge. Prudent men, and well-ordered commonwealths, ought to take up arms, unsheath their swords, and risque their persons, lives and fortunes, for four causes only. Firstly, to defend the catholic faith; Secondly, in self-defence, which is justified by the laws of God and nature; Thirdly, in behalf of one's honour, family and fortune; And fourthly, in the service of his majesty, when he is engaged in a just war: and if we would add a fifth cause, (which indeed, ought to be ranked as the second) it is the defence of one's country. To these five causes, may be annexed some others, both just and reasonable, which may oblige us to have recourse to arms: but, to take them up for childish trifles, and things that are rather subjects of laughter and diversion than of serious revenge, seems to denote a total defect of reason and discretion; especially as unjust vengeance (and surely no vengeance can be just) is diametrically opposite to that holy law we profess, by which we are enjoined to do good to our enemies, and love those by whom we are abhorred: a command which, tho' seemingly difficult, is not really hard to be observed, except by those who have less of God than of this world, and more of the flesh than of the spirit; for, Jesus Christ, the true God and true man, who never lied, who neither was nor is capable of falsehood, as being our eternal lawgiver, tells us, that his yoke is easy, and his burden is light: therefore, he would not impose a command which we could not possibly fulfil; and consequently, good gentlemen, you are obliged by laws divine and human, to be appeased."

At this period, Sancho said within himself, "The devil run away with me, if this master of mine is not a downright thologister! at least, if he is not, no two eggs were ever more alike." Don Quixote having taken breath a little, and finding his audience still attentive, was inclined to prosecute his harrangue, and would certainly have pursued the subject, had not he been prevented by the archness of Sancho, who during his master's pause, took it in hand, saying, "My master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, who, at one time, went by the name of the knight of the rueful countenance, but is at present called the knight of the lions, is a very learned gentleman, that understands Latin and Castilian like a perfect batchelor of arts. In all his sermons and exhortations, he proceeds like a very able soldier, as having all the laws and ordinances of what you call duel, at his finger's end: therefore, you have no more to do but let yourselves be guided by his counsel; and if you go wrong, the blame shall lie upon my shoulders; especially, as he hath already told you, that it is meer madness to be angry without any cause but that of a man's braying. I remember, when I was a boy, I brayed whensoever and wheresoever

ever I pleased, without lett or molestation; ay, and so prettily and naturally, that I was always answered by all the asses of the common; yet, for all that, I did not cease to be the son of my parents, who were most worthy people; and tho', for this talent, I was envied by more than enow of the gravest folks in the parish, I valued not their envy two farthings: and that you may see I speak nothing but the truth, wait a little and give me the hearing, for the art of braying is like that of swimming, which, when once learned, is never forgot."

So saying, he clapped his fingers to his nostrils, and began to bray so stoutly, that all the neighbouring vallies re-echoed the sound. But, one of those who stood next him, supposing the squire made himself merry at their expence, lifted up a pole that was in his hand, and bestowed it upon him with such good will, that Sancho, in spite of all his efforts, came to the ground.

Don Quixote seeing his squire so roughly handled, attacked the aggressor lance in hand; but, such a number of people interposed, that he found it impossible to take vengeance: on the contrary, perceiving a cloud of stones ready to pour upon him, and being threatened by a vast number of presented cross-bows and muskets, he wheeled Rozinante about, and galloped off as fast as the steed could carry him; recommending himself heartily to the protection of God, that he might be delivered from that danger; and in the apprehension that some ball would enter at his shoulders, and make its exit through his breast, he held in his breath at every step, in order to know whether or not he was wounded. But, those who composed the squadron, being satisfied with his flight, did not shoot after him; and as for Sancho, they laid him across upon his beast, as soon as he recovered the use of his senses, and allowed him to follow his master: not that he was able to manage the ass; but, Dapple followed the footsteps of Rozinante, from whom he could not bear to be parted, tho' but for a moment. The knight having rode a good way, turned his horse's head, and seeing Sancho following, waited for his coming up, as he perceived no body attempted to pursue him.

The warriors of Braywick kept their ground till night, and as their adversaries did not think proper to give them battle, returned to their own town, with joy and satisfaction; and had they known the ancient custom of the Greeks, they would have erected a trophy on the spot.

## C H A P. XI.

Of things related by Benengeli, which he who reads them attentively, will know.

WHEN a brave man flies, he must have discovered some odds or foul play; and it is the business of prudent captains, to reserve themselves for better occasions. This maxim was verified in Don Quixote, who, by giving way to popular fury, and the evil intention of that incensed squadron, took to his heels, and, without paying the least regard to Sancho, or the danger in which he left him, moved off to such a distance as he judged sufficient for his own security. He was followed by Sancho lying across the ass, as we have already observed, who, by that time he was brought up to his master, had just recovered the use of his senses, and fell from Dapple at the feet of Rozinante, all battered and bruised, and in an agony of pain.

The knight dismounting to search his wounds, no sooner perceived he was found from head to foot, than he thus accosted him in angry tone: "In evil hour, you must understand braying, firrah! Where did you learn it was convenient to talk of halters in the house of a man that was hanged? To the tenor of braying, what bask could you expect but the basting of a cudgel? You have reason to thank God that, instead of receiving a benediction with a pole, you have not been crossed with a scymitar." "I am at present in no condition to answer, said Sancho; for, methinks I talk through my shoulders; let us mount and depart from this place, and I shall make an end of my braying; though I shall never be weary of telling as how knights-errant run away, and leave their honest squires beaten to chaff and pounded to cinders, in the power of their enemies." "There is a wide difference between flying and retreating, answered Don Quixote; for you must know, Sancho, that valour which is not founded on the base of discretion, is termed temerity or rashness; and the achievements of a rash person ought to be ascribed rather to good fortune than courage. I own, therefore, I have retreated, but not fled, and in so doing have imitated a great number of valiant chiefs, who reserved themselves for more dignified occasions: and of these instances histories are full, but I omit rehearsing them at present, because the recital would be of no advantage to thee, or entertainment to myself."

By this time Sancho, being set upon his ass again by Don Quixote, who likewise mounted Rozinante, they jogged along softly, in order to  
shelter:

shelter themselves in a grove that appeared at the distance of a quarter of a league ; and the squire every now and then heaving up a most profound ah ! accompanied with piteous groans, his master desired to know the cause of such bitter ejaculations. To which question the squire replied, that from the extremity of his rump to the top of his head, he felt such intolerable pain as was like to deprive him of his senses. The cause of that pain, said Don Quixote, must doubtless be this ; as the pole or staff by which you have suffered was long and large, it extended over thy whole back, comprehending all those parts that now give you pain ; and if it had reached still farther, the pain would have been more extensive." " 'Fore God, cried Sancho, your worship has taken me out of a huge uncertainty, and resolved the doubt in delicate terms. Body o'me ! was the cause of my pain so mysterious, that there was a necessity for telling me, I feel pain in those parts that were cudgelled ? Had my shins ached, there might have been some reason for guessing at the cause of their aching ; but, surely there is no great witchcraft required to tell me that my back aches, because it was crossed with a quarter-staff. In good faith ! sir master of mine, Our neighbour's care hangs by a hair. Every day I see more and more how the land lies, and how little I have to expect from keeping your worship's company ; for, if you left me to be cudgelled at this time, we shall, upon a hundred different occasions, return to our late blanketings and other such toys ; and though this misfortune has fallen upon my shoulders, the next may light upon my eyes. Abundantly better should I have done, but, I am such a barbarian, that in all the days of my life, I never did well ; I say again, abundantly better should I have done, had I returned to my house, my wife, and my children, and maintained and brought them up with what Providence should please to bestow ; rather than lag after your worship in this manner, through roadless roads and pathless paths, drinking bad liquor and eating worse food ; then when I come to sleep, " Brother squire, measure out seven feet of ground ; and if you choose to be more at your ease, take as much more, for the saddle is in your own hand, and lay yourself out to your heart's desire." Would to God I could see the first man who meddled with knight-errantry burnt to a cinder ; at least the first booby who chose to be squire to such wiseacres as all former knights-errant must have been. Of the present, I say nothing ; as your worship is one of the number, I hold them in respect, because I am sensible, that in speaking and understanding, you know a point more than the devil himself."

“ I would venture to lay a good wager, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that now while you are permitted to speak without the least hindrance, you feel no pain in any part of your body. Proceed, child, and out with every thing that comes into your head, or tarries at your tongue's end ; for, provided you are free from pain, I shall convert into pleasure that disgust which proceeds from your folly and impertinence ; and if you are so much bent upon returning to your house, your wife and your family, God will not suffer me to oppose your resolution. You have some of my money in your hands ; recollect how long it is since we set out on this my third folly ; then reckon what you might and should have earned monthly, and be your own paymaster.” “ When I worked for Thomas Carrasco, father of Batchelor Sampson, who is your worship's acquaintance, answered Sancho, I earned two dueats a month, besides my victuals : with your worship I know not what I can earn, though well I know that the squire of a knight-errant has a much more troublesome office than that of a farmer's servant ; for, in fact, we who serve husbandmen, let us work never so hard through the day, and happen what will, have a hot supper out of the pot at night, and lie in a good bed, which I have never enjoyed since I have been in your worship's service, except for that short space of time that we stayed in the house of Don Diego de Miranda ; and bating the good cheer I found among the scum of Camacho's kettle, and my eating, drinking and sleeping at the habitation of Basilius, all the rest of the time I have slept on the hard ground, under the cope of heaven, exposed to what you call the inclemencies of the weather, living upon cheese-parings and crusts of bread, and drinking cold water, sometimes from the brooks and sometimes from the springs we met with in the by-places through which we travelled.”

“ Allowing, said Don Quixote, that all you have mentioned is true, how much more do you think I ought to give you than that which you received from Thomas Carrasco ?” “ With the addition of two rials a month, replied Sancho, I shall think myself well paid, that is, with regard to my wages ; but, as to some satisfaction for your worship's word and promise of making me governor of an island, methinks it would be but fair and honest to add six rials more ; and then, altogether, will come to thirty.” “ Very well reckoned, answered the knight ; now, according to the tale of wages you have mentioned, calculate fairly and exactly what I am indebted to you, for the five and twenty days that are elapsed since our departure from our own village, and, as I said before, be your own paymaster.” “ Body o'me ! cried Sancho, your worship is quite

quite out in your reckoning ; for, in regard to the promise of the island, we must compute from the day in which your honour made the said promise to this blessed hour." " How long then, has that same promise been made ?" said Don Quixote. " If my memory does not fail me, answered the squire, it must be above twenty years, a few days over or under." Here, the knight flapping his forehead with his hand, began to laugh heartily, saying, " Why my stay in the Sierra Morena, with the whole course of our peregrinations, has scarce employed two months ; and wilt thou say I have promised thee that island these twenty years ? Now I perceive thy intention is to keep, in lieu of wages, all my money that is in thy hands ; and, if that be the case, and thou really lookest upon it with an eye of desire, I give thee the whole sum from this moment, and much good may it do thee ; for, provided I find myself rid of such a wretched squire, I shall think myself happy, though poor and penniless. But, tell me, thou prevaricator of all the squirely ordinances of chivalry ! where hast thou seen or read that any squire of a knight-errant ever presumed to bargain with his master, touching a certain monthly salary for his service ? Launch out, launch out, you ruffian, vagabond and hobgoblin, for such you are, launch out, I say, into the Mare magnum of history ; and if you find that any squire ever attempted to say or even to think what thou hast here uttered, I will give thee leave to nail the passage on my forehead, and pinch the sign of the four nipples on my face, by way of additional mortification. Turn, immediately, the reins or the halter of your ass, and return to your house, your wife and your family ; for, one step farther thou shalt not travel with me. O bread ill-bestowed ! O promise misapplied ! O wretch that favourest more of the beast than of the man ! At this juncture, when I was on the eve of raising thee to such a station as would have ennobled thee, even in spite of thy wife, thou seek'st to leave me ! Now, thou art going away, when I had firmly and unalterably resolved to make thee lord of the best island in the universe ! In a word, as thou thyself hast observed upon other occasions, An ass's mouth was not made for honey, &c. An ass thou art, an ass wilt thou be, ay, and thou wilt die like an ass, when the course of thy life is finished ; for, I am convinced that thy days will reach their utmost period, before thou shalt learn and know what a beast thou art."

Sancho looked woefully at his master, while he poured forth these reproaches, from which the squire felt such compunction, that the tears started in his eyes, and he replied in a faint, whimpering tone, " My good master, I confess that, in order to be really and truly an ass, I want  
nothing

nothing but a tail, which, if your worship will furnish me with, I shall think it well bestowed, and serve you as a beast of burthen all the days of my life. Good your worship, forgive and look upon my green years with compassion; and consider that I know very little; and if I speak a great deal of nonsense, it does not proceed from malice but infirmity; and those who sin and kiss the rod, find favour in the sight of God." "I should have been surpris'd, Sancho, said the knight, if thou hadst not seasoned thy discourse with some proverbial expression. Well, then, for the present, I forgive thee, in hope of thy amendment, and on condition that thou wilt not henceforward betray such a sordid and selfish disposition, but, endeavour to enlarge thy heart, fortify and encourage thy mind, to wait the accomplishment of my promises, which, though it may not speedily happen, is nevertheless far from being impossible." Sancho said he would do his endeavour, and follow his advice, even tho' he should gather strength from feebleness.

Then they betook themselves to the covert of the grove, where the knight accommodated himself at the root of an elm, and the squire retreated to the foot of a beech; for, these and other such trees never want feet, though they are always destitute of hands. Sancho passed the night in great trouble; for the cold air augmented the pain of his bruises; whereas, Don Quixote amused himself with his incessant meditations. Nevertheless, both master and man gave way to the operations of sleep, and at the approach of morn, prosecuted their way to the banks of the renowned Ebro, where they were involved in an adventure that will be recounted in the succeeding chapter.

## C H A P. XII.

Of the famous adventure of the enchanted bark.

**B**Y dint of travelling at a very deliberate pace, for the space of two days after they quitted the grove, Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at the river Ebro, the sight of which afforded infinite pleasure to the knight, who eagerly contemplated the amenity of its banks, the transparency of its water, the tranquillity of its course, and the abundance of its crystal stream, the joyous prospect of which renewed in his remembrance a thousand amorous thoughts that chiefly turned upon what he had seen in the cave of Montefinos; for, although master Peter's ape had declared, that part of those circumstances was true, and part of them false, he inclined more to the belief that they were altogether real, while Sancho, on the contrary, looked upon the whole detail as one continued lie.

As they jogged on in this manner, their view was saluted by a small boat, without oars, or any other tackle, close to the bank, and made fast to a tree that grew on the bank; and Don Quixote looking around him, without perceiving any living soul, alighted immediately from Rozinante, commanding Sancho to quit the back of Dapple, and tie both beasts securely to the trunk of a poplar or willow that grew upon the spot. When the squire desired to know the cause of this sudden descent and ligation, " You must know, Sancho, said the knight, that this vessel is here on purpose, without a possibility of any other design, to call and invite me to embark, that I may be conveyed to the succour of some knight or other necessitous personage of high degree, who must certainly be involved in some dire disaster; for, this is the very spirit of books of chivalry, and the practice of those inchanters concerning whom they treat, who, when any knight in distress cannot be delivered by their art, but solely by the prowess of another errant, though perhaps at the distance of two or three thousand leagues or more, they snatch him up in a cloud, or provide him with a vessel, in which he embarks, and in the twinkling of an eye he is transported either through the air, or by sea to the place where his assistance is required: this bark, therefore, O Sancho, is brought hither for the like purpose, as sure as it is now day; and before the day be spent, take and secure Dapple and Rozinante together, and let us commit ourselves to the direction of God; for, even the



the barefooted carmelites shall not dissuade me from embarking." " Since that is the case, answered Sancho, and your worship is resolved, at every turn, to plunge into these (I know not whether I should call them, mad) vagaries, I have nothing to do but bow and obey, according to the proverb, If you obey the commands of your lord, you may sit as a guest at his board. Nevertheless, in order to disburthen my conscience, I must give your worship notice, that in my opinion this same bark has nothing to do with enchanted people, but belongs to some fishermen of this river, in which they catch the best shads in the world."

This remonstrance was made, while he tied the cattle, which he could not leave to the protection of inchanters, without being grieved to the very soul. But, the knight exhorted him to banish his anxiety on account of the animals, which would be carefully maintained and protected by the same sage destined to transport their riders through roads and regions of such longitude." " I do not understand what you mean by logickhood, said the squire; for, I never heard such a word before, in the whole course of my life." " By longitude, I mean length, answered the knight, but, I do not at all wonder that thou shouldst not understand the word; for, thou art not obliged to be acquainted with the Latin tongue, like some arrogant people who pretend to knowledge of which they are intirely ignorant." " The beasts are now secured, said Sancho, what is next to be done?" " What! replied Don Quixote, but to cross ourselves and weigh anchor, I mean, to embark and cut the rope by which the vessel is made fast."

So saying, he leaped on board, whither he was followed by Sancho, and the fastening being cut, the boat edged gently off from the bank. The squire seeing himself about two fathoms from the shore, began to tremble, in the apprehension of perishing; but nothing gave him more pain than hearing Dapple raise his voice, and seeing Rozinante struggle for his freedom. " Now Dapple, said he to his master, brays for grief at our departure; and Rozinante strives to get loose, that he may throw himself into the water and swim after us! Farewel, my dearly beloved friends, peace be with you, and may the madness that parts us be converted and undeceived, that we may be restored to your agreeable company."

Then he began to weep so bitterly, that the knight, exclaimed in a tone of rage and vexation: " Of what art thou afraid, cowardly miscreant? wherefore dost thou weep, thou heart of butter? who persecutes, who molests thee, thou soul of a garret-mouse? or what wants dost thou suffer, beggarly wretch, rolling as thou art in the very bowels of abundance?

dance? art thou peradventure, travelling barefoot over the Riphean mountains? No: seated like an archduke upon a convenient bench, thou art softly conveyed by the gentle current of this delicious river, from which, in a little time, we shall launch into the wide extended ocean: but, indeed, we must have already entered the open sea, ay, and sailed at least seven or eight hundred leagues; and if I had here an astrolabe to take the elevation of the pole, I would tell thee exactly what way we have made; though, either I have little skill, or we have already passed, or will pass, in a very little time, the equinoctial line, that divides the globe into two equal parts.” “ And how far shall we have gone when we come to that same line your worship mentions?” said Sancho. “ A great way, replied the knight; for, of three hundred and sixty degrees, comprehending the whole terraqueous globe, according to the computation of Ptolemy, who was the greatest cosmographer ever known, we shall have traversed one half when we reach the equinoctial line.” “ 'Fore God! cried Sancho, your worship has brought a set of rare witnesses to prove the truth of what you say. Copulation and Kifs-me-gaffer, with the addition of Tool-i'me, or some such name\*.”

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's blunders, upon the computation of the cosmographer Ptolemy, adding, “ You must know, Sancho, that one of the signs by which those who embark at Cadiz for the East-Indies know they have passed the equinoctial, is the total destruction of vermin among the passengers and seamen; so that not one louse remains alive, or can be had in the whole ship, even though you should give its weight in gold; thou mayest therefore slip thy hand along thy thigh, Sancho, and if thou canst catch any thing alive, our doubt will be resolved; but, if there is nothing to be found, we must certainly have passed the line.” “ I can hardly believe it, answered the squire! but, however, I will do as your worship desires; though there is no necessity for trying those experiments; for, I can see with my own eyes, that we have not moved five yards from the bank, no, nor have we driven two yards below the cattle; for, there stand Rozinante and Dapple, in the very spot where they were left; and taking aim as I do now, I vow to God, we do not move or go at the pace of a pismire.” “ Sancho, said the knight, perform the investigation I have mentioned, and give thyself no trouble about any other circumstance; for, thou dost not know

\* As it is altogether impossible, in a translation, literally to preserve the low humour arising from blunders upon words or sounds, I have been obliged to substitute an equivalent jingle, in the room of *Puto*, *Gaso* and *Meon*, which are Spanish words signifying a *whore*, a *catamite* and a *piss-a-bed*: so that Sancho, deceived by the affinity of these sounds to *Computo*, *Cosmographo* and *Ptolomeo*, thought he had reason to say his master had produced a fair set of evidences.

the meaning of colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoxes, planets, constellations, points and measures that compose the spheres celestial and terrestrial. Wert thou acquainted with these, or even a part of them, thou would distinctly perceive what parallels we have crossed, what signs we have seen, and what constellations we have left, and are now leaving behind us. I therefore repeat my request, that thou wouldst examine and go a fishing upon thyself; for, I am persuaded thou art clean and smooth as a sheet of white paper."

Sancho, in compliance with his desire, slipped down his hand softly, and felt about his left ham; then raising his head, and looking at his master, "Either the experiment is false, said he; or, we have not reached the place your worship mentioned, by many leagues." "What! said the knight, hast thou found something!" "Ay, more than one something, answered the squire;" who snapped his fingers, and afterwards washed them in the river, along the current of which the boat glided softly, without the assistance of any secret power, or concealed inchanter, being conveyed by nothing but the stream, which then ran with a smooth and gentle course.

In this manner they proceeded, when they discovered some large mills, built in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no sooner perceived, than he addressed himself to Sancho, in an exalted voice. "Behold, my friend, yonder appears the city, castle or fortrefs that contains some oppressed knight-errant, queen, infanta or princess in distress, for whose relief I am brought hither." "What the devil does your worship mean by a city, fortrefs or castle! cried the squire; don't you see these are mills built in the river, for grinding wheat?" "Peace, Sancho, replied the knight, although they appear to be mills, they are in reality edifices of a very different nature: I have already told thee, that all things are transformed and changed by the power of enchantment; I do not mean, that they are really changed in any circumstance but appearance, as we have been taught by woeful experience, in the transformation of Dulcinea the sole refuge of my hope."

By this time, the boat being sucked into the middle of the stream, so as to move considerably faster than at first, was perceived by the millers, who seeing it advancing to the indraught of the wheels, came suddenly out in a body, with long poles to stop its motion; and as their faces and cloaths were bepowdered with meal, they made a frightful figure, while they exclaimed with great vociferation, "You devils of men! where are you going? are you mad, to come and drown yourselves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels?"

Don

Don Quixote hearing this address, " Did not I tell thee, Sancho, said he, that we had arrived at the scene in which I must exert the prowess of mine arm. Behold, what felons and assassins come forth to try my valour; behold what a number of hobgoblins range themselves against me; behold, I say, what horrid physiognomies appear to scare and overawe us; but, you shall presently see what will happen, ye ruffians." Then, starting up, he began to threaten and revile them, exclaiming aloud, " Ye scum, ye scoundrels, ill-intentioned and worse-advised, release, I charge you, and restore to the full fruition of freedom, the person whom ye keep confined and oppressed in that fortress or jail, let him be high or low, or of what rank and quality soever he may be; for, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise intituled the knight of the lions, destined by the appointment of heaven above, to bring this adventure to an happy issue."

So saying, he unsheathed his sword and brandished it in the air, in defiance of the millers, who hearing this rhapsody without understanding it, began to employ their poles, in order to turn aside the boat, which by this time had entered the current and canal of the wheels. As for Sancho, he fell upon his knees, and prayed devoutly that heaven would deliver him from such imminent danger; and his deliverance was accordingly effected by the alertness and dexterity of the millers, who pushed back the boat with their poles; yet, not without oversetting the vessel; so as that the knight and his squire were soured over head and ears in the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he could swim like a goose; nevertheless, the weight of his armour sunk him twice to the bottom, and had not the millers thrown themselves into the river, and weighed them up by main strength, it might have been said, Here Troy once stood.\*

They were no sooner dragged ashore, rather drenched than dead of drought, than the squire humbling himself upon his knees, again clasping his hands and lifting up his eyes to heaven, uttered a very fervent petition to God, that he might be from thenceforward delivered from the frantic projects and mad attempts of his master. This ejaculation was scarce finished, when they were joined by the fishermen who were owners of the boat which was crushed to pieces by the mill-wheels; and they perceiving the wreck, began to strip Sancho, and demand indemnification of his master, who, with great tranquillity, as if nothing at all had hap-

\* In allusion to the Speech that Virgil puts in the mouth of *Panthus Oibryades*, who says to *Æneas*,

— *fuit Ilium, et ingens  
Gloria Teucrorum!*

pened, told the millers and fishermen, that he would pay for the bark with the utmost chearfulness, on condition that they would release, without ransom or security, the person or persons whom they detained in durance and oppression, within that castle.

“ What does the madman mean by persons and castles, answered one of the millers, wouldst thou carry off the customers that bring grist to our mills, forsooth?” “ Enough, said Don Quixote within himself. I might as well preach to the desert, as attempt, by intreaties, to prevail upon such miscreants to do any virtuous action. In this adventure there must certainly be two powerful inchanters engaged on opposite sides, one of whom baffles the designs of the other; by one I was provided with a bark, and his antagonist overturned me in the water. Lord mend us! the world is nothing but a continual warfare of opposite machinations and deceit; for my own part, I can do no more.” Then raising his voice, and fixing his eyes upon the mills, “ Friends, cried he, whosoever you are who lie confined within that prison, forgive me, that for my misfortune, as well as yours, it is not in my power to extricate you from your distress; for some other knight the adventure must be reserved.” Having pronounced this apostrophe, he compounded with the fishermen, for whose boat he paid fifty rials, which Sancho disbursed with great reluctance, saying, “ Two such boatfuls will sink our whole stock to the bottom.”

The fishermen and millers gazed with admiration at those two figures, so different in appearance from other men; and as they could by no means understand the meaning and tendency of Don Quixote's discourse, and the questions he asked, they looked upon them as madmen, and went away. The millers retreated to their mills, the fishermen betook themselves to their cottage; the knight and squire, like beasts, returned to their beasts; and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

## C H A P. XIII.

Of what passed between Don Quixote and a fair huntress.

**I**N a melancholy plight did the knight and squire reach the place where their cattle stood; indeed they were both sufficiently out of humour, especially Sancho, who was cut to the soul by the incroachment upon their capital, which to him was as precious as the apple of his eye. At length they mounted, in the most profound silence, and departed from the banks of that famous river, Don Quixote buried as it were amidst the meditations of his love, and Sancho immersed in those of his preferment, which, at that time, seemed to be at a weary distance; for, maugre all his simplicity and folly, he could easily perceive that all, or the greatest part, of his master's actions, proceeded from frenzy and distraction: he therefore resolved to take an opportunity of retreating abruptly to his own house, without expostulation, or the ceremony of taking leave. But fortune ordained that things should fall out quite contrary to his apprehensions.

Next day at sun-set, as they came out of a wood, Don Quixote extending his view over a delightful green meadow, perceived some people at the farther end of it; and as he proceeded, saw they were hawkers; approaching still nearer, he observed among them a gay lady, mounted upon a palfrey or beautiful pad as white as the driven snow, adorned with green furniture and a saddle of silver: the lady was likewise dressed in a rich habit of the same colour, as fine as finery itself. On her left-hand she carried a hawk, a circumstance from which the knight concluded she was some lady of high rank, and mistress of all the rest; nor was he mistaken. On this supposition, therefore, he said to his squire, "Make haste, son Sancho, go and tell that lady of the palfrey and hawk, that I, the knight of the lions, send my respects to her exceeding beauty; and that, with her good leave, I will go and pay my compliments in person, and make her a tender of my service to the utmost of my power, in whatever she shall please to command: but, keep a guard upon your tongue, Sancho, and beware of thrusting in some of your proverbs, while you deliver my embassy." "To be sure, you have found me a deadly thruster, answered the squire, that you give me such warning, as if this were the first time in my life, that I have carried embassies to ladies of high rank and augmentation. "Except that which you carried to the lady Dulcinea, said the knight, I do not know that  
ever

ever you carried another, at least while in my service." "That's true, replied Sancho, but a good paymaster never wants bail; and a dinner is easily got, where there is plenty of meat for the pot: what I mean is, that there is no occasion to tell me or advertise me of any thing; for, I am never out, and have a sort of a smack of every thing." "I believe it, Sancho, said Don Quixote, go in peace, and God be your guide."

The squire setting out accordingly, at a good rate, and spurring Dapple beyond his natural pace, came up with the fair huntress; then alighting and kneeling before her, "Beautiful lady, said he, yonder knight, called the knight of the lions, is my master, and I am his squire, known at my own home by the name of Sancho Panza; and that same knight of the lions, tho' formerly of the rueful countenance, sends me to beg your grandeur would be pleased to allow him purposely, courteously, and consentingly, to come and gratify his desire, which is no other, as he says, and I believe, than to serve your exalted beauty and hawkingship; and in so doing, your excellency will do a thing that will redound to your own advantage, and from which he will receive the most notorious honour and satisfaction."

"Worthy squire, replied the lady, assuredly you have delivered your embassy with all the circumstances that such embassies require: pray, rise, for it is not reasonable, that the squire of such a great knight as he of the rueful countenance, whose character is well known in these parts, should remain in that posture: rise, friend, and go tell your master, that he shall be extremely welcome to command the services of me and the duke my husband, at our country-house in the neighbourhood." Sancho arose, equally astonished at the beauty, good-breeding and affability of this worthy lady; but, he was still more surprised at what she said concerning the well-known character of the knight of the rueful countenance; for, if she did not give him the appellation of the lions, it was because he had but lately assumed that epithet. "Pray, tell me, brother squire, said the dutchess, (whose title is not known) is not your master the person whose history is printed under the name of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, who professes himself the admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboso?" "The very same, my lady, answered Sancho, and I myself am that very squire of his who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that history, by the name of Sancho Panza, unless they have changed me in the cradle, I mean in the press." "I am extremely glad to hear it, replied the dutchess: go, brother Sancho, and tell your master, that he is well met, and welcome to my estate; and that nothing could give me more pleasure than his arrival."

Sancho, in an excess of joy, occasioned by this agreeable answer, returned, and recounted to his master all that this lady of rank had said, extolling to the skies, in his rustic phrase, her exceeding beauty, good-humour and politeness. The knight chose one of his genteelest attitudes, fixed himself well in his stirrups, adjusted his vizor, quickened Rozinante, and with an agreeable air, advanced to pay his respects to the dutchess, who, while he approached, caused her husband to be called, and communicated the curious embassy. As they had read the first part of the history, from which they learned the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, they waited with infinite pleasure, and the most eager desire of being acquainted with the original, fully determined to gratify his humour in every thing, and treat him all the time he should stay with them, as a real knight-errant; that is, with all the ceremonies described in those books of chivalry they had read, and to which, indeed, they were greatly attached. Mean while, Don Quixote approaching with his beaver up, made a motion to alight, and Sancho made haste to hold the stirrup; but, he was so unfortunate, that in dismounting from Dapple, he slipped his foot through the noose of the stirrup-rope, in such a manner, that he could not possibly disentangle himself, but continued hanging with his face and part of his body on the ground. The knight, who never alighted without his assistance, imagining that Sancho, as usual, held the stirrup, threw himself off with a swing, and the saddle, which must have been very ill girted, and he, came to the ground together; not without great disgrace, and a thousand curses, which he muttered between his teeth, against the unfortunate Sancho, whose leg was still in the stocks.

The duke seeing their distress, ordered his huntsman to assist the knight and squire; and they lifted up Don Quixote, who was very much bruised by the fall; nevertheless, he advanced as well as he could, with a limping pace, and kneeled before this noble pair: but the duke would by no means allow him to remain in that posture; on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he ran to embrace the knight, saying, "I am heartily sorry, Sir knight of the rueful countenance, that the first time you touch my ground, you should be so unlucky; but, the carelessness of squires is often the cause of greater misfortunes." "This accident, valiant prince, replied Don Quixote, cannot possibly be deemed a misfortune, though I had been plunged into the profound abyss; for, even from thence should I have been raised and extricated by the glory of seeing your grace. My squire, whom God confound, is more ready at untying his tongue, in order to utter malicious insinuations, than at tying and securing the girth of a saddle: but, whether fallen or exalted, afoot or on horseback, I shall al-

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J. Flayman inv<sup>t</sup>

J. Rauenet Sculp<sup>t</sup>



ways be devoted to your service, and that of my lady dutchefs, your grace's worthy consort, the dignified queen of beauty, and universal princess of politeness." "Softly, my good signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, said the duke, where my lady Dulcinea del Toboso reigns, no other beauty deserves applause."

By this time, Sancho Panza had disentangled himself and come up, and interposing in the discourse, before his master could make any reply, "It cannot be denied, said he, but must always be affirmed, that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is extremely beautiful: but the hare starts where she is least expected; for, I have heard it said, that the power called nature, is like a potter, who, if he can make one beautiful vessel, can in like manner make two, three, ay, and an hundred: this I observe, because, in good faith, my lady dutchefs comes not a whit behind my lady mistress Donna Dulcinea del Toboso." Don Quixote turning to the dutchefs, "Your grace must know, said he, that no knight-errant upon earth has such a prattling and freespoken squire as mine; and he will certainly verify my words, if your highness shall be pleased to make use of my service for a few days." "I have the better opinion of honest Sancho, for his being freespoken, answered the dutchefs, that is a sign of his discretion; for, pleasantry and wit, signor Don Quixote, as your worship very well knows, do not love to dwell in a reserved disposition; and therefore, since honest Sancho is frank and freespoken, I from henceforth set him down as a man of discretion." "And loquacity," added the knight. "So much the better, said the duke, for a great deal of wit cannot be expressed in a few words; and that we may not spend more time in them, come, renowned knight of the rueful countenance—" "Of the lions, your highness must call him, cried Sancho; the rueful countenance is no more." "Of the lions let it be then, continued the duke; I say, come, Sir knight of the lions, to a castle I have in this neighbourhood, where you shall meet with that reception which is due to a person of your fame and character, and that respect which I and the dutchefs always pay to the knights-errant who favour us with their company."

By this time Sancho, having replaced and secured Rozinante's saddle, Don Quixote bestrode that famous steed, and the duke mounting a beautiful courser, they rode towards the castle, on each side of the dutchefs, who desired Sancho to keep close to her; for, she took infinite pleasure in hearing his conceits. Indeed the squire did not need intreaty, but mingling among the three, made a fourth in the conversation, to the unspeakable satisfaction of their graces, who thought themselves extremely fortunate

nate in having an opportunity of entertaining, at their castle, such a knight-errant, and such an erring squire.

#### C H A P. XIV.

Which treats of manifold important subjects.

**S**ANCHO rejoiced exceedingly at seeing himself, as he thought, a favourite with the dutchefs; for, being a staunch wellwisher to good cheer, he imagined he should find the same abundance in the castle, which prevailed in the houses of Don Diego and Basilius, and always took by the forelock every occasion of living at his ease. The history then relates, that before they reached the castle or pleasure-house, the duke riding on before, directed his servants how to behave to Don Quixote, who no sooner arrived at the gate with the dutchefs, than two lacquies or grooms came forth, clad in long trailing morning gowns of fine crimson sattin, and lifting him off, said, without being heard or perceived "Your highness must go and help my lady dutchefs to dismount." The knight took the hint, and a dispute of compliments passed between them on the subject; but, at length the obstinacy of the dutchefs prevailed; for, she would not quit her palfrey, or alight, except in the arms of the duke, saying she was not worthy to load such an excellent knight with such an useles burden: at last, the duke came out to perform the office, and when they entered the court-yard, they were met by two beautiful damsels, who threw a mantle of the finest scarlet over Don Quixote's shoulders, and the corridors were instantly crowded with servants of both sexes, who exclaimed aloud, "Welcome, thou flower and cream of knights-errant;" while all, or the greatest part of them, emptied bottles of sweet water upon him, and their graces, to the admiration of Don Quixote, who now, for the first time, was sure and satisfied of his being a real, and not a fantastick knight-errant, because he saw himself treated as the knights of former ages, whose histories he had read.

Sancho quitted Dapple, and betaking himself to the dutchefs, entered the castle, where, however, his conscience upbraiding him, for having left his beast alone, he made up to a reverend duenna, who with others, had come out to receive the dutchefs, and accosting her in a soft voice, "Signora Gonzalez, said he, or what's your name, madam?" "My name is Duenna Rodriguez de Grijalva, answered the gentlewoman, what are your  
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F. Hayman inv. & delin.

G. Scottin Sculp.

commands, brother? "I wish you would do me the favour, good madam, replied the squire, to go to the castle-gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine, and be so good as either to send or lead him to the stable; for, the poor creature is a little timorous, and cannot bear to be alone, by any manner of means." "If the master be as wise as the man, cried the duenna, we have brought our pigs to a fine market; get you gone, brother, with a vengeance to you, and those who brought you hither, and take care of your ass with your own hands: the duennas of this house are not used to such employment." "But, for all that, said Sancho, I have heard my master, who is a perfect mine of history, tell as how, when Lancelot came from Britain, ladies tended his own person, and duennas took care of his horse: now, with respect to my ass, I declare I would not exchange him for signor Lancelot's courser." "Heark ye, friend, replied the duenna, if you are a jack-pudding, keep your jokes for a proper place, where they may turn to account: from me you'll get nothing but a fig for them." "Very well, said the squire, I'll answer for its ripeness: your ladyship won't lose your game by a short reckoning." "You whoreson, cried the duenna, in a violent rage, whether I am old or not, I must render an account to God, and not to such a garlic-eating rascal as you."

This address she pronounced in such an audible voice, that she was overheard by the dutchess, who, turning about, and seeing her woman in such wrath and trepidation, asked, with whom she was in such passion? "With this honest fellow here, answered the duenna, who has earnestly desired me to go and house an ass of his, that stands at the castle-gate, telling me forsooth, as an example, that the same employment was undertaken by some ladies, who took care of one Lancelot, while the duennas looked after his horse; and to crown the compliment, he tells me I am old." "I, myself, said the dutchess, would construe that into the greatest affront that could be given: take notice, friend Sancho, that Donna Rodriguez is in the prime of her youth; and that the veil she wears is more for authority and custom, than on account of her years." "Accursed be those I have to live, cried the squire, if I spoke to her for that reason; but, only for the great affection I bear to my ass, whom I thought I could not recommend to a more charitable person than Signora Donna Rodriguez." Don Quixote overhearing all that passed, "Is that proper discourse for this place, Sancho?" said he. "Signor, replied the squire, every man must speak of his wants where he finds them: here I thought of Dapple, and here I talked of him; and if he had come into my head in the stable, there too he should have been honourably mentioned." Here the duke interposing, "Sancho is very  
much

much in the right, said he, and must not be blamed for what he has said: Dapple shall have no more to do but ask and have as much provender as he can eat; so that Sancho may be quite easy in that respect, for, his beast shall be treated like his own person."

This conversation, which was extremely agreeable to all except Don Quixote, brought them to the top of the stair-case, and the knight being conducted into an apartment, hung with the richest tissue and brocard, was unarmed, and attended by six sprightly damsels well instructed by the duke and dutchess in the particulars of behaviour which they were to observe towards Don Quixote, in order to convince him that he was treated in all respects like a knight-errant. Thus disarmed, he remained in his strait breeches and shamoy doublet, so long, so lank, so lean, with his lanthorn jaws kissing each other, that, if the damsels had not been very careful in preserving their gravity, according to the precise orders they had received, they must certainly have burst with laughing at sight of such an uncouth figure. They desired he would allow them to undress and shift him; but he would not assent to this proposal, saying that knights-errant ought to be as remarkable for decency as for valour: he therefore bade them deliver the shirt to Sancho, with whom, shutting himself up in a chamber, furnished with a magnificent bed, he was immediately undressed and shifted. Then being alone with his squire, "Tell me, said he, thou modern buffoon and ancient block-head! was it thy province to dishonour and affront a venerable duenna, so worthy of reverence and respect! Was that a time to think of Dapple? or could'st thou imagine those noble persons would neglect the cattle belonging to guests whom they treated with such elegance? For the love of God, Sancho, set a guard upon thy tongue, and behave so as that people may not discover, by the thread, the coarse country web of which thou art woven: consider, sinner as thou art, that the master is respected in proportion to the discretion and good breeding of his servants; and this is one of the great advantages which noblemen have over people of inferior rank: do'st thou not consider, thou plague to thyself, and vexation to me! that if they perceive thee to be a base bred clown or blundering fool, they will take me for some cheating impostor or knight of the post! No, no, Sancho, shun and avoid those inconveniencies; for, he who sets up for a merry-andrew, falls at the first stumble into a disgraced buffoon: bridle thy tongue, therefore, consider and ruminatè well, before the words issue from thy mouth; and remember that we are now arrived at a place from whence, by the favour of God, and the valour of mine arm, we shall depart, bettered three, nay five-fold, both in fortune and in fame." Sancho



cho promised, with repeated assurances, that he would rather stich up his mouth, or bite off his tongue, than utter one word that should not be pat to the purpose, and well considered, according to his command; and that he might make himself perfectly easy on that score; for, by him it should never be discovered who they were.

Don Quixote having dressed himself, girded on his sword, thrown the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, and covered his head with a cap of green velvet, which he received from the damsels, came forth thus equipped, into the great hall, where he found the maidens placed in two equal rows, furnished with the implements for hands-washing, which they administered with profound respect and abundance of ceremony: then came the major-domo, attended by twelve pages, to conduct him to the table where their graces waited for him; he was accordingly surrounded by these domestics, and led with great pomp and majesty into another hall, in which appeared a table nobly decorated, with four covers. The duke and dutchess came to the door to receive him, attended by one of those grave ecclesiastics who govern the families of noblemen; who being of no birth themselves, know not how to direct those who are; who seek to measure the grandeur of the great by the narrowness of their own souls, and in attempting to make their pupils oeconomists, convert them into downright misers: such, I say, was the grave clergyman who came out to receive Don Quixote, with the duke and dutchess. After a thousand courteous compliments, they walked on each side of him to the table, where the duke complimented him with the upper end, and tho' he refused that honour, they importuned him so much, that he was obliged to comply; the clergyman sitting opposite to him, and the duke and dutchess taking their places at the sides.

Sancho, who was present at all this ceremony, being confounded and astonished at the honours which were paid to his master, and perceiving the formality and intreaties that passed between his grace and Don Quixote, about sitting at the head of the table, intruded himself as usual, into the discourse, saying, "With your honour's leave, I'll tell you a story of what happened in our village, with respect to the upper-hand in sitting."

Scarce had he pronounced these words, when the knight began to tremble with apprehension, that he was going to utter some absurdity; but, the squire seeing and understanding the cause of his master's trepidation, "Signor, said he, your worship needs not be afraid that I shall misbehave, or say something that is not to the matter in hand; for, I have not forgot the advice I just now received from your worship, about speaking a little or a great deal, to the purpose, and not to the purpose." "I know  
nothing

nothing at all of the matter, answered the knight; say what thou wilt, so thou sayest it quickly." "Well then, replied Sancho, what I am going to say, is so true, that my master Don Quixote here present, would not suffer me to tell a lie." "As for me, said Don Quixote, you may lie as much as you please, without let or molestation: but, I advise you to consider well what you are about to say." "I have it so well considered and reconsidered, that I am as safe as he that has the repique in hand, as will appear in the performance." "Your graces will do well, said Don Quixote, to order the servants to turn out this madman, who will commit a thousand blunders." "By the life of the duke! cried the dutchefs, I will not part with my good friend Sancho, for whom I have a very great respect, because I know him to be a person of wit and pleasantry." "Pleasant may all the days of your holiness be, for your good opinion of my deserts, said the squire; tho' God knows, they are but slender enough: however, my story is this:

There was an invitation given by a gentleman of our town, who was both rich and well born, as being come of the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married to Donna Mencia de Quinones, daughter of Don Alonzo de Maranon, knight of the order of St. Jago, who was drowned in the Heradura, and occasioned a quarrel some years ago in our village, in which, if I am not mistaken, my master Don Quixote was concerned; but, this I know, mad Tom, the son of old Balvastro the blacksmith was hurt on that occasion: now, Sir master of mine, is not this God's truth; speak upon your worship's honour, that these noble persons may not look upon me as a chattering liar." "Hitherto, said the clergyman, I take you to be a chatterer rather than a liar; but, I know not what I shall take you for in the sequel." "Thou hast produced so many witnesses and tokens, replied the knight, that I cannot but say thy story looks like truth: proceed, however, and shorten thy tale, for, thou art in the way of lengthening it out for the space of two whole days." "He shall not shorten it, said the dutchefs, if he consults my entertainment; but on the contrary, tell it in his own way, tho' it should not be finished in six days; for, should it hold out so long, they will be some of the pleafantest I ever passed."

"Well then, my masters, proceeded Sancho, that same gentleman, whom I know as well as I know these two hands, for, it is not above a bow-shot from his house to mine, invited a farmer, who though not rich, was a very honest man." "Dispatch, brother, cried the priest, interposing, for, at this rate, your story will reach to the other world." "It will hardly go half as far, an it please God," answered the squire, who thus  
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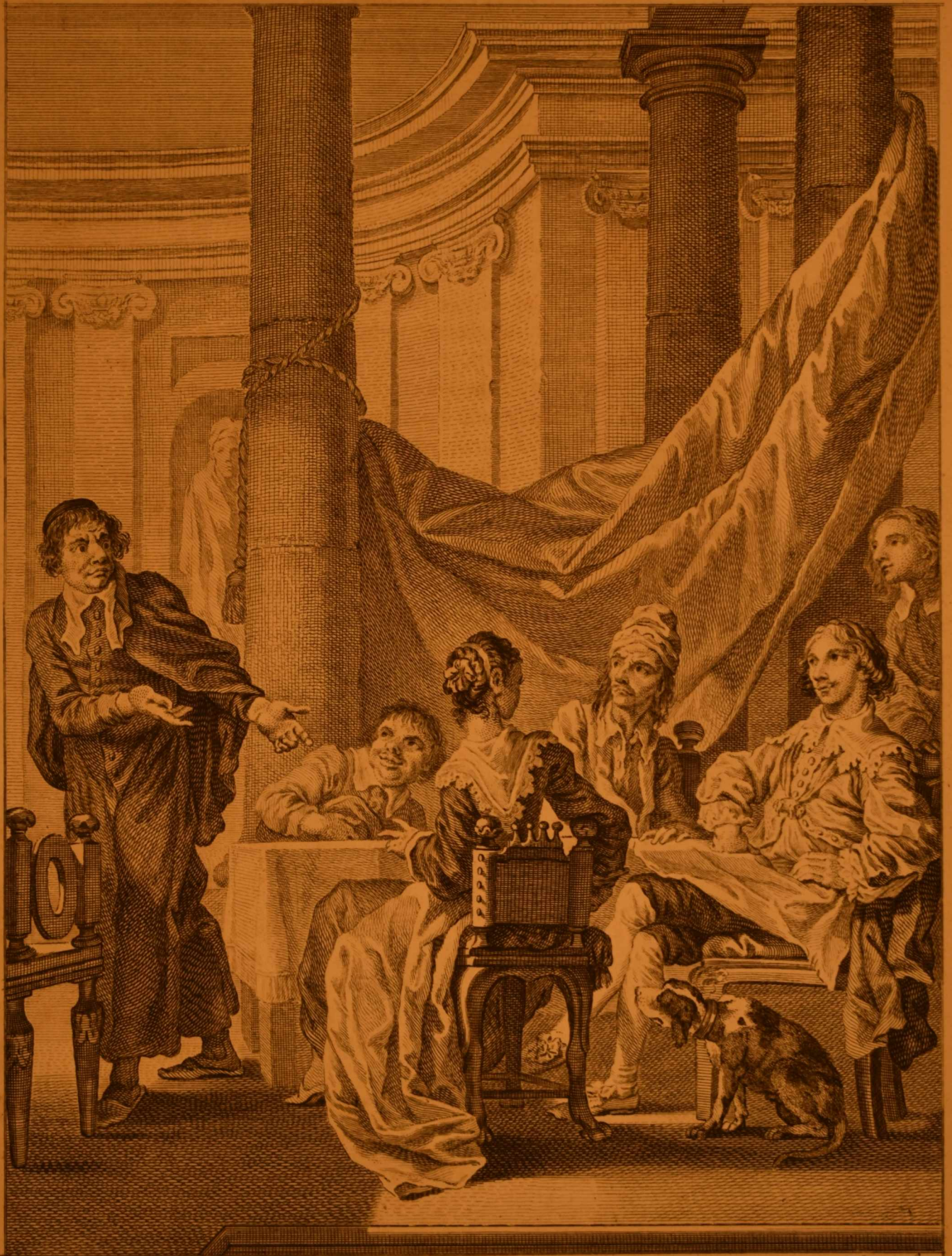
proceeded. "So, as I was saying, the farmer going to the house of the gentleman-inviter, who is now dead, God rest his soul! by the same token, they say he died like an angel; for my own part, I was not present at his death, having gone a reaping to Tembleque." "As you hope to live, son, cried the ecclesiastic, return quickly from Tembleque, and finish your story, without staying to inter the gentleman, unless you have a mind to bury us all?" "Well, to come to the point, replied Sancho; when the two came to be seated at table. Methinks I see them now more than ever." The duke and duchess were infinitely pleased with the disgust which the reverend ecclesiastic expressed at the tedious and circumstantial manner in which the squire related his story, while Don Quixote was almost consumed by shame and indignation. "I say, moreover, resumed Sancho, that the two, as I have already observed, coming to sit down at the table, the farmer obstinately refused to take the upper end, according to the desire of the entertainer; while the gentleman on the other hand as obstinately insisted upon his compliance, alledging that he ought to be master in his own house; but, the farmer who piqued himself upon his politeness and good-breeding, still persisted in his refusal, until the gentleman growing angry, took him by the shoulders and thrust him into the seat, saying, "Know, Mr. Chaffthresher, that where-soever I sit, I shall always be at the head of the table." Now this is my tale, and I really believe it was brought in pretty pat to the purpose."

Don Quixote's brown face was speckled with a thousand different colours, at this recital; and their graces restrained their laughter, that he might not grow quite outrageous at the sarcastic insinuation of his squire. To change the discourse, therefore, and prevent Sancho from uttering other such dangerous conceits, the duchess addressing herself to the knight, asked, when he had heard from the lady Dulcinea? and if he had lately sent her any presents from the great number of giants and robbers whom he must have vanquished? To this interrogation the knight replied, "My misfortunes, madam, though they had a beginning, will never have an end. Giants I have vanquished; felons and robbers I have sent; but, where must they find her, enchanted and transformed as she is, into the most homely country wench that can be imagined!" "This I know, said Sancho Panza: to me she seemed the most beautiful creature in the whole world; at least, in point of nimbleness and leaping, she would get the better of a professed rope-dancer; in good faith! my lady duchess, she skipped from the ground upon her ass, like a perfect cat." "What! have you seen her enchanted, Sancho?" said the duke. "How! I seen her?" replied the squire: who the devil but I was

the first that fell upon the plot of the enchantment; to be sure she is as much enchanted as my father."

The ecclesiastic hearing them talk of giants, felons and enchantments, began to imagine that this must be the Don Quixote de la Mancha whose history the duke took such delight in reading, that he had often reprehended his grace for being so mad as to read such nonsense; and being now confirmed in his suspicion, he said to the duke, in a very choleric tone, "Signor, your excellency is accountable to heaven for the actions of that poor man. That Don Quixote or Don Driveller, or what's his name, would not, I imagine, be such a fool, if your excellency did not administer fuel and encouragement to his madness and folly." Then addressing himself to the knight, "And, pray Mr. Wiseacre, said he, who has stuffed your brain with the ridiculous conceit of your being a knight-errant, conquering giants and apprehending robbers? Return, in good hour (for in good hour I advise you) return to your own house, educate your children, if you have any, take care of your own concerns, and leave off strolling about the country, sucking the wind, and exposing yourself to the laughter of those who do, and those who do not, know your infirmity. Where, in evil hour, did you find that there are, or ever were, knights-errant? Where did you ever see giants in Spain, caittifs in La Mancha, or enchanted Dulcineas, with all that tribe of absurdities that are recounted as your adventures."

Don Quixote, who listened attentively to the discourse of this venerable person, no sooner perceived he had left off speaking, than forgetting the respect he owed to the duke and dutchefs, he started up, and with an ireful aspect and glowing visage, replied——But the reply deserves a chapter for itself.



F. Hayman inv. et del.

C. Grignon sculp.



## C H A P. XV.

Containing Don Quixote's reply to his reprover; with other serious and diverting incidents.

**D**ON Quixote starting up and trembling from head to foot, like quicksilver, thus accosted the ecclesiastic, with an eager, yet faulting tongue: "The place and presence in which I am, and the respect which I always had and still have for the function you profess, withhold and tie up the hands of my just resentment: for these reasons, as well as because I know what all the world knows, that gownmen and women make use of no weapons but their tongues, I will, with mine, fairly engage your reverence, of whom I might have expected good advice, rather than infamous reproach, as wholesome and well-meant reproof requires far other circumstances, and ought to be conveyed in gentler terms: at least, a rebuke in public, delivered with such asperity, has exceeded all the bounds of christian reprehension, the beginning of which ought to be mild rather than severe; nor is it just to call the delinquent, in plain terms, a wiseacre and a fool, without knowing the nature of the fault for which he is reprehensible. But, pray, tell me, reverend signor, for which of the absurdities you have noted in my behaviour, do you condemn and reproach me, bidding me return to my own house, to take care of my family, my wife and children, without knowing whether I have either wife or children? What then! is there nothing required but to enter a house at random, in order to lead the master by the nose; and shall a narrow-minded pedant, on the strength of having taught a few pupils to read Latin, though he has seen no more of the world than what may be contained in twenty or thirty leagues of district, presume abruptly, without permission, to give laws to chivalry, and judge of knights-errant? Is it a vain undertaking then, or is the time mispent, which we employ in travelling about the world, not in quest of its delights, but its adversities, by which good men ascend the throne of immortality? Had I been counted a fool by knights, or people of fashion, birth and generosity, I should have deemed myself irreparably affronted; but my being regarded as a madman, by bookworms who never entered or trod the paths of chivalry, I value not a farthing: a knight I am, and a knight I shall die, according to the pleasure of the Almighty. Some choose the spacious field of proud ambition; others take that of base and servile adulation; a third set follow the paths of deceitful hypocrisy; and a fourth

proceed in that of true religion; but I, by the influence of my stars, pursue the narrow track of knight-errantry, for the exercise of which, I undervalue fortune in the chace of honour. I have assisted the aggrieved, redressed wrongs, chastised the insolent, overcome giants, and overthrown hobgoblins. I am enamoured, for no other reason but because it is necessary that knights-errant should be in love; and this being the case, I am not a vicious libertine, but a chaste platonic admirer. My intention I always direct to a worthy aim, namely, to do good unto all men, and harm to no creature. Whether or not he who thinks, acts and speaks in this manner, deserves to be called a fool, let your graces determine."

"Well argued, master! cried Sancho; 'Fore God! your worship needs say no more in behalf of your own character; for, there is no more to be said, thought, or insisted upon; especially, as that gentleman denies, and he certainly has denied, that there either are, or ever were knight-errants in this world; so that he knows nothing at all of the matter!" "Brother, replied the priest, belike you are that Sancho Panza to whom they say your master has promised an island?" "Yes, I am, said the squire, and I hope I deserve it as well as another. I am one of whom you may say, Keep good company, and you'll learn good manners, and, I ask not where you was hatched, but where you was watched. And again, Well sheltered shall he be, who leans against a sturdy tree. Now I have leaned against a good master, and accompanied him many months, and will learn to be just such another as himself; and if God pleases, and he live and I live, he will not want governments to give, nor I islands to govern." "No surely, friend Sancho, said the duke, for I myself, in the name of signor Don Quixote, will confer upon you the government of an odd island, and that not inconsiderable, which is in my possession." "Fall upon your knees, Sancho, cried Don Quixote, and kiss his excellency's feet, for the honour he has done you." Sancho did as he was desired; and the ecclesiastic no sooner saw the ceremony performed, than he rose from table in a violent passion, saying, "By the habit which I wear, I affirm, that your excellency is as mad as these poor sinners; what wonder that they should be frantic, when people who are in their senses, canonize their frenzy? Your excellency may enjoy their company by yourself; for, while they remain in this house, I shall stay in my own, and excuse myself from reproving what I cannot remedy." Without further speech, or eating another mouthful, he went away abruptly, in spite of all that their graces could say to detain him. Indeed, the duke said not much; for, he was hindered by the laughter



laughter which the priest's impertinent indignation had produced; however, as soon as he could resume his gravity, he addressed himself to Don Quixote, in these words:

“ Sir knight of the lions, your worship has made such an ample reply, that nothing further remains to be done, by way of satisfaction, for that, which though it may seem an affront, falls by no means under that denomination; for, neither the female sex, nor the clergy, can give affronts, as your worship so very well knows.” “ Undoubtedly, answered the knight, and the reason is, because those persons who cannot receive, are not capable of giving, an affront. Women, children and ecclesiastics, as they cannot defend themselves when attacked, so, neither can they be affronted; for there is this difference between an injury and affront, as your excellency well knows: an affront comes from a person who is capable of giving an affront, and when it is given, maintains it; whereas an injury may come from any quarter, unattended by an affront. For example, a man walking carelessly in the street, is assaulted and cudgelled by ten armed persons, against whom he draws his sword, and behaves like a man of honour; but, he is overpowered by the number of his antagonists, and prevented from executing his intention, which is to revenge the wrong: this man is injured not affronted. A truth which we will confirm by another example. A man comes and strikes another, whose back is turned, and then betakes himself to his heels; and the other pursues, though he cannot overtake the fugitive: the man so struck, received an injury but no affront, because an affront ought to be maintained. If he who gave the blow, though it was done by stealth, in a cowardly manner, had drawn his sword and stood facing the enemy, he who received the blow would have been both injured and affronted; injured, because he was surprized, and affronted, because he who gave the blow, maintained it by keeping his ground. And therefore, according to the punctilios of honour, I may be injured but not affronted; for, women and children do not feel those things; they can neither fly nor stand their ground: and the same rule holds good with those who are consecrated to the service of religion. Now these three classes of mankind are destitute of offensive and defensive weapons; and though nature obliges them to stand in their own defence, yet they can offend no body: and albeit I just now said I might be injured, I now affirm it cannot be in any shape; for, he who cannot receive, much less can he give an affront. For which reasons, I ought not to resent, nor do I resent the reproaches of that honest man; I only wish he had stayed a little, until I should have convinced him of his error, in thinking and saying, there never

never were, nor are, knights-errant upon the face of the earth; an asseveration which might have turned to his prejudice, had it been overheard by Amadis, or any one of his infinite progeny." "I'll take my corporal oath, cried Sancho, that they would have given a backstroke that would have laid him open from top to toe, like a pomegranate or ripe melon: they were a rare set to endure such tickling. By my holidame! I am well assured, that if Reynaldos of Montalvan had heard this manikin's discourse, he would have given him such a slap in the mouth, that he should not have spoke another word in three long years. No, no: let him meddle with them, and he'll see how well he'll escape out of their clutches." The dutchess had well nigh died with laughing at this speech of Sancho, who, in her sentiment, was a more diverting madman than his master, and a great many people at that time were of the same way of thinking.

Finally, Don Quixote was appeased, supper ended, and the cloth being taken away, in came four damsels, one of them with a silver ewer, another with a flask of the same metal, a third with a couple of very fine, white towels over her arm, and a fourth with her arms bare up to the elbow, and in her white hands, for, doubtless they were white, a washball of Neapolitan soap. She who carried the ewer, approaching with a genteel carriage and modest assurance, thrust it under the beard of Don Quixote, who, without speaking one word, wondered at this ceremony; from which he concluded, that it was the custom of the country to wash beards, instead of hands: he therefore stretched out his chin, as far as he could, and immediately the flask began to rain: the damsel with the soap-ball, lathered him with great expedition, raising flakes of snow, (for the suds were as white) not only upon the beard, but also over the whole face of the obedient knight, insomuch, that he was obliged to shut his eyes in their defence; while the duke and dutchess, who were not in the secret, sat impatiently waiting to see the issue of this ablution. The young she-barber having raised the lather as high as her hand, pretended the water was spent, and bade the damsel of the flask go for a fresh supply, and signor Don Quixote would have patience till her return. He accordingly waited with patience, exhibiting the strangest and most ludicrous figure that ever was conceived, to the view of numerous spectators, who seeing half a yard of neck more than moderately brown, two eyes shut, and his beard covered with lather, had need of great discretion to restrain their laughter, and it was a wonder they could smother it at any rate. As for the damsels concerned in the joke, they kept their eyes fixed on the ground, without daring to look at the duke  
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and dutchefs, who were at once agitated by mirth and indignation; and did not know, whether they should resolve upon chastising their presumption, or rewarding them for the pleasure they received in seeing the knight in such an attitude. At length the damsel returning with more water, they finished the ablution of Don Quixote; then she who carried the towels having wiped and dried him with great composure, all four at once made a most profound curtsie, and were going away. But, the duke fearing the knight would smell the joke, called to the damsel of the ewer, saying, "Come hither, and wash me too, and be sure you have water enough." The girl being very handy and acute, obeyed without hesitation, placed the ewer under his grace's chin, and when he was well washed, lathered, wiped and dried, they dropped their curtsies and retired. It was afterwards known, the duke had sworn within himself, that if they should have refused to serve him in that manner, he would have chastised them for their assurance; but they prudently scaped a scouring, by scouring his grace.

Sancho having attentively considered this ceremony of cleansing, "God's mercy! said he within himself, is it the custom in this country to wash the squire's beard as well as the knight's? for God and my own conscience knows, I have need of such purification; and if they would give me the touch of a razor, the benefit would still be the greater." "What is that you mutter, Sancho?" said the dutchefs. "I say, my lady, answered the squire, I have always heard it said, that in the courts of other princes, when the cloth is taken away, water for the hands is brought in, but not suds for the beard; so that the longer we live, the more we learn: yet it is also observed, that he who lives much time will bear much misfortune; though to undergo such a purification as this may pass for a pleasure rather than a toil." "Give yourself no concern, friend Sancho, said the dutchefs, for, I will order my maids not only to wash, but also to lay you a bucking, should it be necessary." "I shall be satisfied with the lathering of my beard, replied the squire, at least for the present; and God will ordain what is to happen in the sequel." The dutchefs turning to the major-domo, "Remember, said she, what honest Sancho desires, and gratify his inclination with the utmost punctuality." This domestic promised that signor Sancho should be obeyed in all things; and returning to supper with the squire, left their graces and Don Quixote sitting at the table, discoursing on many and various subjects, though all of them related to chivalry and the exercise of arms.

The dutchefs intreated the knight, who seemed to possess such a tenacious memory, to delineate and describe the beauty and deportment of  
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the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, she concluded from what fame had proclaimed of her charms, must be the fairest creature, not only in the whole world, but even in La Mancha. Don Quixote sighing at her grace's request. "If, said he, I could take out my heart, and lay it before your highness, in a plate upon this table, I should save my tongue the trouble of saying what is almost inconceivable, for in it your excellency would see her picture at full length: but, why should I now attempt to delineate and describe circumstantially the particular charms of the peerless Dulcinea? A burthen worthy of other shoulders than mine, and a task which ought to employ the pencils of Parrhasius, Timanthes, and Apelles, together with the chissel of Lysippus, to exhibit her image on canvas, brass and marble, as well as the Ciceronian and Demosthenian eloquence to sound her praise." "What does signor Don Quixote mean by Demosthenian, said the dutchess, which is a word I never heard before in the whole course of my life." "Demosthenian eloquence, answered the knight, has the same signification as the eloquence of Demosthenes, and Ciceronian means that of Cicero; for these two were the greatest orators in the whole world." "Certainly, said the duke, and you exposed yourself by such an interrogation: nevertheless, signor Don Quixote would give us infinite pleasure, could he be prevailed upon to describe that beauty which, even in a scratch or rough draught, would certainly appear such as might excite envy in the most beautiful women of the creation." "I would assuredly comply with your grace's desire, replied the knight, were not her idea blotted from my remembrance, by the misfortune which hath lately befallen her; a misfortune which induces me to bewail rather than describe her; for, your highness must observe, that when I went some time ago, to kiss her hands and receive her benediction, consent, and license, for this my third sally, I found her quite otherwise than I expected: I found her enchanted and transformed from a princess into a country wench, from beauty into deformity, from an angel into a demon, from a delicious perfume into a pestilential vapour, from the pink of compliment into the most clownish dialect, from light into darkness, from a sedate young lady into a rustic romp, and finally, from Dulcinea del Toboso into a \*Sayago drab." "God protect us! (cried the duke with a loud voice) who can have done such mischief to the world, in robbing it of that beauty by which it was delighted, that good humour by which it was entertained, and that modesty which did it honour?" "Who? answered the knight, who could

\* Sayago is a district in the kingdom of Leon, the inhabitants of which were extremely poor, and very meanly clothed.

it be but one of the malignant and envious tribe of enchanters, by whom I am persecuted? That accursed race, brought into the world on purpose to obscure and annihilate the exploits of the good, and to illustrate and extol the deeds of the wicked. Persecuted I have been by enchanters, persecuted I am by enchanters, and enchanters will persecute me, until I and all my lofty feats of chivalry are plunged into the abyss of oblivion: nay, they injure and wound me in that part where they know my feeling is most acute; for, to deprive a knight-errant of his mistress, is to rob him of the eyes with which he sees, the sun by which he is enlightened, and the support by which he is maintained: I have many times said, and now I repeat the observation, that a knight-errant, without a mistress, is like a tree without leaves, a building without cement, and a shadow without the substance by which it is produced."

"There is no more to be said, replied the dutchess: nevertheless, if we are to believe the history of signor Don Quixote, which has lately been ushered into the world, with the general applause of the different nations that compose it, we must conclude (if I right remember) that your worship never saw the lady Dulcinea, and that there is no such person in being; but that it is only a fantastical mistress, begot and born in your imagination, which hath decked her with all the graces and perfection that fancy could conceive." "Much may be said on that subject, answered Don Quixote: God knows whether or not there is such a person as Dulcinea in the world, whether she is fantastical or not fantastical; for, these things are not to be too nicely investigated: for my own part, I neither begat nor bore my mistress, altho' I contemplate her with that admiration which is due to a lady, in whom are centered those qualities that ought to render her renowned throughout the whole world, such as beauty without blemish, gravity without pride, tenderness with chastity, affability from courtesy, courtesy from good-breeding; and finally, dignity from birth, because nobleness of blood reflects an additional splendour upon beauty, and shews it to greater perfection than that which we find among the fairest of those who are meanly born." "Your observation is extremely just, said the duke: but, signor Don Quixote must give me leave to mention what the history of his adventures, which I have read, obliges me to declare; namely, that tho' we grant there may be a Dulcinea, either in or out of Toboso; and that she may be beautiful to excess, as your worship has described her; yet, in respect to pedigree, she is by no means on a footing with the Orianas, the Alastrajareas, and the Madafimas, together with the rest of that class, which occurs so often in those histories that are so familiar to your worship."

“ To that obſervation I can answer, ſaid the knight, that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own works; that good qualities ennoble the blood, and that a virtuous perſon of low deſcent ought to be more eſteemed than a vicious man of high degree; eſpecially as Dulcinea poſſeſſes qualifications which may raiſe her to the throne of a crowned and ſceptred queen; for, the merit of a virtuous and beautiful woman is ſufficient to work ſtill greater miracles, and virtually, tho’ not formally, contains within itſelf ſtill greater advantages.” “ Signor Don Quixote, ſaid the dutcheſs, every thing you ſay is ſpoken with deliberation, and, according to the proverb, you proceed with the plummet in your hand: henceforth, I ſhall firmly believe, and make my whole family, even the duke himſelf, ſhould there be occaſion, believe, that Dulcinea is living at this day in Toboſo; that ſhe is beautiful, high born, and in all reſpects worthy to be ſerved and admired by ſuch a knight as ſignor Don Quixote; and that is the higheſt compliment that can be beſtowed. But I cannot help forming a ſcruple, and entertaining a kind of grudge againſt Sancho Panza: the ſcruple ariſes from a particular of the hiſtory, importing, that the ſaid Sancho, found the lady Dulcinea winnowing a ſack of wheat when he carried a letter to her from your worſhip, by the ſame token it is ſaid to have been red wheat; a circumſtance that makes me doubt the noble-  
neſs of her pedigree.”

To this remark Don Quixote replied, “ Madam, your highneſs muſt know, that all or the greateſt part of the incidents that happen to me, deviate from the ordinary limits of thoſe adventures which occur to other knights-errant, either conducted by the inſcrutable will of deſtiny, or effected by the malice of ſome envious enchanter: and it is a circumſtance well known of all or the greateſt part of renowned knights-errant, that one poſſeſſed the virtue of being proof againſt enchantment, another of being invulnerable, which was the caſe of the famous Orlando, one of the twelve peers of France, who, as it is recorded, could not be wounded in any other place but the ſole of his left foot, and even there, with no other weapon than the point of a large pin; ſo that Bernardo del Carpio, who ſlew him at the battle of Ronſcevalles, perceiving that he could make no impreſſion upon him with ſteel, liſted him off the ground, and ſtrangled him between his arms, in imitation of the manner in which Hercules deſtroyed Anteon, that ferocious giant ſaid to be the ſon of Earth. What I would infer from what I have ſaid, is, that I too may have ſome of theſe virtues centered in my perſon, tho’ not that of being invulnerable; for, I have been frequently convinced by experience, that my fleſh is very tender, and by no means impenetrable: nor that of being proof againſt  
enchantment;

chantment; for, I once found myself cooped up in a cage, in which the whole world would not have had strength enough to inclose me, without the additional power of enchantment: but, since I freed myself from that confinement, I am apt to believe that no other will ever interrupt the course of my adventures; and therefore, those enchanters seeing that their wicked arts will not take effect upon my own person, revenge themselves on those things to which my affection is chiefly attached, and endeavour to deprive me of life, by persecuting that of Dulcinea, for whom alone I live. I therefore am persuaded, that when my squire delivered my message, they had converted her into a coarse country wench, employed in such a mean exercise as that of winnowing wheat: but, I have already said, that it could not be red wheat, nor indeed any sort of wheat, but oriental pearls; and as a proof of this asseveration, I must tell your highnesses, that when I lately went to Toboso, I could by no means find Dulcinea's palace; and the day following, while my squire Sancho beheld her in her own figure, which is the fairest in the whole world, to me she seemed a rustic and homely country wench, without any thing sensible in her conversation; whereas she is in fact the very pink of discretion and good sense. Now, since I myself neither am, nor, in all probability, can be enchanted, she is the person enchanted, offended, changed, perverted and transformed, and in her my enemies have taken vengeance upon me; so that, for her, I shall live in perpetual affliction, until I see her restored to her former state: all this I have observed, that no body may scruple about what Sancho said of her sifting and winnowing; for, since they have transformed her in my view, no wonder they should change her form, in his. Dulcinea is a person of birth and fashion, one of the genteel families of Toboso, which are very numerous, ancient and noble, and certainly no small part of these qualifications falls to the share of the peerless Dulcinea, on whose account the place of her nativity will become famous and renowned, in future ages, as Troy is become famous by Helen, and Spain by Cava, tho' with a better title and nobler fame. On the other hand, I must inform your graces, that Sancho Panza is one of the most pleasant squires that ever served a knight-errant: sometimes his simplicity is so arch, that, to consider whether he is more fool or wag, yields abundance of pleasure; he has roguery enough to pass for a knave, and absurdities sufficient to confirm him a fool; he doubts every thing, and believes every thing; and often, when I think he is going to discharge nonsense, he will utter apothegms that will raise him to the skies: in a word, I would not exchange him for any other squire, even with a city to boot; and therefore I am in doubt whether or not it will be expedient to send

him to that government which your grace has been so good as to bestow upon him; although I can perceive in him a certain aptitude for such an office: so that, when his understanding is a very little polished, he will agree with any government, like the king with his customs; for, we know by repeated experience, that great talents and learning are not necessary in a governor, as there are an hundred at least, who govern like jersaulcons, tho' they can hardly read their mother tongue: provided their intention is righteous, and their desire to do justice, they will never want counsellors to direct them in every transaction, like your military governors, who being illiterate themselves, never decide without the advice of an assessor. I shall advise him corruption to eschew, but never quit his due: and inculcate some other small matters that are in my head, which, in process of time, may redound to his own interest, as well as to the advantage of the island under his command."

Thus far the conversation had proceeded between their graces and Don Quixote, when they heard a number of people talking, and a great noise in the palace, and presently Sancho entered the hall in a fright, tucked with a dishclout by way of bib, and followed by several boys, or rather scullions, and other small gentry, one of whom brought a tray full of water, which, by its colour and filth, appeared to be dish-washings, pursuing and persecuting the poor squire, and struggling to thrust it under his chin, while another, with the same earnestness, endeavoured to lather his beard. "What is the matter, fellows? cried the dutchess, what is the matter? what designs have you upon that worthy gentleman, hah! don't you consider he is governor elect?" To this apostrophe the barber-scullion replied, "The gentleman won't suffer himself to be washed, according to the custom and manner practised upon my lord duke and his own master." "Yes, I will, cried Sancho (in a violent passion) but, it must be with whiter towels, clearer suds, and cleaner hands; for, surely there is not such a difference between me and my master, as that he should be washed with angel water, and I drenched with devil's lye. The customs of different countries, and the fashions of princely courts, are no further good than as they are agreeable; but this here custom of lathering, is worse than the exercise of disciplinants\*. My beard is clean enough, and needs no such scrubbing; and if any man pretends to lather me, or

\* In Spain and Italy there is, upon every Holy Thursday, a procession of disciplinants, or people who do penance in sackcloth, carrying a flambeau in one hand, and in the other a scourge, with which they belabour their own shoulders, in such a manner, that the very street is sometimes coloured with their blood. Some of these disciplinants, however, are meer hypocrites, who, under their sackcloth, wear womens stays, buff jackets, and even plates of tin; so that they are often detected from the sound of the stroke: and at Rome nothing is more common, than to hear the people who accompany these devotees, call out, according to the report of the application, *Guippone di Buffalo!* *Busti di Donna!* and *Corrazini di Latta!*

touch



touch a hair of my head, (my beard I mean) saving this honourable presence, I'll drive my fist in his scull; for, these ceremonies of soap-scouring look rather like making game than making welcome." The dutchess was ready to burst with laughing at the rage and remonstrance of Sancho: but, Don Quixote was not extremely well pleased, to see his squire tucked up with such a dirty cloth, and surrounded with so many sons of the kitchen: he therefore, making a low bow to the duke and dutchess, by way of asking their permission to speak, thus addressed himself to the scullions, in a solemn tone: "So ho, you gentlemen cavaliers, I desire your worships will let the young man alone, and return to the place from whence you came, or go whithersoever you please: my squire is as cleanly as another, and those trays are as unfit for him as a narrow-necked bottle: take my advice therefore, and let him alone; for, neither he nor I understand such impertinent jokes." Here Sancho taking the word out of his master's mouth, proceeded, saying, "No, no, let them perform their clumsy joke, which I shall bear as sure as it is now night: let them fetch a comb, or what they will, to curry this beard, and if they catch any thing that should give offence to cleanliness, they shall shear me against the hair."

At this period, the dutchess still laughing, "Sancho Panza, said she, is certainly in the right in all that he has said, and will be in the right in all that he shall say; he is already clean enough, and as he observes, has no occasion to be washed; and if he does not like the custom of the place, he shall follow his own \* inclination: besides, you ministers of cleanliness have been extremely remiss and negligent, not to say presumptuous, in bringing to such a personage and such a beard, trays and wooden troughs, and dishclouts, instead of ewers and golden basons, and towels of the finest holland: but, the case is, you are base-born miscreants, and, like caitiffs as you are, cannot forbear shewing the grudge you bear to the squires of knights-errant." The whole scullion-ministry, as well as the major-domo, who came in with them, believed her grace was actually in earnest, and sneaked away in great shame and confusion, after having untied the dishclout from the neck of Sancho, who seeing himself delivered from that imminent danger, went and fell upon his knees before the dutchess, saying, "From great ladies great benefits are expected; and this that I have now received from your grace, I can in no other shape repay, than in wishing I were dubbed a knight-errant, that I might spend all the days of my life in the service of such a noble and exalted lady: a

\* *Su alma en Su Palma.* The original expression literally signifies "His soul is in his hand," *i. e.* He is at his own discretion.

peasant I am, and Sancho Panza by name, with a wife and family, and serve in quality of a squire; and if in any of these respects I can serve your highness, I shall be more speedy in obeying than your grace in laying your commands." "Sancho, replied the dutchess, it plainly appears that you have learned politeness in the school of courtesy itself: I say, it plainly appears, that you have been bred up at the feet of Don Quixote, who is the cream of compliment, and flower of ceremony, or, as you term it, Sarah-money: long life and prosperity to such a master and such a pupil; one the north-pole of knight-errantry, and the other the very star of squirish fidelity. Rise, friend Sancho, and I will remunerate your politeness, by prevailing upon my lord duke to perform his promise of the government, with all possible dispatch."

Here the conversation being broke off, the knight retired to take his afternoon's \* nap, and the dutchess desired Sancho, if he was not very much disposed to sleep, to go and pass the evening with her and her women, in a very cool and pleasant apartment. Sancho told her, that altho' it was really his custom to sleep for four or five hours every afternoon, in the heat of summer, yet, for the satisfaction of her grace's goodness, he would that day strive with all his might to keep himself awake, and obey her commands in all things: he accordingly attended her steps; while the duke gave fresh directions for treating Don Quixote as a real knight-errant, without deviating one tittle from the stile in which the ancient knights are said to have been entertained.

\* In Spain, the people always retire after dinner, and sleep till six a clock, whence, the afternoon's nap is called *Siesta*.

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THE  
LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS

Of the Sage Hidalgo

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

B O O K III.

C H A P. I.

Of the pleafant converfation that paffed between the dutcheffs, her women, and Sancho Panza; worthy to be read and remembered.

THE history then relates, that Sancho did not fleep that afternoon, but, according to his promife, went, eating all the way, into the apartment of the dutcheffs, who took great delight in hearing his converfation, and defired him to fit clofe by her on a joint-ftool, tho' the fquire, out of pure good-breeding, begged to be excufed: but, her grace told him, he fhould fit as a governor, and fpeak as a fquire, for, in both capacities, he deferved the individual feat of the champion Cid Ruy Dias.

Sancho fhugging up his fhoulders, obeyed and took his place, furrounded by all the damfels and duennas, who liftened with profound filence and attention. Neverthelefs, the dutcheffs was the firft who began the difcourfe, faying, " Now that we are by ourfelves, unheard by any body, I muft intreat Mr. governor, to refolve certain doubts of mine, produced from the printed hiftory of the great Don Quixote; one of which doubts is this: as honeft Sancho never faw Dulcinea, I mean the lady Dulcinea del Tobofo, nor conveyed to her the letter of fignor Don Quixote, which remained with the memorandum-book in Sierra Morena, how durif he feign an answer, and pretend that he found her winnowing wheat, a circum-

cumstance altogether ridiculous and untrue, so much to the prejudice of the peerless Dulcinea's reputation, and so ill-becoming the station and fidelity of a trusty squire?"

Without making any immediate answer to this interrogation, Sancho rose from his seat, and moving softly on his tiptoes, with his body bent, and a finger on his lips, examined the whole apartment, lifting up and looking behind the tapestry; and this scrutiny being made, returned to his stool, and replied, "Now my lady dutchess, that I am assured there is no skulker listening, and that we are not overheard by any but this good company, I will, without fear or trembling, answer all the questions of your grace; and first and foremost, I will own I look upon my master Don Quixote as an incurable madman; although sometimes he says things, which, to my thinking, and in the opinion of all who hear them, are so sensible and well directed, that even Satan himself could not mend them: nevertheless, I am really and truly, and without any scruple, fully persuaded within myself, that he is downright distracted. Now, as I am possessed with this notion, I venture to make him believe any story, without either head or tail, like that of the answer to his letter, and another trick that I played him six or eight days ago, which is not yet recorded in the history; I mean the enchantment of Donna Dulcinea, which I palmed upon him, tho' it was a tale as wild and uncertain as the hills of Ubeda \*."

The dutchess desired he would recount that enchantment or deception; and he accordingly related it exactly as it happened, to the no small entertainment of the hearers; but when he was about to proceed in his discourse, her grace interposing, said, "From this recital of honest Sancho, a scruple has started in my mind, and whispers me in the ear, since Don Quixote de la Mancha is so lunatic, crazy and mad, and his squire Sancho Panza, who knows his infirmity, nevertheless serves and follows him, and even depends upon his vain promises; the said squire must, without all doubt, be more crazy and mad than his master: and if this be the case, as it certainly is, it would be no great sign of wisdom in you, my lady dutchess, to bestow an island on such a governor; for, how will he be able to govern other people, who cannot govern himself?"

"Fore God! my lady, cried the squire, your scruple starts in the right place: and I beg your ladyship will let it speak out in its own way; for,

\* This is an expression proverbially applied to any story that is vague, inconsistent, or of dubious authority; for, the hills of Ubeda make an extensive chain, the different parts of which are differently denominated, from the different countries or districts thro' which it extends; so that the whole is not easily ascertained.

I know it speaks truth. Had I been wise, I should have left my master long ago; but this was my fate and my misventure: I cannot do otherwise; but follow him I must: we are of the same town; I have eaten his bread; I have an affection for him; he returns my love, and has given me his colts; but, above all, I am constant and faithful, and therefore nothing can possibly part us but the sexton's shovel. If your highness does not choose to perform your promise of the island, God made me of a less matter, and perhaps your refusal may turn out to the ease of my conscience, for maugre all my madness, I understand the proverb that says, The pismire found wings to her sorrow: and mayhap Sancho the squire may get sooner to heaven than governor Sancho; there's as good bread baked here as in France; and by night all cats are grey; and sure the man his lot may rue who has not broke his fast by two; between man and man the maw cannot differ a span; and as the saying is, With hay or with straw we'll fill up the craw; the little birds of the field have God for their steward and shield; four yards of coarse Cuenca stuff are warmer than as much of fine Segovia serge; when we leave this world and are laid in the ground, the Lord goes in as narrow a path as his labourer; and the pope's body takes up no more room than the sexton's; for, though the one be higher than the other, when we go to the pit, we must lie snug, and make it fit; or we shall be obliged to find room, though scanty is the tomb; and so good night. Wherefore, I say again, if your grace will not give me the island, because I'm a fool, I shall be so wise as not to break my heart at the disappointment; and I have often heard, that the devil skulks behind the cross; it is not all gold that glitters; and that from his oxen, his yokes and his ploughs, Bamba the husbandman was raised to the throne of Spain; and that from his riches, pastime and embroidery, Roderigo was taken to be devoured by serpents, if the rhimes of old ballads do not lie."

Here Donna Rodriguez the duenna, who was one of the hearers, interposing, "Wherefore, should they lie? said she, for the ballad says as how they thrust king Roderigo all alive into a tomb full of toads, lizards and snakes, and two days after, he was heard to cry with a weak and doleful voice, "Now they eat me! now they gnaw the part in which I sinned so heinously!" And therefore the gentleman is in the right to say he would rather be an husbandman than a king, to be devoured by vermin."

The dutchess could neither help laughing at the simplicity of her duenna, nor admiring the discourse and proverbs of Sancho, to whom she replied, "Honest Sancho very well knows, whatsoever a knight pro-

misses must be fulfilled, even though it should cost him his life; now, my lord and husband the duke, though no errant, is nevertheless a knight; and therefore will perform his promise of the island, in spite of all the envy and malice of the world: let Sancho, then, be of good cheer; for, when he least thinks of the matter, he will see himself seated in the saddle of his island and dominion, and grasp his government, which he would not exchange for one of superfine brocade; but, I charge him to mind how he governs his vassals, who, I give him notice, are all people of honest parents and approved loyalty."

"With respect to their being happy under my government, said the squire, you need not give me any thing in charge; for, I am naturally charitable and compassionate towards the poor; and from him who can knead and bake, it is not easy to steal a cake. By my salvation, they shall not pass false dice upon me! I am an old dog, not to be taken in with, \*Come hither, poor Tray. I know how to snuff my peepers upon proper occasions; nor will I consent to walk with cobwebs in my eyes; for I know where the shoe pinches. This I observe, because the righteous shall always have the benefit of my heart and hand, but the wicked shall have neither foot nor footing. In my opinion, every governor must have a beginning in the art and mystery of government, and perhaps, in a fortnight's administration, I shall lick my fingers after the office, and know as much of the matter as I do of day-labour, to which I was bred."

"Sancho, said the dutchess, you are certainly in the right; for no man was ever a scholar at his birth; and bishops are made of men, and not of blocks. But to return to our former discourse about the enchantment of the lady Dulcinea; I take it for an absolute certainty, and not a bare asseveration, that Sancho's scheme of deceiving his master, and making him believe that the country-wench was Dulcinea, whom the knight could not know, because she was enchanted: I say, this scheme was altogether the invention of one of those inchanters who persecute Don Quixote; for, I know from very good authority, that the village-maiden who skipped upon the ass, was really and truly the individual Dulcinea del Toboso; and that Sancho, in thinking himself the deceiver, was in fact the person deceived: a truth of which we ought no more to doubt, than of things we never saw; for signor Sancho Panza must know, that here also we have friendly inchanters, who, out of real regard, impart to us every thing that passes, truly and distinctly, with-

\* In the original, And thoroughly understand *Tus, Tus*; which is an expression in Spain, to wheedle a cur.

out circumlocution or deceit; and therefore, Sancho may believe me, when I affirm, that the jumping wench was and is Dulcinea del Toboso, who is as much enchanted as the mother that bore her; and when we dream of no such thing, we shall see her in her own shape, and then Sancho will be undeceived."

"There is nothing more likely, cried the squire; and now I am apt to believe my master's account of the cave of Montefinos, where he saw my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, dressed in the same manner which I described, when I enchanted her for my own amusement. Now, the whole affair must have been quite the reverse, as your ladyship observes; for it cannot be supposed that my ignorant pate could contrive, in an instant, such an ingenious stratagem; nor can I think my master such a fool as, upon my weak and meagre persuasion, to believe such an improbable device; but, for all that, my lady, your goodness ought not to take me for an evil-minded person, seeing a blockhead, like me, is not obliged to bore into the designs and knavery of abominable enchanters. I contrived the scheme, in order to escape the displeasure of my master Don Quixote, and not with any design to do him hurt; and if it has turned out otherwise, there's a judge in heaven who knows the heart." "Very true, answered the dutchess; but, tell me now, Sancho, the story of the cave of Montefinos, which I shall be extremely glad to hear."

Then Sancho Panza recounted every circumstance of that adventure, as it hath been already related; and her grace having heard the whole, "From this incident, said she, we may infer, that since the great Don Quixote says he beheld in that place the same country-wench whom Sancho saw in the neighbourhood of Toboso, it could be no other than Dulcinea, and that the enchanters of this country are very officious, and extremely curious." "This I will venture to say, replied Panza, that if my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is really enchanted, 'tis her own loss, and that it is no business of mine to enter the lists with my master's enemies, who are certainly both wicked and numerous. True it is, she I saw was a country wench, for such I took her, and such I judged her to be. If that was Dulcinea, it ought not to be laid to my charge, nor am I to be blackened for that reason; yet I must be lugged in at every bawdy-house bench, with Sancho said this; Sancho did that; Sancho went and Sancho came; as if Sancho were just such as they would please to make him, and not the very same Sancho Panza who has already travelled all the world over in books, as I have been informed by Samon Carrasco, who is, at least, a batcheleering person of Salamanca; and such people cannot tell an untruth, except when it comes into their heads,

or will turn to their account; wherefore, nobody has any right to meddle with me; and seeing I live in good repute, and I have heard my master say, a good name is better than tuns of wealth, even shove me into this government, and they shall see marvellous things; for, he who has been a good squire will never become a bad governor."

"All that honest Sancho has uttered, said the dutchefs, is Catonian wisdom, or at least, the very essence of Michael \* Verino, Florentibus occidit annis. In a word, to speak in his own stile, A good drinker is often found under a rusty cloak." "In sober truth, my lady, answered Sancho, I never in my life drank out of malice; from thirst I might, for, I have not the least spice of hypocrisy in my belly; I drink when I choose it, and even when I would rather be excused, because I am desired so to do, that I may not seem shy or ill-bred; for, sure he must have an heart of marble who can refuse to pledge a friend, for though I put on my shoes, I will not defile them; especially, as the squires of knights-errant usually drink water, as they are always strolling through forests, woods and meadows, and over rocks and mountains, without finding the smallest charity of wine, even though one should offer to purchase it with an eye." "I believe what you say, answered the dutchefs: at present Sancho may go to rest; and we shall afterwards talk more at large upon these subjects, and take order that with all convenient dispatch he may be, to use his own words, shoved into that same government."

Sancho kissed hands again, and begged her grace would be so good as to give directions about the entertainment of Dapple, who was the light of his eyes. When she asked, what he meant by Dapple; "My afs, replied the squire, whom, rather than use the vulgar term, I call Dapple: when I first came to the castle, I desired madam Duenna here to take care of him; and truly, she was as much affronted as if I had called her ugly and old; though I think it would be more natural and proper for duennas to look after cattle, than to regulate rooms of state. God's my life! what a spite a gentleman of our town had to these waiting gentlewomen." "He must be some ill-bred clown, said Donna Rodriguez the duenna; for had he been a gentleman of birth, he would have exalted them above the horns of the moon." "Enough, for the present, resumed the dutchefs: hold your tongue, Donna Rodriguez, and let signor Panza make himself perfectly easy, and leave me to take special care of Dapple, whom, as being a moveable appertaining to Sancho, I will place above the apple of mine eye." "The stable is a place

\* A young Florentine, of great genius, who died in the seventeenth year of his age, and was lamented by all the poets of his time.



good enough for him, answered the squire; for, neither he nor I are worthy of being placed for one moment above the apple of your highness's eye; and I will as soon consent to his being disposed of in that manner, as I would to drive a dagger in my breast; for, although, as my master says, in point of courtesy, one ought to lose the game by a card too much, rather than by a card too little; in respect to asses and the apple of an eye, one ought to proceed cautiously with the compass in his hand, and measure as he goes."

"Sancho may conduct him to his government, said the dutchess, and there entertain him to his heart's content; nay, even enfranchise him from all labour." "Your grace, my lady dutchess, needs not think much of that, replied the squire; for, I have seen more than one or two asses go to governments; and therefore it will be no new practice if I carry Dapple to mine."

This remark renewed the laughter and satisfaction of the dutchess, who having dismissed him to his repose, went to communicate the conversation to the duke; and this noble couple contrived and gave directions about the execution of a pleasant joke upon Don Quixote, which should turn out a famous incident, and be conformable in all respects to the stile of chivalry; in which they invented a number, with such propriety and discretion, that they are counted the best adventures contained in this important history.

## C H A P. II.

Which gives an account of the information received, touching the means for disenchanting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; one of the most renowned adventures of this book.

GREAT was the satisfaction which the duke and dutchefs received from the conversation of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; and being confirmed in their design of practising some jokes, which should bear a faint shadow and appearance of adventures, they took the hint for a very extraordinary contrivance, from the knight's account of what had happened to him in the cave of Montesinos: but, what mostly excited the admiration of the dutchefs, was the amazing simplicity of Sancho, who was by this time brought to believe, as an infallible truth, the enchantment of Dulcinea, though he himself was the only inchanter and projector of that whole stratagem. Their graces having given directions to their servants touching the execution of the scheme they had laid, at the end of six days they went forth to hunt the wild boar, with as great an apparatus of hunters and spearmen as used to attend the king in person. Don Quixote was presented with an hunting suit, and Sancho received another of superfine green cloth; but, the knight excused himself from accepting the present, observing that, in a few days, he should be obliged to resume the rugged exercise of arms, and therefore could not encumber himself with baggage and wardrobes; as for the squire, he took that which was offered to him, without scruple, intending to sell it with the first opportunity.

On the morning of the appointed day, Don Quixote armed himself at all points, Sancho put on his green suit, and mounting Dapple, which he would not exchange for the best steed in the stable, mingled among the troop of hunters: the dutchefs came forth, very gaily caparisoned, and the knight, out of pure courtesy and good breeding, would have held the reins of her palfrey; but the duke would not consent to his performing such an office. At length they arrived at a wood, between two very high mountains, where, the disposition being made, the toils set, and the people distributed in their different posts, the hunt began with a vast noise of hollowing and crying; and nothing could be distinctly heard for the barking of the dogs and the sound of the horns. The dutchefs alighted, and with a pointed boar-spear in her hand, took post  
in

in a place through which she knew the wild beasts were used to come; the duke and Don Quixote likewise dismounting, posted themselves on each side of her grace, while Sancho stayed in the rear, without parting from Dapple, whom he durst not quit, lest some misfortune should happen to that darling beast.

Scarce had they set foot on ground, and taken their stations, supported by a number of servants, when they beheld a monstrous boar, baited by the dogs and pursued by the hunters, running towards them, gnashing his teeth and tusks, and foaming at the mouth. The knight no sooner perceived this savage, than bracing his shield and unsheathing his sword, he advanced to receive him; while the duke did the same with his boar-spear; but, the duchess would have been the foremost of the three, had she not been restrained by her lord. Sancho alone, seeing this furious animal, forsook his friend Dapple, and running full speed, in order to climb a lofty oak, found his endeavour altogether ineffectual; for, having surmounted one half of the ascent, the branch on which he stood struggling to gain the top, unfortunately gave way, and in falling, he was caught by another stump of the tree, so that he hung dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground; then perceiving that his green suit was torn, and supposing that if the wild boar should come up, he would be able to seize him as he hung, he began to utter such doleful cries, and roar so hideously for assistance, that all those who heard his clamour, without seeing his situation, actually believed he was in the jaws of some savage beast. At length the tusky boar being pierced and killed by the number of spears that opposed him, Don Quixote turned about his head, in consequence of Sancho's cries, by which he recognized his faithful squire, whom he saw hanging from the oak, with his head downwards, and hard by he perceived Dapple, who did not forsake him in his calamity: and Cid Hamet observes, that he very seldom saw Sancho without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho, such was the friendship and fidelity subsisting between them. Don Quixote immediately advanced and unhooked Sancho, who finding himself delivered, and fairly placed upon firm ground, examined the rent in his hunting-suit, which grieved him to the soul; for, in that dress he thought he had obtained an invaluable inheritance.

About this time they laid the mighty boar across a sumpter-mule, and covering him with sprigs of myrtle and rosemary, carried him in triumph, as the spoils of victory, to a large field-tent, pitched in the middle of the wood, where they found the cloth ready laid, and the table furnished with such a grand and sumptuous entertainment as well bespoke the

the wealth and magnificence of the founder. Sancho presenting to the dutchefs the skirts of his torn fuit, "if, said he, this had been hare or sparrow-hunting, my coat would have been secure from this unlucky accident; for my own part, I do not know what pleasure there is in attacking an animal, which, if he can once fasten his tusks on you, will certainly deprive you of life. I remember to have heard people sing an old ballad that says,

May bears upon thy carcase feed,  
As erst on Fabila they did.

"That was a Gothic king, said Don Quixote, who, in going to the chace, was devoured by a bear." "That is the very thing, I say, replied the squire; I would not have kings and noblemen run themselves into such dangers, for the enjoyment of a diversion, which, in my opinion, hardly deserves the name, as it consists in murdering a poor beast that never committed any crime." "There, Sancho, you are mistaken, said the duke, for, the exercise of hunting wild beasts is, of all others, the most necessary and suitable to kings and noblemen. The chace is a picture of war, comprehending schemes, feints and stratagems for taking advantage of the enemy; by this we are enabled to endure extreme cold and excessive heat, to contemn ease and undervalue sleep; our bodies acquire strength, and our limbs agility: in a word, it is an exercise that affords pleasure to numbers, and does prejudice to none; and what renders it superior to all others is, that it cannot be enjoyed by every body, like all the other kinds of sport, except hawking, which is also peculiar to sovereigns and persons of rank: you must therefore alter your opinion, Sancho, and when you are governor, employ yourself in the chace, which you will find of incredible \* service." "Surely, that cannot be, answered the squire; a good governor will stay at home, as if he had a broken bone. It would look rarely indeed, if, when people fatigued with a journey, come to visit him upon business, he should be taking his diversion upon the hills; in that case the government would go to wreck. In good faith, my lord, such pastime is more proper for idle folks, who have nothing else to do, than for governors: I intend, God willing, to amuse myself with a game at cards at Easter, and with nine-pins on Sundays and holidays; for, as to these chaces or cafes, they neither suit my condition nor agree with my conscience." "God grant Sancho may behave as he says he will, replied the duke; but, there is a wide difference between saying and doing." "Let it be as wide as it

\* Literally, And you shall see it will be worth a loaf that will serve an hundred.

pleases,

pleases, cried Sancho. A good paymaster needs no pawn; God's blessing is better than early rising; and the belly is carried by the feet, and not the feet by the belly; I mean that, with God's assistance, and a righteous intention, I shall certainly be able to govern like any goshawk; ay, ay, let them thrust their fingers in my mouth, and they shall see whether or no I can bite."

"The curse of God, and all his saints, light on thee, accursed babbler! cried Don Quixote: will the day never come, as I have often said, when I shall hear thee speak sensibly and distinctly, without lugging in old saws? My lord and lady dutchefs, I intreat your graces to let that madman alone; otherwise he will grind your souls, not between two but two thousand proverbs, dragged in as much to the purpose and as seasonably as I wish God may give him health, or me protection, if I desire to hear them." "The proverbs of Sancho Panza, said the dutchefs, tho' more in number than those of the Greek commentator, are not the less to be esteemed for the conciseness of the apophthegms. I can safely say for myself, that they give me much more pleasure than I should receive from others, tho' better culled, and more suitable to the occasion."

In the midst of this and other such favourable conversation, they quitted the tent, to examine some snares they had laid; in which amusement the day soon elapsed, and was succeeded by the night, which did not appear so serene and composed as it might have been expected at that season of the year, which was midsummer, but along with it came a certain *darkness visible*, which greatly assisted the design of the duke and dutchefs. When the night therefore began to fall, a little after the twilight, all of a sudden the four quarters of the wood seemed to be on fire, and here and there, and every where, they heard an infinite number of cornets and other warlike instruments, as if a great number of cavalry had been marching through the wood: so that the light of the flames, and the sound of those warlike instruments, dazzled and astonished the eyes and ears of the bystanders, and indeed of all the people in the wood. This noise was succeeded by innumerable *Lelilles*, or cries used by the Moors in battle; the trumpets and clarions exalted their brazen throats, the drums rattled, and the fifes resounded all together, in such a continued and alarming concert, that the man must have been utterly devoid of all sense who did not lose it in consequence of such confusion and uproar. The duke was confounded, the dutchefs amazed, Don Quixote astonished, Sancho Panza affrighted; and, finally, even those who were let into the secret, seemed to be seized with consternation, which produced among them a most dreary silence.

During this pause, came a postilion dressed like a devil, and, instead of a cornet, blew an unmeasurable horn, which yielded an hoarse and dreadful sound. "Holla! brother courier, cried the duke, who are you? where are you going? and what martial people are those that seem to march across the wood?" To these interrogations the courier replied, in a dismal, hollow tone: "I am the devil, going in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha: those who follow are six troops of enchanters, who bring, upon a triumphant car, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, accompanied by the gallant Francis Montefinos, to instruct Don Quixote in a certain method for disenchanting the said lady Dulcinea." "If you were the devil, answer'd the duke, as you say you are, and your figure seems to declare, you would have distinguished that same knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who now stands before you." "'Fore God! and upon my conscience! cried the devil, I did not think of that: for, my thoughts are so much distracted by different avocations, that I had forgot the principal aim of my coming." "Without doubt, said Sancho, that devil must be an honest man, and a good christian, otherwise he would not swear 'fore God! and on my conscience! Now am I fully convinced that there must be some worthy people even in hell."

Then the courier, without alighting, fixed his eyes upon Don Quixote, and pronounced: "To thee, the knight of the lions (and would I might see thee in their clutches) am I sent by the unfortunate, tho' valiant knight, Montefinos, who commanded me to desire, in his name, that thou wouldst wait on the very spot where I should find thee, because he brings along with him one Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to communicate what will be necessary towards her disenchantment: and as this message was the sole cause of my coming, there is no cause that requires my longer stay. Devils like me be with thee, and good angels guard that noble pair." So saying, he sounded his dreadful horn, and rode off, without waiting for the least reply.

This address renewed the astonishment of all present, especially of Sancho and Don Quixote: of Sancho, because, in despite of truth, he saw they were resolved that Dulcinea should be enchanted; and of Don Quixote, because he could not be certain of the truth of what happened to him in the cave of Montefinos. While he was rapt in these meditations, the duke accosted him, saying, "Signor Don Quixote, do you intend to wait?" "Wherefore not? replied the knight, here will I wait, courageous and intrepid, tho' all hell should come to assault me." "Then for my part, cried Sancho, if I see another devil, and hear another horn like that which passed, I should as soon wait here as in Flanders."

About

About this time, the night being more advanced, a number of lights began to gleam through the wood, like the dry exhalations of the earth that glide through the air, and are mistaken by ignorant people for shooting stars: their ears were likewise invaded by a frightful sound, like that occasioned by the massy wheels of waggons drawn by oxen; an harsh and grating noise, from which the very bears and wolves (if any chance to be in the way) are said to fly with terror. This uproar was succeeded by another more terrible than all the rest; for, all at once, at the four corners of the wood, there really seemed to be four encounters or battles: in one place was heard the horrid din of cannon; in another a vast number of muskets were fired; here resounded the cries of the combatants; there the moorish *Lelilles* were repeated with vast vociferation. In a word, the cornets, horns, bugles, clarions, trumpets, drums, artillery and musketry, and above all, the dismal noise of the cars, formed all together, such a confused and horrible concert, that Don Quixote was obliged to recollect his whole courage, in order to bear it without emotion: but, Sancho's heart died within him, and down he came in a swoon upon the train of the dutchess, who received him as he fell, and, with marks of great concern, ordered her servants to throw water in his face: in consequence of this application he recovered, just as one of the waggons with the creaking wheels came up to the place where they stood. It was drawn by four lazy oxen wholly covered with black trappings, with a large lighted taper tied to each horn, and in the waggon was raised a lofty seat, on which sat a venerable old man with a beard as white as snow itself, that flowed down below his middle, and a large loose garment of black buckram: for, the waggons being stuck full of lights, it was easy to observe and distinguish every thing that it contained. It was conducted by two ugly devils clad also in buckram, with such hideous features, that Sancho no sooner saw them than he shut his eyes, that they might not again encounter such frightful objects. This carriage being come up, the venerable senior rose up from his lofty seat, and pronounced aloud, "I am the sage Lirgandeo." He said no more; and the waggon proceeded. Another carriage followed in the same manner, with another old man enthroned, who ordering the waggon to stop, said, with a voice as solemn as the first, "I am the sage Alquife, the great friend of Urganda the unknown." And so the carriage proceeded. Then a third approached in the same stile: but, he who possessed this throne, instead of being old like the others, was a robust man of a very disagreeable aspect, who rising from his seat, like the other two, exclaimed in a more hoarse and diabolical tone, "I am the inchanter Arcalaus, the mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul, and

his whole race." And so the carriage passed on : but, when they had proceeded a little way, the three waggons halted ; then ceased the dismal creaking of the wheels, and no other sound was heard but that of an agreeable, musical concert, which rejoiced the heart of Sancho, who took it as a good omen, and in that persuasion said to the dutchefs, from whom he had not budged an hair's breadth, "My lady dutchefs, where there is music there can be no harm." "As little should we expect any harm where there is light and illumination," answered the dutchefs. "And yet, replied the squire, we may be easily burnt by such torches and bonfires as these, notwithstanding all the light and illumination they produce : but, musick is always a sign of joy and feasting." "Time will shew," said Don Quixote, who overheard the conversation ; and he said well, as will appear in the following chapter.

### C H A P. III.

Being a continuation of what was imparted to Don Quixote, touching the means for disenchanted Dulcinea ; with an account of other surprising incidents.

**M**OVING to the sound of this agreeable music, came one of those carriages called triumphal cars, drawn by six grey mules covered with white linen, and upon each was mounted a \* penitent of light, clad in black, with a large lighted wax taper in his hand. The car was twice, nay thrice as large as the carriages which had passed, and the tops and sides were occupied by twelve other penitents as white as snow, with their lighted tapers : a sight that excited equal terror and surprise. And, seated on a lofty throne, appeared a nymph habited in robes of silver tissue, bespangled with innumerable leaves of gold brocard ; so that her dress, if not rich, was extremely gaudy : her face was covered with a delicate and transparent veil of fine tiffany, the rumples of which could not conceal the beauteous features of a young lady ; and the number of lights enabled the spectators to distinguish her charms and her age, which seemed to be turned of seventeen but under twenty. Close by her appeared a figure clad in what is called a robe of state, that reached to his feet ; and his head was muffled in a black veil. The cart had no sooner come opposite to the duke and dutchefs, and Don Quixote, than the music of the waits, the harps, and lutes, ceased all at once ; then this figure rising, threw

\* *Disciplinante de Luz*, is a cant phrase, applied to those who are exposed to public shame.



afide his robe, and, taking off the veil, disclosed to view the horrible and uncarnate form of death; at sight of which Don Quixote was startled, Sancho overwhelmed with fear, and the duke and dutchefs exhibited some affected marks of consternation.

This living death standing upright, began, with a languid voice and tongue but half awake, to rehearse the following address.

I Merlin am, by histories bely'd,  
That represent the devil as my fire :  
A fallhood sanction'd by the lapse of time.  
I am the prince of magic, in whose breast  
The Zoroastric science lies intomb'd :  
The rival of invidious Time, whose wings  
Still seek to shade and darken all exploits  
Atchiev'd by the illustrious errant knights,  
For whom my friendship glows and ever glow'd.

Tho' all my fellows of th' enchanting tribe,  
The magi and magicians, ever nurs'd  
A disposition barbarous and harsh,  
Mine still was tender, gentle, and humane,  
A friend to all the various race of man.  
In the profoundest caves of gloomy Dis,  
Where my industrious spirit was employ'd  
In forming mystic characters and spells,  
Mine ears were wounded with the wailing cries  
Of fam'd Dulcinêa that matchless fair.

I learn'd her strange enchantment, and condol'd  
Her transformation from a gentle nymph  
To the vile figure of a rustic wench.  
An hundred thousand volumes I perus'd,  
Fraught with the dark and diabolic art,  
Then in the horrible and ghastly trunk  
Of this dry skeleton my soul enclos'd :  
And now I come on purpose to impart  
An easy remedy for her mishap.

O thou! the glory of all knights who wear  
Impervious coats of mail and adamant :

Thou

Thou light and lanthorn, path and north and guide  
 Of all who quit the drousy joys of sloth,  
 And starting from the lazy down, embrace  
 Th' intolerable use and exercise  
 Of rude, unwieldy, sanguinary arms :  
 To thee I speak, great chief whose valiant deeds  
 So far transcend the loudest blast of fame.

Quixote, for courage and discretion fam'd,  
 La Mancha's mirrour and the star of Spain,  
 In order to recover and restore  
 Thy peerless mistress to her former state,  
 Sancho, thy faithful squire, must undergo  
 Three thousand and three hundred stripes, apply'd  
 To his posteriors, passively expos'd ;  
 And he himself must wield the pliant scourge,  
 And start, and smart, and tingle with the pain.  
 Thus stands th' irrevocable doom, pronounc'd  
 By the fell authors of her dire mischance,  
 And on this errand, gentles, am I come.

“I vow to God! cried Sancho at this period, not to mention three thousand, I will as soon give myself three stabs with a dagger as three single stripes with a scourge. Now devil take such ways of disenchanted. I cannot conceive what my buttocks have to do with enchantments. Before God! if signor Merlin can find no other method for disenchanted my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, she may e'en go enchanted to her grave.”  
 “Heark ye, Don Garlick-eating rustic, said Don Quixote, I shall take and tie you to a tree, naked as your mother bore you, and not to mention three thousand three hundred, give you six thousand six hundred lashes so well laid on, that three thousand three hundred twitches shall not pull them off; and answer me not a syllable, or I will tear thy soul from thy body.”

Merlin hearing this declaration, “Not so, neither, said he: the lashes to be received by honest Sancho must be voluntary, not upon compulsion, and at his own leisure; for, there is no time fixed for the final execution: nevertheless he is so far indulged, that he may be quit for one half of the stripes, provided he will allow the other half to be inflicted by another hand, tho' it may chance to be a little weighty.” “No man's hand shall touch my flesh; neither another's, nor my own, nor weighty nor unweighed. What a plague! did I forsooth, bring my lady Dulcinea  
 into

into the world, that my backside must suffer for the transgression of her eyes? My master, indeed, who is a part of her, and is continually calling her his life, his soul, his sustenance and support, may, and ought to lash himself for her sake, and take with all dispatch the necessary steps for her disenchantment; but, for me to scourge my own body, I denounce it."

Scarce had Sancho uttered this remonstrance, when the embroidered nymph who sat by Merlin's spirit, rising up, took off her transparent veil, and disclosing a face which to all the spectators seemed more than exceedingly beautiful, addressed herself in these words, directly to Sancho Panza, with a masculine assurance and a voice that was not extremely melodious, "O! ill-conditioned squire! thou soul of a pitcher, heart of cork, and bowels of flinty pebbles; had'st thou been commanded, thou nose-flaying catif, to throw thyself down from a lofty tower; had'st thou been desired, thou enemy of human species, to swallow a dozen of toads, twice the number of lizzards, and three dozen of snakes; had'st thou been urged to murder thy wife and children with some sharp and ruthless scymitar, it would not have been strange to see thee shy and fearful; but, to make such objections to three thousand three hundred stripes, which there is scarce a naughty boy that does not receive every month, astounds, astonishes and affrights the compassionate bowels of all this audience, as well as of all those who shall hear it in the future course of time. Turn, O miserabe, hard-hearted, animal! turn, I say, thy mulish goggle eyes upon these balls of mine that emulate the glittering stars, and see how they weep thread by thread and skein by skein, creating trenches, paths and furrows through the delightful meadows of my cheeks. Wilt thou not relent, thou crafty and malicious monster, at seeing me in the flower of my age (for I am still in my teens, being no more than nineteen, which is one year short of twenty) consume and pine within the bark of an homely rustic wench? in which form if I do not now appear, it is owing to the particular favour of signor Merlin, who has indulged me so far, that my beauty might melt thy savage heart; for, the tears of afflicted beauty soften rocks to cotton, and transform tygers into gentle lambs. Chastise, chastise, obdurate beast, that brawny beef of thine; arouse that slothful spirit which inclines thee to nothing but to gorge and regorge thy voracious maw, and set at liberty the sleekness of my skin, the gentleness of my condition, and the beauty of my face: and if for my sake thou wilt not mollify thyself, and listen to any reasonable terms, at least relent in favour of that poor knight who stands forlorn at thy elbow; I mean, thy master, whose soul I now can see traversed in his throat, not above ten fingers breadth from his lips, waiting for nothing but thy kind or rigorous  
reply,

reply, in consequence of which it will either leap out of his mouth or retire to his stomach."

Don Quixote hearing these words, felt his throat, and turning to the duke, "By heaven! my lord, said he, Dulcinea has spoke truth; for, here do I feel my soul traversed in my throat, like the nut of a cross-bow." When the dutchefs asked what Sancho said to that circumstance, "I say, replied the squire, what I have said already, that the whipping I denounce." "You must call it renounce, said the duke, and not denounce." "I would your grace would let me alone, answered Sancho: this is no time for me to mind niceties and letters, more or less; for, I am so confounded at those stripes which I am to receive, or execute upon myself, that I neither know what I am saying or doing: yet, I should be glad to know where my lady Dulcinea del Toboso learned that manner of asking favours. She comes to desire me to tear open my flesh with a horse-whip, and calls me soul of a pitcher, obdurate beast, and a whole rigmarole of villainous names, which the devil may suffer for me! What a plague, is my flesh made of brass? or is it any thing to me, whether she is disinchanted or no? What baskets of white linnen, shirts, caps and socks (tho' I wear none) does she bring to soften me? Nothing but abuse upon abuse; without remembering the proverb, that says, An ass loaded with gold will skip over a mountain. A generous gift the rock will rift. We must fervently pray, and hammer away. I will give thee, is good; but, Here take it, is better. Then, my master, who ought to lead me fair and softly by the hand, and persuade me with gentle words to whip myself into wool and carded cotton, declares, forsooth, that if he should once take me in hand, he will tye me naked to a tree, and double the allowance of stripes. These angry gentlemen ought to consider it is not only a squire, but a governor whom they desire to flog himself; as if it was no more than drinking after cherries. Let them learn; let them learn, with a vengeance, how to intreat and beg with good breeding; for, all seasons are not the same; and a man is not always in good humour: here am I ready to burst with vexation to see the rent in my green coat; and they must needs come and desire me to whip myself with good will, when God knows, I am as far from doing it with good will, as I am from turning \* Turk."

"Nevertheless, friend Sancho, said the duke, if your heart does not become softer than a ripe fig, you shall finger no government of mine. It would be a fine scheme indeed, if I should send to my islanders, a cruel, flinty-hearted governor, who would not melt at the tears of damsels in

\* Literally, *Cacique*, which was the appellation given to Indian princes.

affliction;

affliction ; nor at the intreaties of wise, imperious, ancient sages and enchanters. In a word, Sancho, you must either consent to whip yourself or be whipped, or lay aside all thoughts of being a governor." "My good lord, replied the squire, will not they give me two days to consider and determine what will be for the best?" "By no means, cried Merlin : on this very spot, and this very instant, the business must be discussed ; otherwise Dulcinea will return to the cave of Montesinos, and the appearance of a country-wench ; whereas, if you comply, she will, in her present form, be transported to the Elysian fields, where she must reside until the number of the stripes be accomplished."

"Go to, honest Sancho, said the dutchess, pluck up your spirits, and behave like a grateful squire that has eaten the bread of signor Don Quixote, who is intitled to the service and acknowledgements of us all, by his amiable disposition and sublime chivalry. Say aye, my son, to this same flagellation, and let the devil fetch the devil : leave fear to the coward ; for, a stout heart quails misfortune, as you very well know."

To these exhortations Sancho made no reply ; but, addressing himself to Merlin, with his usual extravagance, "Good, your worship, pray tell me, signor Merlin, the meaning of one thing. A certain courier devil came here with a message to my master, from signor Montesinos, desiring him to stay in this place, until he should come up ; for, he would teach him a way to disenchant my lady Dulcinea del Toboso ; and hitherto we have seen no such person." To this interrogation Merlin replied, "That devil, friend Sancho, is an ignorant blockhead, and a very great knave. I sent him hither in quest of your master ; not with a message from Montesinos, but from myself ; for, Montesinos is still in his cave, planning, or rather expecting his disenchantment, the worst of which is still to come ; but, if he owes you any thing, or you have any business to transact with him, I will bring you face to face wherever you shall appoint. In the mean time, dispatch, and give your consent to this discipline, which, I assure you, will greatly redound to the advantage both of your soul and body : to your soul, from the charity of the undertaking, and to your body, as I know you are of a florid complexion, and will be the better for losing a little blood."

"What a number of leeches have we got in this world ! said Sancho, the very enchanters are physicians ; but, since every body says so, although I cannot perceive it myself, I am content to give myself three thousand three hundred lashes, on condition that I may give them when and where I shall think proper, without being confined to any certain time, or rate of allowance ; and I will endeavour to discharge the debt as soon as possible,

fible, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the lady Dulcinea del Toso, since, contrary to my former belief, she appears to be really beautiful. I likewise covenant that I shall not be obliged to fetch blood with the scourge, and that in case I should chance to be whipped by the officers \* of justice, every lash so received, shall enter into the tale: Item, lest I should commit a mistake in the number, signor Merlin, who knows every thing, shall take care to reckon them, and give me to understand, how far I have fallen short, or exceeded the appointed score." "There will be no occasion to apprise you of the overplus, said Merlin; for, as soon as the number shall be completed, the lady Dulcinea will be disenchanted, and come, out of pure gratitude, to return thanks, and even a recompence, to the charitable Sancho, for his good work. You need not, therefore, make any scruple about the superplus or the deficiency; nor will heaven allow me to defraud any person, even of a single hair." "A God's name, then, cried Sancho, I consent in my tribulation: I say, I accept of the penance on the conditions aforesaid."

Scarce had Sancho pronounced these last words, when the music of the waits began to play again, and an infinite number of muskets was discharged, while Don Quixote, hanging about Sancho's neck, imprinted a world of kisses on his cheeks and forehead: the duke and dutchess, and all the by-standers, expressed the utmost pleasure, the car began to move, and the beauteous Dulcinea, in passing, bowed to their graces, and made a profound curtsie to Sancho.

About this time, the chearful smiling morn advanced; the flowrets of the field, with heads erect, diffused their fragrance; and the liquid crystal of the rills, brawling among the variegated pebbles, went sliding on to pay its tribute to the rivers, that waited to receive their customary dues: the joyous earth, the splended firmament, the buxom air, and light unclouded; each singly, and altogether joined, prognosticated plainly, that the day which trod upon Aurora's skirts, would be serene and fair. The duke and dutchess, extremely well satisfied with the chace, as well as with the ingenious and fortunate execution of their design, returned to the castle, with full intention to perform the sequel of their jest; than which no real adventure could have given them more delight.

\* The other translators have interpreted *Mosqueo* into a fly flap, which is, undoubtedly, one of its meanings; but, as it likewise signifies flagellation at the cart's tail, I have taken it in this last acceptation, which, I think, heightens the humour of the passage.

## C H A P. IV.

Which gives an account of the perilous and inconceivable adventure of the afflicted Duenna, alias the countess Trifaldi ; together with a letter which Sancho Panza wrote to his wife Teresa Panza.

**T**HE duke's steward was a man of humour and ingenuity, who acted the part of Merlin, and adjusted all the apparatus of the foregoing adventure ; for, he composed the verses, and directed a page to represent Dulcinea : finally, under the auspices of his lord and lady, he projected another of the most agreeable and strange fancy, that could possibly be conceived.

Next day, the dutchess asking Sancho if he had begun the task of the penance which he was to undergo for the disenchanted of Dulcinea, he answered in the affirmative, and said, he had that same night given himself five lashes : but, when she inquired about the instrument with which they were inflicted, he owned they were applied with his hand. " That is rather clapping than lashing, replied her grace ; and, I take it for granted, the sage Merlin will not be content with such delicacy ; it will be absolutely necessary that honest Sancho should make a scourge of briars, or use a switch that will make him feel it ; for, learning is not acquired without pain, and the liberty of such an high-born lady as Dulcinea is not to be purchased for a trifle." To this remonstrance Sancho replied, " I wish your grace would lend me some convenient whip, or ragged rope's end, which would do the business without giving me a great deal of pain ; for, I would have your grace to know that, although I am a labouring man, my flesh has more of the cotton than the matt weed in it ; and there is no reason that I should destroy myself for another's advantage." " In good time be it, answered the dutchess ; tomorrow morning, I will give you a scourge that will fit you to an hair, and agree as well with the tenderness of your flesh, as if it was its own brother."

This affair being adjusted, " My lady, said Sancho Panza, your highness must know, I have writ a letter to my wife Teresa Panza, giving an account of all that hath befallen me since we parted : here it is in my bosom, and wants nothing but a superscription. I wish your grace, in your great understanding, would read it ; for, in my mind, it snacks of the governor ; I mean, of the manner in which governors ought to write."

“And, who was the inditer?” said the dutchefs. “Who should indite it, finner that I am, but myself,” answered the squire. “Did you likewise write it, yourself?” replied her grace. “I did not so much as think of any such matter, said Sancho; for, the truth is, I can neither read nor write, tho’ I know very well how to set my mark.” “Let us see this epistle, quoth the dutchefs, in which, I dare say, you have displayed the quality and extent of your understanding.”

Then Sancho pulling an open letter from his bosom, the dutchefs took and read it to this effect.

#### Sancho's Letter to his wife Teresa Panza.

“IF I have been finely lashed, I have been well mounted; if I have obtained a good government, it has cost me a good whipping. This, Teresa, thou wilt not now understand, but shalt learn some other opportunity. Know, Teresa, I am determined thou shalt ride in a coach, which is a resolution pat to the purpose; for, any other way of travelling is fit for none but cats. A governor's lady you shalt be, and I would fain see the best of them tread upon thy heels. I have sent thee a green hunting-suit, which was a present from my lady dutchefs. Make it up into a petticoat and jacket for our daughter. My master Don Quixote, as I have heard in this country, is a sensible madman and a diverting fool, and I myself am nothing short of him in these respects. We have been in the cave of Montesinos, and the sage Merlin has pitched upon me to disinchant the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who in your parts is called Aldonza Lorenzo: with three thousand three hundred stripes, lacking five, which I am to give myself, she will be as much disenchanted as the mother that bore her. Thou shalt not mention a syllable of this to any person whatsoever; for, if you go to seek advice about your own concerns, one will say it is white, and another swear 'tis black.

A few days hence I shall set out for my government, whither I go with a most outrageous desire of getting money; and, I am told, this is the case with all new governors. I will feel the pulse of it, and give thee notice whether or no thou shalt come and live with me.

Dapple is in good health, and sends his most hearty commendations: I believe I shall not forsake him, even if they should make me the grand Turk. My lady dutchefs kisses thy hands a thousand times; return the compliment with two thousand; for, as my master says, Nothing is so reasonable and cheap as good manners. It has not pleased God that I should stumble upon another portmanteau with a hundred crowns, as heretofore; but,



but, let that give thee no uneasiness, my dear Teresa, for, he is safe who has good cards to play; and what is amiss will come out in the washing of this same government. One thing, I own, gives me great concern: I am told that if once I taste it, I shall be apt to eat my fingers; and should that be the case, it will be no cheap bargain; tho' the lame and the paralytic enjoy a sort of canonry, in the alms they receive. Wherefore, one way or another, thou wilt certainly be rich and fortunate. The Lord make thee so, as he very well may, and preserve for thy service thy husband the governor

From the Duke's-castle,  
July 20, 1614.

SANCHO PANZA.

The dutchess having read the letter to an end, "In two circumstances, said she, the honest governor is a little out of the way. First, in saying or insinuating, that the government was bestowed upon him, in return for the stripes he must undergo; whereas, he knows and cannot deny, that when my lord duke promised him the island, no body thought of any such thing as stripes in the world: secondly, he discovers an avaritious disposition, and I should not like to see him a skin-flint; for, greediness bursts the bag, and a covetous governor will do very ungoverned justice." I did not write with that intention, answered the squire: and if your ladyship thinks this is not a proper letter, there is nothing to do but tear it and write another, which perhaps will be still worse, if it be left to my own num-scull." "No, no, cried the dutchess, this will do very well, and must be shewn to the duke."

Accordingly, repairing to a garden, where they were to dine that day, she communicated Sancho's epistle to the duke, who perused it with infinite pleasure. Here they went to dinner, and after the cloth was taken away, and they had entertained themselves a good while with the savory conversation of Sancho, their ears were suddenly invaded with the dismal sound of a fife, and a hoarse unbraced drum: all the company were startled at this confused, martial and melancholy musick, especially Don Quixote, whose emotion would not allow him to sit quiet. With regard to Sancho, all that can be said is, that he was driven by fear to his usual shelter, the side or skirts of the dutchess: for, the sound they heard was really and truly horrible and dreary. In the midst of this confusion and surprize, which took hold on all present, they saw two men enter the garden, in mourning-cloaks so large and long that they trailed upon the ground. These figures were employed in beating two large drums,  
which

which were likewise covered with black, and they were accompanied by a fifer as black and dismal as themselves, and followed by a personage of gigantic stature, rolled, rather than clothed with a cassock of the blackest hue, furnished with a train of an unmeasurable length. Over this cassock, his body was girded and crossed with a broad black belt, from which depended an immense scymiter, with hilt and sheath of the same sable colour. His face was covered with a black, transparent veil, through which appeared a huge and bushy beard as white as snow; and in walking he kept time to the sound of the drums, with great gravity and composure. In a word, his tallness, his demeanour, his melancholy dress and his attendants, were sufficient to surprise, and did surprise, all those who beheld him, without knowing the nature of the scheme. With the said solemnity of personification he advanced in order to kneel before the duke, who, with the rest of the company, received him standing! But, his grace would by no means hear his address until he rose. The prodigious spectre complied with his desire and stood upright; then unveiling his face, and displaying the largest, whitest, thickest, and most stupendous beard that ever human eyes beheld, he fixed his eyes upon the duke, and in a grave, sonorous voice, extracted and discharged from his ample and dilated chest, pronounced, "Most high and mighty prince, I am Trifaldin of the snowy beard, squire to the countess Trifaldi, otherwise distinguished by the appellation of the afflicted duenna: from her I bring a message to your grace, requesting that your magnificence would be pleased to give her leave and opportunity to enter and declare in person, her mishap, which is the strangest and the newest, that ever the most hapless imagination could conceive: and first of all, she wants to know if the valiant and invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, now resides within your castle; for, in quest of him, she is come a foot and fasting, from the kingdom of Candaya to these your territories: a circumstance which might and ought to be deemed a miracle, or at least effected by the power of enchantment. She is now at the gate of this fortress or pleasure-house, and only waits for your permission to come in."

So saying, he hemmed, and with both hands stroking his beard from top to bottom, waited with great composure for the duke's reply, which was this: "Worthy squire Trifaldin of the snowy beard, many days are passed since we have been apprised of the misfortune of my lady countess Trifaldi, on whom the enchanters have intailed the epithet of the afflicted duenna; well may you, stupendous squire, desire her to come in; and here is the valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, from whose generous disposition she may securely promise herself all manner of aid and protection;

protection ; and you may likewise give her to understand, in my name, that if my assistance be necessary, it shall not be wanting ; for, I think myself obliged to grant it, as being a knight, to which title is annexed and belongs that maxim of assisting the fair sex with all our might, especially widowed, reduced, and afflicted duennas like her ladyship." Tri-faldin hearing this declaration, bent his knee to the ground, and making a signal to the fifer and drums to repeat the same notes and resume the same pace with which they entered, he retired from the garden, leaving the whole company astonished at his presence and deportment.

Then the duke turning to Don Quixote, "In a word, renowned knight, said he, it is not in the power of all the clouds of ignorance and malice to conceal or obscure the light of valour and of virtue. This observation I make, because your excellency has been scarce six days in this castle, when the melancholy and afflicted come in quest of you from the most distant and sequestered countries, not in coaches or on dromedaries, but a foot and fasting, confident of finding in that most valiant arm, the remedy and cure of their toils and misfortunes : thanks to your illustrious exploits, which pervade and encircle the whole habitable globe." "My lord duke, replied the knight, I wish that same pious ecclesiastic was here at present : he, who at your grace's table, the other day, expressed so much ill will and such an inveterate grudge to knights-errant, that he might see with his own eyes whether or not such knights are of any service in this world, or, at least, be fully convinced that the distressed and disconsolate, overwhelmed with extraordinary woes and enormous misfortunes, do not go for redress to the houses of learned men, to the mansions of parish priests, nor to the knight who never dreamed of going beyond the limits of his own estate ; nor to the idle courtier who would rather inquire about news, that he might have the pleasure of repeating and retaling them, than endeavour to perform actions and exploits for others to perpetuate and record : the redress of grievances, the support of the necessitous, the protection of damsels, and the consolation of widows, are found in no set of people more than in knights-errant : that I am one of these, I return infinite thanks to heaven, and shall cheerfully undergo whatever danger and disgrace may befall me in the course of such an honourable exercise. Let this duenna approach, and beg what boon she shall desire, I will commit her cause to the strength of my arm and the intrepid resolution of my aspiring soul."

## C H A P. V.

In which is continued the famous adventure of the afflicted duenna.

THE duke and dutchefs were exceedingly rejoiced to see Don Quixote's behaviour correspond so well with their design. And Sancho interposing, "I wish, said he, this madam duenna may not throw some stumbling-block in the way of my government; for, I have heard an apothecary of Toledo, who talked like any goldfinch, observe that nothing good could happen where duennas interfered. Lord help us! what a spite that same apothecary had to the whole tribe; from whence I conclude, that seeing duennas of all qualities and degrees whatsoever, are offensive and impertinent, what must those be who are afflicted, which they say is the case with this \* Trifaldis or three tailed-countess? for, in my country, skirts and tails, and tails and skirts, are the same thing." "Hold your tongue, friend Sancho, said Don Quixote: this lady who is come in quest of me from remote countries, cannot be one of those to whom the apothecary alluded, especially as she is a countess; and when ladies of that rank serve as duennas, it must be under queens and empresses; for, in their own houses they are honoured with the title of ladyship, and have other duennas in their service."

To this remark Donna Rodriguez, who was present, replied, "My lady dutchefs has duennas in her service, who might have been countesses, had it pleased fortune; but, the law's measure is the king's pleasure: and let no body speak disrespectfully of duennas, especially of those who are ancient and maidens; for, although I am not of that class, I can easily perceive and comprehend the advantage a maiden duenna has over one that is a widow: and he that undertakes to shear us, will have no easy task to perform." "And yet for all that, replied Sancho, if my barber's word may be taken, you duennas require so much to be shorn that— You had better not stir the porridge tho' it stick to the pot." "The squires are always our enemies, answered Donna Rodriguez: they are imps of the antichamber, who are every minute making a jest of us; and except when they are at prayers, which is not often the case, their whole time is spent in back-biting, disinterring our bones and interring our reputation. But, let me tell those moving blocks, that in spite of all they can do, we will live in the world, ay, in noble families, tho' we should die of hunger, and cloath

\* *Faldas*, in Spanish, signifies skirts.

our delicate or indelicate bodies with a black shroud, as they cover or shade a dunghill with tapestry, on a day of procession. In good faith! if I were allowed, and the time required it, I could demonstrate not only to those who are now present, but likewise to the whole world, that there is no kind of virtue which does not center in a duenna." "I believe there is reason, and a great deal of reason, in what the worthy Donna Rodriguez observes, said the dutchess; but, she must wait for a proper opportunity to appear in behalf of herself and other duennas, and confute the ill opinion of that malicious apothecary, as well as to eradicate those sentiments from the breast of the mighty Sancho Panza." To this remark the squire replied: "Since the fumes of a governor have expelled the vapours of a squire, I value not all the duennas upon earth a fig's end."

They would have proceeded with this duennian conference, had not they heard again the sound of the fife and drums, which announced the entrance of the afflicted duenna. The dutchess asked the duke, if it would be proper to advance and receive her, as she was a countess and person of quality. "With regard to her being a countess, (said Sancho, before the duke could reply) it would be right for your graces to go and receive her; but, in respect to her being a duenna, I think you should not move a step." "Who taught thee to interfere in such matters?" said Don Quixote. "Who, signor? replied Sancho, I interfere, because I am qualified to interfere, as a squire who has learned all the punctilios of courtesy in the school of your worship, who is the most courteous and best bred knight that ever the province of courtesy produced; and in these matters, as I have heard your worship observe, the game is as often lost by a card too many as one too few; but, a word to the wise is sufficient." "It is even so as Sancho has remarked, said the duke, let us first see a specimen of the countess, and from that sample consider what courtesy she deserves."

At that instant the fifer and drummers entered as before: and here the author concludes this short chapter, in order to begin another with the sequel of the same adventure, which is among the most remarkable of the whole history.

## C H A P. VI.

In which is recounted the misfortune of the afflicted duenna.

**I**N the rear of those melancholy musicians, about a dozen damsels, divided into two files, began to enter the garden, clad in loose mourning-gowns, seemingly of milled stuff, with white veils of fine muslin, so long that nothing but the borders of the gowns were seen. After these came the countess Trifaldi, led by her squire Trifaldin of the snowy beard, and cloathed in a robe of the finest black serge, which, had it been napped, would have displayed grains as large as the best Martos\* garavances. The tail or skirt, or whatsoever it is called, was divided into three parts, supported by three pages, who were likewise in mourning, making a remarkable mathematical figure, with the three acute angles formed by the three divisions, a circumstance from which all who saw this divided train, concluded that from hence she was called the countess Trifaldi, as if we should say the countess of three skirts; and this is what Benengeli affirms for truth, observing that her proper appellation was the countess de Wolf, because her country produced a great number of those animals, and if it had been famous for foxes, she would have been called my lady Fox; for, it is the custom in those countries, for people of fashion to take their denomination from the thing or things with which their estates chiefly abound; but, this countess, in order to favour the fashion of her train, laid aside the name of Wolf, and assumed that of Trifaldi.

The twelve duennas and their lady advanced at a procession-pace, their faces covered with black veils, tho' not transparent like that of the squire Trifaldin; on the contrary, they were so close that nothing appeared through them. When the whole duennian squadron appeared, the duke and dutchess, Don Quixote, and all those who beheld the procession, stood up; and the twelve duennas halting, made a lane through which the afflicted lady advanced, without quitting the hand of Trifaldin, while their graces and Don Quixote went forwards about a dozen steps, to receive her: then she kneeled upon the ground, and with a voice that was coarse and rough, rather than smooth and delicate, pronounced this address: "I beg your graces will be pleased to wave all this courtesy to your humble † varlet—I mean your handmaid—Indeed, I am so overwhelmed

\* A kind of pea that grows at Martos, a town in the province of Andalusia.

† This blunder is much more natural in the Spanish, *Criado* for *Criada*; but, as in the English language,

whelmed with affliction, that I can hardly return a rational answer; for my strange and unheard-of misfortune hath hurried away my understanding, I know not whither, tho' it must be at a great distance, because the more I seek, the farther I am from finding it." "He must be deprived of it altogether, my lady countess, answered the duke, who could not discover your worth from the appearance of your person, which, without further inquiry, is deserving of the whole cream of courtesy, and the very essence of polite ceremony."

So saying, he presented his hand, and raising her up, seated her in a chair close by the dutchess, who likewise received her with great respect. Don Quixote was silent, and Sancho ready to burst with curiosity, to see the faces of the countess Trifaldi and some of her duennas; but, he could not possibly gratify his desire until they unveiled themselves, of their own free will and motion. Every body was hushed, expecting who would put an end to the general silence, which the afflicted countess broke in these words, "Confident I am, O powerful lord, most beautiful lady, and most sagacious bystanders, that my most wretchedness will find a reception equally placid, generous and dolorous, within your valorous bosoms; for, such it is, as were enough to soften marble, melt the diamond, and mollify the steel of the most obdurate heart; but, before it appears in the parade of your hearing, not to say your ears, I would I were certified, whether or not the perfectionatissimo knight Don Quixote de la Manchissima, and his squirissimo Panza, are in this groupe, circle or assembly." Before any other person could reply, "Panza, cried Sancho, is here, and likewise Don Quixotissimo; and therefore most dolorous duennissima, you may say what you think properissimo; for, we are all ready and promptissimos to be your servan-tissimos." Then Don Quixote, rising and addressing himself to the afflicted duenna, "If your misfortunes, distressed lady, said he, can derive any remedy or redress, from the valour or strength of any knight-errant, here are mine, which, tho' feeble and defective, shall be wholly exerted in your behalf. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose office it is to assist the necessitous of all degrees; and, this being the case, as it really is, you have no occasion, madam, to bespeak benevolence, and seek after preambles; but, only to rehearse your misfortunes plainly and without circumlocution, and they shall be heard by those who, tho' perhaps unable to redress, will at least condole them."

guage, the gender is not distinguished by the termination, I have been obliged to substitute the words *variet* and *handmaid*. *Varlet* were the servants of yeomen, tho' formerly squires were known by that appellation.

The afflicted duenna hearing this declaration, attempted to throw herself at the feet of Don Quixote, nay even executed the attempt, and struggling to embrace them exclaimed, "O invincible knight! I prostrate myself before these feet and legs, which are the bases and supporters of knight-errantry: suffer me to kiss these feet on whose footsteps the cure of my misfortune solely depends. O valiant errant! whose real exploits outstrip and obscure the fabulous feats of all the Amadisés, Belianisés and Esplandians——"

Then turning from the knight, and seizing Sancho by the hand, "And O! said she, thou loyalest squire that every served knight-errant, in the past or present age, whose virtue exceeds in length the beard of this my domestic Trifaldin, well mayest thou boast that, in attending the great Don Quixote, thou dost attend in epitome the whole tribe of knights that ever handled arms on this terrestrial ball. I conjure thee; by thy own most faithful benevolence, to be my intercessor with thy master, that he may favour me, the most humble and unfortunate countess that ever was born."

To this address Sancho replied, "Whether my virtue, my lady, be as long and broad as your squire's beard, is of very little signification; so that my soul be bearded and whiskered when it leaves this life, which is the main point, I care little or nothing for beards here below. But, without all this coaxing and begging, I will desire my master, who, I believe, has a respect for me, especially now that I am become necessary in a certain affair, to favour and assist your ladyship to the utmost of his power: your ladyship may therefore unpack and recount your griefs, that all of us may understand the nature of your misfortune."

The duke and dutchess were ready to burst with laughing at this dialogue; for, they knew the drift of the adventure, and were extremely well pleased with the acuteness and dissimulation of the countess Trifaldi, who seating herself again, began her story in these words:

"Of the famous kingdom of Candaya, situated between the great Trapobana and the South Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, Donna Maguncia was queen, as widow of king Archipiela her lord and husband, in which marriage they begat and procreated the infanta Antonomasia, heiress of the crown, which said infanta Antonomasia was bred and brought up under my care and instruction; for, I was her mother's most ancient and principal duenna. And it came to pass, in process of time, that the young Antonomasia attained the age of fourteen, with such perfection of beauty as nature could not exceed. Nay, we may even say that discretion itself was but a girl, compared to her who was equally discreet  
and



and beautiful, and surely she was the most beautiful creature upon earth, and is so still, if the invidious fates and hard-hearted sisters have not cut short the yarn of her life; but, surely they have not, for, heaven would not permit such mischief to be done on earth, as to tear the green cluster from the most beautiful vine that ever soil produced. Of this beauty, which my coarse tongue can never extol, an infinite number of noblemen, natives as well as strangers, became enamoured; and, among these, a private knight belonging to the court had the presumption to raise his thoughts to the heaven of such perfection, confiding in his youth, his gallantry, his various talents and accomplishments, and the facility and felicity of his wit; for, I must tell your graces, if you are not offended at the subject, that he touched the guitarre so nicely as to make it speak; besides, he was a poet, a great dancer, and could make bird-cages so curiously, that he might have earned his bread by that employment, had he been reduced to want. Such a number of natural gifts and qualifications was enough to overthrow a mountain, much more a delicate young maiden; but, all his gaiety and gallantry, his gifts and graces, would have availed little or nothing against the fortress of my charge, if the treacherous ruffian had not practised means to reduce me first. The base robber, and lewd vagabond, began by cultivating my good-will, and corrupting my taste; that, like a disloyal governor, I might deliver up the keys of the fort which I guarded. In a word, he flattered my understanding, and obtained my consent, by presenting me with some jewels and trinkets; but, what chiefly contributed to lay me on my back, were some couplets which I heard him sing one night, while I stood at a rail that looked into an alley where he was, and which, to the best of my remembrance, were to this effect.

A thousand shafts from my sweet foe,  
Are launched unerring to my heart,  
Yet must I not reveal the smart;  
And silence aggravates my woe!

I thought the turn of the rhyme was as smooth as pearls, and his voice as sweet as sugar-candy; and, since that time, seeing the mischief that hath befallen me, thro' these and other such verses, I have often thought, that wife and well regulated commonwealths ought to expel the poets, according to the advice of Plato; at least your lascivious writers who compose couplets, not like those of the marquis of Mantua, that entertain and draw tears from women and children; but, your pointed conceits,  
which

which like agreeable thorns, prick as it were, the very soul, and wound like lightning, leaving the garment whole and untouched. Another time, he sung the following stanza:

Come, gentle death, so soft and sly,  
That thy approach I may not see;  
Lest I rejoice to such degree,  
That I shall not have pow'r to die.

And other tags and couplets of the same kidney, which when written, confound, and when chanted, inchant; for, when they condescend to compose a sort of verse in fashion at Candaya, called roundelays, they produce a kind of palpitation in the soul, a titillation of good humour, an agitation in the nerves, and finally, a tremulous motion, like that of quicksilver, in all the senses. Therefore, I repeat it to this honourable company, that such dangerous rhymers ought to be banished to the isle of Lizzards: yet, they are not so much to blame, as the simple wretches who applaud, and the boobies who believe them: and if I had adhered to the duty of a good duenna, I should not have been moved by his serenading concerts, nor believed the truth of these expressions: "In death I live; in frost I burn; in fire I shiver; in despair I hope; tho' I depart I still remain;" and other impossibilities of the same strain, with which their works abound. And when they promise the phoenix of Arabia, the crown of Arcadia, the locks of Apollo, the pearls of the South Sea, the gold of Tyber, and the balsam of Pancaya, they give the greatest latitude to their pens; for, it costs them but a small matter to promise what they have neither inclination nor ability to perform. But, woe is me! ah, wretched creature! whither am I straying? What madness or despair thus hurries and prompts me to rehearse the faults of other people? me who have so much to say of my own infirmities. Woe is me again, unhappy woman! Not by his verses, but my own simplicity, was I vanquished: It was not his music that softened me; but, my own levity, inadvertency and ignorance, opened the way, and cleared the path, for the passage of Don Clavijo, which is the name of the said knight: and therefore, I being the go-between, he was once, and often admitted into the chamber of the (by me, and not by him) misled Antonomafia, under the title of her lawful spouse; for, sinner as I am, without being her husband, he should not have come near enough to touch the sole of her slipper. No, no, marriage must go before in every business of that kind, where I am concerned: the only misfortune in this affair, was the inequality

quality between Clavijo, who was but a private knight, and the infanta Antonomasia, who, as I have already said, was heiress of the kingdom. For some time, the plot was covered and concealed in the sagacity of my circumspection, until I perceived a small protuberance daily increasing in the belly of my Antonomasia, whose fears obliged us to lay our three heads together; and the result of our consultation was, that before the misfortune should come to light, Clavijo should demand Antonomasia in marriage, before the vicar-general, by virtue of a contract signed by the infanta, which was indited by my ingenuity, in such strength of terms as Samson himself could not break. The scheme was accordingly executed; the vicar perused the contract, and confessed the princess, who owned the whole affair, and was committed to the care of a very honourable alguazil of the court."

Here Sancho interposing, "So then, said he, there are alguazils of the court, poets and roundelays in Candaya, as well as in Spain? I swear, I think the world is every where the same! but, I beg your ladyship, madam Trifaldi, would dispatch; for, it grows late, and I die with impatience to know the end of this long-winded story." "I will comply with your request," answered the countess.

## C H A P. VII.

In which the lady Trifaldi proceeds with her memorable and stupend'ous story.

EVERY word that Sancho uttered gave as much pleasure to the dutchess as pain to Don Quixote, who having imposed silence on the squire, the afflicted duenna thus proceeded: "At length, after innumerable questions and replies, as the infanta continued still in her story without variation, the vicar pronounced sentence in favour of Don Clavijo, whom he declared her lawful husband; a circumstance that so deeply affected queen Maguncia, mother to the infanta Antonomasia, that we buried her in three days." "Not before she was dead, I hope," said Sancho. "No certainly, replied Trifaldin; for, in Candaya, people do not bury the living, but the dead." "And yet, signor squire, said Sancho, we have seen a person in a swoon buried for dead: and, in my opinion, queen Maguncia ought to have swooned before she died; for, while there is life there is hope; and, the infanta's slip was not so great as to oblige her to take on so much. Had the young lady buckled with her own page, or  
any

any other servant of the family, as I have heard many others have done, the mischief would not have been easily repaired; but, to marry such a genteel, accomplished knight as the countess hath described;—verily, verily, although it was indiscreet, the indiscretion was not so great as people may imagine: for, according to the maxims of my master who is here present, and will not suffer me to tell a lie, as learned men are created bishops, so may knights, especially knights-errant, be created kings and emperors.” “Thou art in the right, Sancho, said Don Quixote; for, a knight-errant with two fingers-breadth of good fortune, is the very next in promotion to the greatest lord in the universe: but, pray, afflicted lady, proceed; for, I guess the bitter part of this hitherto agreeable story is still to come.” “How! the bitter part to come? replied the countess: ay, and so bitter, that in comparison with it, gall and wormwood are sweet and favoury.”

“Well then, the queen being really dead, and not in a swoon, was buried; but, scarce was she covered with the mould, and scarce had we pronounced the long and last farewell, when, “*Quis talia fando, temperet a lachrymis?*” all of a sudden, above the tomb, appeared upon a wooden-horse the giant Malambruno, Maguncia’s first cousin, who, exclusive of his cruel disposition, was an inchanter, and by his diabolical art, in order to revenge his relation’s death, and chastise the presumption of Don Clavijo, together with the folly of Antonomafia, fixed them both enchanted on Maguncia’s tomb, after having converted her into a monkey of brass, and him into a frightful crocodile of some unknown substance: between them is a plate of metal, displaying an inscription in the Syrian language, which being translated into the Candayan, and afterwards into the Castilian tongue, contains this sentence: “These two presumptuous lovers will not recover their pristine form until the valorous Manchegan shall engage with me in single combat: for his stupend’ous valour alone, the fates have reserved this unseen adventure.” This metamorphosis being effected, he unsheathed a vast unmeasurable scymitar, and twisting his left hand in my hair, threatened to slit my windpipe and slice off my head. I was confounded, my voice stuck in my throat, and I remained in an agony of fear: nevertheless, I made one effort, and in a faltering accent and plaintive tone, uttered such a pathetic remonstrance as induced him to suspend the execution of his rigorous revenge. In fine, he ordered all the duennas of the palace (there they are) to be brought into his presence, when, after having exaggerated our fault, reviled the disposition of duennas, their wicked schemes and contrivances, and accused them all of the crime of which I alone was guilty, he said he would not  
punish

punish us with instant death, but with a more tedious penalty, by which we should suffer a civil and continued death. He had no sooner done speaking, than that very moment and instant, we all felt the pores of our faces open, and the whole surface tingle as if pricked with the points of needles: then clapping our hands to the part, every one found her visage in the condition which you shall now behold."

So saying, the afflicted duenna and her companions, lifting up their veils, disclosed so many faces overgrown with huge beards, red, black, white and party-coloured; at sight of which, the duke and dutches were amazed, Don Quixote and Sancho confounded, and all present overwhelmed with astonishment: as for the countess, she pursued her story in these words:

"In this manner were we punished by the felonious and ill-designing Malambruno, who covered the smoothness and delicacy of our faces with the roughness of these bristles; and would to heaven he had rather struck off our heads with his unmeasurable scymitar, than obscured the light of our countenances with this frightful bush: for, if this honourable company will but consider, and in speaking what I am now going to say, I wish I could turn my eyes into fountains; but, the consideration of our misfortune, and the oceans they have already rained, have drained them as dry as beards of corn; and therefore, I must speak without tears. I say then, whither can a duenna go with a beard upon her chin? What father or mother will condole her disgrace? or, who will give her the least assistance? for if, when her face is smoothed and martyred by a thousand cosmetic flops and washes, she can scarce find one who will favour her with affection; what must she do when her face becomes a perfect coppice of brushwood? O ye wretched duennas! my companions dear! in an unlucky minute did we see the light, and in an hapless hour were we engendred by our fathers!"

So saying, she pretended to faint away.

## C H A P. VIII.

Of circumstances appertaining and relating to this adventure and memorable story.

VERILY, and in good truth! all those who take pleasure in reading such histories, ought to manifest their gratitude to its first author Cid Hamet, for his curiosity in recounting the most trivial incident, without neglecting to bring to light the least circumstance, how minute soever it may be. He describes the thought, discloses the fancy, answers the silent, explains doubts, discusses arguments; and finally displays the very atoms of the most curious disposition. O celebrated author! O happy Don Quixote! O renowned Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho Panza! may you flourish conjunctly and severally to the end of time, for the entertainment and pastime of mankind in general!

The history relates, that Sancho seeing the Afflicted faint away, "Now, by the faith of man! cried he, and by the pedigree of all the Panzas my forefathers! never did I hear or see, nor did my master ever recount, or indeed conceive such an adventure as this. A legion of devils confound thee for a giant and inchanter, accursed Malambruno! could'st thou find no other method to punish these sinners, but by clapping beards to them? Would not it have been better, at least it would have been more for their advantage, to cut off half of their noses, even tho' they should snuffle in their speech, than to encumber them with beards? I'd lay a wager too, they have not wherewithal to pay a barber." "What you say, is very true, replied one of the dozen: we have not wherewithal to be trimmed; and therefore some of us, by way of œconomy, make use of sticking plaister, which being applied to our faces and plucked off with a jerk, leave us as sleek and smooth as the bottom of a marble mortar: for, although there are women in Candaya who go from house to house, taking off the hair, arching the eyebrows, and composing slippers for the uses of the fair-sex, we who belonged to her ladyship would never admit them into the family, because, for the most part, they are persons who having ceased to be principals, exercise the occupation of procurefs; and therefore, if we are not redressed by signor Don Quixote, we must e'en carry our beards to the grave." "If I do not redress your whiskers, cried the knight, I will leave mine among the Moors."

Here the countess Trifaldi recovering, "Valiant knight, said she, the tingling of that promise reached mine ears while I lay in a swoon, and  
hath

hath been the cause of my recovering and retrieving the use of all my senses: therefore, renowned errant and invincible knight, I again intreat you, to put your gracious promise in execution." "In me there shall be no delay, replied Don Quixote: consider then, my lady, and tell me what I am to do: my mind is perfectly disposed for your service." "The case is this, then, answered the afflicted duenna, from hence to the kingdom of Candaya, if you go by land, you must travel five thousand leagues, it may be one or two more or less; but, if you go through the air in a right line, you measure no more than three thousand two hundred and twenty seven. You must likewise know, Malumbruno told me, that whenever fortune should furnish me with our deliverer, he would send him a steed that should be much better, and less vitious, than any of your return post-horses, as being the very individual wooden-horse upon which the valiant Peter carried off the fair Magalona: he is governed by a peg in his forehead that serves instead of a bridle, and he flies so swiftly through the air, that one would think he was transported by all the devils in hell. This steed, according to ancient tradition, was contrived by the sage Merlin, and he lent him to his friend Peter, who by means of such conveyance, performed incredible journeys, and stole, as I have observed, the fair Magalona who sat behind him, and was transported through the air, to the astonishment of all those who gaped after her from the earth. Yet he would lend him to none but his particular favourites, or such as would pay him a handsome price; and, we do not know, that he was ever mounted, from the days of the great Peter to the present time. Malambruno, by dint of art, has got and keeps him in his possession, making use of him in his journeys, which he performs in an instant, from one part of the world to another; now here, to-morrow in France, and next day in Peru: and, there is one great advantage in this horse; he neither eats nor sleeps, nor costs any thing in shoeing, and ambles through the air without wings, in such a manner, that his rider may hold a cup full of water in his hand, without spilling a single drop, his motion is so smooth and easy: for which reason, the fair Magalona delighted much in taking the air upon his back."

"As for his going smooth and easy, said Sancho, there is my Dapple, whom (tho' he does not go through the air, but along the ground) I will match against all the amblers that ever the earth produced." All the company laughed at this observation, and the afflicted duenna proceeded: "Now, this horse, if Malambruno is actually disposed to put an end to our misfortune, will be here in less than half an hour after it is dark: for, he told me, the signal by which I should be certain of having found

the knight I was in quest of, would be his sending the horse thither with all convenient dispatch." "And, pray, said Sancho, how many persons will this horse carry?" "Two, replied the Afflicted; one upon the saddle, and the other on the crupper, and these are commonly the knight and his squire, when there is no damsel to be stolen." "I should be glad to know, afflicted madam, resumed the squire, what is the name of that same horse?" "His name, answered the Afflicted, is not like that of Bellerophon's horse, which was called Pegasus, nor does it resemble that which distinguished the steed of Alexander the great, Bucephalus; nor that of Orlando Furioso, whose appellation was Brilladoro; nor Bayarte, which belonged to Reynaldos de Montalvan; nor Frontino, that appertained to Rugero; nor Bootes nor Peritoa, the horses of the sun; nor is he called Orelia, like that steed upon which the unfortunate Rodrigo, last king of the Goths, engaged in that battle where he lost his crown and life." "I will lay a wager, cried Sancho, that as he is not distinguished by any of those famous names of horses so well known, so neither have they given him the name of my master's horse Rozinante; a name which, in propriety, exceeds all those that have been named." "Very true, replied the bearded countess: nevertheless, it fits him very well; for, he is called \* Clavileno Aligero, an appellation that suits exactly with his wooden substance, the peg in his forehead, and the swiftness with which he travels; so that for his name, he may be brought in competition, even with the famous Rozinante." "The name pleases me well enough, said Sancho; but, what sort of bridle or halter must be used in managing him?" I have already told you, answered Trifaldi, that by turning the peg, the knight who rides, can make him travel just as he pleases, either mounting through the air, or else sweeping, and as it were brushing the surface of the earth; or, lastly, sailing through the middle region, which is the course to be sought after and pursued, in all well concerted enterprizes."

"I should be glad to see this same beast, replied the squire; but, to think that I will mount him, either in the saddle or on the crupper, is all the same thing as to look for pears upon an elm. A fine joke, i'faith! I can scarce keep the back of my own Dapple, tho' sitting upon a pannel as soft as fatten, and they would now have me get upon a crupper of board without either pillow or cushion. By the lord! I have no intention to bruise myself, in order to take off the beard of any person whatsoever: let every beard be shaved according to the owner's fancy; for my own part, I have no notion of accompanying my master in such a long and tedious journey: for, surely I have no concern in the shaving of beards,

\* Or in English, *Wooden Peg the winged.*

whatever



whatever I may have in the disinchantment of Dulcinea." "Indeed, you have, my friend, answered Trifaldi, ay, and so much, that without your presence I believe we shall do no good." "In the king's name! cried Sancho, what have squires to do with the adventures of their masters? What! are they to run away with all the reputation, and we to undergo all the trouble? Body o' me! would your historians but mention, that such a knight atchieved such and such an adventure, with the assistance of his squire what-d'ye-callum, without whom he could not possibly have finished the exploit; but, they drily relate, as how Don Paralipomenon, of the three stars, finished the adventure of the six goblins, without even naming the squire who was present all the time, no more than if there was not such a person in the world: I therefore say again to this honourable company, that my master may go by himself, and good luck attend him; but, for my own part, I will stay where I am, and keep my lady dutchess's company: and peradventure, at his return, he may find my lady Dulcinea's business well forwarded; for, I intend, at my idle and leisure hours, to whip myself to such a tune, that not a single hair shall stand before me."

"But, for all that, said the dutchess, honest Sancho, you must attend him, should there be occasion; for, you will be solicited by the righteous; and surely it would be a great pity, that the faces of these gentlewomen should continue overshadowed with hair, merely from your needless apprehension." "I say again, in the king's name! cried Sancho, if this charity should be of any benefit to release maidens, or parish-children, a man might venture to undergo some trouble; but, to take such pains in order to rid duennas of their beards! a plague upon the whole generation! I had rather see them all bearded from the highest to the lowest, tag, rag, and bobtail." "Friend Sancho, said the dutchess, you are on bad terms with duennas, and very much infected with the opinion of that apothecary of Toledo; but, in good sooth, you are very much in the wrong: there are duennas in my house, who might serve as patterns of virtue; and, here stands Donna Rodriguez, who would not suffer me to say otherwise." "Your excellency may say what you please, answered Rodriguez; but, God knows the truth of all things, and good or bad, bearded or smooth, we duennas were born of our mothers, as well as other women; since, therefore, God sent us into the world, he knows for what, and in his mercy do I put my trust, and not in the beard of any person whatsoever——"

"'Tis very well, signora Rodriguez, madam Trifaldi, and you ladies of her company, said Don Quixote; heaven, I hope, will look upon your misfortunes:

misfortunes with propitious eyes, and Sancho will chearfully obey my orders: let Clavileno come, so as that I may once see myself engaged with Malambruno, and confident I am, that no razor can shave your ladyships with more facility than my sword should find in shaving the giant's head from his shoulders: for, tho' God permits the wicked to prosper, it is but for a time." The afflicted duenna hearing this declaration, exclaimed, "Now may all the stars of the celestial regions shed their benign influence upon your worship, most valiant knight, infusing courage into your soul, and crowning your atchievements with prosperity, that you may be the shield and support of this our slighted and depressed duennian order, abominated by apothecaries, grumbled at by squires, and jeered by pages! now, ill betide the wretch who, in the flower of her youth, would not rather take the veil than become a duenna. Unfortunate duennas that we are! for, tho' we may be descended in a direct male line from Hector of Troy, our ladies will not fail to throw Thou in our teeth, even if they thought they should be crowned for it. O thou giant Malambruno, who, tho' an inchanter, art always punctual in thy promises, send hither the peerless Clavileno, that our disaster may be done away; for, if our beards continue until the dogdays begin, woe be unto us!"

Trifaldi pronounced these words in such a pathetic strain, as brought tears from the eyes of all the bystanders, and even filled Sancho's to the brim; so that he resolved in his heart, to accompany his master to the utmost limits of the earth, provided his attendance should be necessary towards shearing the wool of those venerable countenances.

C H A P.

## C H A P. IX.

Of Clavileno's arrival, and the conclusion of this protracted adventure.

**M**EAN while, night came on, and along with it the time fixed for the arrival of the famous steed Clavileno, whose delay began already to afflict Don Quixote; for, he looked upon the detention of the horse, as a sign that he himself was not the knight for whom the adventure was reserved, or that Malambruno was afraid to engage with him in single combat. But, lo, all of a sudden, four savages, clad in green ivy, entered the garden, bearing on their backs a great wooden horse, which being placed on the ground, one of the number pronounced, "Let him who has courage, mount this machine." "For my own part, said Sancho, I do not mount; for, neither have I courage, nor am I a knight." But, the savage proceeded, saying, "Let the squire, if he has one, occupy the crupper; and, he may confide in the valiant Malambruno; for, except the sword of that giant, no other steel or malice shall offend him; and, the knight has no more to do, but to turn this peg upon his neck, and he will carry them through the air to the place where Malambruno waits for their arrival: but, lest the height and sublimity of the road should turn their heads, their eyes must be covered until such time as the horse shall neigh; for, that will be the signal of their having performed the journey." This intimation being given, they left the horse, and retired to the place from whence they came, with great solemnity.

The afflicted duenna no sooner beheld the steed, than addressing herself to Don Quixote, with tears in her eyes, "Valiant knight, said she, Malambruno's promise is made good: here stands the horse, our beards are still growing, and each of us, nay every hair upon our chins, supplicate thee to shave and shear them, since there is nothing else required but to mount with thy squire, and happily begin your journey." "That will I do, my lady countess Trifaldi, replied Don Quixote, with good will, and hearty inclination; nor will I delay the expedition, by spending time in furnishing myself with a cushion, or even in putting on my spurs, so impatient I am to see your ladyship and those duennas quite smooth and shaven." "That will not I do, cried Sancho, neither with hearty nor heartless inclination, nor in any manner of way; and if the shaving cannot be performed without my mounting upon the crupper, my master must look for another squire to attend him, and these ladies must find another method for smoothing their faces; for, I am no wizzard, to take delight  
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in flying through the air : and pray, what would my islanders say, should they know that their governor was riding upon the wind? moreover, it being three thousand and so many more leagues from hence to Candaya, should the horse be tired, or the giant out of humour, we may spend half a dozen years in returning; and by that time, the devil an island or islander in the whole world will know my face. It is a common saying, that Delay breeds danger; and, When the heifer you receive, have a halter in your sleeve. The beards of these ladies must therefore excuse me : I know St. Peter is well at Rome; my meaning is, I find myself very well in this mansion, where I am treated with such respect, and from the master of which I expect so great a favour as that of being made a governor." To this remonstrance the duke replied, " Friend Sancho, the island I have promised is neither floating nor fugitive, but its roots are so deeply fixed in the bowels of the earth, that three good pulls will not remove or tear it away; and, as you are sensible, I know there is no kind of office of any importance that is not obtained by some sort of bribe, more or less, the present I expect for the government is, that you will attend your master Don Quixote, in crowning and accomplishing this memorable adventure; and, whether you return upon Clavileno with that dispatch which his speed seems to promise; or, by the cruelty of adverse fortune, you come back in the habit of a pilgrim, begging on foot, from house to house, and from one inn to another, you shall nevertheless, at your return find your island where you left it, and your islanders actuated by the same desire of receiving you as their governor, which they have always indulged : and, as for my inclination it can never change; for, to entertain the least doubt of my sincerity, signor Sancho, would be a notorious injury to the attachment I feel for your service." " Enough, my lord, cried Sancho: I am a poor squire, and cannot bear such a load of courtesy: let my master mount, and my eyes be covered; recommend me to God; and, let me know whether, while we travel through those altitudes, I may call upon the name of the lord, or implore the protection of his angels." To this interrogation the countess replied, " You may recommend yourself to God, or to whom you will; for, Malambruno, tho' an inchanter, is nevertheless a christian, and performs his enchantments with great sagacity and caution, nor does he intermeddle in any person's affairs." " Well then, cried Sancho, God, and the most holy trinity of Gaeta, be my guide and protection!" " Since the memorable adventure of the pulling-mills, said Don Quixote, I have never seen Sancho so infected with fear, as upon this occasion; and, if I were as much addicted to superstition as some people are, his pusillanimity would produce some  
compunction

compunction in my soul : but, come hither, Sancho ; for, with the permission of that noble pair, I would speak two words with you in private."

Then taking his squire aside into a tuft of trees, and grasping both his hands, " You see, brother Sancho, said he, the long journey that awaits us ; and God knows when we shall return, and what leisure or convenience our business may allow ; I therefore beg thou wilt now retire to thy apartment, on pretence of fetching some necessaries for the road, and, in the twinkling of a straw, inflict upon thyself some five hundred of those three thousand three hundred lashes for which thou art engaged, and they shall stand good in the account ; for, when a thing is once begun, it is almost as good as half finished." " Before God ! cried Sancho, your worship must be out of your senses ; this is just as they say. You see me in a hurry, and ask me to marry. Now, when I am going to ride upon a wooden crupper, would your worship have me afflict my posteriors ? Verily, verily, your worship was never more out of the way : at present, let us proceed and shave those duennas, and at our return, I promise to your worship on the faith of my character, to quit my score with such dispatch that your worship shall be satisfied ; and I'll say no more." " Well then, answered the knight, I will console myself, honest Sancho, with that promise, which I really believe thou wilt perform ; for, surely, tho' thy head be but green, thy heart is true blue." " Green, said Sancho ; my head is not green, but black ; but, even tho' it were pyebald, I would perform my promise."

After this short dialogue they returned, in order to take horse ; then, the knight addressing himself to the squire, " Sancho, said he, suffer yourself to be hoodwinked, and get up : he who sends for us from such distant regions, can have no intention to deceive us, because he could reap no glory from having deceived those who depended on his sincerity ; and, although the event may turn out contrary to my expectation, the glory of having undertaken such an exploit no malice whatsoever can impair." " Come then, signor, cried the squire, for, the beards and tears of those ladies are so imprinted in my heart, that I shall not swallow a mouthful to do me good, until I see them restored to their original smoothness. Get up, signor, and hoodwink yourself first ; for, if the crupper is to be my seat, it is plain that you must mount first into the saddle." " You are in the right," replied Don Quixote ; who, pulling an handkerchief from his pocket, desired the afflicted duenna to fasten it round his eyes, which, however, were no sooner covered than he took off the bandage,

saying, "If I remember aright, I have read in Virgil, of the Trojan Palladium, a wooden horse offered to the goddess Pallas, the bowels of which horse were filled with armed men, who afterwards occasioned the total destruction of Troy; and, therefore, it will not be amiss, first of all, to examine the belly of Clavileno." "There is no occasion, said the afflicted duenna; for, I am certain that Malambruno has neither treachery nor malice in his heart: your worship, signor Don Quixote, may therefore mount, without the least apprehension, and if any mischief befall you, lay it at my door." The knight reflecting that any hesitation about his personal safety would be a disparagement to his valour, mounted Clavileno without further altercation, and tried the peg, which turned with ease; and, his legs hanging down at full length, for want of stirrups he looked like a figure in some Roman triumph, painted or wrought in Flemish tapestry.

Then Sancho, very slowly, and much against his will, crept up behind, and seating himself as well as he could upon the crupper, found it so hard and uneasy, that he begged the duke would order him to be accommodated with some cushion or pillow, tho' it should be taken from my lady dutchess's sofa, or some page's bed; for, the crupper of that horse seemed to be made of marble rather than of wood.

Here Trifaldi interposing, assured him that Clavileno would bear no kind of furniture or ornament; but, said he might sit sideways like a woman, in which attitude he would not be so sensible of the hardness. Sancho took her advice, and saying Adieu, allowed his eyes to be covered; but, afterwards pulling up the bandage, and looking ruefully at all the people in the garden, he with tears in his eyes, besought them to assist him in that extremity with a brace of paternosters, and as many ave marias, as God should provide somebody to do as much for them in like time of need."

Don Quixote hearing this apostrophe, "How now, miscreant! said he, are you brought to the gallows, or in the last agonies of death, that you make use of such intreaties? Dispirited and cowardly creature! art not thou seated in the very same place which was occupied by the fair Magalona, and from which she descended, not to her grave, but, to the crown of France, if history speaks truth? And I, who sit by thy side, surely may vie with valiant Peter, who pressed the self same back now pressed by me. Shroud, shroud thine eyes, thou animal without a soul, and let not those symptoms of fear escape thy lips, at least in my presence." "Hoodwink me then, answered Sancho, and since I must neither recommend

mend myself, nor be recommended, to the protection of God, what wonder is it, if I am afraid we shall meet with some legion of devils who will treat us according to the \* Peralvillo law ?”

Their eyes being covered, Don Quixote adjusted himself in his seat, and turned the peg; and, scarce had his finger touched this rudder, when the whole bevy of duennas, and all that were present, raised their voices, crying, “Heaven be thy guide, valorous knight! God be thy protection, intrepid squire! Now, now, you rise and cut the liquid sky more swiftly than an arrow! now, you begin to astonish and confound all those who gaze upon you from this earthly spot! Hold fast, valiant Sancho, for, we see thee totter; beware of falling: to fall from such an height would be more fatal than the fall of that aspiring youth whose ambition prompted him to drive the chariot of the sun his father.”

Sancho hearing this exclamation, crept closer to his master, and hugging him fast in his arms, “Signor, said he, how can we be so high as those people say we are, seeing we can hear them speak as well as if we were within a few yards of them?” “You must not mind that circumstance, answered the knight; for, these incidents and flights being altogether out of the ordinary course of things, you may hear and see what you please, at the distance of a thousand leagues: but, do not squeeze me so hard, lest I tumble from my seat. I really cannot imagine what it is that disturbs and affrights thee; for, I swear, in all the days of my life, I never bestrid a horse of a more easy pace: indeed, he goes so smoothly that I can hardly feel him move. Dispel thy fear, my friend; for, truly the business goes on swimmingly, and we sail right afore the wind.” “You are certainly in the right, answered Sancho; for, on this side, there blows as fresh a gale as if I was fanned with a thousand pair of bellows——”

Nor was he much mistaken in his conjecture; for, the wind that blew was actually produced by one of those machines: so well had the adventure been contrived by the duke and dutchess, and their steward, that nought was wanting to render it complete. Then the knight feeling the same breeze, “Without doubt, said he, we must be arrived at the second region of the air, in which hail and snow are produced: meteors, thunder and lightening are ingenerated in the third region: if we continue to mount at this rate, we shall in a very little time reach the region of

\* Equivalent to Abington law; in consequence of which, a criminal is first executed and then tried. *Peralvillo* is a village near Ciudad real, in Castile, where the officers of the holy brotherhood execute robbers taken in *flagrante*, who require no trial. Hence the phrase *la justicia de Peralvillo, que ahorcado el hombre, le baze la Pejuisa*. Peralvillo law, which begins the process after the man is hanged.

fire ; and I know not how to manage this peg, so as to put a stop to our rising, and prevent our being scorched to a cinder."

In the midst of this conversation their faces were warmed with some tow that was kindled for the purpose, at the end of a long pole, and Sancho feeling the heat, "Let me perish! cried he, if we are not now come to that same habitation of fire; for, a great part of my beard is already singed; and, I am resolved to uncover my eyes, that I may see whereabouts we are." "By no means, answered the knight: remember the true story of the licentiate Toralva, who, being mounted on a cane, was conveyed thro' the air, with his eyes shut, by the devils: in twelve hours he arrived at Rome, and alighted on the tower of Nona, which is in one of the streets of that city, whence he beheld the whole tumult, assault, and death, of the constable of Bourbon; and, before morning he had returned to Madrid, where he gave an account of that transaction. He likewise affirmed, that while he travelled through the air, the devil bad him open his eyes, and he saw himself so near the body of the moon, that he thought he could have touched it with his hand; but, he durst not look towards the earth, lest his head should have turned giddy. Let us not, therefore, uncover our eyes, Sancho; he in whose charge we are will give a good account of us; and perhaps, we are now at the very point of our elevation, from whence we shall come soufe upon the kingdom of Candaya, as a saker or jerfaulcon darts down upon an heron with a force proportioned to his rise: and, although it seems to us no more than half an hour since we set out from the garden, you may depend upon it we have travelled an immense way." "As to that matter I am quite ignorant, said Sancho: this only I know, that if madam Magallanes or Magalona took pleasure in sitting upon this crupper, her flesh must not have been very tender."

All this dialogue of the two heroes was overheard by the duke and dutchess, and the rest of the company in the garden, to whom it afforded extraordinary entertainment: at length, desirous of finishing this strange and well concerted adventure, they set fire to Clavileno's tail with some lighted flax, and his belly being filled with squibs and crackers, he instantly blew up with a dreadful explosion, and Don Quixote, with his squire, came to the ground more than half singed. By this time the whole bearded squadron, with my lady Trifaldi, had vanished from the garden, and all the rest of the company were stretched upon the ground as in a trance. Don Quixote and Sancho getting on their feet, in a very indifferent condition, and looking all round, were astonished to find themselves in the same garden from which they took their flight, and to see such a number

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of people extended along the grass: but their admiration was still more increased, when at one corner of the garden they beheld a huge lance fixed in the ground, and tied to this lance, by two cords of green silk, a smooth, white skin of parchment, on which was the following inscription in large golden letters.

“ The renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, has finished and atchieved the adventure of the countess Trifaldi, alias the afflicted duenna, and her companions, solely by his having undertaken the enterprise.

Malambruno is wholly satisfied and appeased; the chins of the duennas are smooth and clean; their majesties Don Clavijo and Antonomafia are restored to their original form; and when the squirely flagellation shall be accomplished, the white dove will be delivered from the pestilential talons of her persecutors, and find herself within the arms of her beloved turtle; for, such is the decree of the sage Merlin, the prince and prototype of all enchanters.”

Don Quixote having read this scroll, at once comprehended the meaning, which related to the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and returning a thousand thanks to heaven for his success in having finished such a mighty exploit with so little danger, and reduced to their pristine form the faces of those venerable duennas who had disappeared, he went towards the place where the duke and dutchess still lay intranced, and pulling his grace by the arm, “Courage! courage, my noble lord, said he; all is over now; the adventure is finished, without damage to the barrier, as will plainly appear by the inscription of yonder scroll.”

The duke seemed to recover gradually, like one waking from a profound sleep; his example was followed by the dutchess, and all the rest who lay along the garden; and they exhibited such marks of fear and astonishment, that even almost to themselves, That seemed to have happened in earnest which they had so well acted in jest. The duke having read the inscription with his eyes half shut, ran with open arms to embrace Don Quixote, calling him the most worthy knight that any age had ever produced: while Sancho went looking about for the afflicted matron, to see if her beard was quite gone, and whether her face, without hair, was as beautiful as her gallant deportment seemed to promise. But he was told, that as Clavileno descended in a flame from the sky, the whole

whole Squadron of duennas, with Trifaldi at their head, had vanished, and their faces smack smooth as if they had been clean shaven.

Then the dutchefs asking, how it had fared with Sancho in his long journey; the squire replied, "As for me, my lady, I perceived, as my master told me, that we flew through the region of fire, and I felt a strong inclination to have a peep; but, my master would not consent, when I begged his permission to uncover my eyes: nevertheless, I, who have a sort of a chip of curiosity, and an eager desire to know what I am forbid to enquire about, fair and softly, without being perceived by any living soul, pulled down upon my nose the handkerchief that covered my eyes, and by these means had a glimpse of the earth, which seemed no bigger than a grain of mustard, and the men that walked upon it almost as little as hazle nuts; so you may guess how high we must have soared by that time."

To this asseveration the dutchefs answered, "Have a care, friend Sancho; from what you say, it appears that it could not be the earth, but the men walking upon it, whom you saw: for, if the earth appeared like a grain of mustard, and every man as big as a nut, it clearly follows that one man must have covered the whole earth." "Very true, said Sancho; but, for all that, I had a side view, by which I discovered the whole globe." "Take notice, Sancho, resumed the dutchefs, it is impossible to see the whole of any thing, by a side view." "I know nothing of views, replied the squire; this only I know, your ladyship ought to consider, that as we flew by enchantment, so might I, by enchantment, see the whole earth, and all the men upon it, in any sort of view whatsoever: and if your ladyship will not believe me in that, no more will you believe me when I tell you, that pushing up the handkerchief towards my eyebrows, I found myself within an hand's-breadth and an half of heaven, which I'll assure you ladyship upon oath is very huge; and it came to pass, that our road lay close to the seven nanny \* goats: now, I having been a goat-herd in my youth, before God and my conscience! I no sooner set eyes on them, than I was seized with the inclination to divert myself a little with the pretty creatures, and if I had not done it, I believe I should have burst for vexation. Come on then, what does me I? but, without saying a word to any living soul, not even to my master, fairly and softly slide down from Clavileno, and sport with the nannies, which are like violets and lillies, for the space of three quarters of an hour, and all that time the horse did not budge a step from the place."

\* In Spain, the Pleiades are vulgarly called *Cabrilas*, nanny goats.

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“ And while honest Sancho diverted himself with the goats, said the duke, how was signor Don Quixote entertained ?” To this interrogation the knight replied, “ As all these adventures and incidents are out of the ordinary course of nature, we are not to wonder at what Sancho has told : for my own part, I can safely affirm, that I neither shovd up nor pulled down the bandage, nor did I see either heaven or earth, or sea or land. True it is, I perceived we passed through the region of the air, and even bordered upon the region of fire ; but, that we travelled beyond it, I cannot believe : for, the fiery region being between the sphere of the moon and the utmost region of the air, we could not reach that firmament in which are placed the seven nannies, as Sancho calls them, without being scorched to death ; and seeing we are not scorched, either Sancho lies, or Sancho dreams.” “ I neither lie nor dream, cried the squire : let them ask the marks of the nanny goats ; and by my answers you will perceive whether or not I speak truth.” “ Describe them then, Sancho,” said the dutchess. “ Two of them, replied Sancho, are green, two carnation, two blue, and one motley.” “ This is a new breed, said the duke : in our region of earth there are no such colours ; I mean, among the nanny goats.” “ That is very plain, replied the squire : there must be some difference between the goats of heaven and those upon earth.” “ Pray, tell me, Sancho, said his grace, didst thou see never a \*he goat among those females ?” “ No, my lord, answered the squire ; I have been told, none of those pass beyond the horns of the moon.”

They did not choose to interrogate him further about his journey ; for, they concluded that Sancho was in a fair way to travel through all the heavens above, and tell the news of each ; tho' he had never stirred from the garden.

Finally, thus ended the adventure of the afflicted duenna, which afforded a fund for laughter to the duke and dutchess, not only at that time, but, during the whole course of their lives ; as well as matter for Sancho to relate, had he lived whole centuries.

Don Quixote coming to the squire, whispered in his ear, “ Hark ye, Sancho ; since you would have us believe what you say, touching the things you saw in heaven, I desire the like credit from you, with regard to those things I saw in the cave of Montefinos. That's all.”

\* There is a kind of pleasantry in this question of the duke, which cannot be translated : for, the Spanish word *Cabrón*, signifies a cuckold, as well as an he goat.

## C H A P. X.

Containing Don Quixote's instructions to Sancho Panza, before he set out for his government, with other well weighed incidents.

**T**HE duke and dutchefs were so well pleased with the diverting and happy success of the adventure of the afflicted duenna, that they resolved to proceed with the jest, seeing what a proper subject they had to make it pass for earnest. Having, therefore, communicated their scheme and instructions to their servants and vassals, touching their behaviour to Sancho in his government of the promised island; on the day succeeding the flight of Clavileno, the duke desired him to prepare and make himself ready to set out for his government, as the islanders already longed for him as much as for May showers.

Sancho, having made his obeysance, "Since my descent from heaven, said he, and since from its lofty summit I have viewed the earth, and found it of such small extent, my desire of being a governor, is much moderated: for, what grandeur can there be in reigning over a grain of mustard seed? or what dignity and empire in governing half a dozen of mortals no bigger than filberts? for, the whole earth seemed to contain nothing more. If your lordship would be pleased to bestow upon me a small trifling space in heaven, tho' it should not be above half a league, I would more gladly receive it than the best island in the world." "You must consider, friend Sancho, replied the duke, that I have it not in my power to give away any part of heaven; no, not a nail's breadth: these favours and benefits, are in the gift of God alone. What is in my power, I freely give you; namely, a good island, right and tight, round and well proportioned, above measure fertile, and so abounding with all good things, that if you mind your hits, you may with the riches of earth purchase the opulence of heaven." "Well then, cried Sancho, let this island be forthcoming, and I will struggle hard, but I shall be such a governor, that in spite of knaves, I may go to heaven; and, take notice, it is not from avarice that I desire to quit my cottage, and raise myself to a footing with my betters; but, solely to taste and try what it is to be a governor." "Nay, if once you taste it, said the duke, you will be ready to eat your fingers after the government; for, nothing is so delicious as to command and be obliged: certain I am, that when your master shall come to be an emperor, as will doubtless be the case, considering the  
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current of his affairs, it will not be in the power of any person upon earth to tear it from him, and he will forely grieve, and heartily rue the time he has lost before his advancement to such an imperial station." "Indeed, my lord, replied Sancho, I imagine it must be a very pleasant thing to govern, even tho' it should be but a flock of sheep." "May I be buried with you, Sancho, but you know every thing! answered the duke: I hope you will turn out such a governor as your judgment and sagacity seem to promise: but, here let that matter rest; and take notice, that, to-morrow morning you must set out for the government of the island; and, this evening you shall be accommodated with a convenient dress, and all other necessaries for your departure." "They may dress me as they will, said the squire; but, be that as it may, I shall still be Sancho Panza." "True, replied the duke; but, the garb ought always to be suited to the dignity and function of the profession: for, it would be a great impropriety in a lawyer to appear in the dress of a soldier, or in a soldier to wear canonicals: you, Sancho, must wear an habit that shall partly bespeak the gown, and partly the sword: for, in the island which I have bestowed upon you, letters and arms are both necessary." "As for letters, answered Sancho, I am but indifferently provided, as I am even ignorant of the a, b, c; but, provided I remember my Christ-crofs, I shall be sufficiently qualified for a good governor: with regard to arms, I shall use those that may be put into my hand, until I can stand no longer, and God be my shield." "With such an excellent memory, said the duke, Sancho can never fall into the least mistake."

Here they were joined by Don Quixote, who understanding the subject of their conversation, and the short space allotted to Sancho, to prepare for his departure, took the squire by the hand, with the duke's permission, and led him to his apartment, in order to instruct him how to behave in his office. Having entered the chamber, he locked the door, and obliging Sancho to sit down by him, spoke to this effect, in a grave and solemn tone:

"I return infinite thanks to heaven, friend Sancho, for having ordained, that, before I myself have met with the least success, good fortune hath gone forth to bid thee welcome. I, who had ballanced the remuneration of thy service in my own prosperity, find myself in the very rudiments of promotion; while thou, before thy time, and contrary to all the laws of reasonable progression, findest thy desire accomplished: other people bribe, solicit, importune, attend levies, intreat, and persevere, without obtaining their suit; and another comes, who, without knowing why or wherefore, finds himself in possession of that office to

which so many people laid claim : and here the old saying is aptly introduced, A pound of good luck is worth a tun of merit. Thou, who in comparison to me, art doubtless, an ignorant dunce, without rising early, or sitting up late, or, indeed, exerting the least industry ; without any pretension more or less, than that of being breathed upon by knight-errantry, seest thyself created governor of an island, as if it was a matter of moonshine. All this I observe, O Sancho, that thou mayest not attribute thy success to thy own deserts ; but, give thanks to heaven for having disposed matters so beneficently in thy behalf, and then make thy acknowledgements to that grandeur which centers in the profession of knight-errantry. Thy heart being thus predisposed to believe what I have said, be attentive, O my son, to me who am thy Cato, thy counsellor, thy north pole, and guide, to conduct thee into a secure harbour, from the tempest'ous sea into which thou art going to be engulfed ; for, great posts, and offices of state, are no other than a profound gulph of confusion.

In the first place, O my son, you are to fear God : the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom ; and, if you are wise you cannot err.

Secondly, You must always remember who you are, and endeavour to know yourself ; a study of all others the most difficult. This self-knowledge will hinder you from blowing yourself up like the frog, in order to rival the size of the ox : if, therefore, you succeed in this learning, the consideration of thy having been a swineherd, will, like the peacock's ugly feet, be a check upon thy folly and pride." " I own I once kept hogs, when I was a boy, said Sancho ; but, after I grew up, I quitted that employment, and took care of geese : but, I apprehend, that matter is not of great consequence ; for, all governors are not descended from the kingly race." " No, sure, answered the knight ; and, for that reason, those who are not of noble extraction, ought to sweeten the gravity of their function with mildness and affability ; which, being prudently conducted, will screen them from those malicious murmurs that no station can escape. Rejoice, Sancho, in the lowness of your pedigree, and make no scruple of owning yourself descended from peasants : for, nobody will endeavour to make you blush for that of which they see you are not ashamed : and value yourself more upon being a virtuous man of low degree, than upon being a proud sinner of noble birth : innumerable are those, who, from an humble stock, have risen to the pontifical and imperial dignity ; a truth which I could prove by so many examples that you would not have patience to hear them."

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Take notice, Sancho, if you choose virtue for your medium, and pique yourself upon performing worthy actions, you will have no cause to envy noblemen and princes; for, blood is hereditary, but virtue is acquired; consequently, this last has an intrinsic value which the other does not possess.

This being the case, as undoubtedly it is, if peradventure any one of your relations should come to visit you in your island, you must not discountenance and affront him, but, on the contrary, let him be kindly received and entertained; and, in so doing, you will act conformably to the will of heaven, which is displeas'd at seeing its own handywork despis'd; and, perform your duty to the well concerted rights of nature.

If you send for your wife, and, indeed, those who are concern'd in governing, ought not to be long without their helpmates, take pains in teaching, improving, and civilizing her: for, all that a sagacious governor can acquire, is very often lost and squandred by a foolish, rustic wife.

If, perchance, you should become a widower, (a circumstance that may possibly happen) and have it in your power to make a more advantageous match, you must not choose such a yokefellow as will serve for an angling hook, fishing rod, or equivocating \* hood: for, verily, I say unto thee, all that a judge's wife receives must be accounted for at the general clearance, by the husband, who will repay fourfold after death, what he made no reckoning of during life.

Never conduct yourself by the law of your own arbitrary opinion, which is generally the case with those ignorant people who presume upon their own self-sufficiency.

Let the tears of the poor find more compassion in thy breast, tho' not more justice, than the informations of the rich.

Endeavour to investigate the truth from among the promises and presents of the opulent, as well as from the sighs and importunities of the needy.

When equity can, and ought to take place, inflict not the whole rigour of the law upon the delinquent; for, severity is not more respect'd than compassion, in the character of a judge.

If ever you suffer the rod of justice to be bent a little, let it not be warped, by the weight of corruption, but the bowels of mercy.

If ever you should have an opportunity to judge the process of your enemy, recal your attention from the injury you have received, and fix it wholly upon the truth of the case.

\* The phrase *No quiero de tu capilla*, alludes to the practice of friars, who, when charity is offered, hold out their hoods to receive it, while they pronounce a refusal with their tongues.

In another man's cause, be not blinded by private affection ; for, the errors thus committed are generally incurable ; or, if they admit of remedy, it will be greatly at the expence of your fortune and credit.

If a beautiful woman should come to demand justice, withdraw your eyes from her tears, and your hearing from her sighs, and deliberate at a distance upon the substance of her demand, unless you have a mind that your reason should be overwhelmed by her complaint, and your virtue burried in her sighs.

Abuse not him in word whom you are resolved to chastise in deed : for, to such a wretch, the pain of the punishment will be sufficient, without the addition of reproach.

In judging the delinquents who shall fall under your jurisdiction, consider the miserable object Man, subject to the infirmities of our depraved nature ; and, as much as lies in your power, without injury to the contrary party, display your clemency and compassion : for, although all the attributes of God are equally excellent, that of mercy has a better effect in our eye, and strikes with greater lustre than justice.

If you observe, and conduct yourself by these rules and precepts, Sancho, your days will be long upon the face of the earth : your fame will be eternal, your reward complete, and your felicity unutterable : your children will be married according to your wish ; they and their descendants will enjoy titles ; you shall live in peace and friendship with all mankind : when your course of life is run, death will overtake you in an happy and mature old age, and your eyes will be shut by the tender and delicate hands of your posterity, in the third or fourth generation.

The remarks I have hitherto made, are documents touching the decoration of your soul ; and, now you will listen to those that regard the ornaments of the body.



## C H A P. XI.

Of the second series of instructions which Don Quixote gave to Sancho Panza.

WHO that had heard this discourse of Don Quixote, would not have taken him for a person of sound judgment, and excellent disposition? but, as we have oftentimes observed, in the progress of this sublime history, his madness never appeared except when the string of chivalry was touched; and, on all other subjects of conversation, he displayed a clear and ready understanding: so that every minute, his works discredit his judgment, and his judgment his works. But, in this second set of instructions communicated to Sancho, he discovered great ingenuity, and raised his madness and discretion to a most elevated pitch.

Sancho listened with the utmost attention, and endeavoured to retain his advice, like a man who desired to preserve it, as the infallible means to promote the happy birth of that government with which he was so far gone. Don Quixote then proceeded in these terms.

“With respect to the government of your person and family, Sancho: In the first place, I charge you to be cleanly, and pair your nails; and, do not let them grow, like some people whose ignorance teaches them that long nails beautify the hand; as if that additional excrement which they neglect to cut, were really and truly the nail; whereas it more nearly resembles the talons of a lizzard-hunting wind-whiffer, and is a most beastly and extraordinary abuse.

You must never appear loose and unbuttoned; for, a slovenly dress denotes a disorderly mind; unless that looseness and negligence be the effect of cunning, as we suppose to have been the case with Julius Cæsar.

Examine sagaciously the profits of your plate, and if they will afford livery to your servants, let it be rather decent and substantial than gay and tawdry; and be sure to divide it between your servants and the poor. For example, if you can cloath six pages, put three in livery, and cloath as many poor boys; and then you will have pages for heaven as well as for earth: now, this is a method of giving livery, which the vain-glorious could never conceive.

Abstain from eating garlic and onions, lest your breath should discover your rusticity.

Walk

Walk leifurely, fpeak diftinctly, but not fo as to feem delighted with your own difcourfe; for, all affectation is difagreeable.

Dine fparingly, and eat very little at fupper; for, the health of the whole body depends upon the operation of the ftomach.

Be temperate in drinking; and, confider that excefs of wine will neither keep a fecret nor perform a promife.

Beware, Sancho, of chewing on both fides of your mouth, as well as of eructing before company." "I do not underftand what you mean by eructing," faid the fquire." "By eructing, answered the knight, I mean belching, which, tho' one of the moft expreffive, is at the fame time one of the moft vulgar terms of our language; therefore people of tafte have had recourfe to the Latin tongue, faying To eruct instead of To belch, and fubftituting eructations in the room of belchings; and, tho' fome people may not underftand thefe terms, it is of fmall importance; for, time and ufe will introduce and render them intelligible; and this is what we call enriching the language, over which the practice of the vulgar has great influence." "Truly, fignor, faid Sancho, one of the advices and good counfels which I intend to remember, muft be that of not belching; for, it is a fault of which I am very often guilty." "Eructing, Sancho, and not belching," replied Don Quixote. "Eructing, it fhall be henceforward, answered the fquire; and, I will take care it fhall not be forgotten."

Moreover, Sancho, you muft not intermingle fo many proverbs with your difcourfe; for, although proverbs are fhort fentences, you very often bring them in by the head and foulders fo prepofteroufly, that they look more like the ravings of diftraction than a connected chain of converfation."

"That defect, God himfelf muft remedy, faid Sancho; for, I have more proverbs by heart than would be fufficient to fill a large book; and, when I fpeak, they croud together in fuch a manner as to quarrel for utterance; fo that my tongue difcharges them juft as they happen to be in the way, whether they are or are not to the purpofe: but, I will take care henceforward, to throw out thofe only that may be fuitable to the gravity of my office; for, Where there's plenty of meat, the fupper will foon be complete. He that fhuffles does not cut. A good hand makes a fhort game; and, It requires a good brain, to know when to give and retain." "Courage, Sancho, cried Don Quixote, fqueeze, tack, and ftring your proverbs together; here are none to oppofe you. My mother whips me, and I whip the top. Here am I exhorting thee to fupprefs thy proverbs, and in an instant thou haft fpewed forth a whole litany of them,

them, which are as foreign from the subject as an old ballad. Remember, Sancho, I do not say that a proverb properly applied is amiss; but, to throw in, and string together, old saws helter skelter, renders conversation altogether mean and despicable.

When you appear on horseback, do not throw your body over the saddle, nor stretch out your legs stiffly from the horse's belly, nor let them hang dangling in a slovenly manner, as if you was upon the back of Dapple; for, some ride like jockies, and some like gentlemen.

Be very moderate in sleeping; for, he who does not rise with the sun, cannot enjoy the day; and observe, O Sancho, Industry is the mother of prosperity; and Laziness, her opposite, never saw the accomplishment of a good wish.

The last advice which I shall now give thee, although it does not relate to the ornament of the body, I desire thou wilt carefully remember; for, in my opinion, it will be of as much service to thee as any I have hitherto mentioned; and this it is: Never engage in a dispute upon pedigree, at least, never compare one with another; for, in all comparisons, one must of consequence be preferred to the other; and, he whom you have abused will abhor you; nor will you ever reap the least return from him whom you have extolled.

Your garb shall consist of breeches and stockings; a full waistcoat, with skirts and hanging sleeves, and a loose coat; but, never think of wearing trunk hose, which neither become gentlemen nor governors.

This is all that occurs to me at present, in the way of advice; but, in process of time, my instructions shall be proportioned to thy occasions, provided thou wilt take care to communicate, from time to time, the nature of thy situation."

"Signor, said Sancho, I plainly perceive that all the advices you have given me, are sound, and good, and profitable; but, of what signification will they be, if I forget them all? Indeed, as for the matter of not letting my nails grow, or marrying another wife, in case I should have an opportunity, it will not easily slip out of my brain; but, as to those other gallimawfries, quirks and quiddities, I neither do retain them, nor shall I ever retain more of them than of last year's rain; and therefore, it will be necessary to let me have them in writing; for, tho' I myself can neither read nor write, I will give them to my confessor, that he may repeat, and beat them into my noddle, as there shall be occasion."

"Ah, sinner that I am! exclaimed Don Quixote, what a scandal it is for governors to be so ignorant that they can neither read nor write. Thou must know, Sancho, that for a man to be totally devoid of letters,

or left-handed, argues either that he was descended from the very lowest and meanest of people, or that he was so wicked and stubborn, that good example and judicious precepts have had no effect upon his mind or understanding. This is a great defect in thy character, and I wish thou would'st learn, if possible, to write thy name." "I can sign my name very well, answered Sancho; for, during my stewardship of the brotherhood, I learned to make such letters as are ruddled upon packs, and those they told me, stood for my name: besides, I can feign myself lame of my right hand, and keep a secretary to sign in my room; so that there is a remedy for every thing but death. And I having the cudgel in my hand, will make them do as I command; for, He whose father is mayor—you know—and I shall be a governor which is still better. Let them come and see, but not throw their squibs or slanders at me: otherwise they may come for wool, and go home shorn. The house itself will tell, if God loves its master well. A rich man's folly is wisdom in the world's eye: now, I being rich as being governor, and liberal withal, as I intend to be, no body will spy my defects. Make yourself honey, and a clown will have flies. You are worth as much as you have, said my grannam; and, Might overcomes right."

"O! God's curse light on thee! cried Don Quixote: threescore devils fly away with thee and thy proverbs! A full hour hast thou been stringing them together, and every one has been like a dagger to my soul. Take my word for it, these proverbs will bring thee one day to the gallows; for these, thy vassals will deprive thee of thy government, or at least enter into associations against thee. Tell me, numscul, where didst thou find this heap of old saws? or how didst thou learn to apply them, wiseacre? It makes me sweat like a day-labourer, to utter one proverb as it ought to be applied." "'Fore God, Sir, master of mine, replied Sancho, your worship complains of mere trifles. Why the devil should you be in dudgeon with me for making use of my own: I have no other fortune or stock, but proverbs upon proverbs; and, now there are no less than four at my tongue's end, that come as pat to the purpose as pears in a basket; but, for all that, they shall not come forth; for, sagacious silence is \* Sancho." "That thou art not Sancho, said the knight, far from being sagaciously silent, thou art an obstinate and eternal babler. Nevertheless, I would fain hear those four proverbs that are so pat to the purpose; for, I have been rummaging my whole memory, which I take to be a good one, and not a proverb occurs to my recollection." "What can be better than these? replied the squire: Never thrust your thumb

\* Instead of *faintly*.

between another man's grinders: When I find one skulking in my house, and cry what would you with my wife? there is no reply: Whether the stone goes to the pitcher, or the pitcher to the stone, 'ware pitcher. Now all these fit to hair. Let no man meddle with a governor or his substitute; otherwise he will suffer, as if he had thrust his finger between two grinders; and even if they should not be grinders, if they are teeth, it makes little difference: then, to what a governor says, there is no reply to be made; no more than to, Get out of my house, what would you with my wife? And as to the stone and the pitcher, a blind man may see the meaning of it: Wherefore, let him who spies a mote in his neighbour's eye, look first to the beam in his own, that people may not say of him, The dead mare was frightened at the flea'd mule: and, your worship is very sensible that a fool knows more in his own house, than a wise man in that of his neighbour." "There, Sancho, you are mistaken, answered Don Quixote; a fool knows nothing either in his own or his neighbour's house; because, no edifice of understanding can be raised upon the foundation of folly. But, here let the subject rest: if thou shouldst misbehave in thy government, thine will be the fault, and mine the shame: I console myself, however, in reflecting that I have done my duty, in giving thee advice, with all the earnestness and discretion in my power; so that I have acquitted myself in point of promise and obligation. God conduct thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from an apprehension I have, that thou wilt turn the island topsy turvy; a misfortune which I might prevent, by discovering to the duke what thou art, and telling him all that paunch and corpulency of thine is no other than a bag full of proverbs and impertinence."

"Signor, replied Sancho, if your worship really thinks I am not qualified for that government, I renounce it from henceforward for ever, amen. I have a greater regard for a nail's breadth of my soul, than for my whole body; and I can subsist as bare Sancho, upon a crust of bread and an onion, as well as governor on capons and partridges; for, while we sleep, great and small, rich and poor, are all equal. If your worship will consider, your worship will find, that you yourself put this scheme of government into my head: as for my own part, I know no more of the matter than a bustard; and if you think the governorship will be the means of my going to the devil, I would much rather go as simple Sancho to heaven, than as a governor to hell-fire."

"Before God! cried the knight, from these last reflections thou hast uttered, I pronounce thee worthy to govern a thousand islands. Thou

haft an excellent natural difpofition, without which all fcience is naught: recommend thyfelf to God, and endeavour to avoid errors in the firft intention; I mean, let thy intention and unshaken purpofe be, to deal righteoufly in all thy tranfactions; for, heaven always favours the upright defign. And now let us go in to dinner; for, I believe their graces wait for us."

## C H A P. XII.

Giving an account of the manner in which Sancho was conducted to the government, and of a ftrange adventure that happened to Don Quixote in the caſtle.

**T**HE original of the hiftory, it is faid, relates that the interpreter did not tranſlate this chapter as it had been written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, who bewails his fate in having undertaken ſuch a dry and confined hiftory as that of Don Quixote; which obliged him to treat of nothing but the knight and his ſquire, without daring to launch out into other more grave and entertaining epiſodes, and digreſſions. He complained, that to be thus reſtricted in his hand, his pen, and his invention, to one ſubject only, ſo as to be obliged to ſpeak through the mouths of a few perſons, was an inſupportable toil, that produced no fruit to the advantage of the author; and that, in order to avoid this inconvenience, he had in the firſt part uſed the artifice of ſome novels, ſuch as the Impertinent Curioſity, and the Captive, which were detached from the hiftory, although many particulars there recounted are really incidents which happened to Don Quixote; and, therefore, could not be ſuppreſſed. It was likewiſe his opinion, as he obſerves, that many readers being wholly ingroſſed with the exploits of Don Quixote, would not beſtow attention upon novels, but paſs them over either with negligence or diſguſt, without adverting to the ſpirit and artifice they contain; a truth which would plainly appear, were they to be published by themſelves, independent of the madneſs of Don Quixote, and the ſimplicities of Sancho. He would not therefore inſert in the ſecond part any novels, whether detached or attached; but only a few epiſodes that ſeem to ſpring from thoſe very incidents which truth preſents; and, even theſe, as brief and concise as they could poſſibly be related: and ſince he includes and confines himſelf within the narrow limits of narration, tho' his abilities and underſtanding are ſufficient to treat of the whole univerſe,

verse, he hopes that his work will not be depreciated, and begs he may receive due praise, not for what he has written, but for what he has left unwrit. Then the history proceeds in this manner :

In the evening that succeeded the afternoon on which the knight admonished his squire, he gave him his admonitions in writing, that he might find some person to read them occasionally ; but, scarce had Sancho received, than he dropped them by accident, and they fell into the hands of the duke, who communicated the paper to the dutchess, and both admired anew, the madness and ingenuity of Don Quixote. Resolving to prosecute the jest, they, that very evening, dismissed Sancho with a large retinue to the place, which he supposed to be an island ; the execution of the whole scheme being left to the sagacity of the duke's steward, who was a person of great humour and discretion ; for, without discretion there can be no humour. He it was who acted the part of the countess Trifaldi, with that pleasantry above related, and in consequence of the instructions he received from their graces, touching his behaviour to Sancho, he had performed his part to admiration. It happened then, that Sancho no sooned beheld the said steward, than he traced in his countenance the very features of Trifaldi, and turning to his master, " Signor, said he, the devil may fly away with me from this spot where I stand, as an honest man, and a believer, if your worship will not confess that the face of the duke's steward here present, is the very same with that of the afflicted duenna !" Don Quixote, having attentively considered the steward's countenance, replied, " There is no occasion for the devil's running away with thee, Sancho, either as an honest man or a believer ; (indeed, I cannot guess thy meaning) for, sure enough, this steward's face is the very same with that of the afflicted duenna : but, nevertheless, the steward and the duenna cannot possibly be the same person ; that would imply a downright contradiction, and this is no time to set on foot such inquiries, which would intangle us in the maze of inextricable labyrinths. Believe me, friend, we ought to beseech the Lord very earnestly to deliver us from those two evils of wicked wizzards, and vile inchanters." " But, this is no joke, answered Sancho ; for, I heard him speak a little while ago, and methought the very voice of Trifaldi sounded in mine ears. At present, however, I will hold my tongue ; but, nevertheless, I will keep a strict eye over him from hence forward, in order to discover some other mark either to destroy or confirm my suspicion." " Do so, Sancho, said Don Quixote ; and, be sure to send me notice of the discoveries thou shalt make in this particular, as well as of every thing that shall happen to thee in the course of thine administration."

At length, Sancho departed with a numerous attendance: he was dressed like a gownman, with a long cloak of murrey-coloured camblet, and a cap of the same stuff: he rode upon a mule, with short stirrups, and was followed by dapple, who, by the duke's express order, was adorned with rich trappings of flaming silk; so that the governor from time to time turned about his head to contemplate the finery of his ass, with whose company he was so well content, that he would not have exchanged it for that of the German emperor.

At parting, he kissed the hands of the duke and dutchefs, and asked the benediction of his master, which was given with tears, and received with a whimper.

Courteous reader, suffer honest Sancho to depart in peace and happy time, and lay thy account with two bushels of laughter, which will proceed from thy knowing how he behaved himself in office; and, in the mean time, attend to what befel his master this very night; an incident which, if it cannot excite thy laughter, will, at least, induce thee to grin like a monkey; for, the adventures of Don Quixote must be celebrated either with mirth or admiration.

It is related then, that Sancho was no sooner gone than his master became solitary, and had it been possible, would have revoked the commission, and deprived him of his government; but, the dutchefs being apprised of his melancholy, desired to know the cause, observing, that if it proceeded from Sancho's absence, there was plenty of squires, duennas, and damsels in the family, who should serve him to the satisfaction of his utmost wish. "True it is, my lady dutchefs, replied Don Quixote, I feel the absence of Sancho; but, that is not the principal cause of my seeming sadness: and of all the generous proffers of your excellency, I choose to accept nothing but the good will with which they are made; and, for the rest, I humbly beg your excellency will consent, and permit me to wait upon myself in my own apartment." "Truly, said the dutchefs, that must not be; signor Don Quixote shall be served by four of my damsels as beautiful as roses." "With regard to me, answered the knight, they will not be roses, but thorns to prick my very soul; and, therefore, I will as soon fly as permit them, or any thing like them to enter my chamber. If your grace would continue to bestow your favours, which, I own, I do not deserve, suffer me to be private, and make use of my own doors, that I may raise a wall between my passions and my chastity; a custom which I would not forego for all the liberality which your highness is pleased to display in my behalf: and, in a word, I will rather sleep in my cloaths, than consent to be undressed  
by



by any person whatsoever." "Enough, enough, signor Don Quixote, answered her grace; you may depend upon it, I shall give such orders, that not even a fly, much less a damsel, shall enter your apartment: I am not a person to discompose the decency of signor Don Quixote, among whose virtues, I perceive, that of decorum shines with superior lustre. Your worship may dress and undress yourself alone, after your own fashion, when and how you please, without lett or impediment; for, in your chamber, you will find every utensil suited to those who sleep under lock and key, without being obliged to open upon any necessary occasion. Long live the great Dulcinea del Toboso, and may her fame be extended around the whole circumference of the earth, seeing she is worthy to be beloved by a knight of such valour and chastity; and may propitious heaven infuse into the heart of Sancho Panza, our governor, a promptitude to finish his flagellation, that the world may soon reenjoy the beauty of such an excellent lady." To this compliment the knight replied, "Your highness hath spoken like yourself; for, from the mouths of such benevolent ladies nothing evil can proceed: and Dulcinea will be more fortunate, and more renowned through the world, by your grace's approbation, than by all the applause of the greatest orators upon earth."

"Well then, signor Don Quixote, answered the dutchess, it is now supper-time, and the duke probably stays for us; let us go and sup therefore, that you may be a-bed betimes; for, your journey to Candaya was not so short, but that it must have fatigued your worship in some measure." "Madam, replied Don Quixote, I feel no sort of weariness; and I swear to your excellency, that in my life I never crossed a better, or easier going steed than Clavileno; nor can I conceive what should induce Malambruno to deprive himself of such a light and gentle carriage, by burning it without scruple or hesitation." "As to that particular, said the dutchess, we may suppose, that repenting of the injury he had done to the countess and her company, as well as to other people, and being sorry for the mischief he must certainly have produced as a wizzard and inchanter, he resolved to destroy all the instruments of his art; and as the principal of these, which gave him the greatest uneasiness, because it had transported him from place to place in his operations, he burned Clavileno, that by means of his ashes, and the trophy of the parchment, the valour of Don Quixote might be eternized."

The knight made fresh acknowledgments of her grace's politeness, and after supper retired to his apartment, without suffering any person to accompany or minister unto his occasions; so much was he afraid of  
meeting

meeting with trials, which might provoke or compel him to foregoe the chastity and decorum which he had hitherto preserved for his mistress Dulcinea, ever schooling his imaginations with the exemplary virtue of Amadis, the flower and mirrour of knight-errantry.

Having locked the door behind him, he undressed himself by the light of two wax tapers, and in the course of this occupation (O misfortune, ill decreed to such a personage!) forth broke—not a volley of sighs, or any thing else to discredit the purity of his politeness, but about two dozen of stitches in one stocking, which, being thus torn, resembled a lattice: a mishap which was the source of extreme affliction to our worthy signor, who, on this occasion, would have given an ounce of silver for a drachm of green silk: I say green silk; for, his stockings were of that colour.

Here Benengeli exclaims, “O poverty, poverty! I know not what should induce the great Cordovan poet to call thee an holy unrequited gift. I, tho’ a Moor, am very sensible, from my correspondence with christians, that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, poverty, and obedience; yet, nevertheless, I will affirm that he must be holy indeed, who can sit down content with poverty, unless we mean that kind of poverty to which one of the greatest saints alludes, when he says, Possess all things as not possessing them: and this is called spiritual poverty. But, thou second poverty, which is the cause I spoke of, why wouldst thou assault gentlemen of birth rather than any other class of people? Why dost thou compel them to cobble their shoes, and wear upon their coats one button of silk, another of hair, and a third of glass? Why must their ruffs be generally yellow and ill starched?” (\* By the bye, from this circumstance we learn the antiquity of ruffs and starch) But, thus he proceeds: “O wretched man of noble pedigree! who is obliged to administer cordials to his honour, in the midst of hunger and solitude, by playing the hypocrite with a tooth-pick which he affects to use in the street, tho’ he has eaten nothing to require that act of cleanliness: wretched he! I say, whose honour is ever apt to be startled, and thinks that every body at a league’s distance, observes the patch upon his shoe, his greasy hat, and thread-bare cloak, and even the hunger that predominates in his belly.”

All these reflections occurred to Don Quixote when he tore his stocking; but, he consoled himself for the misfortune, when he perceived

\* Cervantes has been frequently caught napping, and here in particular; how could this be any proof of the antiquity of ruffs, when the adventure happened after the first part of Don Quixote was published? But, perhaps, this is no other than an ironical animadversion upon the trifling discoveries of antiquarians.

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that Sancho had left behind him a pair of travelling-boots, which he resolved to wear next day : finally, he crept into bed, where he lay pensive and melancholy, as well for the absence of Sancho, as for the irreparable misfortune of his stocking, which he would have gladly mended, even with silk of a different colour ; one of the greatest marks of misery which a gentleman can exhibit in the course of his tedious poverty. After having extinguished the lights, he found the weather so hot that he could not sleep : he therefore arose again, and opened the casement of a grated window that looked into a fine garden : then it was, that perceiving and hearing people walking and talking together, he began to listen attentively, while those below spoke so loud that he could hear the following dialogue :

“ Do not, O Emerencia, press me to sing ; for, well thou knowest, that from the moment this stranger entered the castle, and mine eyes beheld his merit, instead of singing, I can do nothing but weep : besides, my lady’s sleep is rather slight than profound ; and I would not for all the wealth in the world, that her grace should find us here. Moreover, suppose she should still sleep on, without waking, vain would be my song, unless it should awake, and attract the attention of this new Æneas, who is arrived in my territories, in order to leave me forlorn.” “ Let not these suppositions have any weight with you, my dear Altifidora, replied another voice : the dutchess is doubtless asleep, and every body in the house, except the lord of your heart, and watchman of your soul, who must certainly be awake ; for, I just now heard him open the casement in his apartment : sing, therefore, my disastrous friend, in a low, sweet, and plaintive tone, to the sound of thy harp : and should the dutchess overhear us, we will lay the blame upon the heat of the weather.” “ That is not the cause of my hesitation, O Emerencia, replied Altifidora ; but, I am afraid, that my song will disclose the situation of my heart, and I myself be censured by those who never felt the almighty power of love, as a light and liquorish damsel : but, come what will ; better have an hot face than an heavy heart.” At that instant an harp was ravishingly touched ; and, Don Quixote hearing the sound was struck with amazement ; for, his imagination was instantly filled with an infinity of similar adventures of rails and gardens, serenades, courtships and swoonings, which he had read in his vain books of chivalry : and he concluded that some damsel of the dutchess was enamoured of him, but that modesty compelled her to keep her inclinations secret. Possessed of this notion, he began to be afraid of his virtue ; but, he resolved, in his own mind, to hold out to the last ; and, recommending himself with  
all

all his soul and spirit, to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, determined to listen to the song. With a view, therefore, to let them know he was awake, he pretended to sneeze, a circumstance which not a little pleased the damsels, who desired nothing so much as that Don Quixote should hear them. Then the harp being tuned, Altisidora, after a flourish, began the following ditty.

## S O N G.

O Thou! who now a-bed,  
 In Holland sheets art laid,  
 And sleep'st from night till morn,  
 Untouch'd by care or scorn;  
 The knight of greatest worth  
 La Mancha e'er brought forth;  
 More chaste an hundred-fold,  
 Than pure Arabian gold;  
 O hear an hapless maid  
 By cruel love betray'd!  
 The flame of thy two suns,  
 Hath scorch'd her to the bones!  
 Thou, seeking thy own foe,  
 Hast found another's woe:  
 Thou gav'st the wound, and sure  
 Wilt not refuse the cure.  
 O tell me, valiant youth,  
 (So God shall prosper truth)  
 Wast thou in deserts bred,  
 Or among mountains fed?  
 Did serpents give thee suck,  
 On some bleak barren rock,  
 Deep in the wild recess  
 Of forest or morass?  
 Dulcinea fat and fair,  
 May boast her shape and air,  
 That in subjection hold  
 A tyger fierce and bold.  
 Her fame shall live in stanza,  
 From Ebro to Arlanza,

From

From Tagus to Henarez,  
From Seine to Manganarez.  
Would I her place could fill,  
I'd give her for good will,  
My gayest petticoat  
With golden fringes wrought.  
How happy then should I  
In thine embraces lie!  
Or on some cushion loll,  
And scratch thy valiant poll.  
Such joys are far above  
The merits of my love;  
Let me then bending low,  
With rapture, kiss thy toe.  
What presents would be made,  
Of sattin and brocade!  
I'd give thee shoes and focks,  
Silk hose with silver clocks;  
Of cash uncounted fums,  
And pearls as big as plums,  
So precious, each would sell  
As perfect nonpareil.  
Manchegan Nero, say,  
Dost thou, aloof, survey  
The flames that rage and smart  
Within my love-sick heart?  
A maid, I vow and swear,  
Young, tender, and sincere,  
As yet, I have not seen  
The borders of fifteen.  
My fides are not awry,  
Nor lame, nor blind, am I:  
My locks with ribbons bound,  
Like lillies, sweep the ground:  
My nose is flat, 'tis true,  
And eke my mouth askew;  
But, teeth as topaz fine,  
Complete my charms divine:  
My voice, as you may hear,  
Is tuneful, sweet and clear:

My temper soft and good,  
If rightly understood.  
These beauties all so clever,  
Are yielded to thy quiver,  
And I who tell my story,  
Am call'd Altifidory.

Here ended the song of the hapless Altifidora; and here began the horror of the courted Don Quixote, who, fetching a heavy sigh, said within himself, "What an unfortunate errant am I, whom no damsel can behold without being enamoured of my person! and, how hapless is the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, who cannot enjoy my incomparable constancy, without a rival! Queens, what would you have? Empreses, why do you persecute her beauty? Damsels of fifteen, why do you molest such virtue? Leave, leave, I say, that wretched lady to taste, enjoy, and triumph in the lot which love hath decreed her, by subduing my heart, and captivating my soul. Take notice, enamoured tribe, that to Dulcinea alone I am sugar paste, but flint to all the rest of her sex: to her I am honey; but, gall and bitterness to such as you. In my eye, Dulcinea alone is beautiful, wise, gay, chaste, and well born; but, all others are homely, foolish, idle, and of humble birth. To be her slave, and hers alone, nature has thrown me into the world: Altifidora may weep or sing; and that lady may despair, on whose account I was pummelled in the castle of the enchanted Moor; Dulcinea's I am resolved to be, boiled or roasted, neat, chaste, and nobly born, in spite of all the witchcraft upon earth." So saying, he shut the casement with a flap, and retired to bed in as much anxiety and concern as if some great misfortune had befallen him. There then we will leave him for the present, as we are summoned by the mighty Panza, who is impatient to begin his famous administration.

## C H A P. XIII.

Giving an account of the manner in which Sancho Panza took possession of his island, and began his administration.

O Thou ! perpetual explorer of the antipodes, torch of nature, eye of heaven, and agreeable motive for wine-cooling jars, Timbrius here, Phœbus there, archer in one place, physician in another, father of poetry, and inventor of music ; thou who always risest, but never set'st, although thou seem'st to set. Thee I invoke, O sun ! by whose assistance man is by man ingendred ; thee I implore, that thou would'st favour and enlighten the obscurity of my genius, and enable me to write with precision, an account of the great Sancho Panza's administration : for, without thy aid, I find myself lukewarm, feeble, and confused.

To begin then : Sancho, with his whole retinue, arrived at a town containing about a thousand inhabitants, one of the best in the duke's possession ; which, they told Sancho, was called the island Barataria, either, because the name of the place was really Barataria, or because he had very \* cheaply purchased the government. When he reached the gates of the town, which was walled, the magistrates came forth to receive him, the bells were set a ringing, and the inhabitants with expressions of universal joy, conducted him with vast pomp to the great church, in order to return thanks to heaven for his safe arrival : then, with some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered to him the keys of the town, and admitted him as perpetual governor of the island Barataria.

The equipage, matted beard, corpulency, and diminutive stature of the new governor, furnished food for admiration to every body who did not know the juggle of the contrivance ; ay, and even to those acquainted with the mystery, who were not a few. In fine, they carried him from the church to the town-hall, and placing him upon the bench, the duke's steward addressed himself to the governor in these words : “ It is an ancient custom in this famous island, my lord governor, that he who comes to take possession of it, is obliged to answer some difficult and intricate question that shall be put to him, and by his response the inhabitants feel the pulse of their new governor's genius, according to which they rejoice or repine at his arrival.” While the steward pronounced this address, Sancho was contemplating a number of large letters written upon the

\* *Barato* signifies cheap.

wall that fronted his tribunal, and as he could not read, he desired to know the meaning of that painting on the wall. "In that place, my lord, replied the steward, is written and recorded, the day on which your excellency has taken possession of this island; for, the inscription runs, On such a day, of such a month, in such a year, signor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, and long may he enjoy the government thereof." "And whom do they call Don Sancho Panza?" said the governor. "Who, but your excellency? answered the steward; for, this island never saw any other Panza than him who sits on that tribunal." "Take notice then, brother, replied Sancho, the Don belongs not to me, nor did it ever belong to any of my generation. Simple Sancho is my name; so was my father called, and so my grandfather; and they were all Panzas, without addition of Don or Donna; and I begin to imagine there are as many Dons as stones in this island—but, no more of that: God knows my meaning; and peradventure, if my government lasts above three days, I shall weed out these Dons, which from their swarms must be as troublesome as vermin. But, pray, Mr. steward, proceed with your question, which I shall answer to the best of my understanding, whether the townsmen should repine or not repine."

At that instant, two men entered the hall, one in the habit of a labouring man, and the other a taylor with shears in his hand, who, approaching the bench, "My lord governor, said he, this countryman and I are come before your lordship about an affair which I am going to explain. This honest man comes yesterday to my shop, for, saving your presence, I am an examined taylor, God be praised! and putting a remnant of cloth in my hand, Gaffer, said he, is there stuff enough here to make me a cap? I, having handled the piece, replied Yes: now, he supposing, as I suppose, and to be sure it was a right supposition, that I wanted to cabbage part of the stuff; grounding his suspicion on his own deceit, and the bad character of us taylors, desired I would see if there was enough for two caps; and I, guessing his thoughts, answered Yes: and so my gentleman, persisting in his first and evil intention, went on adding cap to cap; and I proceeded to answer Yes upon Yes, until the number increased to five caps: this very moment he called for them, and when I produced them, he not only refused to pay me for my work, but, even demanded that I should either restore the cloth, or pay him the price of it." "Is this really the case, brother?" said Sancho. "Yes, my lord, replied the countryman; but, I beg your lordship would order him to shew what sort of caps he has made." "With all my heart," cried the taylor, who, immediately pulling out his hand from under his  
cloak,



cloak, produced five small caps fixed upon the tops of his four fingers and thumb; saying, "Here are the five caps which this honest man desired me to make; as I shall answer to God and my own conscience, there is not a scrap of the stuff remaining; and, I am willing to submit the work to the inspection of the masters of the company." All the people in court laughed at the number of caps, and the novelty of the dispute, which Sancho having considered for a few moments, "Methinks, said he, this suit requires no great discussion; but, may be equitably determined out of hand: and therefore, my determination is, that the taylor shall lose his work, and the countryman forfeit his cloth; and, that the caps shall be distributed among the poor prisoners, without further hesitation."

If the sentence he afterwards passed upon the herdsman's purse, excited the admiration of the spectators, this decision provoked their laughter: nevertheless, they executed the orders of their governor, before whom two old men now presented themselves, one of them having a cane which he used as a walking-staff. The other making up to the governor, "My lord, said he, some time ago, I lent this man ten crowns of gold, to oblige and assist him in an emergency, on condition that he should pay them upon demand; and, for a good while, I never asked my money, that I might not put him to greater inconvenience in repaying, than that which he felt when he borrowed the sum; but, as he seemed to neglect the payment entirely, I have demanded the money again and again, and he not only refuses to refund, but also denies that I ever lent him the ten crowns; or if I did, he says he is sure they were repayed: now, I having no witnesses to prove the loan or repayment, for, indeed, they never were repayed, intreat your lordship to take his oath, and if he swears the money was returned, I here forgive him the debt, in the presence of God." "What have you to say to this charge, honest gaffer with the staff?" said Sancho. "My lord, replied the senior, I confess he lent me the money; and, since he leaves the matter to my oath, if your lordship will lower your rod of justice, I will make affidavit, that I have really and truly returned, and repayed the sum I borrowed." The governor accordingly lowering his wand, the defendant desired the plaintiff to hold his cane until he should make oath, because it incumbered him; then, laying his hand upon the cross, he declared that the other had indeed lent him those ten crowns which he now demanded; but, that he, the borrower, had returned them into the lender's own hand, and he supposed he dunned him in this manner, because he had forgot that circumstance. This oath being administered, the great governor asked what  
further

further the creditor had to say to the allegation of the other party? And he answered, that doubtless the defendant had spoke the truth; for, he looked upon him as an honest man, and a good christian; and, that as he himself must have forgot the particulars of the payment, he would never demand it from thence forward. Then the defendant taking back his cane, and making his obeisance, quitted the court; while Sancho seeing him retire in this manner, and perceiving the resignation of the plaintiff, hung down his head a little, and laying the forefinger of his right hand on one side of his nose, continued in this musing posture for a very small space of time: then, raising his head, he ordered them to call back the old man with the staff, who had retired: he was accordingly brought before Sancho, who said to him, "Honest friend, lend me that staff, I have occasion for it." "With all my heart, my lord," replied the elder, reaching it to the judge: then, Sancho took and delivered it to the plaintiff, saying: "Now, go your ways a-God's name, you are fully payed." "How, my lord, said the old man, is this cane then worth ten crowns of gold?" "Yes, replied the governor, otherwise I am the greatest dunce in nature: and, now it shall appear, whether or not I have a noddle sufficient to govern a whole kingdom." So saying, he ordered the cane to be broke in public; and when, in consequence of his command, it was split asunder, ten crowns of gold were found in the heart of it, to the astonishment of all the spectators, who looked upon their new governor as another Solomon. When he was asked how he could conceive that the money was in the cane, he answered, that seeing the deponent give his staff to the other party before he made oath, then hearing him declare that he had really and truly returned the money; and lastly, perceiving that after his deposition he took back the staff, it came into his head that the money was concealed within the cane. And in this instance, we see that governors, tho' otherwise fools, are sometimes directed in their decisions by the hand of God: besides, Sancho had heard such a story told by the curate of his village, and his memory was so tenacious, in retaining every thing he wanted to remember, that there was not such another in the whole island. Finally, the two old men went away; the one overwhelmed with shame, and the other miraculously repayed; the bystanders were astonished, and he whose province it was to record the sayings, actions, and conduct of Sancho, could not determine in his own mind, whether he should regard and report him as a simpleton, or as a sage.

This suit being determined, a woman came into court, holding fast by a man habited like a rich herdsman, and exclaiming with great vociferation,

feration, "Justice, my lord governor! justice, which, if I find not on earth, I will go in quest of to heaven! My lord governor of my soul, this wicked man has forced me in the middle of a field, and made use of my body, as if it had been a dirty dish-clout: alack, and a-well-a-day! he has robbed me of that which I had preserved for three and twenty years, in spite of Moors and christians, natives and foreigners: and, have I, who was always as hard as a cork-tree, maintained my virtue intire, like a salamander in the midst of flames, or wool among brambles, to be handled by the clean hands of this Robin Goodfellow?" "That must be inquired into, said Sancho, whether the gallant's hands be clean or no." Then turning to the man, he asked what he had to say to the complaint of that woman? And, to this question the culprit replied with great perturbation, "My lord, I am a poor herdsman who deal in swine, and this morning went to market, saving your presence, with four hogs, and the duties and extortions, and one thing and another, ran away with almost all they were worth; and so, in my return, I lighted on this honest damsel in the road, and the devil, who will always meddle and make, and have his finger in every pye, yoked us together: I payed her handsomly; but she, not satisfied, laid fast hold on me, nor would she quit her hold until she had brought me hither: she alledges I forced her; but, by the oath I have taken, or am to take, she lies: and this is the whole truth, without the least crum of prevarication." Then the governor asked if he had any money about him; and when he owned he had a leathern purse with twenty ducats in his bosom, Sancho ordered him to pull it out, and deliver the whole to the complainant. The man obeyed this command with fear and trembling; the woman received the money, and making a thousand curtsies to all the bystanders, prayed God would preserve the life and health of my lord governor, who took such care of damsels and orphans in necessity. So saying, she went away, holding the purse with both hands, tho' not before she had examined the contents. Scarce had she quitted the court, when Sancho said to the herdsman, who stood with tears in his eyes, sending his heart, and many a long look after his purse, "Heark ye, friend, go after that woman, and take the purse from her, either by fair means or force, and bring it hither to me." This command was not imposed upon one that was either deaf or doating; for, he darted like lightning, in order to put it in execution: while all the spectators waited in suspense to see the issue of the suit. In a little time, the parties returned, but more closely engaged, and clinging faster together than before; she, with her petticoat tucked up, and the purse in her lap, and he struggling, to no purpose, to take

take it from her ; so vigorously did she defend her acquisition, crying aloud, " Justice, in the name of God and his creatures ! Take notice, my lord governor, of the impudence and presumption of this miscreant, who, in the very face of the people, and the middle of the street, wanted to rob me of the purse which I received by your lordship's decree." " Has he taken it from you, then ?" said the governor. " Taken it from me ! replied the wench ; I'll sooner part with my life than with my purse. I should be a precious ninny indeed ! otherguise cats must scratch my beard, and not such a pitiful muckworm as he. Pincers and hammers, mallets and chissels should not tear it out of my clutches ; no, not the claws of a lion ; my soul and body shall rather be tore asunder." " It is even so, said the man ; I submit as the weaker vessel, and own I have not strength enough to recover my purse." He quitted her accordingly. Then, the governor said to the woman, " Come hither, my virtuous and spirited dame ; let me see thy purse." Which, when she delivered it, he restored to the man ; and, turning to the wench, who was too forceful to be forced, " Sister of mine, quoth he, if you had exerted the same vigour and perseverance, or even half so much, in preserving your chastity, as you have shewn in defending the purse, the force of Hercules would not have forced you. Begone, a-God's name ! begone, I say, with a vengeance, and never more appear in this island, or within six leagues of it, on pain of receiving two hundred stripes. Begone immediately, you chattering, shameless impostor." The woman, terrified at his menaces, sneaked off, hanging her head and discontented ; and the governor spoke to the man in these words : " Honest friend, get you home with your money, in the name of God ; and, unless you are inclined to lose it again, from henceforward avoid all temptations to yoke with any woman whatsoever."

The herdsman thanked him as well as he could, and went away, and the audience were struck with admiration afresh, at the judgment and decisions of their new governor ; every circumstance of which being recorded by his historiographer, was immediately communicated to the duke, who waited for the account with the utmost impatience.

But, here let honest Sancho rest a little : for, we are summoned in all haste by his master, who is greatly disturbed by the music of Altifidora.

## C H A P. XIV.

Of the dreadful consternation, and cattish concert, to which Don Quixote was exposed, in the course of the enamoured Altifidora's amour.

WE left the great Don Quixote wrapped up in those cogitations that were suggested by the music of the enamoured damsel Altifidora. With these companions he crept into bed; but, as if they had been fleas and vermin, they would not suffer him to sleep, or indeed enjoy a moment's repose, especially when reinforced with the reflexion of his wounded stocking. But, as time is so light and nimble, that no rub can retard his career, he galloped along upon the hours, and soon ushered in the morning, which was no sooner beheld by the knight, than he forsook the gentle down, and starting from the arms of sloth, dressed himself in his shamoy suit. He put on his travelling boots to conceal the misfortune of his hose; threw his scarlet cloak over his shoulder, cased his head in a green velvet cap trimmed with silver, slung his trusty hanging sword in his buff-belt, took up his large rosary, which always depended from his wrist, and with great port and solemnity went forth into the hall, where the duke and dutchess, already dressed, stayed for him. As he passed through a gallery, he perceived Altifidora, and the other maiden her friend, who stood waiting for his appearance; and, he was no sooner beheld by the love-sick damsel than she pretended to faint away; while her companion received her in her arms, and with all possible dispatch began to unclasp her bosom. The knight seeing her fall, approached the place where they were, saying, "I know whence these accidents proceed." And the companion replied, "I do not know whence—for Altifidora is the healthiest damsel of the whole family; and, I never knew her so much as fetch a sigh, from the first minute of our acquaintance. Ill betide all the knights-errant in the world, if they are all so shy and scornful. Signor Don Quixote, I wish your worship would leave the place; for, this poor girl will not come to herself while you stand here." To this intreaty, the knight replied, "Be so good, madam, as to order a lute to be left in my apartment; and, at night, I will, to the best of my power, console this unfortunate damsel: for, a speedy explanation in the beginning is often an effectual cure for those who are indiscreetly in love." So saying, he went away, that he might not be observed in con-

ference with the damsels; and, scarce was he gone, when the swooning Altifidora coming to herself, said to her companion, "It will be requisite to leave the lute: for, doubtless, Don Quixote intends to entertain us with music, which cannot be bad if he is the performer." Then they went and gave an account of what had passed, and in particular of the lute, to the dutchess, who was rejoiced beyond measure, and concerted with her lord, and her women, how to execute another joke which should be more merry than mischievous. This being accordingly contrived, they with great glee waited for night; and, it came posting along in the same pace that brought in the day, which their graces spent in favourable discourse with Don Quixote; and, on this day, the dutchess really and truly dispatched one of her pages, who had acted the part of the enchanted Dulcinea in the wood, to Teresa Panza, with her husband's letter, and a bundle, which he had left on purpose to be sent home; and the messenger had particular orders to bring back a circumstantial detail of every thing that should pass between him and the governor's lady.

This step being taken, and the hour of eleven at night arrived, Don Quixote found a lute in his apartment; this he tuned, and having opened the window, perceived people walking below in the garden: he immediately ran over the strings of his instrument, making as good a prelude as he could, then hemming and clearing his pipes, he with an hoarse, tho' not untuneful voice, sung the following sonnet which he had that very day composed.

S O N G.

LOVE, with idleness combin'd,  
 Will unhinge the tender mind:  
 But to sew, to work and move,  
 Will exclude the force of love.  
 Blooming maids that would be married,  
 Must in virtue be unwearied:  
 Modesty a dow'r will raise,  
 And be trumpet of their praise.  
 A cavalier will sport and play  
 With a damsel frank and gay;  
 But, when wedlock is his aim,  
 Choose a maid of sober fame.

Passion

Passion kindled in the breast,  
 By a stranger or a guest,  
 Enters with the rising sun,  
 And fleets before his race be run :  
 Love that comes so suddenly,  
 Ever on the wing to fly,  
 Neither can or will impart  
 Strong impressions to the heart.  
 Pictures drawn on pictures, shew  
 Strange confusion to the view :  
 Second beauty finds no base,  
 Where a first has taken place :  
 Then Dulcinea still shall reign  
 Without a rival or a stain ;  
 Nor shall fate itself controul  
 Her sway, or blot her from my soul.  
 Constancy, the lover's boast,  
 I'll maintain whate'er it cost :  
 This, my virtue will refine ;  
 This, will stamp my joys divine.

So far had Don Quixote proceeded with his song, which was overheard by the duke and dutchess, Altifidora, and almost all the people in the castle, when all of a sudden, from the top of a corridore immediately above Don Quixote's window, came down a cord to which above an hundred horse-bells were tied ; and, after these was discharged a whole sackful of cats with smaller bells fastened to their tails. Such was the noise occasioned by the tinkling of these bells, and the meawling of the cats, that even the duke and dutchess, who invented the joke, were terrified and confounded, and Don Quixote astonished and dismayed ; especially when two or three cats chanced to enter his window, and coursed up and down through his apartment, which seemed to be haunted by a whole legion of devils : for, they extinguished the lights, and ran to and fro, endeavouring to escape, while the rope with the large bells, was lowering down, and pulling up incessantly ; so that the greatest part of the people in the family, who were ignorant of the scheme, listened with fear and admiration. Then Don Quixote starting from his bed, and unsheathing his sword, began to fence with the window, exclaiming aloud, "Avaunt, malignant inchanters ! avaunt, ye wizzard crew ! for, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, against whom your whole power and malice shall not avail."

avail." So saying, he laid about him among the cats which had entered his apartments; and, they sprung towards the casement, from whence two of them made their escape: but, the third finding itself hard pressed by the valour and backstrokes of the knight, flew at his face, and laid fast hold on his nose with its teeth and claws. The pain of this assault affected Don Quixote in such a manner, that he began to roar with vast vociferation, which being heard by the duke and dutchess, who guessed the cause of his cries, they ran instantly to his chamber, which they opened with a master-key; and lights being brought, they found the poor knight endeavouring with all his strength to disengage the cat from his visage. The duke seeing the unequal fray, made haste to part the combatants; when Don Quixote called aloud, "Let no man part us; but, leave me hand to hand, with this demon, this wizzard, this inchanter; and, I will make him sensible of the difference between him and me, who am Don Quixote de la Mancha." The cat, however, without minding his threats, stuck fast to his nose; but, at length, the duke tore it away, and threw it out at the window: so that the knight remained with his face like a sieve, and his nose in no very sound condition; tho' he was very much dissatisfied, that they would not suffer him to finish the engagement he had so obstinately maintained with that felonious inchanter.

Oil of Aparicio was immediately fetched, and Altifidora herself, with her snowy hands, applied the balsam, saying in a low voice as she bound up his wounds, "All these misadventures befall thee, hard-hearted knight, as a punishment for thy cruelty and disdain; and, God grant, thy squire Sancho may forget to scourge himself, that thy so much beloved Dulcinea may never be disinchanter, nor thou enjoy her as a wedded wife; at least, during the life of me, by whom thou art adored." To all this apostrophe Don Quixote answered not a word; but, heaving a profound sigh, laid himself along in his bed, and thanked their graces for this instance of their concern; not that he was afraid of such a cattish-inchanting, and bell-ringing crew; but, on account of the kind intention they had manifested in coming to his relief. As for the duke and dutchess, they left him to his repose, and went away extremely sorry for the unfortunate issue of their joke; for, they did not think Don Quixote would have suffered so terribly by the adventure, which cost him five days confinement in his bed; but, afterwards, he was engaged in another still more diverting, which, however, the historian will not at present recount, that he may return to Sancho Panza, who proceeded in his administration with equal pleasantry and solicitude.

C H A P.







## C H A P. XV.

Containing a further account of Sancho's behaviour in his government.

THE history relates, that from the town-hall Sancho Panza was conducted to a sumpt'ous palace, in the great hall of which was a royal table most elegantly furnished: when the governor entered, the waits struck up, and four pages came forth and presented him with water for his hands, which he received with great solemnity; then the music ceasing, he took his place at the upper end of the table, which was accommodated with one seat only, and a cover for himself alone: while close by him stood a personage, who afterwards proved to be a physician, with a rod of whalebone in his hand. They removed a very fine white cloth that covered the fruit and a great variety of dishes: one who looked like a student, said grace; a page tucked a laced bib under Sancho's chin; and, another person, who acted the part of sewer, set a plate of fruit before the governor; but, scarce had he swallowed a mouthful, when the doctor touching the said plate with his wand, it vanished in a twinkling: the sewer presented him with another dish, which the governor resolved to prove; but, before he could finger or taste it, the plate being also touched by the wand, one of the pages conveyed it away with incredible dispatch, to the amazement of Sancho, who, looking round him, asked if he must be obliged to eat like a juggler, by flight of hand?

To this interrogation, he of the wand replied: "My lord governor must, in eating, conform to the use and customs of other islands where governors reside. I, my lord, enjoy a salary as physician to the governors of this island, and take more care of their health than of my own; studying night and day, and considering the governor's constitution, that I may be able to cure him, in case he should be taken ill; but, the principal part of my office is to be present at his meals, where I allow him to eat what I think will agree with his complexion, and restrain him from that which I conceive will be hurtful and prejudicial to his stomach. I, therefore, ordered the fruit to be removed, because it is dangerously moist; and, likewise, commanded the other dish to be conveyed away, because it is excessively hot, as containing a number of spices which create thirst, and copious drinking drowns and destroys the radical moisture, which is the essence of life." "By that way of reasoning, said Sancho,

Sancho, that there dish of roasted partridges, which seem to be very well season'd, will do me no harm." To this hint, the physician replied: "Of these, my lord governor shall not eat while there is breath in my body." "And, pray for what reason?" said the governor. "Because our master Hippocrates, the north star and luminary of physick, expressly says, in one of his aphorisms, *Omnis satura mala, perdix autem pessima*; that is, All repletion is bad, but that with partridge worst of all." "If that be the case, said Sancho, good Mr. doctor, pray examine all the messes on the table, so as to point out that which will do me least harm and most good, that I may eat without fear of conjuration; for, by the life of the governor, and as God shall prolong it! I am ready to die of hunger; and to deny me victuals, even tho' signor doctor should prescribe fasting, and say a thousand things in its praise, will, instead of preserving my health, deprive me of life intirely." "Your lordship is very much in the right, replied the physician: and, to begin, I would not have you touch these ragoo'd rabbits, because they are a sharp-haired food: of that veal, indeed, you might pick a little, if it was not roasted a-la-daube; but, as it is, touch it not." "The dish that smoaks yonder, said Sancho, seems to be an Olla podrida, and considering the variety of ingredients of which these Ollas are composed, surely I cannot fail to light on something that will be both savoury and wholesome." "Abfit! cried the physician, far from us be such a thought. There is not a more pernicious nutriment upon the face of the earth: leave your Ollas to canons, rectors of colleges, and country weddings; but, let them never appear upon the tables of governors, where elegance and neatness ought to reign. The reason is clear; at all times, in all places, and by all the learned, simple medicines are more esteemed than those that are compound: for, in the first, no mistakes can be committed; whereas, in the other, numberless errors may take place, in the quantity and proportion of the ingredients; but, what I would advise my lord governor to eat at present, in order to preserve and corroborate his health, is about an hundred confected wafers, and a few thin slices of quinces, which will sit easy on his stomach, and assist digestion."

Sancho hearing this prescription, threw himself backwards in his chair, and surveying the physician from head to foot, asked in a grave and solemn tone, what was his name, and were he had studied? To this question the other replied, "I, my lord governor, am called doctor Pedro \* Positive de Bode-well, native of a place called Snatchaway, on the right-

\* The Spanish name is *Pedro Rezio de Aquiero*; which, together with *Tirte Asuera*, the place of his nativity, I have translated into English, that the humour may be better understood.

hand between Caraque and Almodobar del Campo; and, I took my doctor's degree at the university of Ofuna." To this declaration Sancho replied, in a rage, "Heak ye then, Mr. doctor Pedro Positive de Bode-ill, native of Snatchaway, which is on the right hand as we go from Caraque to Almodobar del Campo, graduate of Ofuna, get out of my presence this instant, or by the body of the sun! I will snatch up a cudgel, and beginning with you, employ it in such a manner as not to leave a physician on the whole island; of those I mean who are ignorant fellows; as for the learned, virtuous, and discreet members of the faculty, I will place them on my head, in token of respect, and honour them as things divine. But, I say again, begone, doctor Pedro Positive, or positively I will take up this chair on which I sit, and make immediate application to your skull; and, should I be called to account for it, when I resign my government, I will exculpate myself by proving that I have done service to God, in slaying a wicked physician, who was a scandal to the commonwealth. Let me have something to eat therefore, or take back your government; for, a post that will not afford victuals, is not worth a pease-cod."

The doctor was frightened at seeing the governor in such a passion, and was going to snatch himself away from his presence, when, at the very instant, their ears were saluted with the noise of a post-boy's horn in the street; and, the gentleman sewer going to the window, informed the governor that there was a courier arrived from my lord duke, with some dispatches of importance. Accordingly, the messenger entered the hall, sweating, with marks of consternation in his countenance; and, taking a packet out of his bosom, delivered it into the hands of the governor, who gave it to the steward, with orders to read the superscription, which run thus: "To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island Baratania, to be delivered into his own hand, or that of his secretary." Sancho hearing the direction, "Who is my secretary?" said he. And one of the people who were present, answered, "I am secretary, my lord; for, I can read, and write, and am a Biscayan." "Nay, with that addition, said Sancho, you might be secretary to the emperor himself: open this packet, and see what it contains." The new-born secretary obeyed the command; and, having perused the contents, told his excellency, it was business for his private ear. Then Sancho ordered every body to quit the place, except the steward, and gentleman sewer: accordingly the rest retired, with the doctor at their head; and the secretary read the letter to this effect:

“ I HAVE received information, signor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine and of the island, intend one of these nights, to give you a furious assault ; you will therefore be vigilant and alert, that they may not find you unprepared. I am likewise informed, by trusty spies, that four persons in disguise have entered the town, with intention to take away your life, as they dread the extent of your abilities : be upon your guard, therefore, examine every person who comes to speak with you, and taste nothing that comes in a present. I will take care to reinforce you, should you stand in need of assistance ; mean while, you will act in every thing according to the good opinion I have of your understanding.

From my castle, August 16th.  
at four in the morning.

Your friend, The Duke.

This epistle overwhelmed Sancho with astonishment, which the rest pretended to share ; and turning to the steward, “ What is to be done, said he, and that immediately, is to confine doctor Rezio in a dudgeon ; for, if any body has a design to take away my life, he is the man ; ay, and by the most pitiful, and worst of all deaths ; namely, hunger.” “ True, replied the gentleman sewer ; and, in my opinion, your lordship ought not to eat any of the victuals now on the table, for they were a present from certain nuns ; and, as the saying is, The devil skulks behind the cross.” “ That is a truth not to be denied, said Sancho ; but, in the mean time, let me have a luncheon of bread, and about four pounds of raisins, which cannot be poisoned ; for, really and truly, I cannot live without eating ; and, if we must be prepared for those battles by which we are threatened, at least, let us be well fed ; for, the stomach supports the heart, and not the heart the stomach. You, secretary, must write an answer to my lord duke ; and tell him his commands shall be obeyed to a tittle. You shall likewise make my compliments to my lady dutchess, beseeching her, in my name, to remember to send an express, with my letter and bundle, to my wife Teresa Panza ; in so doing she will lay me under great obligation, and I shall take care to be her humble servant to the utmost of my power. By the bye, you may thrust in a how d’ye to my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see I am not of an ungrateful leaven ; and you, as a faithful secretary, and honest Biscayan, may add what you shall think proper, and most likely to turn out to advantage. At present,  
take

take away these things, and let me have something to eat; and I shall manage any spies, murderers, or inchanters, that may presume to attack me or my island."

Here he was interrupted by a page, who, coming into the hall, told him there was a countryman without, who wanted to speak with his lordship upon some business of the utmost importance. "Those people of business are strange fellows, said Sancho; is it possible they are so ignorant, as not to see that this is not a proper hour for the transaction of business? Mayhap they think, we governors, and judges, are not made of flesh and blood, and therefore require no time for refreshment, any more than if we were created of marble.—As I shall answer to God! if my government holds (tho' I begin to perceive it will not be of long duration) I will sit upon \* the skirts of more than one of these men of business. At present, tell that honest man to come; but, first of all, take care that he is not one of the spies or murderers." "There is no occasion, my lord, answered the page; for, he seems to be a simple soul, and either I am very much mistaken, or he is as honest as a well weighed loaf." "While we are present, said the steward, there is nothing to fear." "Mr. sewer, said Sancho, now that doctor Pedro Rezio is not here, might not I eat something substantial, even tho' it should be nothing better than a luncheon of bread, and an onion?" "This night your supper shall make amends for the defect of dinner, so as that your lordship shall be perfectly well pleased, and satisfied," replied the sewer. "God grant I may be so," quoth the governor.

At that instant the countryman entered the hall, of a goodly presence, and indeed one might have seen that he was an honest soul, even at the distance of a thousand leagues. The first thing he said, was, "Which of all this company is my lord governor?" "Who should be governor, replied the secretary, but he who sits in the chair?" "Then, I humble myself before him," said the peasant; who, falling on his knees, begged leave to kiss his lordship's hand. This request, however, Sancho would not grant; but ordered him to rise, and explain his business. Accordingly, the countryman getting up, "My lord, said he, I am a husbandman belonging to Miguel Turra, a place about two leagues from Ciudad Real." "What! have we got another Snatchaway?" cried Sancho: proceed, brother; for I can tell you, that I am very well acquainted with Miguel Turra, which is not far from our own village." "This here then is the case, my lord, said the countryman: By the mercy of God, I

\* The original *Ponga en pretina*, signifies, I will put in my girdle.

was married in peace, and in the face of the holy roman catholic church; and I have two sons now at college, the youngest of whom is to be a batchelor, and the elder is intended for a licentiate. I am a widower; for my wife died, or rather she was killed, by a wicked phyfician, who gave her a purge when she was big with child; and, had it pleased God, that the fruit of her womb had come to light, and been a boy, I would have bred him up a doctor, that he might not have envied his brothers, the batchelor and licentiate." "So then, said Sancho, if your wife had not died, or been killed, in all likelihood, you should not now be a widower." "No, my lord, by no manner of means," answered the countryman. "Agad! cried Sancho, we are in a thriving way. Pray, go on, brother; for, this is an hour more proper for sleep than for business." "Well then, replied the countryman, this son of mine, who is to be bred a batchelor, became enamoured of a young lady of the same town, called Clara Paralina,\* daughter of Andrew Paralino, a very wealthy yeoman; and, this name of Paralino, does not come from their pedigree, or any family descent; but, they have acquired it, because the whole race of them is Paralytic: and so, in order to improve the sound, they are called Paralino; tho', to say the truth, the young lady is a perfect oriental pearl, and, when you look at her, on her right side, seems to be a very flower of the field; on the left indeed she is not quite so amiable, being blind of an eye which she lost in the small-pox: and, although the pits in her face are very large and numerous, her admirers say that these are not pits, but graves, in which the hearts of her lovers are buried. Then she is so cleanly, that to prevent her face from being defiled, she carries her nose cocked up, as the saying is, so that it seems to be running away from her mouth: yet, for all that, she is extremely beautiful, for she has a very wide mouth, and if she did not want some ten or a dozen teeth, might pass for a very phoenix of beauty. Of her lips I shall say nothing; but, they are so thin, and delicate, that if it was the custom to reel lips, they might be made up into a skein; but, as they are of a different colour from common lips, they appear quite miraculous; for, they contain a mixture of blue, green, and orange tawny. And my lord governor will pardon me, for painting so exactly the parts of her who is to be my daughter, for I love her exceedingly, and like to dwell upon the subject." "Paint what you will, said Sancho; for my own part, I am hugely delighted with your description, and, if I had dined, should not desire a

\* She is in the original called *Perlerina*, which I have changed into *Paralina*, in order to preserve the subsequent play on the words.



better desert than the picture you have drawn." "That shall be always at your service, replied the countryman; and, though we are not at present known to each other, the time will come when we shall be better acquainted. And now, my lord, if I could describe her genteel deportment, and tall stature, you would be struck with admiration: but that is an impossible task, because she is so doubled, and bent, that her knees touch her mouth; and yet, for all that, one may see with half an eye, that if she could stand upright, her head would touch the ceiling; and she would have given her hand in marriage to my batchelor before this time, if she could have stretched it out, but it happens to be shrunk and withered; tho', by the long channeled nails, one may easily perceive the beauty of its form and texture."

"Very well, said Sancho. Now, brother, let us suppose you have painted her from head to foot: tell me what is your request? and come to the point, without going about the bush, through lanes and alleys, with a parcel of scraps and circumlocutions." "Well then, my lord, replied the countryman, my request is, that you would give me a letter of recommendation to the young lady's father, intreating him to give his consent to the match, as the parties are pretty equal in the gifts of fortune, and of nature; for, to say the truth, my lord governor, my son is possessed, and scarce a day passes, but he is three or four times tormented by the foul fiend; and, in consequence of having once fallen into the fire, his face is shrivelled up like a skin of parchment, and his eyes are bleared, and run woundily: but yet, he has the temper of an angel, and if he did not beat and buffet himself, he would be a perfect faint." "Do you want any thing else, honest friend?" replied Sancho. "I did want something else, said the countryman, but I dare not be so bold as to mention it: but, out it shall go; for, Stick or not stick, it shall never rot in my belly. Why then, my lord, I wish your lordship would bestow three or six hundred ducats, to help to set up my batchelor; I mean, to furnish his house; for, the truth is, the young couple are to live by themselves, without being subject to the peevishness of us old folks." "Consider if you want any thing else, said Sancho, and speak without bashfulness or restraint." "Truly, I want nothing else," replied the countryman. And scarce had he pronounced these words, when the governor starting up, and laying hold on the chair that was under him, exclaimed, "I vow to God, you Don lubberly, rascally rustic, if you don't get you gone, and abscond from my presence this instant, I will with this chair demolish your skull, you knavish son of a whore, and

painter for the devil himself; is this a time to come and demand six hundred ducats? Where the devil should I find them, you stinkard? or if I had found them, why the devil should I give them to you, you idiotical scoundrel? What a pox have I to do with Miguel Turra, or any of the generation of the Paralino's? Begone, I say, or by the life of my lord duke, I'll be as good as my word: thou art no native of Miguel Turra, but some fiend sent from hell to torment me: heark ye, miscreant, I have been governor but a day and an half, and you would have me already in possession of six hundred ducats!"

The gentleman fewer made signs to the countryman to leave the place; and he accordingly quitted the hall, hanging his head, and seemingly afraid that the governor would execute his threats; for, the rogue acted his part to admiration. But, let us leave Sancho's indignation to cool, and peace attend him in his career, while we return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bandaged up for the cure of his cattish wounds, which were not healed in the space of eight days; and in that time an adventure happened to him, which Cid Hamet promises to recount, with that truth and punctuality he has hitherto maintained, in recording even the most trivial and minute incidents of this authentic history.

C H A P.

## C H A P. XVI.

Of Don Quixote's adventure with Donna Rodriguez, the dutchess's duenna; and other incidents worthy of eternal fame.

**E**XCEEDINGLY peevish and melancholy, was the fore wounded Don Quixote, with his face bandaged and marked—not by the hand of his maker, but by the claws of a cat; and indeed, such misfortunes are annexed to chivalry. Six days did he remain in his chamber, without appearing in public; and, during this time it was, that one night, while he lay watchful and awake, musing upon his disaster, and the persecution of Altifidora, he heard a key turning in the door of his apartment, and straight imagined the enamoured damsel was come to surprize his chastity, and tempt him to forego the fidelity he owed to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso. On this supposition he pronounced with an audible voice, “No! the greatest beauty upon earth shall never have such an effect as to interfere with my adoration of her, who is impressed and engraved in the midst of my heart, and in the depth of my bowels! No, my dear mistress! whether thou art transformed into a garlic-eating wench, or as a nymph of the golden Tagus, art weaving webs of gold and silver twist: whether thou art in the power of Merlin or Montefinos; wheresoever thou mayest be, mine thou art, and, wheresoever I am, I must be thine.” This ejaculation being uttered just as the door opened, he stood upright in his bed, wrapped up in a quilt of yellow silk, with a woollen night-cap on his head, his face and whiskers being bound up; the first, on account of the scratches he had received, and the last, in order to preserve the buckle; and, in this equipage, he appeared the most extraordinary phantom that the imagination can conceive. His eyes were fixed upon the door, and when he expected to see the yielding, and afflicted Altifidora enter, he beheld a most reverend duenna, with a white hemmed veil, so long as to cover her from head to foot. Between the fingers of her left hand, she held a lighted candle's end, and with her right she formed a shade to keep the glare from her eyes, which were furnished with large spectacles; and, in this trim, she came treading very softly, and moving her feet with great tranquillity as she advanced. Don Quixote surveyed her from his post, and marking her silence and appearance, concluded she was some hag or forceress, come in that equipage to annoy him; and, in this opinion, he began

to cross himself with great eagerness of devotion. The apparition advancing to the middle of the chamber, and lifting up its eyes, perceived the knight busily employed in his occupation; and, if he was afraid at sight of her, she was no less terrified at his figure; for, seeing him so tall and yellow, wrapped up in the quilt, and disfigured by the bandages, she cried aloud, "O Jesus! what do I see?" and in the surprise dropped the candle. Finding herself now in the dark, she attempted to make her retreat, and treading upon her own skirts in the confusion of her fear, she stumbled and fell to the ground: while Don Quixote, sweating with terror, began to ejaculate, "I conjure thee, O phantom, or whatever thou mayest be, to tell me who thou art, and what thou would'st have. If thou art a perturbed spirit, let me know, and I will do all that lies in my power to give thee relief; for, I am a catholic christian, well disposed to befriend all mankind; and, in consequence of that disposition, I received the order of knight-errantry, which I now profess; and, the exercise of that profession, extends even so far as to give assistance to souls in purgatory."

The duenna, bruised as she was with her fall, hearing herself exercised in this manner, guessed from her own fear, the terrors of Don Quixote, and in a low and plaintive tone replied, "Signor Don Quixote, if your worship really is Don Quixote, I am no phantom, apparition, or soul in purgatory, as your worship seems to suppose, but Donna Rodriguez, chief duenna to my lady dutchess, and I come with one of those necessitous cases which your worship are wont to remedy." "Pray, tell me, signora Donna Rodriguez, said Don Quixote, are you come in the office of a go-between? because, I would have you to know, that I am altogether unfit for any such commerce, thanks to the peerless beauty of my own mistress Dulcinea del Toboso. Finally, I say unto you, signora Donna Rodriguez, if you will suppress, and lay aside, all amorous messages, you may go and light your candle, and return; and we will discourse upon any subject you shall think proper to introduce, saving, as I have already observed, all your dainty incitements." "Signor, answered the duenna, I carry messages for no person. Your worship is but little acquainted with my character. Nor am I so stricken in years as to take to those fooleries; for, God be praised! there is still some soul in my body, and my teeth, grinders and all, are still in my head, except a very few I have lost by the rheums that are so rife in this country of Arragon: but, if your worship will wait a minute, I will go and light my candle, and return in an instant, and then I shall recount my disaster to you, as the physician of all the disasters upon earth."

So

So saying, she, without waiting for an answer, quitted the apartment, where the knight waited for her, in the utmost suspense and concern: then being assaulted by a thousand reflections upon this new adventure, he began to think it would be very indiscreet, even so much as to dream of exposing himself to the danger of breaking his fidelity to his own mistress. "Who knows, said he to himself, but the devil, who is equally crafty and dextrous, intends at present to seduce me by means of a duenna, after having in vain attempted me, with empresses, queens, dutchesses, marquesses, and countesses? for I have often heard it observed by a number of people of good understanding, that he will never give you an high nose, if a flat nose will serve your turn: and who knows but this solitude, opportunity, and silence, may waken those desires in me which are now asleep, and compel me at these years to fall, where hitherto I never so much as stumbled? In such emergencies, it is surely better to avoid than await the battle. And yet, I must certainly be deprived of my senses, to talk and think at this rate; for, it is absolutely impossible, that a long, meagre, white veiled, and spectacled duenna, should move or excite a lascivious thought in the lewdest bosom upon earth. Is there, for example, a duenna in nature, who has a tolerable person? Is there a duenna upon this our globe, who is not wrinkled, loathsome, and impertinent? Avaunt then, ye duennian tribe, unfit for any human entertainment! Praise be to that lady who is said to have had at one end of her sofa two marble duennas, with their spectacles and bobbin cushions, in the attitude of working; and these statues fulfilled the dignity of the apartment, as well as if they had been duennas of flesh and blood."

So saying, he started from his bed, with intention to lock the door, and deny admittance to signora Rodriguez; but, before he could execute his resolution, that lady had returned with a lighted wax-taper, and seeing Don Quixote so near her, with his quilt, bandages, night-cap or hood, she was again affrighted, and retired backwards a couple of paces, saying, "Am I safe, sir knight? for, your worship's getting out of bed, is no great sign of virtue, methinks." "Madam, replied Don Quixote, I ought to ask you the same question; and I do accordingly ask, whether or not I am safe from assault and ravishment?" "Of whom, or from whom, do you demand that security, sir knight?" said the duenna. "Of you, and from you, and you alone, answered Don Quixote: for, I am not made of marble, nor you of brass; nor is it now ten o'clock in the forenoon, but midnight, and something more, if I am not mistaken; and we are here in a more close and secret apartment than the cave in  
which

which the treacherous, and daring Æneas, enjoyed the beautiful and pious Dido: yet give me your hand, madam; for, I require no other security than my own reserve and continence, together with the appearance of that most reverend veil."

So saying, he kissed his right hand, and took hold of her's, which she presented with the like ceremony.

Here Cid Hamet, in a parenthesis, swears by Mahomet, that to have seen these two originals thus linked, and walking from the door to the bed, he would have given the best of his two jackets.

At length Don Quixote slipped into bed, and Donna Rodriguez seated herself in a chair at some distance from it, without quitting her spectacles or candle: then the knight shrunk under the clothes, with which he covered himself in such a manner that nothing but his face appeared; and both parties having composed themselves, the first who broke silence was Don Quixote, who accosted her in these words: "Now, madam duenna Rodriguez, you may unrip, and unload, all that lies upon your sorrowful heart, and afflicted bowels; and I shall listen to your grievances with chaste ears, and redress them with pious works." "I believe as much, said the duenna; for, from the genteel and agreeable presence of your worship, I could expect no other than such a christian reply.

This then, is the case, signor Don Quixote; although your worship now sees me seated in this chair, in the midst of Arragon, and in the dress of a contemptible and injured duenna, I was born in the Asturias, of Oviedo, of a family which intermarried with many of the best in that province; but my niggardly fate, and the extravagance of my parents, who came to untimely want, without knowing how or wherefore, drove me to the court of Madrid, where, for the sake of peace, and in order to prevent greater misfortunes, my parents provided me with the place of needlewoman, in the service of a lady of quality; and, I would have your worship to know, that in making knitting-sheaths and plain work, no person had ever the advantage of me in the whole course of my life. As for my parents, after they had seen me settled in this place, they returned to the country, and in a few years went to heaven; for, they were exceeding good catholic christians. Mean while, I was left an orphan, stinted to the wretched salary, and pitiful wages, commonly given to such servants in great families; and so, about that time, a squire in the house fell in love with me, tho' I am sure I gave him no occasion. He was a man already well stricken in years, with a venerable beard, and of a comely appearance, and besides, as good a gentleman as the king; for,  
he



F. Hayman inv. et del.

C. Grignon Sculp.





he was a mountaineer. We did not correspond so secretly but our intrigue came to the knowledge of my lady, who, waving all questions and commands, caused us to be married in peace, and in the face of our holy mother the roman catholic church. The fruit of this marriage was a daughter, who was the death of my good fortune, if any such I had: not that I died in child-bed; on the contrary, I was safely and seasonably delivered; but because, soon after that event, my poor husband died of a fright; and, if I had now time to recount the manner, I know your worship would be struck with admiration."

Here she began to weep most bitterly, and thus proceeded: "Your worship, signor Don Quixote, will pardon me for not being able to contain myself; for, as often as I remember my unfortunate husband, mine eyes run over. God be my comfort! with what dignity did he ride before my lady, on a mighty mule as black as jet: for, at that time, they did not use coaches or chairs, which, they say, are now in fashion; and the ladies always rode behind their squires. This one circumstance, however, I cannot help recounting, because it demonstrates the good breeding and punctilio of my worthy spouse. One day, as he entered the street of St. Jago, in Madrid, which is but narrow, he happened to meet a judge, preceded by two of his officers; and my good squire no sooner beheld him, than he turned his mule, in order to attend his worship. My lady, who sat behind him, said in a whisper, "Blockhead, what are you going to do? don't you know that I am here?" while the judge, out of politeness, stopped his horse, saying, "Pray proceed, signor; for, it is rather my duty to attend my lady Donna Casilda; that was the name of my mistress. Nevertheless, my husband still persisted, with his cap in hand, in his resolution to attend the judge; and my lady, enraged at his obstinacy, pulled out a large pin, or rather, I believe, a bodkin, from her tweezer-case, and thrust it into his loins; so that my poor man roared aloud, and writhed his body in such a manner, that both he and my lady came to the ground. Her two lacquies ran immediately to lift her up, and were assisted by the judge and his officers. The whole gate of Guadalajara, I mean the idle people about it, were in an uproar: my lady came home a-foot, and my husband hastened to a surgeon, declaring he was thrust through the bowels. His great courtesy soon became public, in so much that the very children mocked him in the street; for which reason, and because he was a little short-sighted, my lady dismissed him from her service; and he took his dismissal so much to heart, that I am positively certain it was the cause of his death. Thus was I left a forlorn widow, with a daughter upon my hands, who, as she grew

up, increased in beauty, like the foam of the sea. At length, as I had the character of being an excellent needle-woman, my lady dutchefs, who was just then married to my lord duke, carried me and my daughter, without more ado, along with her to this kingdom of Arragon; where, in process of time, my child improved in all manner of accomplishments; she sings like any public crier, dances light as thought, cuts a caper as if she was mad, reads and writes like a school-master, and casts accounts like a miser. I say nothing of her cleanliness, for the running water is not more pure; and, if my memory does not fail me, she is now sixteen years, five months, and three days, perhaps one over or under. In a word, this maiden of mine captivated the son of a rich farmer, who lives in a village not far from hence, belonging to my lord duke; and so, the young couple meeting, I know not where nor how, he, under promise of marriage played the rogue with my daughter, and refuses to perform his promise: and although my lord duke is well acquainted with the affair; for, you must know, I complained to him—not once, but divers and sundry times, desiring he would order the young farmer to take my daughter to his wife; he lends a deaf ear to my complaint, and, indeed, will scarce give me the hearing, because, forsooth, the young rogue's father is extremely rich, and lends him money; nay, becomes surety for him when he happens to be in trouble: so that he will, by no manner of means, give himself the least concern or uneasiness. Now, dear sir, my request is that your worship would undertake to redress this grievance, either by intreaty or force of arms; for, as all the world says, your worship was born for such purposes, to rectify wrongs, and protect the wretched. And I beg your worship will consider the orphan state of my daughter, her gentility, her youth, and all those good qualities which, I have told you, she possesses: for, in the sight of heaven, and in my own conscience, I dare aver, that of all the damsels belonging to my lady dutchefs, there is not one that comes up to the sole of her shoe: and tho' she, whom they call Altifidora, is reckoned the most sprightly and good humoured, when compared to my daughter, she does not come within two leagues of her; for, your worship must know, signor, all is not gold that glitters. This same Altifidora has more forwardness than beauty, and more airiness than modesty: besides, she is not over and above wholesome; her breath has such a flavour that no body can be near her; no, not for a moment; and even my lady dutchefs—but, mum for that: Walls have ears, as the saying is."

"What

“What of my lady dutchefs? cried Don Quixote. Signora Donna Rodriguez, I conjure you tell me, as you hope to be saved.” “Nay, if you conjure me in that manner, answered the duenna, I cannot help telling the truth. Signor Don Quixote, your worship has, no doubt, perceived the beauty of my lady dutchefs; that freshness of complexion that shines like polished steel, those cheeks of milk and crimson, with the sun on one side, and the moon on the other, and that gaiety with which she treads, or rather disdains the ground, seeming to diffuse health and joy wheresoever she walks. Well then, your worship must know, that she may thank God, in the first place; and, secondly, two issues in her legs, that discharge the bad humours with which the doctors say she abounds.” “Blessed virgin! cried the knight, is it possible that my lady dutchefs should have occasion for such sluices? I would hardly believe the bare-footed friars, should they make the assertion; yet, since Donna Rodriguez avers it, there is no reason to doubt: but, from those issues, surely nothing but liquid amber can flow; and, in good sooth, I am now fully convinced that the use of issues must be a matter of great importance to the preservation of health.”

Scarce had Don Quixote pronounced these words, when the chamber-door burst open, with a sudden flap, which surprised and disordered the duenna to such a degree, that she dropped the candle, and in a moment the apartment was dark as a dog's mouth, as the saying is. Immediately, the poor duenna felt her throat assaulted by two hands, which pressed it so close that she could not squeak, while another person, with incredible dispatch, and in great silence, turned up her petticoat, and with something like a slipper, began to make such application to her posterior parts, that she was in a most piteous taking; and, although Don Quixote compassionated her case, he stirred not from his bed, as he did not know the nature of the assault, but lay snug and silent, in great fear that the same discipline would come round and found to his own carcase. Nor was his apprehension altogether groundless; for, the silent executioners having severely flogged the duenna, who durst not complain, advanced to Don Quixote; and, stripping off the sheets and the quilt, pinched him so fast, and so smartly, that he could not forbear defending himself by dint of fist; and the whole affair was transacted in wonderful silence. The battle having lasted about half an hour, the phantoms vanished, Donna Rodriguez adjusted her petticoats, and groaning over her misfortune, sneaked away, without speaking a syllable to the knight, who remained alone, full of pains and pinches, sorrow and confusion. And here we will leave him, burning with desire to know who the perverse

inchanter was, who had used him in such a cruel manner ; but, that secret shall be revealed in due season. Mean while, we are summoned by Sancho Panza ; and the excellent plan of our history obliges us to obey his call.

#### C H A P. XVII.

Of what happened to Sancho Panza, in going the round of his island.

WE left the great governor out of humour, and enraged at that same painting country-wag, who had received his cue from the duke's steward and gentleman sewer, sent thither on purpose to make merry at his expence : nevertheless, he held out toughly against the whole combination, Rude, and brood, and simple as he stood ; and addressing himself to all present, and among the rest to doctor Pedro Rezio, who, after the duke's letter was read, had returned to the hall, " Now, said he, I am fully convinced that judges and governors are, or ought to be made of brass, so as that they may not feel the importunity of people of business, who expect to be heard, and dispatched, at all hours and at all seasons, and that their affairs should be solely attended to, come what will : and if the poor devil of a judge does not hear and dispatch them, either because it is not in his power, or it happens to be an unseasonable time for giving audience, then they grumble and backbite, gnaw him to the very bones, and even bespatter his whole generation. Ignorant man of business ! foolish man of business ! be not in such a violent hurry ; wait for the proper season and conjuncture, and come not at meals or sleeping time ; for, judges are made of flesh and blood, and must give to nature that which nature requires, excepting myself, unhappy wretch that I am ! who cannot indulge my appetite, thanks to doctor Pedro Positive Snatchaway here present, who intends that I shall die of hunger, and affirms that such a death is good living, which I pray God may fall to the share of him and all of his kidney ; I mean, bad physicians ; as for the good, they deserve palms and laurel."

Every body who knew Sancho were struck with admiration at hearing him talk so elegantly, and could not account for his improvement any other way, than by supposing that posts and places of importance enlarge the faculties of some, while they stupify the understanding of others. Finally, doctor Pedro Positive Bodewell de Snatchaway promised to indulge his excellency with a plentiful supper at night, even tho' he should transgress all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. The governor rested satisfied with

with this declaration, waiting for the approach of night and supper with great impatience; and although time seemed to stand stock-still, the wished-for hour at length arrived, when they treated him with an hachis of beef well onioned, and some calves feet not very fresh: nevertheless, he attacked these dishes with more relish than if he had been served with Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, Sorrento veal, partridges of Moron, or geese of Lavajos: and, in the midst of supper, turning towards his physician, "Take notice, doctor, said he, that from henceforth you need not take the trouble to provide dainties and delicate dishes for me; they will only serve to unhinge my stomach, which is used to goats-flesh, cow-beef and bacon, with turnips and onions; and, if by accident it chances to receive any of your tit-bits, it contains them with loathing, and sometimes throws them up: but, master sewer may bring me those dishes called olla podridas; and the powerfuller they are, so much the better; in one of these, he may crowd and cram all the eatables he can think of, and I will thank him for his pains; nay, one day or another, I shall make him amends: and let no man play the rogue with me: either we are or we are not; let us live and eat in harmony and peace; for, when God sends the morning, the light shines upon all. I will govern this island without favour or corruption: and let every body keep a good look-out, and mind his own affairs; for, I would have you to know, the devil's in the dice\*, and if you give me cause, you shall see wonders—yes, yes: make yourself honey, and the flies will bite."

"Assuredly, my lord governor, said the steward, your lordship hath said nothing but the truth; and, I promise, in the name of all the islanders of this island, to serve your lordship with perfect love, benevolence and punctuality: for, the agreeable sample of government which your lordship hath given in the beginning, leaves us no room to doubt, or even to conceive any thing that shall redound to the disgust and detriment of your honour." "I believe what you say, replied Sancho; and, indeed, they must be fools to think or act otherwise. And I say again, let the maintenance of me and my Dapple be taken care of; for, that is the main point in this business: and, when the time comes, let us go and make the round; my intention is to clear the island from all sort of filth, such as vagabonds, idlers, and immoral people: for, I would have you to know, my friends, that your idle and lazy fellows are the same in a commonwealth as drones in a bee-hive, that consume the honey which the industrious labourers have made. My resolution is to protect the farmers and handicrafts-men, maintain the prerogative of gentlemen,

\* Literally, *the devil's in Cantillana*, which is a town of Andalouzia, near Sevil.

reward virtue; and, above all things, respect religion and the honour of the clergy. Tell me, my friends, what is your opinion of my plan? Does it smack of something? or do I thresh my skull to no purpose?" "My lord governor, said the steward, your lordship speaks so much to the purpose, that I am struck with admiration, to hear a man so illiterate as your lordship (for, I believe you do not know your letters) make so many observations full of sagacity, and give counsel so much above every thing that was expected from your lordship's capacity, by those who sent us, as well as by ourselves who are come hither. Every day produces something new: jokes are turned into earnest, and the biters are bit."

Night being come, and the governor having supped with the good leave of doctor Pedro, they prepared for going the round; and, accordingly his excellency went forth, accompanied by the steward, notary, gentleman sewer, and historiographer, whose office it was to record his actions; and attended by such a number of alguazils and scribes, as would have formed a moderate squadron. Sancho walked in the middle, with his rod, and a goodly sight he was to see; and, having traversed a few streets, they heard the clashing of swords, upon which hastening to the place of action, they found two men fighting, who, seeing the officers of justice, desisted, and one of them exclaimed, "Help, in God's name, and the king's! What, are people suffered to be robbed in this town, and assaulted in the very middle of the street?" "Compose yourself, honest friend, said Sancho, and let me know the cause of this quarrel; for, I am governor." Then his adversary interposing, "My lord governor, said he, I will tell you the whole story in a few words: Your worship must know, that this gentleman has been at play in that there gaming-house over the way, where he has won above a thousand rials, and God knows how fairly: now, I being present, decided more than once in his favour, when the bett was, doubtful, against the dictates of my own conscience: he took up his winning, and when I expected he would gratify me with a crown at least, for good will, as players generally make such presents to men of honour like me, who attend in those places, ready at all adventures to support unreasonable demands, and prevent disturbance; he pocketed the cash and went away: I followed him close, and in the most courteous manner, begged he would indulge me with eight rials, as he knew me to be a gentleman without either business or fortune; for, my parents neither bred me up to the one, nor left me the other: and the rascal who, by the bye, is as great a thief as Cacus, and as arrant a sharper as Andradilla, would not give me a farthing more than four rials; so that, my lord governor, your excellency may perceive

perceive what a shameless and unconcionable rogue it is : but, in good faith, if your lordship had not come up, I would have made him disgorge his winning, and taught him how to trim the ballance." When Sancho asked what the other had to say in his own defence, he owned that as his adversary alledged, he had refused to give him more than four rials, because the plaintiff had often tasted of his bounty ; and those who expect such gratifications ought to be thankful, and take chearfully what their benefactors bestow, without pretending to make peremptory demands upon those who win, unless they know them to be cheats, and that their winning is unfairly acquired. He likewise observed, that there could be no surer mark of his honour and fair play, than his having refused to comply with the demands of such a rascal ; for, sharpers are always tributary to those lookers-on who know their knavery." " The remark is certainly just, said the steward : how will your excellency please to dispose of these men ?" " What must be done, is this, replied the governor : You, Mr. winner, whether you be good, bad, or indifferent, must immediately pay to this here swash-buckler, one hundred rials ; and, besides, disburse thirty more for the use and behoof of the poor prisoners : and you, sir, who have neither business, fortune, or employment in this island, take these hundred rials, and some time to-morrow, banish yourself from this island for the space of ten years, on penalty (if you disobey the sentence) of completing the term of your exile in the other world : for, in that case, I will hang you on a gibbet, at least, the executioner shall do it by my order ; and let no man presume to reply, or I will chastise him severely." The one disbursed, the other received the rials : this quitted the island, that retired to his own lodgings ; and the governor, who remained on the spot, said to his followers, " If my power is not very small, I will suppress those gaming-houses, which, I begin to perceive, are very prejudicial to the public." " This, at least, said the notary, your excellency cannot suppress ; for, it is kept by a person of quality, who, in the course of the year, loses a great deal more than he gets by the cards. Against petty gaming-houses of small account, which are productive of most mischief, and cover more crimes, your lordship may exert your authority ; but, in the houses of noblemen, and gentlemen of rank, the noted sharpers dare not put their tricks in practice : and since the vice of gaming is become a common exercise, better play in houses of fashion than in any public gaming-house, into which an unfortunate wretch is often seduced, in the middle of the night, and, as it were, skinned alive." " Mr. notary, replied the governor, much may be said on that subject."

Here

Here he was interrupted by the arrival of a serjeant who had fast hold of a youth, and thus addressed himself to the governor: "This spark, my lord, was coming towards us; but, no sooner had a glimpse of the officers of justice, than he turned his back, and began to scamper off as nimbly as a fallow-deer; a sure sign of his being some sort of a delinquent: I pursued him immediately, but should never have overtaken him, had not he stumbled and fallen." "Young man, said Sancho, what did you run for?" To this question the youth replied, "I ran, my lord, in order to avoid the tedious interrogations of justice." "What business do you follow?" "I am a weaver." "And what sort of stuff do you weave?" "Iron heads for lances, with your honour's leave." "What! you are a small wit, methinks, and set up for a joker? very well, sir, and where was you going now?" "To take the air, my lord." "And whereabouts do you take the air in this island?" "Just where it happens to blow." "Good again! your answers are pat; and to be sure, you are a pretty, smart young fellow: but, heark ye, youngster, I am the air that will blow in your poop, until you are safely lodged in prison. Here, take and carry him to goal, I will take order that he shall sleep for one night without air." "'Fore God! cried the youth, your honour can no more make me sleep in goal, than you can make me king." "And wherefore cannot I make thee sleep in goal? replied Sancho; is it not in my power to confine and release thee, when and where I please?" "How great soever your honour's power may be, said the young man, it is not sufficient to make me sleep in prison." "How! not sufficient? cried Sancho, away with him, and let his own eyes convince him of his mistake; and lest the goaler should practise his interested generosity upon him, I will fine him in two thousand ducats, if he suffers thee to move one step from the prison." "All this is matter of mirth, answered the youth; for, the truth is, all the people upon earth shall not make me sleep in prison." "Tell me, devil, said Sancho, hast thou got a familiar to release thee, and loose the chains with which I intend thou shalt be fettered?" "Now, my lord governor, replied the youth with a graceful air, let us argue the matter, and come to the point. Suppose your excellency should order me to be carried to jail, to be loaded with chains and shackles, and thrust into a dungeon, and lay an heavy penalty upon the jailor, in case he should allow me to escape; and lastly, suppose he should perform his duty with all imaginable care and success: notwithstanding all these precautions, if I have no inclination to sleep, and can keep myself awake all night, without closing an eye, pray tell me, is all your lordship's power sufficient to make me sleep against my will?"

"No,







“No, surely, said the secretary: and the young man has made good his assertion.” “Provided always, said Sancho, that your defying sleep would be merely for your own pleasure, without any intention to contradict mine.” “No, my lord, replied the youth, I never dreamed of any such intention.” “Then, peace be with you, resumed the governor, you may go and sleep at home, and God send you a sound sleep; for I have no design to disturb your repose: but, let me advise you, never henceforth to crack a joke upon justice; otherwise, you may chance to light upon some of her ministers that will crack your skull.”

The youth went away, the governor continued his circuit; and, he had not gone far, when two serjeants brought in a person they had taken, saying, “My lord governor, this here person that seems to be a man, is no other than a woman, and that not ugly neither, in man’s cloaths.” Here they held up two or three lanthorns, by the light of which they discovered the face of a woman, seemingly about seventeen years of age, beautiful as a thousand pearls, with her hair tied up in a net of green silk and gold. Having surveyed her from head to foot, they perceived her stockings were of flesh-coloured silk, tied with garters of white taffeta, and fringes of gold embroidery; her breeches were of green cloth of gold; she had a loose coat of the same stuff, under which she wore a jacket of the finest brocade; and her shoes were white, and made like those used by men. She had no sword about her, but a very rich dagger, and upon her fingers was a great number of valuable rings: in a word, all who beheld the girl were struck with her appearance, tho’ not one of them knew her face; and the inhabitants of the town, said they could not conceive who she was. But, those who concerted the jokes that were practised upon Sancho, were most struck with admiration; for this incident and salvage was not of their contriving; and therefore they stood in suspense, waiting to see the issue of the adventure; while Sancho, confounded at the girl’s beauty, asked who she was, whither she was going, and what had induced her to appear in the habit of a man? She, fixing her eyes upon the ground, with the most engaging bashfulness, replied, “My lord, I cannot disclose in such a public company, what it concerns me so much to conceal. One circumstance I beg leave to communicate: I am no thief or criminal person; but, an unfortunate young lady, compelled by jealousy to trespass upon that decorum which is due to my honour and reputation.”

The steward hearing these words, said to Sancho, “My lord governor, be so good as to bid the people retire, that this lady may disburthen her

mind with more freedom." The governor accordingly laid his commands upon his attendants, all of whom retired, except the steward, the gentleman sewer, and the secretary; and the young lady finding they were gone, proceeded to this effect: "Gentlemen, I am the daughter of Pedro Perez Mazorca, farmer of the wool in this town, who comes frequently to my father's house." "Madam, said the steward, this will not go down. I am very well acquainted with Pedro Perez, and know he has neither chick nor child, male or female: besides, you first say he is your father, and then add he frequently comes to your father's house." "That circumstance I likewise took notice of," said Sancho. "Well, gentlemen, replied the damsel, I am in such confusion, that I know not what I say: but, the truth is, I am the daughter of Diego de Llana, whom you must all know." "Ay, this goes better, answered the steward: Diego de Llana is my acquaintance, and a gentleman of rank and fortune: I know too, he has a son and daughter; tho', since he was a widower, no person in this town can pretend to say he ever saw the face of his daughter, whom her father keeps so closely shut up, that the sun himself has no opportunity to behold her; and yet, report says she is extremely beautiful." "True, said the damsel: I am that very daughter, and whether or not fame has belyed me in point of beauty, you yourselves, gentlemen, may judge from your own observation." So saying, she began to weep most tenderly.

The secretary perceiving her distress, said to the steward in a whisper, "Doubtless, something of consequence must have happened to this poor young lady, seeing a person of her quality, quits her own home at such an hour, and in such an equipage." "Certainly, replied the steward, that suspicion is confirmed by her tears." As for Sancho, he consoled her in the best terms he could use, and desired that she would without fear or constraint communicate what had befallen her; for, they would endeavour to remedy her disaster, with great sincerity, and by all possible means. "This then is the case, gentlemen, answered the damsel, my father has locked me up for the space of ten years, which are elapsed since my mother was committed to her grave: there is in the house a rich oratory where mass is said; and, in all that time, I have seen nothing but the sun in the heavens by day, and the moon and stars by night: I am utterly unacquainted with the streets, squares, churches, and all mankind, except my father, my brother, and Pedro Perez the wool-farmer, whom, because he comes frequently to our house, I took it in my head to call my father, in order to conceal the name of my real parent:

parent: I have been very disconsolate for many days and months, on account of this confinement, and his constant refusal to let me go to church: I longed to see the world, at least the town in which I first drew breath; and, I did not think, this desire transgressed the bounds of that decorum which young women of fashion ought to preserve. When I heard of bull-feasts, darting the javelin, and plays, I desired my brother, who is a year younger than myself, to describe the nature of these and many other things which I had not seen, and he gratified my desire to the utmost of his power; but his description served only to inflame my impatience to behold those spectacles: in a word, to cut short the account of my ruin, I say, I desired and intreated my brother—would to God I had never desired or intreated him.”

And here she renewed her lamentation, when the steward interposing, “Madam, said he, be so good as to proceed, and finish the story of your adventure; for, your words, and tears, keep us all in the utmost suspense.” “I have little else to say, replied the damsel, tho’ a great many tears to shed; for, such irregular desires are always, without fail, attended by such misfortunes.”

The beauty of this damsel having made an impression on the soul of the gentleman sewer, he once more held up the lanthorn to take another view, and the tears she let fall, he took to be seed-pearl, or the dew-drops of the meadow; nay, his fancy even compared them to oriental pearls, and he ardently wished that her misfortune might not appear so great as her sighs and lamentation seemed to indicate.

The governor being tired of the dilatory manner in which the girl told her story, desired she would keep them no longer in suspense; for, it was late, and they had a great part of their round still to perform. Then, she, in the midst of interrupted sobbings, and broken sighs, proceeded thus: “My misfortune, and my disaster, is nothing else than this: I begged my brother to disguise me in one of his suits, and carry me out to see the town, some night while my father should be asleep; he, importuned by my intreaties, complied with my request, and gave me this dress, while he himself put on a suit of mine which fits him to a nicety; for, he has not one hair upon his chin, and looks exactly like a very handsome girl. This night about an hour ago, little more or less, we sallied forth from our own house; and conducted by our foot-boy, and our own unruly desire, went round the whole town: but, when we wanted to return home again, we perceived a great number of people coming up, and my brother said, “Sister, this must be the patrol;

quicken your pace, put wings to your feet, and run after me; for, as they do not know who we are, we shall be in evil taking." So saying, he took to his heels, and began—not to run but to fly: but, scarce had I followed him six paces, when I fell through fear, and then came the officers of justice, who brought me before your lordship, where in consequence of my foolish and rash conduct, I find myself confounded and ashamed, before so much company." "So that after all, madam, said Sancho, no other mishap has befallen you, nor was it jealousy that brought you from your own house, as you alledged in the beginning of your story?" "Nothing else hath happened to me, nor did I quit my own home from jealousy; but, meerly from the desire of seeing the world, which extended no farther than a wish to see the streets of this town."

The truth of this assertion was confirmed by the arrival of two other serjeants with her brother, whom they had taken in his flight.. He had no other cloaths but a rich petticoat, and a manteel of blue damask laced with gold: on his head there was no cap, or any other ornament but his own hair, which was so rich and ruddy, that it looked like ringlets of gold. The governor, steward, and sewer, taking him aside, that he might not be overheard by his sister, questioned him about his being disguised in that dress; and the youth with equal bashfulness and disorder, repeated the same story which his sister had related, to the unspeakable satisfaction of the enamoured sewer.

"Gentlefolks, said the governor, this is certainly a very childish trick, and in giving an account of your simplicity and rashness, there needed not all this weeping and wailing: had you said at first, our names are so and so, and we fell upon this contrivance to steal out of our father's house, meerly to gratify our curiosity, without any other design; the affair would have been at an end, and you might have spared all this grunting and groaning." "Very true, replied the damsel; but, your honours must know, my confusion was so great, that I was not mistress of my own behaviour." "There is no harm done, replied Sancho; let us go and see you safe home to the house of your father, who perhaps has not missed you as yet; and henceforward be not such a baby, or so desirous to see the world. The maid that would keep her good name, stays at home as if she was lame: A hen and a housewife, whatever they cost, if once they go gadding will surely be lost: And she that longs to see, I ween, is as desirous to be seen. This is all I shall at present say upon the subject."

The

The young man thanked the governor for his intended civility in seeing them home; and accordingly they took the road to their father's house, which was not far off. When they arrived at the gate, the brother threw a pebble at a casement, and immediately a maid-servant who sat up for them, came down and opened the door, at which they entered, leaving all the company in admiration at their beauty and genteel deportment, as well as at their scheme of seeing the world by night, without going out of the town: but, this they ascribed to their tender years.

The sewer's heart was transpierced by the charms of the sister, whom he resolved to demand in marriage of her father the very next day, concluding he would not meet with a denial because he was a domestic of the duke. Even Sancho was seized with a whim and inclination to make a match between the youth and his daughter, and he actually resolved to effectuate it in due season; taking it for granted that no man would refuse his hand to a governor's daughter.

This ended the round for that night, and in two days he saw the end of his government, which overthrew and destroyed all his designs, as will be seen in the sequel.

## C H A P. XVIII.

Which declares who were the inchanters and executioners that scourged the duenna, and pinched and scratched Don Quixote ; together with the expedition of the page, who carried the letter to Teresa Panza, Sancho's spouse.

CID Hamet, the most punctual investigator of the most minute atoms belonging to this genuine history, says that when Donna Rodriguez quitted her apartment to visit Don Quixote in his chamber, another duenna, who was her bed-fellow, perceived her motions, and as all the individuals of that class are naturally disposed to enquire, to pry, and to smell into the affairs of their neighbours, she followed her so softly that honest Rodriguez knew nothing at all of the matter : and when she saw her enter Don Quixote's apartment, that she might conform to the general custom of all duennas, who are much addicted to tale-bearing, she, that instant, went and informed my lady dutchefs, that Donna Rodriguez was in the knight's bed-chamber ; the dutchefs communicated this intelligence to the duke, and asked leave to go along with Altifidora, and see what the duenna wanted with Don Quixote : the duke granted his permission, and the two, with great caution, treading softly, step by step, went up so close to the chamber-door, as to overhear every thing that was said ; and the dutchefs hearing how Rodriguez divulged the secret of those healing \* streams, that flowed from her body, could not bear the duenna's presumption, which was equally resented by Altifidora. Exasperated therefore, and bent upon vengeance, they burst into the apartment, where they pinched the knight, and flogged the duenna, as hath been already recited ; for, affronts levelled directly against the beauty and reputation of the fair-sex, wakens the indignation of the offended party to a great degree, and inspires her with the desire of revenge.

The dutchefs recounted the adventure to the duke, who was extremely diverted with the particulars ; and her grace resolving to proceed with her jokes, and extract entertainment from Don Quixote, dispatched the page who had acted the part of Dulcinea, in the contrivance of the inchantment, which, by the bye, Sancho Panza had by this time forgot,

\* Literally, the *Aranjuez* of the fountains. *Fuentes* signifies, either fountains or issues ; and *Aranjuez* is the name of a delightful palace, about seven leagues from Madrid, famous for gardens and fountains.







*J. Hayman inv. del.*

*J. F. Ravenet Sculp.*

so much was he engrossed by the affairs of his government—the dutchess, I say, dispatched the page to Teresa Panza, with her husband's letter, and another from her grace, together with a string of rich coral in a present.

The history relates, then, that the page, who was a very intelligent, acute young fellow, extremely well disposed to contribute to the entertainment of his lord and lady, set out with great satisfaction for Sancho's native place; but, before he entered the village, he saw a number of women washing linnen in a brook, and of these he asked, if they could inform him, whereabouts lived one Teresa Panza, wife of one Sancho Panza, squire to a certain knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha. This question was no sooner pronounced, than a girl, who was washing, starting up, "That Teresa Panza, cried she, is my mother; and that same Sancho my honoured father, and that knight our master." "Come then, young mistress, replied the page, conduct me to your mother; for, I bring her a letter, and a present, from that same father of yours." "That I will do with all my heart, kind sir," answered the girl, who seemed to be fourteen years of age, over or under; and, leaving the cloaths upon which she was at work, to one of her companions, without putting on her cap or her shoes; for, she was barefoot, and her hair hung about her eyes, she ran before the page's horse, saying, "Come along, good sir, our house is at this end of the village, and there you will find my poor mother in a sorrowful taking, because she has not for many days heard any news of my honoured father." "But now, said the page, I bring her such good news, that she will have reason to bless God for this happy day." In a word, what with dancing, running and skipping, the wench arrived at the village; but, before she entered the house, she called aloud at the door, "Come out, mother Teresa, come out, pray come out; here's a gentleman, who brings letters, and other good things, from my good father."

Teresa Panza, hearing this exclamation, came forth spinning tow from a distaff, with a grey petticoat, so short that it seemed to have been cut close to the placket; a jacket of the same stuff, and an open breasted shift: she was not very old, tho' seemingly turned of forty; but, strong, hale, nervous, and tough. Seeing her daughter, with the page on horseback, "What is the matter, child? said she: what gentleman is that?" "The very humble servant of my lady Donna Teresa Panza," replied the page, who, throwing himself from his horse, ran with great eagerness and humility, to kneel before madam Teresa, saying, "Grant me permission to kiss your ladyship's hand, madam Donna Teresa,

refa, as the legitimate, and particular consort, of my lord Don Sancho Panza, sole governor of the island Barataria." "Nay, good sir, forbear; do not so, answered Teresa; I am none of your court-dames; but, a poor countrywoman, a ploughman's daughter, and wife to a squire-errant, but no governor." "Your ladyship, replied the page, is the most worthy consort of the most superlatively worthy governor; and this letter and present, is an incontestible proof of the truth of what I say." So saying, he instantly pulled from his pocket, a string of coral set in gold, and tied it round her neck; then producing a letter, "This, said he, is from my lord governor, and this other with the necklace, from my lady dutchess who sent me hither."

Teresa was confounded, and her daughter, no less astonished, exclaimed, "I'll be hanged if our master Don Quixote be not at the bottom of all this; and surely must have given my father that same government or countship, which he promised him so often!" "You are certainly in the right, answered the page; for, it is intirely on signor Don Quixote's account, that signor Sancho is now governor of the island Barataria, as will appear in this letter." "Pray, good gentleman, read it, said Teresa; for, though I can spin, I cannot read so much as a crumb." "Nor I, neither, added Sanchica; but, stay a moment, I'll go and fetch one that shall read it, either the curate himself, or the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, who will come with pleasure to hear news of my father." "There is no occasion to fetch any person whatever, said the page; for, tho' I cannot spin, I can read, and read it I shall." He accordingly read Sancho's letter from beginning to end; but, as it hath been already recited, we shall not repeat it in this place. Then he rehearsed the other, which came from the dutchess, in these words:

"Friend Teresa,

THE great talents, and excellent disposition of your husband Sancho, induced and obliged me, to beg of the duke my husband, that he would confer upon him the government of one, among many islands that are in his possession; and, I understand, he governs like any jersaulcon; a circumstance that affords great pleasure to me, and of consequence to my lord duke; and I thank heaven heartily, that I have not been deceived in choosing him for that same government; for, madam Teresa must know, it is a very hard matter to find a good governor in this world, and God make me as good a woman as Sancho is a governor. I have sent you, my dear friend, a coral necklace set in gold; and I wish,  
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for your sake, it had been of oriental pearls: But, he that gives, tho' it were but an egg, would be sorry to see thee lame of a leg. The time will come when we shall be better acquainted, and carry on a closer correspondence, and heaven knows what may come to pass. Commend me to your daughter Sanchica, and tell her from me, to keep herself in readiness; for, I mean to match her very high, when perhaps she thinks least of the matter. I am told your town is famous for fine, large acorns; pray send me two dozen, which I shall greatly esteem as coming from your hand. Write me a long letter, giving an account of your health and welfare; and, if you should want any thing, you have nothing to do but open your mouth, and it shall be measured. That God would protect you, is the prayer of

Your loving friend,

The Dutchess."

"La! now, (cried Teresa, when she heard the contents of the letter) what a kind, and plain, and humble lady! would I might live, and die, and be buried, among such ladies, and not your gentlewomen of this town, who think, forsooth, because they are gentlefolks, the wind must not touch them, and go to church in such finery, as if they were perfect queens: nay, they seem to think it a disgrace to look at a poor body; and see here now, how this worthy lady, even tho' no less than a dutchess, calls me friend, and treats me as if I were her own equal; and equal may she be to the highest steeple in all La Mancha. As to what concerns the acorns, kind sir, I'll send her a whole peck, so fair and large, that people shall come far and near, to see and admire them. For the present, Sanchica, we must look to the entertainment of this gentleman: let his horse be taken care of; fetch some eggs from the stable, and cut some rashers of bacon, and let us treat him like a prince; for, the good news he has brought, and his own good countenance, deserves every thing at our hands. In the mean time, I'll go out, and give an account of our good fortune to my neighbours, especially our father the curate, and master Nicholas the barber, who are, and always were, such friends to your father." "I will do as you desire, mother, answered Sanchica; but remember, you shall give me one half of the string of coral; for, I don't take my lady dutchess to be such a ninny, as to send the whole for your use." "It is all thy own, daughter, replied Teresa; but thou must let me wear it a few days about my neck; for, in faith and troth, it will

rejoice my poor heart." "It will be still more rejoiced, said the page, when you see the bundle in that portmanteau, consisting of a suit of superfine cloth, which was never wore but one day at the hunting, by the governor, who sends it for the sole use of Miss Sanchica." "May he live a thousand years! cried Sanchica, as well as he that brings it, neither more nor less; and even two thousand, if there should be occasion."

Now Teresa going out with the letters, and the string about her neck, went along playing with her fingers upon the paper as if it had been a cymbal; and casually meeting the curate, and Sampson Carrasco, she began to caper about, saying, "In good faith, we have no poor kindred now: we have caught the governorship: ay, ay, pick me up the best gentlewoman of them all, ifack! I'll look upon her as an upstart." "What is the matter, Teresa Panza? said the curate: what is the meaning of this rhapsody? and what papers are these?" "No rhapsody at all, replied Teresa; but only, these are letters from dutchesses and governors, and these here upon my neck are true corals: the ave-marias and pater-nosters are of beaten gold, and I am a governess." "God shield us, Teresa, cried the curate, as we do not understand a word of what you say!" "Seeing is believing," answered the good woman, putting the letters into his hand, which, he having read, in the hearing of Sampson Carrasco, they looked at one another with astonishment. When the bachelor asked who brought those letters, Teresa desired they would go along with her to her house, and they would see the messenger, who was a comely youth, like a perfect golden pinetree, and had brought another present worth twice as much. The curate taking the string of coral from her neck, viewed and reviewed it with great deliberation; and, being satisfied the beads were real fine coral, was again struck with admiration, and exclaimed, "Now by the habit which I wear! I know not what to say, or what to think of these letters and presents: on one side I see, and even feel the worth of these corals; and on the other, I read a letter from a dutchess, who begs two dozen of acorns!" "Reconcile these things if you can, said Carrasco: but, now let us go and see the bearer of this packet, whose information will solve all these difficulties."

They accordingly accompanied Teresa, and found the page winnowing a little barley for his beast, while Sanchica was employed in cutting rashers to fry with the eggs, for the entertainment of their guest, whose appearance and equipage gave great satisfaction to the two new-comers. After the compliments of salutation had courteously passed between them,

Sampson

Sampson intreated him to tell them news of Don Quixote, as well as of Sancho Panza; for, although they had perused the letters of this last, and of my lady dutchefs, they were still overwhelmed with confusion, and could by no means comprehend the meaning of that government, especially of an island, seeing all, or the greatest part of the islands in the Mediterranean, belonged to his majesty. To this remonstrance the page replied, "That signor Sancho Panza is a governor, there is no sort of doubt; but whether of an island or not, I do not pretend to decide: let it suffice, however, that he governs a place of above a thousand inhabitants; and with respect to the acorns, I can affirm, my lady dutchefs is of such a frank and humble disposition, that her sending for acorns to a countrywoman is not to be wondered at; nay, I once knew her send, and borrow a comb of one of her neighbours; for, you must know, gentlemen, the ladies of Arragon, although as noble, are not so ceremonious and superb, as the quality of Castile, but treat their inferiors with more frankness and familiarity."

In the midst of this conversation, Sanchica coming in with her lap full of eggs, addressed herself to the page, saying, "Pray, tell me, signor, does my honoured father wear trunk-hose since he was a governor?" "I have not observed that particular, replied the page; but, certainly he must." "My God! cried Sanchica, how glad I should be to see my father with trunk-hose! let me never thrive but I have, ever since I was born, longed to see father in laced trunk-breeches." "Laced hose! said the page; lord, madam, if he lives, and his government should hold but two months, he is in a fair way of travelling with a hood to his riding-coat." The curate and batchelor could easily perceive the page made a jest of his entertainers; but, the worth of the coral beads, and the hunting-suit which Sancho had sent, destroyed all their conjectures; for, Teresa had shewn them the green garment; nor did they fail to laugh at the ambition of Sanchica, and their mirth was not extinguished when Teresa accosting the priest, "Mr. curate, said she, do pray cast your eyes about a little, and see if any body be going to Madrid or Toledo, that I may have an opportunity to purchase a round farthingale, right and tight, fashionable and of the best sort; for, truly and truly, I am resolved to honour my spouse's government as much as lies in my power; ay, and if they vex me, I'll go to court, and ride in my coach, like all the rest, and the best of them; for she who is married to a governor, may afford to go thither, and maintain a rank." "Yea, forsooth, replied Sanchica; and would to God it were to-day, before to-morrow, although those who saw me seated with my lady mother in the  
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coach,

coach, should say, Look at such a one, daughter of such a garlic-eater, how she sits, and lolls in a coach, like the pope's lady; but, let them trudge in the dirt, so I ride in my coach, with my feet lifted off the ground: an ill year, and worse month, betide all the envious grumblers upon earth: And so I am warm, without and within, the mob may laugh, and the malicious grin. Speak I to the purpose, mother?" "To the purpose? yes to be sure, daughter; and all this good luck, and even more, was prophecied by my good man Sancho, and thou shalt see, daughter, it will not stop until I am a countess; for, good fortune wants only a beginning, as I have often heard it observed by thy worthy father, who is likewise the father of proverbs, When they bring thee a heifer, be ready with the halter: when they give thee a government, seize it a-God's name: when they bestow a countship, lay thy clutches upon it; and when they throw thee some good beneficial bone, wag thy tail, and snap at the favour; if not, sleep on, and never answer to good fortune and preferment, when they knock at thy door." "And what do I care? added Sanchica, let them say what they will, when they see me exalted in all my finery, and cry, There goes Mrs. ape, with her buttocks cased in crape: and all the rest of that stuff."

The curate hearing her remark, "I cannot believe, said he, but that all the family of the Panzas are born with a bag of proverbs in their bowels; for, I have never seen one of them, who does not scatter about old saws, at all times, and in all conversations." "Your observation is very just, said the page; for, my lord governor Sancho utters them at every step; and although many of his proverbs are not much to the purpose, they nevertheless give great pleasure, and are very much extolled by my lady dutchess and the duke." "What! and do you still, my good sir, said the batchelor, affirm the truth of that government of Sancho; and that there is actually a dutchess who sends presents, and letters to his wife? For our parts, although we handle the presents, and have perused the letters, we cannot believe the evidence of our senses, and imagine this is one of those things which our townsman Don Quixote supposed to have been effected by enchantment; and therefore, I own, I have an inclination to touch and feel your person, that I may know whether you are a fantastical ambassador, or really a man of flesh and blood." "Gentlemen, replied the page, all that I know of the matter is, that I am a real ambassador; that signor Sancho Panza is effectually a governor; and that my lord duke, and lady dutchess, not only could, but actually did, invest him with that government, in which I hear the said Sancho Panza behaves with vast ability. Whether or not  
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there is any enchantment in the case, I leave you gentlemen to dispute and decide among yourselves; for, this is all I know of the matter, I swear by the life of my parents, who are still alive, and whom I love and honour with the utmost reverence of affection." "What you say may be true, answered the batchelor: but, *Dubitat Augustinus.*" "Doubt as much as you please, resumed the page: what I have said is the naked truth, which will always swim above falsehood, like oil above water; but, *Operibus credite & non verbis*: let one of you gentlemen go along with me, and he shall see with his eyes what he will not believe upon hearsay." "I am for that jaunt, cried Sanchica: good sir, if you will take me up behind you, I shall be glad to go and see my father's worship." "The daughters of governors, said the page, never travel alone; but are always accompanied by coaches, and litters, and a great number of attendants." "'Fore God! replied Sanchica, I can travel upon a she-ass as well as in a coach: you won't find me shy or fearful." "Hold your tongue, wench, said Teresa: you know not what you say. The gentleman is in the right; for, Every season has its reason. When it was plain Sancho, it was plain Sancha; but now, being governor, my lady—I know not if what I say be to the purpose." "Madam Teresa has said more than she is aware of, replied the page: but, pray, let me have some victuals, and dispatch me immediately; for, I intend to return this evening." To this remonstrance the curate answered: "Sir, you shall come and do penance with me; for, madam Teresa has more inclination than ability to entertain such a worthy guest." The page, at first, declined the invitation, but, at length, found it was his interest to consent; and the curate conducted him to his parsonage, with great pleasure, that he might have an opportunity to inquire at leisure, about Don Quixote and his exploits.

The batchelor offered to write answers to Teresa's letters; but, she did not choose that he should intermeddle in her affairs; for, she looked upon him as a wag. She, therefore, gave a roll of bread, and a couple of eggs, to a novice monk who could write; and he penned two letters, one for her husband, and another for the dutchess, signed with Teresa's own mark, which are not the least entertaining that occur in this sublime history, as will be seen in the sequel.

## C H A P. XIX.

Of the progress of Sancho Panza's government, and other such diverting incidents.

AT length arrived the morning, that succeeded the night of the governor's round, which the gentleman never passed without sleep, so much were his thoughts engrossed by the face, and air, and beauty of the disguised damsel; while the steward employed the time in writing an account of Sancho's conduct to his lord and lady, equally astonished at his words and actions, in which folly and discretion were strangely blended.

At last my lord governor arose, and by direction of doctor Pedro Positive, he was fain to break his fast with a little conserve, and four gulps of cold water, which Sancho would have gladly exchanged for a luncheon of bread, and a bunch of grapes; but, finding himself under compulsion, he bore his fate with grief of soul, and anxiety of stomach; Pedro Positive giving him to understand, that your slight and delicate dishes animate the genius, consequently were most proper for persons appointed to posts and offices of importance, in which corporal strength cannot avail so much as the vigour of the understanding. By this sort of sophistry Sancho was subjected to such severe hunger, that he in secret cursed the government; ay, and him who conferred it: nevertheless, in despite of hunger, and upon the strength of the conserve, he, that day, sat in judgment; and the first case that occurred was a question put by a stranger, in presence of the steward and the rest of the assistants: "My lord, said he, a certain manour is divided by a large river—I beg your honour will be attentive; for, the case is of great consequence, and some difficulty. I say then, upon this river is a bridge, and at one end of it a gibbet, together with a sort of court-hall, in which four judges usually sit, to execute the law enacted by the lord of the river, bridge and manour, which runs to this effect: "Whosoever shall pass over this bridge, must first swear whence he comes, and whither he goes: if he swears the truth, he shall be allowed to pass; but, if he forswear himself, he shall die upon the gallows, without mercy or respite."

This law, together with the rigorous penalty being known, numbers passed, and as it appeared they swore nothing but the truth, the judges permitted them to pass freely, and without controul. It happened, however,

ever, that one man's oath being taken, he affirmed, and swore by his deposition, that he was going to be hanged on that gibbet, and had no other errand or intention. The judges having considered this oath, observed, If we allow this man to pass freely, he swore to a lie, and therefore ought to be hanged according to law; and if we order him to be hanged, after he hath sworn he was going to be suspended on that gibbet, he will have sworn the truth, and by the same law ought to be acquitted. I beg, therefore, to know of your honour, my lord governor, what the judges must do with this man; for, hitherto they are doubtful and in suspense; and having heard of your lordship's acute and elevated understanding, they have sent me to intreat your honour, in their names, to favour them with your opinion in a case of such doubt and intricacy." To this address Sancho replied, "Assuredly those judges who sent you to me, might have spared themselves the trouble; for, I am a man that may be said to be rather blunt than acute: nevertheless, repeat the business so as that I may understand it fully, and who knows but I may chance to hit the nail on the head?" The interrogator having repeated his story again and again, Sancho said, "I think I can now explain the case in the twinkling of two balls; and this it is: A man swears he is going to be hanged upon such a gibbet; if he actually suffers upon that gibbet, he swore the truth, and by the enacted law ought to be allowed freely to pass the bridge; but if he is not hanged, he swore false, and for that reason ought to suffer upon the gibbet."

"The case is exactly as my lord governor conceives it, said the messenger: and with respect to the scope, and understanding of the matter, there is no further room for doubt or interrogation." "I say then, replied Sancho, that part of the man which swore truth, ought to be allowed to pass, and that which told a lie, ought to be hanged; and in this manner, the terms or condition of passing will be literally fulfilled." "But, my lord governor, replied the questioner, in that case it will be necessary to divide the man into two parts; namely, the false and the true; and if he is so divided, he must certainly die: therefore, the intent of the law will be frustrated, whereas there is an express necessity for its being accomplished." "Come hither, honest friend, said Sancho: either I am a blockhead, or this passenger you mention has an equal title to be hanged, and to live, and pass over the bridge; for, if the truth saves him on one side, his falsehood condemns him equally on the other. Now, this being the case, as it certainly is, I think you must tell the gentlemen who sent you hither, that as the reasons for condemning, and for acquitting the culprit are equally ballanced, they shall let him freely pass;

pafs; for, it is always more laudable to do good than harm: and to this opinion I would fubfcribe if I could write my name. Nor, indeed, have I fpoken my own fentiment on this occafion; but, I have recollected one, among the many precepts I received from my mafter Don Quixote, the very night I fet out for the government of this ifland: he faid, that when juftice was doubtful, I fhould choofe, and lean towards mercy; and it pleafed God that I fhould now remember this maxim, which falls fo pat to the prefent purpofe.” “ So it does, faid the fteward: and, I firmly believe, that Lycurgus himfelf, who gave laws to the Lacedemonians, could not have uttered a more fagacious decifion than that which the great Panza has pronounced. Now let the audience end for this morning, and I will give orders that my lord governor fhall dine to his heart’s content.” “ That is my request, cried Sancho: nothing but fair play: give me plenty of victuals, and let them load me with cafes and doubts, I will foon make them vanifh into fmoke.”

The fteward kept his word; for, he had a fcruple of confcience in famifhing fuch a difcreet governor; efpecially as he intended that night to conclude the farce with the laft joke he had a commiffion to execute.

Well then, Sancho having dined that day, contrary to all the rules and aphorifms of doctour Snatchaway, the cloth was no fooner removed than a courier entered with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor, who defired the fecretary to read it by himfelf; and then, if there was nothing in it which required to be kept fecret, to rehearfe it in an audible voice. The fecretary, in obedience to his command, having perufed it in fecret, “ It may be very fafely read aloud, faid he: what fignor Don Quixote writes to your lordfhip, deferves to be imprinted, and even difplayed in golden letters. This is the purport of the letter:

The letter from Don Quixote de la Mancha to Sancho Panza, governor of the island Barataria.

“ Friend Sancho,

WHEN I expected to hear of thy negligence and impertinence, I was informed of thy discretion, for which I have returned particular thanks to heaven, that can raise the poor from the dunghill, and extract wisdom from the heart of the fool. I am told thou hast governed like a man, and that thou art a man as if thou wert a beast; such is the humility of thy deportment. Take notice, Sancho, it is often convenient and necessary, for the authority of office to resist the humility of the heart; for, the ornament of the person invested with charges of dignity, ought to be conformable to what these require, and not measured according to the will of an humble disposition. Appear always well dressed; for, a may-pole when decorated, loses its original appearance: not that I advise thee to wear jewels and finery; or, as thou art a judge, to go in the habit of a soldier; but, to adorn thyself with that garb which thine office requires, and to be always clean, and neatly dressed. In order to acquire the good will of the people over whom thou art set, among other things, remember two particulars; one is to be affable to every body; but this I have mentioned upon another occasion: the other is to procure plenty of provision; for, there is nothing that gives such vexation to the poor as hunger and death.

Do not issue a great number of ordinances; but, take care that those which are published be good; and, above all things, see they are maintained and put in execution; for, those ordinances, which are not observed, might as well be annulled, as they serve to demonstrate that the prince who had discretion and authority to enact them, wanted power to enforce obedience; and those laws which only intimate, without being put in execution, resemble the king Log of the frogs, which at first terrified his subjects, by whom, however, at the long run, he was despised and insulted. Be thou a father to the virtuous, and a stepfather to the wicked. Thou must not be always rigorous, nor always gentle; but, choose the medium between these two extremes, in which lies the point of discretion. Visit the prisons, the slaughter-houses, and the markets; for, in such places the presence of the governor will be of great importance. Console the prisoners with hope of being speedily dispatched. Be a bugbear to butchers; for, then they will use honest weight; and a

terror to market-women for the same reason. Beware of shewing thyself (tho' thou really shouldst be so, and yet, I believe, thou art not) a miser, a lecher, or a glutton; for, thy people, and those who have concerns with thee, knowing the bias of thine inclination, will batter thee from that quarter, until thou art overthrown into the profundity of perdition. Consider and reconsider, peruse and reperuse, the advices and instructions which I gave thee in writing, before thy departure for thy government; and, if thou observest the contents, thou wilt find in them a precious aid, that will alleviate the toils and difficulties which every moment occur to governors. Write to thy noble patrons to evince thy gratitude; for, ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the vilest sins that can be committed: and the person who is grateful to his benefactor gives indication that he is also grateful to God, whose benefits are so manifold and incessant. My lady dutchess dispatched a messenger with thy hunting-suit, and another present to thy wife Teresa, and we expect her answer every moment.

I have been somewhat indisposed, in consequence of a certain cat-clawing adventure, which I lately atchieved with some discomfiture of my nose: but, that was of no consequence; for, if I am maltreated by one set of enchanters, I am protected by another. Let me know if the steward, who is with thee, had any concern in the adventure of the countess Trifaldi, as thou once seemedst to suspect: and give me an account of every thing that betides thee, seeing the distance between us is so small. I think of leaving, in a little time, this idle life for which I was never designed. I am like to be engaged in an affair which, I believe, will bring me in disgrace with the duke and dutchess: but, although this affect my mind, it shall not influence my conduct; for, in a word, I am resolved to comply with the duties of my profession, rather than with the dictates of their pleasure, in conformity with the old saying, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*. I write this sentence in Latin, because I apprehend thou hast learned that language since thou wast a governor. I commit thee to the protection of God, who is the fountain of all good; and am

Thy friend,

Don Quixote de la Mancha."

Sancho listened with great attention to the letter, which was applauded for the good sense it contained, by all the hearers; then the governor rising from table, shut himself up in his apartment with the secretary,  
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in order to compose an answer to his master, without loss of time. He desired the scribe to write what he should dictate, without the least addition or diminution. The secretary obeyed his command, and the answer was to this effect :

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

“ **T**HE employment of my office is so severe, that I have not time to scratch my head, or even to pare my nails, which I, therefore, wear so long that God must find some remedy. This I observe, dear master of my soul, that your worship need not be confounded because I have not hitherto given you an account of my well or ill-being in this government ; where, by the bye, I suffer more pinching hunger than when we two used to travel through woods and desarts.

My lord duke gave me notice the other day, in a letter, that certain spies had entered the island, in order to murder me ; but, as yet, I have discovered none, except a doctor, who has a salary in the place, for killing all the governors that come hither. They call him doctor Pedro Positive, and he is a native of Snatchaway ; so that your worship may see, by his name, what reason I have to fear I shall perish by his hands. This very doctor frankly owns, that he does not cure the distempers which are already formed, but only prevents their formation ; and the medicine he prescribes, is fasting upon fasting, until the patient is clean, skin and bone, as if a consumption was not worse than a fever. Finally, he is killing me by inches with hunger ; and I find myself dying of pure vexation ; for, I thought, in coming to this government, I should have hot meals, and cool liquor, and regale my body in holland sheets, upon beds of down ; whereas, I am come to do penance like an hermit ; and, as every thing goes against the grain, I believe, at the long run, the devil will fly away with me.

Hitherto, I have neither touched fee, nor fingered bribe ; nor can I conceive the reason of such proceeding ; for, I have been told, that the governors who used to come to this island, even before their entrance, always received a good sum of money, either by way of present or loan, from the inhabitants ; a custom observed in other governments as well as in this.

In going the round last night, I found a very beautiful damsel in man's cloaths, and her brother in the dress of a woman : my gentleman sewer is in love with the girl, and, as he says, hath fixed his fancy on her for a wife, and I have chosen the youth for my son-in-law : to-day,

we two will communicate our thoughts to the father of this young pair, who is one Diego de Llana, a gentleman, and as old a christian as one would desire.

I visit the markets, according to your worship's advice, and yesterday seeing a huckster selling new nuts, I discovered that she had mixed with a bushel of the new, the same quantity of old nuts that were empty and rotten; upon which, I gave the whole to the charity boys, who know very well how to separate the good from the bad, and forbid her to enter the market for fifteen days: I was told I had done gallantly. What I can assure your worship is, that according to the report of this town, there is not a more wicked set of people than those market-women; for, they are all without shame, conscience, and moderation: and, indeed, I believe the report, from what I have seen in other corporations.

It gives me great satisfaction to hear that my lady dutchess has written to my wife Teresa Panza, and sent the present your worship mentions: and I will endeavour to shew my gratitude in due season. I beg your worship will kiss her grace's hand, in my name, and tell her, I say, she has not thrown her favour into a torn sack, as our deeds shall declare. I should be sorry that your worship came to any reckonings of disgust with my lord duke, and lady dutchess; for, should there be any breach between you, it is very plain, the whole would redound to my loss; and, considering the advice you gave me to be always grateful, it would not look well in your worship to be otherwise to those who have done you such favours, and treated you so nobly in their castle.

The story of the cat-clawing I do not understand; but, do suppose, it must have been one of those unlucky frays in which your worship is often engaged with wicked inchanters; but, I shall know when we meet.

I would fain present your worship with something, but I know not what to send, except some glyster-pipes, which are very curiously turned and mounted in this island; tho', if my office holds, it shall go hard but I will find something to send, either by hook or by crook. If my wife Teresa Panza should write to me, I beg your worship will pay the postage, and forward the letter; for, I am extremely desirous to know the state of my family, my wife and children. And now, the lord deliver your worship from evil designing inchanters, and safely and peaceably quit me of this government; which I very much doubt, for, I believe, I shall leave my bones in it, so cruelly am I treated by doctor Pedro Positive.

Your worship's humble servant,

Sancho Panza the governor."

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The secretary having sealed this letter, dispatched it with the courier; and those who executed the jokes upon Sancho, laying their heads together, contrived a scheme for dismissing him from the administration. The evening his excellency spent in making some wholesome regulations, touching the government of what he imagined to be an island. Among other things, he ordained that there should be no monopolizers of provision in the commonwealth; that wine should not be imported from all parts indifferently, at the pleasure of the merchant: with this addition, that he should declare the place from whence it came, so as that a price might be set upon it, according to its worth, fame, and estimation; and he who should be detected in dashing it with water, or falsifying its name, should suffer death for the offence. He moderated the price of all kinds of hose, and particularly that of shoes, which he looked upon as exorbitant: he rated the wages of servants who went at full gallop in the road of interest: he laid severe penalties upon those who should sing lewd and lascivious ballads, by night or by day: he ordered that no blind man should sing his miracle in couplets, without an authentic testimony of the truth; it appearing that the greatest part of those sung by blind persons, are false and feigned, to the prejudice of those which are true: he made and appointed an overseer of the poor, not to persecute, but to examine whether or not they were real objects; for, sturdy thieves, and hale drunkards, often screen themselves in the shade of feigned lameness, and counterfeit sores. In a word, he made so many good regulations, that they are hitherto preserved in the place, and called the constitutions of the great governor Sancho Panza.

## C H A P. XX.

In which is recorded the adventure of the second afflicted, or sorrowful matron ; otherwise called Donna Rodriguez.

CID Hamet recounts, that Don Quixote being now cured of his scratches, began to think the life he led in the castle was altogether contrary to the order of chivalry which he professed ; and therefore he determined to beg leave of the duke and dutchefs, to set out for Saragossa, as the time of the tournament approached ; for, there he laid his account with winning the armour which is the reward of the victor. Accordingly, while he one day sat at table with the duke and dutchefs, he began to execute his resolution in asking leave ; when behold, all of a sudden, two women, as it afterwards appeared, entered the dining-room, covered with mourning from head to foot. One of them approaching Don Quixote, prostrated herself before him, and with her mouth close to his feet, uttered such melancholy, profound, and doleful groans as overwhelmed all the spectators with confusion : for, although the duke and dutchefs imagined it was some joke which the servants intended to perpetrate upon the knight ; yet, seeing how violently the woman sighed, groaned, and wept, they remained doubtful and in suspense, until the compassionate Don Quixote raised her from the ground, and intreated her to discover herself, by taking away the veil that concealed her rueful face. She complied with his request, and shewed herself to be what no body believed she was ; for, she displayed the individual countenance of Donna Rodriguez the duenna of the house, and the other mourner was her daughter, who had been seduced by the rich farmer's son. All who knew her, were struck with admiration, and the duke and dutchefs more than any body ; for, although they took her to be a fool, and a person of a soft disposition, they did not think her folly could have risen to such acts of extravagance. In fine, Donna Rodriguez, addressing herself to the duke and dutchefs, " I hope, said she, your excellencies will give me leave to commune a little with this knight ; for, it is necessary I should confer with him, that I may be safely extricated from the dilemma in which I am involved by the presumption of an evil-minded clown."

The duke having assured her she was at full liberty to confer with signor Don Quixote as much as she pleased, she directed her voice, and her

her countenance to the knight, saying, "Some days are elapsed, most valiant knight, since I gave you an account of the wrong and treachery which a wicked peasant has done my dearly beloved daughter, who is this unfortunate creature now standing before you; and you promised, in her behalf, to redress the wrong she had suffered: but now, I am informed, that you are going to depart from this castle, in quest of the happy adventures God shall throw in your way; and therefore, I could wish, that before you begin your career through those paths, you would defy this inflexible rustic, and compel him to marry my daughter, and so fulfil the promise he made of being her spouse, before he first yoked with her in the way of love; for, to think my lord duke will do me justice, is the same as to look for pears upon an elm, for the reason which I explained to your worship in private: and upon these terms, the lord preserve your worship's health, and grant us his protection."

To this address Don Quixote, with great gravity and stateliness of deportment, replied, "Worthy duenna, moderate, or rather dry up your tears, and spare your sighs; for, here I undertake to redress the grievances of your daughter; though it would have been better for her, had not she so easily believed the protestations of lovers, who, for the most part, are very ready and alert to promise, but very heavy and backward in the performance: nevertheless, with the good leave of my lord duke, I will forthwith set out in quest of this perfidious youth; and having found him, defy and slay him, whensoever and wheresoever he shall refuse to perform his promise; for, the principal aim of my profession is to pardon the humble, and chastise the haughty; that is, to succour the wretched, and destroy the cruel." "Your worship, replied the duke, needs not give yourself the trouble to go in quest of the rustic who is the subject of this worthy duenna's complaint; nor is there any occasion for your worship's asking my leave to challenge him to single combat; I consider the challenge as already given; I undertake for its being conveyed to the party, and even for his acceptance; and promise that he shall come to answer for himself in person at this castle, where I will furnish both with a listed field, and observe all the conditions that are wont, and ought to be observed in such encounters; for, justice shall be equally done to each, according to the obligation that lies on all those princes who furnish lists for combatants, within the limits of their territories." "With this security then, and the good leave of your grace, replied Don Quixote, I now, for once renounce my gentility, humble and adjust myself to the level of the delinquent, making myself equal  
with

with him, that he may be entitled and enabled to fight with me: I therefore, tho' in his absence, challenge and defy him, for his wickedness in seducing this poor creature, who was a maid, and now through his fault is deprived of her maidenhead; and he shall either perform the promise he made of being her lawful spouse, or die, in default of the performance."

So saying, he pulled off one of his gloves, and threw it into the middle of the hall; this was taken up by the duke, who said he accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal: he likewise appointed the time at the distance of six days, and pitched upon the court-yard of the castle as the field of action: then they agreed to wear the usual arms of knights; namely, the lance, the shield, the plaited coat of mail, and all other pieces, without the least fraud, treachery or superstition, to be viewed and examined by the judges of the lists—"But, before we proceed, said the duke, it will be necessary that this good duenna, and that mistaken maid, should put the justice of their cause into the hands of signor Don Quixote, otherwise nothing to the purpose will be done, nor will the challenge ever come to due execution."

"I do put my cause into his hands," replied the duenna. "And I too," cried the daughter; all in tears, and overwhelmed with shame and confusion. The particulars of this affair being adjusted, and the duke having determined with himself what was to be done in the family, the mourners retired, and the dutchess ordered that for the future they should not be treated as her servants, but as ladies adventurers come to her house to demand justice: she therefore allotted a separate apartment to themselves, and they were attended as strangers, not without the amazement of the other servants, who could not conceive what would be the issue of the folly and effrontery of Donna Rodriguez, and her indiscreet and unhappy daughter.

At this instant, in order to complete the mirth of the company, and finish their meal with more enjoyment, who should enter the hall but the page who carried the letters and presents to Teresa Panza, the wife of governor Sancho Panza? The duke and dutchess were extremely pleased at his arrival, and desirous to know the particulars of his journey, about which he was questioned accordingly. The page answered that he could not describe them in public, or in a few words; but begged their excellencies would be pleased to reserve the account for their private ear; and, in the mean time, entertain themselves with these letters. So saying, he produced two letters, and gave them to the dutchess, one subscribed

percribed in these words: "To my lady dutchefs of I know not what." And the other directed "To my husband Sancho Panza, governor of the island Barataria, whom God prosper many more years than myself."

The dutchefs would not toast her cake, as the saying is, until she had read her letter, which having opened and perused by herself, when she perceived it might be recited aloud for the benefit of the duke and the company, she rehearsed it with an audible voice, to this effect:

Teresa Panza's letter to the dutchefs.

"I Received great satisfaction, my lady, from the letter your grace was pleased to write me; for, in truth, it was what I greatly desired: the string of coral is very good, and my husband's hunting-suit comes not short of it: your ladyship's having made my spouse Sancho a governor, has given great pleasure to all our town, although there are some who cannot believe it, especially the curate, Mr. Nicholas the barber, and the batchelor Sampson Carrasco; but that gives me no trouble; for, seeing it be so, as it certainly is, let people say what they will: tho', if the truth must be told, had not the string of coral and the hunting-suit come, I should not have believed it myself; for, in our town, every body takes my husband for a noodle, and taken as he was, from governing an herd of goats, they cannot conceive what other government he can be good for. The Lord make him fit for his office, and conduct him in that way which will be most for the advantage of his children.

For my own part, dear lady of my soul, I am resolved, with your honour's leave, to bring this happy day home to my own house, and hie me to the court, where I will loll in my own coach, and burst the eyes of a thousand people who envy my good fortune: I beg therefore, your excellency will tell my husband to send me money, and let it be a round sum; for, it is very expensive living at court, where bread sells for a rial, and meat for thirty maravedis a pound; and that is an unconscionable price. If he does not choose that I should go, let him give me notice in time; for, my feet itch to be a-travelling; and my neighbours and gossips tell me, if I and my daughter go to court, and appear in pomp and grandeur, my husband will come to be known by me, more than I by him; because, when people ask Who are these ladies in that coach? One of my servants will answer, These are the wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island Barataria; and in this manner

Sancho will be known, I shall be respected, and to Rome for every thing.

I was vexed to the heart that this year there was no acorn harvest in our town; nevertheless, I send your highness about half a peck which I gathered one by one upon the mountain, and went thither on purpose: I could find none larger, tho' I wish they were as big as ostrich eggs.

I hope your pomposity will not forget to write me, and I will take care to send an answer, giving an account of my own health, and of every thing that may be worth mentioning from this place, where I remain praying to our Lord that he will preserve your grace, without forgetting me: my daughter Sancha and my son kiss your honour's hand: and this is all at present from her who would much rather see your grace, than subscribe herself

Your humble servant,

TERESA PANZA."

Great was the satisfaction which all the hearers received from this letter of Teresa Panza, tho' the greatest share fell to the duke and dutchess; and her grace asked Don Quixote, whether or not he thought it would be proper to open the letter directed for the governor, which she imagined must be excellent in its kind. The knight said he would open it to oblige her grace, and having done so, found the contents to this purpose:

Teresa Panza's letter to her husband Sancho Panza.

"I Received thy letter, dear Sancho of my soul, and I promise and swear to thee, on the faith of a catholic christian, I was within two fingers-breadth of running mad with joy; and take notice, brother, when I heard thou wast a governor, I had like to have dropped down dead with pure pleasure; for, thou knowest, they say, sudden joy kills as well as deadly sorrow: thy daughter Sanchica scattered her water about insensibly, out of meer satisfaction: thy hunting-suit lay before me, the string of corals sent by my lady dutchess was tied round my neck, the letters were in my hand, and the messenger in my presence; and yet, I imagined and believed, that all I saw and handled was a dream; for, who could conceive that a goatherd should come to be governor of islands? Thou know'st, my friend, that my mother said, One must

must live long to see a great deal : this I mention because I hope to see more if I live longer ; for, I do not intend to stop, until I see thee a farmer, or collector of the revenue ; offices which, tho' they carry those who abuse them to the devil, are, in short, always bringing in the penny.

My lady dutchess will tell thee how desirous I am of going to court : consider of it and let me know thy pleasure ; for, I will endeavour to do thee honour by riding in my coach.

The curate, barber, batchelor, and even the sexton, cannot believe thou art a governor, and say the whole is a deception, or matter of enchantment, like all the affairs of thy master Don Quixote. Sampson vows he will go in quest of thee, and drive this government out of thy head, as well as the madness out of Don Quixote's skull : I say nothing, but laugh in my own sleeve, look at my beads, and contrive how to make thy hunting-suit into a gown and petticoat for our daughter. I have sent some acorns to my lady dutchess, and I wish they were of gold : send me some strings of pearl, if they are in fashion in thy island. The news of our town are these : the widow of the hill has matched her daughter with a bungling painter, who came here and undertook all sorts of brush-work ; the corporation employed him to paint his majesty's arms over the door of the town-house ; he demanded two ducats for the jobb, and they payed him beforehand ; but, after he had laboured eight whole days, he produced nothing, and saying he could not hit upon such trifles, returned the money ; and yet, for all that, he married with the character of a good workman : true it is, he hath already laid aside the pencil, and taken up the spade, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro de Lobo's son has taken orders, and shaved his head, with intention to become a priest ; and this circumstance being known by Minguilla, niece of Mingo Silvato, she is going to sue him upon promise of marriage : evil tongues scruple not to say she is with child by him ; but, this he positively denies. This year there are no olives, nor a drop of vinegar, in the whole town. A company of soldiers marching this way, carried off three girls belonging to the village ; but, I will not tell thee who they are, because perhaps they will return, and then there will not be wanting husbands who will take them with all their faults. Sanchica, by making bone-lace, clears eight maravedis a day, which she keeps in a pipkin, to be a stock to her when she grows up : but now, that she is a governor's daughter, thou wilt give her a portion without her working for it. The public fountain is dried up. A thunder-bolt fell upon the pillory, and there may they always

light. I expect an answer to this epistle, and thy resolution about my going to court: and so, God preserve thee more years than I have to live, or as many; for, I should not choose to leave thee behind me in this world.

Thy faithful spouse,

TERESA PANZA."

The letters were read with admiration, esteem, laughter, and applause; and the entertainment was crowned by the arrival of the courier who brought Sancho's epistle to Don Quixote, which, being likewise recited in public, rendered the governor's folly extremely doubtful. The dutchess retired, in order to be informed, by the page, of what had happened to him in Sancho's village; and he recounted the particulars at large, without leaving one circumstance untold: he delivered the acorns, together with a cheese, which Teresa vouched for excellent, and even preferred to those of Tronchon. This the dutchess received with excessive pleasure, in the enjoyment of which we will leave her grace, and relate in what manner concluded the government of the great Sancho Panza, the flower and mirror of all insular governors.



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THE  
LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS

Of the Sage HIDALGO

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

B O O K IV.

C H A P. I.

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

TO think the affairs of this life will always remain in the same posture, is a wild supposition; on the contrary, every thing goes in a round; I mean, goes round. Spring succeeds winter, summer follows spring, autumn comes after summer, and winter comes in the rear of autumn; then spring resumes its verdure, and time turns round on an incessant wheel. The life of man alone runs lightly to its end, unlike the circle of time, without hope of renewal, except in another life, which knows no bounds. Thus moralizes Cid Hamet, the Mahometan philosopher, for the knowledge of the frailty, and instability, of the present life, together with the eternal duration of that which we expect, many, without the light of faith, by natural instinct have attained. But here our author makes the observation on account of the celerity with which Sancho's government was finished, consumed, destroyed, and dissolved into smook and vapour.

This poor governor being a-bed on the seventh night of his administration, not crammed with bread and wine, but fatigued with sitting  
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in judgment, passing sentence, and making statutes and regulations; and sleep, maugre and in despite of hunger, beginning to weigh down his eye-lids, his ears were saluted with a terrible noise of bells and cries, as if the whole island had been going to wreck.

Hearing the alarm as he lay, he listened attentively, in hope of comprehending the meaning and cause of such a mighty uproar: however, he not only failed in his expectation; but, the noise of the cries and the bells being reinforced by that of an infinite number of drums and trumpets, he remained more terrified, confounded, and aghast than ever. Then starting up, he put on his slippers, on account of the dampness of the ground; though without wrapping himself up in his morning-gown, or in any other sort of apparel; and opening the door of his apartment, saw above twenty persons running through the gallery, with lighted torches, and naked swords in their hands, exclaiming aloud, and altogether, "Arm! arm, my lord governor, arm! a vast number of the enemy has landed on the island; and we are lost and undone unless protected by your valour and activity."

With this clamour, fury, and disturbance, they rushed towards Sancho, who stood astonished and perplexed at what he saw and heard; and when they came up to the spot, one of them accosting him, "Arm, my lord, said he, unless you want to perish, and see the whole island destroyed." "For what should I arm? replied Sancho: I neither know the use of arms, nor can I give you protection: these matters had better be left to my master Don Quixote, who, in the turning of a straw, would dispatch the whole affair, and put every thing in safety; but, for me, as I am a sinner to God, I understand nothing of these hurly burlys!" "How! my lord governor, cried another, what despondence is this? Put on your armour, signor; here we have brought arms offensive and defensive; come forth to the market-place, and be our guide and our general, seeing of right that place belongs to you, as being our governor." "Arm me then, a-God's name!" replied Sancho: and that instant they took two large bucklers they had brought along with them, and putting over his shirt (for they would not give him time to cloath himself) one buckler before and another behind, they pulled his arms through certain holes they had made in the targets, and fastened them well together with cords, in such a manner, that the poor governor remained quite inclosed, and boarded up as streight as a spindle, without being able to bend his knees, or move one single step: and in his hands they put a lance, with which he supported himself as he stood. Having cooped him up in this manner, they desired him to march out, and conduct and animate his  
people;

people ; in which case, he being their north star, their lanthorn, and Lucifer, their affairs would be brought to a prosperous issue. "How should I march, unfortunate wight that I am, said Sancho, when my very knee-pans have not room to play, so much am I cramped by those boards, which are squeezed into my very flesh? your only way is to take me up in your arms, and lay me across, or set me upright in some postern, which I will defend either with this lance or this carcase." "Come, my lord governor, replied the other, you are more hampered by fear than by your bucklers: make haste, and exert yourself; for, it grows late, the enemies swarm, the noise increases, and the danger is very pressing."

In consequence of this persuasion and reproach, the poor governor endeavoured to move, and down he came to the ground with such a fall that he believed himself split to pieces; and there he lay like a tortoise covered with its shell, or a flitch of bacon between two trays; or, lastly, like a boat stranded with her keel uppermost. Yet his fall did not excite the compassion of those unlucky wags; on the contrary, extinguishing their torches, they renewed the clamour, and repeated the alarm with such hurry and confusion, trampling upon the unhappy Sancho, and bestowing a thousand strokes upon the bucklers, that if he had not gathered, and shrunk himself up, with drawing his head within the targets, the poor governor would have passed his time but very indifferently; shrunk as he was within that narrow lodging, he sweated all over with fear and consternation, and heartily recommended himself to God, that he might be delivered from the danger that encompassed him. Some stumbled, and others fell over him; nay, one of the party stood upon him for a considerable time, and thence, as from a watch-tower, gave orders to the army, exclaiming with a loud voice, "This way, my fellow-soldiers; for, here the enemy make their chief effort: guard this breach, shut that gate, down with those scaling-ladders, bring up the fire-pots, with the kettles of melted pitch, rosin, and boiling oil, barricado the streets with woolpacks." In a word, he named with great eagerness, all the implements, instruments, and munition of war, used in the defence of a city assaulted; while the bruised and battered Sancho, who heard the din, and suffered grievously, said within himself, "O! would it please the Lord that the island were quickly lost, that I might see myself either dead or delivered from this distress!" Heaven heard his petition, and when he least expected such relief, his ears were saluted with a number of voices, crying, "Victory! victory! the enemy is overcome!"

come! Rise, my lord governor, and enjoy your conquest; and divide the spoil taken from the foe by the valour of your invincible arm."

The afflicted Sancho, with a plaintive voice, desired them to lift him up; and when they helped him to rise, and set him on his legs again, "I wish, said he, the enemy I have conquered were nailed to my forehead: I want to divide no spoils; but, I beg, and supplicate some friend, if any such I have, to bring me a draught of wine; and that he will wipe me dry of this sweat which has turned me into water." They accordingly wiped him clean, brought the wine, untied the bucklers, and seated him upon his bed, where he fainted away through fear, consternation, and fatigue. Those concerned in the joke, now began to be sorry for having laid it on so heavy; but, Sancho's recovery moderated their uneasiness at his swooning. He asked what it was o'clock? and they answered it was day-break: then, without speaking another syllable, he began to dress himself, in the most profound silence, and all present gazed upon him with looks of expectation, impatient to know the meaning of his dressing himself so earnestly. At length, having put on his cloaths very leisurely; for, his bruises would not admit of precipitation, he hied him to the stable, attended by all the bystanders, where, advancing to Dapple, he embraced him affectionately, and gave him the kiss of peace upon the forehead, saying, while the tears trickled from his eyes, "Come hither, my dear companion! my friend, and sharer of all my toils and distress; when you and I conformed together, and I was plagued with no other thoughts than the care of mending your furniture, and pampering your little body, happy were my hours, my days, and my years! but, since I quitted you, and mounted on the towers of pride and ambition, my soul has been invaded by a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, and four thousand disquiets."

While he uttered this apostrophe, he was employed in putting the pack-saddle on his ass, without being interrupted by any living soul; and Dapple being equipped for the road, he made shift to mount him, with great pain and difficulty: then, directing his words and discourse to the steward, secretary, sewer, doctor Pedro, and many others who were present, "Make way, gentlemen, said he, and let me return to my ancient liberty; let me go in quest of my former life, that I may enjoy a resurrection from this present death: I was not born to be a governor, or to defend islands and cities from the assaults of their enemies: I am better versed in ploughing and delving, in pruning and planting vines, than in enacting laws, and defending provinces and kingdoms.

I know St. Peter is well at Rome—that is, every one does well in following the employment to which he was bred; a sickle becomes my hand better than a governor's sceptre; and I would rather fill my belly with soupe-meagre, than undergo the misery of an impertinent physician who starves me to death. I would much rather solace myself under the shade of an oak in summer, and cloath myself with a sheepskin jacket in the winter, being my own master, than indulge, under the subjection of a government, with holland sheets, and robes of fables—God be with you, gentlemen; and pray tell my lord duke, Naked I was born, and naked I remain; and, if I lose nothing, as little I gain. That is, I would say, Pennyles I took possession of this government, and pennyles I resign my office; quite the reverse of what is usually the case with governors of other islands. Make way, therefore, and let me go and be plaistered; for, I believe, all my ribs are crushed, thanks to the enemies who have, this night, passed, and repassed, over my carcase.”

“It must not be so, my lord governor, said doctor Positive: I will give your worship a draught, calculated for falls and bruises, that will instantly restore you to your former health and vigour; and, with respect to the article of eating, I promise your lordship to make amends, and let you eat abundantly of every thing you desire.” “Your promise comes too late, answered Sancho: and I will as soon turn Turk as forbear going. Those are no jokes to be repeated. Before God! I will as soon remain in this, or accept of any other government, even tho' it should be presented in a covered dish, as I will fly to heaven without the help of wings. I am of the family of the Panzas, who are all headstrong, and if once they say Odds, odds it must be, tho' in fact it be even, in spite of all the world. In this stable I leave the pismire's wings, that carried me up into the clouds, to make me a prey to martlets and other birds; and now let us alight, and walk softly and securely on the ground; and if my feet are not adorned with pinked shoes of Cordovan leather, they shall not want coarse sandals of cord or rushes: Let ewe and weather go together; and, No body thrust his feet beyond the length of his sheet. Now, therefore, let me pass; for, it grows late.”

To this address the steward replied, “We shall freely allow your lordship to go, although we shall be great sufferers in losing you, whose ingenuity, and christian conduct, oblige us to desire your stay; but, it is well known that every governor is obliged, before he quits his government, to submit his administration to a scrutiny; and if your

lordship will give an account of yours, during the seven days you have stood at the helm, you may depart in peace, and God be your guide." "No body can call me to an account, said Sancho, but such as are appointed by my lord duke. Now, to him am I going, and to him will I render it fairly and squarely: besides, there is no occasion for any other proof than my leaving you naked as I am, to shew that I have governed like an angel." "'Fore God! the great Sancho is in the right, cried doctor Positive: and, in my opinion, we ought to let him retire; for, the duke will be infinitely rejoiced to see him."

All the rest assented to the proposal, and allowed him to pass, after having offered to bear him company, and provide him with every thing he should want for the entertainment of his person, and the convenience of the journey. Sancho said he wanted nothing but a little barley for Dapple, and a piece of cheese with half a loaf for himself, the journey being so short, that he had no occasion for any better, or more ample provision. All the company embraced him, and were in their turns embraced by the weeping Sancho, who left them equally astonished at his discourse, as at his resolute, and wise determination.

## C H A P. II.

Which treats of matters belonging to this history, and no other whatsoever.

**T**HE duke, and dutchefs, resolved that the defiance which Don Quixote breathed against their vassal, for the cause already mentioned, should be answered: and although the young man was in Flanders, whither he had fled to avoid such a mother-in-law as Donna Rodriguez, they determined to supply his place with a Gascoon lacquey, called Tosilos, whom they beforehand minutely instructed how to behave on this occasion.

Two days after these measures were taken, the duke told Don Quixote that in four days his antagonist would come and present himself in the lists, armed as a knight, and maintain that the damsel lied by one half of her beard, and even by every hair of it, if she affirmed that he had promised her marriage. The knight received these tidings with great pleasure, flattering himself he should do something to excite the admiration of the whole family; and he thought himself extremely fortunate in having found an opportunity of shewing this noble pair how far the valour of his powerful arm extended. He, therefore, with great joy, and satisfaction, waited the expiration of the four days, which, reckoned by his impatience, seemed equal to four hundred centuries.

In the mean time, let them pass, as we have already let many other matters pass, and attend Sancho, who, between merry and sad, jogged along upon Dapple, in quest of his master, whose company he preferred to the government of all the islands upon earth. Well then, he had not travelled far from the island of his government, (for, he never dreamed of being certified whether what he governed was island, city, town, or village) when he saw coming towards him six pilgrims, with their staves, of that sort which begs charity by singing. So soon, therefore, as they approached him, they made a lane; and, raising their voices together, began to sing in their language, tho' Sancho understood nothing of what they said, except the word Charity, which they distinctly pronounced; so that he immediately conceived the meaning of their outlandish song. Now, he being, according to the asseveration of Cid Hamet, extremely charitable, took out of his bags, and gave them the bread and cheese with which he had been furnished, making them understand by signs,

that he had nothing else to give. They received his benefaction cheerfully, pronouncing, however, the word *Guelte*, *Guelte*: to which Sancho answering, "I really do not understand what you want, good people:" One of them took a purse from his bosom, and held it up, giving him to understand they wanted money. Then Sancho clapping his thumb to his throat, and displaying the back of his hand, signified that he had not so much as the corner of a rial, and spurred up Dapple, in order to make his way through the midst of them. As he passed, one of them having considered him very attentively, laid hold on Dapple's halter, and clasping him round the middle, exclaimed aloud, in very good Castilian, "The Lord protect me! what is this I see? is it possible that I actually hold in my arms my dear friend, and good neighbour, Sancho Panza? Yes, doubtless; for, I am neither asleep nor drunk."

Sancho was astonished to hear his own name; and see himself embraced by a pilgrim, and a stranger, whom, tho' he silently gazed upon him with the utmost attention, he could by no means recollect. The pilgrim perceiving his surprize, "Is it possible, brother Sancho Panza, said he, that thou dost not know thy neighbour Ricote, the Moreisco shop-keeper, that lived in your town?" Then Sancho, reviewing him with greater attention, began to recal his features; and, at length, perfectly recognizing the Moor, he, without alighting, threw his arms about his neck, saying, "Who the devil could know thee, Ricote, in that disguise? Tell me who has pilgrimized thee; and wherefore hast thou dared to return to Spain, where, if thou art found, and known, thou wilt suffer for thy rashness?" "If thou wilt not discover me, Sancho, I am secure, replied the pilgrim: for, in this disguise, no body will know me. Let us quit the high-road, and remove to yon poplar grove, where my companions intend to take some refreshment, and repose; there thou shalt partake with them; for, they are a very good sort of people; and there I shall have leisure to recount every thing that has befallen me since I departed from our town, in obedience to his majesty's proclamation, which so severely threatened the unfortunate people of my nation; as, no doubt, thou hast heard."

Sancho assented to his proposal, and Ricote having spoke to the other pilgrims, they betook themselves to the tuft of poplars, at a good distance from the high-road. There they threw down their staves, laid aside their rochets, or mantles, so as to remain in their doublets; and all of them appeared to be young men of genteel persons, except Ricote, who was already well advanced in years. Each had a wallet, in all appearance well provided; at least, with incentives which provoked thirst, at the distance



distance of two leagues. They stretched themselves upon the ground, and using the grass as a table-cloth, spread upon it bread, salt, knives, nuts, crusts of cheese, and some clean bones of bacon, which, tho' they could not be eaten, were in a condition to be sucked with pleasure. They likewise produced a black dish, which they called Caviere, made of the roes of fishes, a great awakener of drought; nor did they want olives, which, though dry, and without pickle, were very savoury, and delicate: but what made the best figure in the field of this banquet, was a bottle of wine which every pilgrim drew forth from his wallet, not excepting honest Ricote, who, being transformed from a Moor into a German, or Teutonian, pulled out his bottle also, which in size might have vied with all the other five. They began to eat with infinite relish, and great deliberation, seasoning every mouthful which they took with the point of a knife, tho' they ate but little; then all at once, the whole squadron together raised their arms, and bottles aloft, and joining mouth to mouth, with their eyes fixed on the firmament, they seemed to take aim at heaven. In this manner, shaking their heads from side to side, in token of the satisfaction they received, they continued a good while in the act of transfusing the contents of the bottles into their own bellies.

Sancho beheld this scene, with every part of which he was perfectly well pleased; and, in compliance with the proverb which he very well knew, importing, When thou art at Rome, follow the fashion of Rome, he begged an embrace of Ricote's bottle, and took his aim like the rest; nor was his satisfaction inferior to theirs. Four times did their bottles admit of elevation; but, the fifth was to no purpose: for, by that time, they were as clean, and as dry as a rush; a circumstance that threw a damp upon the mirth which had hitherto prevailed. From time to time, each pilgrim in his turn shook hands with Sancho, saying, "Spaniard or German, all one, goot companion." To which compliment Sancho replied, "Goot companion, by the Lord!" and bursting out into a fit of laughter which lasted a whole hour, without remembering, at that time, the least circumstance of what had happened to him in his government; for, over the times, and seasons, of eating and drinking, care seldom holds jurisdiction. Finally, the conclusion of the wine was the beginning of sleep, which overwhelmed the whole company, and stretched them along upon the table, and cloth, they had been using. Ricote, and Sancho, were the only two who remained awake, in consequence of having eaten more, and drank less, than their fellows: then Ricote taking Sancho aside, they sat down at the root of a beech, leaving  
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the pilgrims buried in an agreeable slumber ; and without stumbling in the least upon his Morisco language, he spoke in pure Castilian to this effect :

“ Well thou knowest, O Sancho Panza, my neighbour, and friend, how the edict, and proclamation, which his majesty published against those of my religion, overwhelmed us all with terror and consternation ; at least, they terrified me to such a degree, that long before the time allotted to us for our removal from Spain, I thought the rigour of the penalty was already executed against me and my children. I therefore resolved, and I think, wisely, like the man who knowing he must quit the house he lives in, at such a time, provides himself with another to which he may remove—I resolved, I say, to retire by myself, without my family, and go in quest of some place to which I might carry it commodiously, without that hurry and confusion which attended the departure of my neighbours ; for, I was very well convinced, and so were all our elders, that those edicts were not only threats, as some people said, but real laws, that would certainly be put in execution at the appointed time : and this truth I was compelled to believe, by knowing the base and mad designs which our people harboured ; such designs that, I verily think, his majesty was divinely inspired to execute such a gallant resolution. Not that we were all guilty ; for, some, among us, were firm, and stanch christians : but, they were so few in number, that they could not oppose the schemes of those who were otherwise ; and it was dangerous to nurse a serpent in one’s bosom, by allowing the enemy to live within the house. In a word, we were justly chastised by the sentence of banishment, mild and gentle in the opinion of some, but to us the most terrible that could be pronounced. In what country soever we are, we lament our exile from Spain : for, in fine, here we were born ; this is our native country ; in no clime do we find a reception suitable to our misfortunes : nay, in Barbary, and all the other parts of Afric, where we expected to be received, cherished, and entertained, we have been most injured, and maltreated : we knew not our happiness until we lost it ; and so intense is the longing desire which almost all of us have to return to Spain, that the greatest part of those, and they are many, who understand the language like me, return to this kingdom, leaving their wives, and children, unprotected abroad, such is their affection for this their native soil : and now, I know, by experience, the truth of the common saying, Sweet is the love of native land.

Leaving our town, as I have already said, I repaired to France ; and, tho’ there we met with a civil reception, I was desirous of seeing other countries.

countries. I, therefore, travelled into Italy, from whence I passed into Germany, where people seemed to live with more freedom : the natives do not pry with curious eyes into one another's concerns ; every one lives according to his own humour : for, in most parts of the empire there is liberty of conscience. I left a house which I hired in a village near Augsburg, and joined these pilgrims, a great number of whom are wont to come hither yearly, on pretence of visiting the sanctuaries of Spain, which are their Indies, as being productive of well known advantage, and most certain gain. They traverse the whole country ; and there is not a village from which they are not dismissed with a belly full of meat and drink, as the saying is, and a rial, at least, in money ; so that, at the end of their peregrination, they are above an hundred crowns in pocket, which, being changed into gold, they conceal in the hollow of their staves, or in the patches of their cloaks, or task their industry in such a manner as to carry off their purchase to their own country, in spite of the guards at the passes and gates, where they are examined and registred.

My present intention, Sancho, is to carry off the money I have buried, which, being without the town, I can retrieve without danger ; then I shall write, or take a passage from Valencia, to my wife and daughter, who, I know, are at Algiers, in order to contrive a method for transporting them to some port of France, from whence I will conduct them to Germany, where we will bear with resignation the will of heaven : for, in fine, Sancho, I am positively certain that my daughter Ricota, and my wife Francisca Ricote are real catholic christians ; and, tho' I myself am not entirely of that way of thinking, I have more of the christian than the musfulman ; and I incessantly pray to God to open the eyes of my understanding, that I may know how to serve him in the right way. But what excites my wonder, and baffles my penetration, is the conduct of my wife and daughter, who have chosen to retire into Barbary rather than to France, where they might have lived as christians."

To this observation Sancho replied, " Why, look ye, Ricote, they were not, I suppose, at liberty to choose for themselves, inasmuch as they were carried off by your wife's brother, John Tiopieyo, who, being a rank Moor, would naturally go to the place where he himself intended to make his abode : and, I can tell you, moreover, I believe it will be in vain for you to go in search of what you left under-ground ; for, we were informed that thy wife, and brother-in-law, were stripped of a number of pearls, and a great deal of money, which was carried off to be registred." " That may be very true, said Ricote : but, I am certain,

Sancho,

Sancho, they have not touched my hoard; for, I would not tell them were it was hid, because I dreaded some misfortune: and therefore, Sancho, if thou wilt come along with me, and assist me in taking up, and concealing it, I will gratify thee with two hundred crowns, to relieve thy necessities, which thou art sensible I know to be manifold." "I would comply with your proposal, answered Sancho; but I am not at all covetous; were I that way inclined, I this morning quitted an employment by which I might have been enabled to build the walls of my house of beaten gold, and in less than six months, eat out of plate: for this reason, therefore, and because I should think myself guilty of treason to my king, in favouring his enemies, I will not go along with thee, even tho' in lieu of promising me two hundred, thou shouldst here lay down four hundred crowns upon the nail." "And pray, what office is this that thou hast quitted?" said Ricote. "I have quitted the government of an island, replied Sancho: ay, and such a one as, in good faith, you wont find its fellow in three bowshots." "And whereabouts is this island?" resumed the other. "Whereabouts? cried Panza: about two leagues from hence, and it is called the island Barataria." "Spare me, spare me, good Sancho, said Ricote: islands are far at sea; there are none upon the continent." "How? none! replied Sancho: I tell thee, friend Ricote, I left it but this morning, and yesterday governed in it at my pleasure, like a perfect sagittary; but, for all that, I resigned my place; for, I found the office of governors is very troublesome and dangerous." "And what hast thou got by this government?" said Ricote. "I have got sense enough to know that I am fit for governing nothing but a flock of sheep, answered Sancho: and that the wealth acquired in such governments is got at the expence of ease, sleep, and even sustenance; for, in islands the governors must eat very little, especially if they have physicians to watch over their health." "I really do not understand thee, Sancho, said Ricote: but, every thing thou hast spoke, to me seems meer madness; for, who would give thee islands to govern, when there is plenty of men in the world, so much more capable of governing than thou? Keep thy own counsel, Sancho, and recollect thy judgment, and consider whether or not thou wilt accompany me, as I have proposed, to assist me in conveying the treasure I have hid; for, the sum is really so great, it may well be called a treasure, and I will give thee wherewithal to live, as I have already promised." "I have already told thee, Ricote, that I will not, answered Sancho: be satisfied that by me thou shalt not be discovered, continue thy journey in happy hour, and let me proceed in mine: for, well I know, What's honestly earn'd may be easily lost; but, ill got  
wealth

wealth is ever at the owner's cost." "Well, I will not further importune thee, said Ricote: but, pray tell me, Sancho, wast thou in our village, when my wife and daughter departed with my brother-in-law?" "Yes, I was; replied Sancho: and, I can tell thee, thy daughter appeared so beautiful, that all the people in town went forth to see her, and every body owned she was the fairest creature under the sun; she went along weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintance; and begged of all that came to see her, that they would recommend her to God, and our lady his blessed mother. Indeed, her behaviour was so moving, that I myself, who am no blubberer, could not help shedding tears; and, in good sooth, many persons were very desirous of going after, and carrying her off, in order to conceal her; but, they were diverted from that design, by the fear of acting contrary to the king's proclamation. He that shewed himself the most passionately fond of her, was Don Pedro Gregorio, the young rich heir, who, thou knowest, was said to be in love with her. After her departure, he never more appeared in our town, and every body believed he went away, in order to carry her off; but, hitherto we have had no account of his motions." "I had always a suspicion, said Ricote, that the young gentleman was enamoured of my daughter; but, as I confided in the virtue of my Ricota, his passion gave me no disturbance; for, thou must have heard, Sancho, that the Moorish women seldom, or never, engage in amorous intercourse with old christians; and my daughter, whose inclination, I believe, leaned more to christianity than to love, payed no attention to the importunities of that young heir." "God grant it may be so, replied Sancho: for, it would have been to the prejudice of both: and now let me depart in peace, friend Ricote; for, this night, I intend to be with my master Don Quixote." "God be thy guide, brother Sancho, said the Moor: I see my companions are stirring, and it is time for us to make the best of our way."

Then the two having embraced one another, Sancho mounted Dapple, Ricote supported himself with his staff, and in this manner they parted different ways.

## C H A P. III.

Of certain accidents that befel Sancho upon the road; and other circumstances, which to know you need only look forward.

**S**ANCHO was so long detained by Ricote, that he could not reach the duke's castle that day, tho' he was within half a league of it, and there overtaken by the night, which was dark and close; but, it being the summer season, he was not much concerned, and retired a little from the high-road, with intention to wait patiently for morning. It was, however, the pleasure of his niggard and unhappy fortune, that in seeking a place proper for his accommodation, he and Dapple tumbled into a deep, and very dark pit, among a number of old buildings; and, in falling, he recommended himself to God, with all his heart, in the firm persuasion that he would not stop until he reached the bottom of the profound abyss. But this apprehension was happily disappointed; for, Dapple having descended little more than three fathoms, touched the ground, and his rider found himself on his beast's back, without having sustained the least hurt or damage. He felt his body all over, and held in his breath to know whether he was found or perforated in any part; and when he found himself safe, whole, and in catholic health, he did not fail to thank our Lord God for his protection, as he actually thought he had been shattered into a thousand pieces. He likewise felt about the sides of the pit, to know if there was any possibility of being extricated without assistance; but, he found them all smooth, and perpendicular, without any projection or cranny of which he could take the least advantage; a circumstance that greatly increased his chagrin, especially when he heard Dapple complain, in a most pathetic, and lamentable tone; and, indeed, it was no great wonder: nor did he lament out of wantonness; for, in truth, he was in a very sorry condition.

It was then that Sancho Panza exclaimed, "Alack, and a-well a-day! how unexpected are the accidents which, at every turn, befel those who live in this miserable world! who could foretel, that he who yesterday saw himself enthroned as governor of an island, giving orders to his servants and vassals, should to-day be buried in a dungeon, without a soul to remedy his misfortune, or a servant or vassal to hasten to his relief? Here I, and my poor beast, must perish by hunger, if we do not give up the ghost before that period; he, in consequence of being battered

tered and bruised, and I, from pure sorrow and vexation. At least, I shall not be so lucky as my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, who, when he descended, and sunk into the cave of that same enchanted Montesinos, was better entertained than he could have been in his own house; so that the cloth seemed to be laid, and the bed fairly made. There he enjoyed beautiful and agreeable visions; but here, I believe, I shall see nothing but toads and serpents. Unfortunate wretch that I am! to what a pass am I brought by my fantasies and folly. From this cavern (when heaven shall be pleased to discover them) my bones, together with those of my honest friend Dapple, will be taken up smooth, and white, and bare as an atomy; and, from this particular, perhaps, it will be discovered who we are, especially by those who know that Sancho Panza never parted from his ass, nor his ass from Sancho Panza. I say again, miserable creatures that we are! why would not our niggard fortune allow us to die at home, in our own country, in the midst of our friends? where, tho' our misfortune would admit of no remedy, we should not have wanted relations to grieve at our fate, and close our eyes in the last hour of our trial!

O my dear companion, and my friend! how ill have I rewarded thy good services? Forgive me, honest Dapple, and intreat fortune in the best terms thou canst use, to deliver us from this vexatious misery in which we are equally involved; in which case, I promise to put a crown of laurel upon thy head, so as that thou shalt look like a poet laureat; and, withal, to give thee double allowance of provender." In this manner did Sancho Panza pour forth his lamentation, to which the poor beast listened, without answering one word; such was the danger and distress to which the poor animal found himself exposed.

At length, after they had passed the whole night in miserable complaints and lamentations, day broke; and, by the light and splendor of the morning, Sancho perceived, that of all impossibilities it was the most impossible to free himself from that pit, without assistance; so that he began to lament a-fresh, and roar aloud, in hope that some body might hear his voice: but, all his cries were uttered to the desert; for, in all that neighbourhood there was not a soul by whom he could be heard; and therefore he gave himself up for lost. As Dapple lay with his mouth uppermost, Sancho Panza exerted himself in such a manner as to raise his friend upon his legs, which, by the bye, could scarce bear his weight; and, taking a piece of bread out of his wallet, which had likewise suffered the same unfortunate fall, gave it to the poor beast, who received it very thankfully, and told him, as if he understood his words,

“ All ills are good when attended with food.” About this time, he discovered an hole at one side of the dungeon, large enough to give passage to a man, provided he could bend his body, and creep through : to this he hastened, and squeezing himself into it, perceived, within, a large extensive space, the particulars of which he could distinguish; for, through what may be termed the roof, descended a small stream of light that illuminated the whole place, which, as he observed, dilated and extended itself through another spacious concavity.

Sancho, having made these remarks, returned to the place where his companion stood, and with a stone began to clear away the rubbish from the hole, which he in a little time enlarged to such a degree that Dapple passed with ease. Then, taking the halter in his hand, he led him forwards through that cavern, in hope of finding an exit at the other end : and sometimes he proceeded darkling, and sometimes without one ray of light ; but, always in fear and trepidation. “ God Almighty protect me ! said he within himself : this, that is such a dismal expedition to me, would be an excellent adventure to my master, who would look upon these depths, and dungeons, as so many flower-gardens, and palaces of \* Galiana ; and expect to pass from this distress, and obscurity, into some blooming meadow adorned with the pride of spring : whereas, I, a miserable wretch ! equally imprudent and poor-spirited, dread, at every step, that another dungeon, still more deep, will suddenly open under my feet, and swallow me up at once : We may bear, without a groan, the misfortune that comes alone.” In venting these ejaculations, he had proceeded about half a league, when he perceived a kind of confused light, like that of day, glimmering through a passage that seemed to be the road from this to the other world.

Here Cid Hamet Benengeli, leaving the squire, returns to Don Quixote waiting with joy and transport for the combat in which he was to engage with the person who had robbed the daughter of Donna Rodriguez of her precious virtue ; for, he made no doubt of redressing the grievance and disgrace which the delinquent had feloniously intailed upon the innocent damsel.

Chancing one morning to go out, in order to improve, and inure himself to that exercise of arms which he meant to practise in that combat to which in a few days he must be exposed, he, in wheeling about, or giving the charge with Rozinante, rode so near the mouth of a cavern, that if he had not vigorously pulled in the reins, he must have plunged

\* This was a Moorish princess, for whom her father built a stately palace near the Tagus, the ruins of which remain to this day.

into



into it, without all possibility of escape. He kept his seat, however, and at length made his retreat good; then, reapproaching the hole, he, without alighting, surveyed the depth of the cave; and, while he was thus employed, heard loud cries issuing from below; in consequence of which, listening with great attention, he could distinguish articulate sounds, and distinctly understand the following exclamation: "So ho! above there; is there any christian within hearing? or any charitable gentleman whose bowels yearn at the distress of a sinner buried alive, and an unfortunate misgoverned governor?"

Don Quixote thought he recognized the voice of Sancho Panza, at hearing which he was confounded and astonished; and raising his own voice as high as he could strain, "Who is that below, cried he, complaining so grievously?" "Who should be here, or who complain, replied the voice, but the bewildered Sancho Panza, for his sins, and misfortune, appointed governor of the island Barataria, who was formerly squire to the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha?" When the knight heard this declaration, his surprise redoubled, his amazement increased, and he was struck with the notion that Sancho Panza was dead, and his soul doing penance in that place. Swayed by this conjecture, he exclaimed, "I conjure thee by all that is sacred, as a catholic christian, to tell me who thou art; if a soul in punishment, let me know what I can do in thy behalf; for, as it is my profession to favour and assist the needy of this world, so likewise am I ready to succour and relieve the miserable objects of the other world, who cannot relieve themselves." "At that rate, and by your worship's discourse, answered the voice, you should be my master Don Quixote de la Mancha; and, indeed, by the tone of your voice, I know you can be no other." "Don Quixote I am, replied the knight: he who professes to aid and assist the living, as well as the dead, in their distresses. Tell me, therefore, who thou art, by whom I am thus held in astonishment; for, if thou art my squire Sancho Panza, and hast quitted this life, seeing the devils have not got possession of thy soul, but, through the mercy of God, thou art now in purgatory, our holy mother the roman catholic church has prayers sufficient to deliver thee from thy present pain; and I, for my part, will solicit them in thy behalf, as far as my whole fortune will extend: I say, therefore, make haste, and declare thy name and situation." "I vow to God! answered the voice, and swear by the birth of whom your worship pleases, signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that I am your identical squire Sancho Panza, and was never yet dead in the whole course of my life; but, I quitted my government for causes and considerations which I must have  
more

more leisure to explain ; last night I fell into this dungeon, together with Dapple, who will not suffer me to tell an untruth ; by the same token he stands now at my back." One would have imagined the beast understood what his master said ; for, that moment, he began to bray so strenuously that the whole cave echoed with the sound. " A most unexceptionable evidence ! cried Don Quixote : I know that note as well as if I had given it birth ; and, besides, I recognize thy voice, my good Sancho ; wait a little, I will ride to the duke's castle, which is hard by, and bring people to extricate thee from that dungeon into which thou hast been plunged for thy sins and transgressions." " I intreat your worship to go, for the love of God ! and return speedily ; for, I cannot bear to be buried here alive ; and, moreover, I am ready to die with fear !"

The knight leaving him accordingly, repaired to the castle, where he recounted to the duke and dutchess the accident which had befallen poor Sancho, at which they were not a little surpris'd, tho' they at once comprehended how he must have fallen by the correspondence of that cavern which had been there time out of mind ; but, they could not conceive how he should have quitted the government, without giving them notice of his coming. Finally, ropes and cables were provided, together with a good number of people ; and Dapple, and Sancho Panza, tho' not without a good deal of trouble, were hoisted up from dungeons and darkness to the cheerful light of day. " In this manner, said a student, who chanced to be among the spectators, should all bad governors be dragged from their governments, like that poor sinner from the profound abyss, half dead with hunger, pale with fear, and, as I believe, without a penny in his pocket." Sancho, hearing this observation, replied, " Eight or ten days are now elapsed, brother growler, since I assumed the reins of government in that island which was committed to my charge ; and, in all that time, I never once had my belly full, even of dry bread : I have been persecuted by physicians ; my bones have been crushed by the enemy : but, I never had a bribe in view, nor did I ever receive my due. And this being the case, as it certainly is, methinks, I have not deserved to be dragged out in this manner : but, Man projects in vain ; for, God doth still ordain : Heaven knows how meet it is to grant what every one pretends to want : Every season has its reason : Let no man presume to think, of this cup I will not drink : For, Where the fitch we hoped to find, not even a hook is left behind. God knows my meaning, and that's enough ; I would say no more even though I could speak to the purpose." " Be not angry, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, and give thyself no concern about what thou mayest hear, otherwise there will be

no end of thy vexation : console thyself with a good conscience, and let them say what they will ; for, it is as impracticable to tie up the tongue of malice, as to erect barricadoes in the open fields. If a governor resigns his office in good circumstances, people say he must have been an oppressor, and a knave ; and if poverty attends him in his retreat, they set him down as an idiot, and fool." " For this time, answered Sancho, I am certain they will think me more fool than knave."

Thus discoursing, and surrounded by a number of boys, and other spectators, they arrived at the castle, where the duke and duchess waited to receive them in a gallery ; but, Sancho would not go up stairs, until he saw Dapple properly accommodated in the stable ; for, he observed, the poor creature had passed the preceding night in very indifferent lodging : then he went to pay his respects to his noble patrons, before whom, falling on his knees, " According to the good pleasure of your graces, said he, and without any merit on my side, I went to govern your island Barataria, which Naked I entered, and naked I remain ; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain. Whether I have governed righteously or amiss, there are witnesses who will declare, and say whatsoever they think proper. I have explained doubts, and decided causes, though all the time half dead with hunger, because my fasting seemed good unto doctor Pedro Positive, native of Snatchaway, the island and governor's physician : we were assaulted in the night by the enemy, who put us all in great jeopardy and consternation ; and the inhabitants of the island said they were delivered, and proved victorious, by the valour of my invincible arm ; but, so may God deal with them as they speak truth. In a word, I have, during my administration, considered the cares and obligations that attend the exercise of power, and found them, by my reckoning, too weighty for my shoulders ; they are neither fit burthens for my back, nor arrows for my quiver : and therefore, that the government might not discard me, I have thought proper to discard the government ; and yesterday morning I left the island as I found it, with the same streets, houses and roofs, which belonged to it when I took possession. I have borrowed of no man, nor consulted my own private gain or advantage ; and although my intention was to make some wholesome regulations, I did not put my design in execution, because I was afraid they would not be observed ; and a law neglected is the same thing as one that never was enacted.

I quitted the island, as I have said, without any other company than that of Dapple ; I fell into a dungeon, through which I groped my way, until, this morning, by the light of the sun, I perceived a passage out  
of.

of it, though not so easy but that if heaven had not sent my master Don Quixote to my assistance, there I should have remained till the day of judgment. Here then, my lord duke, and lady dutchess, is your governor Sancho Panza, who, during the ten days of his administration, has gained nothing but so much knowledge, that he would not give a farthing to be governor, not only of an island, but even of the whole world; and in this opinion, kissing your graces feet, and imitating the game of boys, who cry, Leap and away, I take a leap from the government into the service of my master Don Quixote; for, in short, tho' with him I eat my bread in terror and alarm, I at least fill my belly; and so that is full, I care not whether it be with carrots or partridge."

Here Sancho concluded his harrangue, during which the knight was in continual apprehension that he would utter a thousand absurdities; but, when he heard it finished with so few, he thanked heaven in his heart; while the duke embraced Sancho, and told him he was grieved to the soul that he had so soon left his government; but, he would find means to invest him with another office in his estate, which would be attended with less care and more advantage. He was likewise consoled by the dutchess, who gave particular orders about his entertainment, as he seemed to be sorely bruised, and in a lamentable condition.

## C H A P. IV.

Of the dreadful and unseen battle, fought between Don Quixote de la Mancha and the lacquey Tosilos, in behalf of the daughter of Rodriguez the duenna.

**T**HE duke and dutchefs did not repent of the joke they had executed upon Sancho Panza, with respect to his government, especially as the steward arrived the same day, and gave a circumstantial detail of all the words and actions which he had said and performed, during the term of his administration. In fine, he magnified the assault of the island, and the terror of Sancho, and described the manner of his departure, from the account of which they received no small pleasure and satisfaction.

The history afterwards relates, that the day appointed for the combat arrived; and the duke, having again and again instructed his lacquey Tosilos how to manage Don Quixote, so as to conquer without slaying, or even wounding the knight, ordered the lances to be divested of their iron heads, observing to Don Quixote that christianity, upon which he valued himself, would not allow him to let the combat be fought with any risque, and danger of life; and that he hoped the knight would be satisfied with his granting a field for the lists in his territories, an indulgence contrary to the decree of the holy council, which prohibits all such challenges: he therefore desired that the battle might not be fought to the last extremity. Don Quixote said his excellency might order the particulars of that affair according to his own pleasure, and that he would punctually comply with every circumstance of the disposition.

The dreadful day then being arrived, and the duke having caused a spacious scaffold to be erected before the court-yard of the castle, for the accommodation of the judges of the field, and the mother and daughter, who were plaintiffs in the cause; an infinite number of people assembled from all the neighbouring towns and villages, to see the novelty of this battle; for, such a combat had never been seen nor heard of in that country, by either the living or the dead. The first that entered the lists was the master of the ceremonies, in order to examine the ground; and he accordingly surveyed the whole field, to see that there was no deceit, or any thing concealed that might occasion stumbling or falling: then came the duennas and took their seats, veiled down to the

eyes, and even to the bosom, with demonstrations of excessive grief. They being seated, Don Quixote presented himself in the lists; and in a little time appeared the great lacquey Tosilos upon a mighty steed that shook the very ground, accompanied with a number of trumpets, his vizor being down, and his whole body stiffened with strong and shining armour; his horse seemed to be of the Freizland breed, broad built, and of a flea-bitten colour, with a stone of wool hanging to every foot. Thus approached the valiant combatant, well instructed by the duke how to engage the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and particularly cautioned against taking away the life of his knightly opponent; for, he was warned to avoid the first encounter as he would shun his own death, which must have been certain had they met full shock in the midst of their career. This champion, crossing the field, and riding up to the place where the duennas were seated, began very earnestly to \* contemplate the person who claimed him as her husband; while the master of the field, calling to Don Quixote, who had likewise entered the lists, and kept close to Tosilos, asked the duennas if they consented to depend upon Don Quixote de la Mancha for the redress of their grievances: they replied in the affirmative, declaring, at the same time, that whatever he should do in their affair they would hold as † well done, firm, and sufficient. By this time, the duke and dutchess had placed themselves in a gallery that overlooked the barriers, which were crowded with an infinite number of people, who came to see the dreadful and never beheld encounter; but, before they engaged, it was stipulated that if Don Quixote should overcome his antagonist, he, the said antagonist, should marry the daughter of Donna Rodriguez; but, should victory declare for the defendant, he should be released from the promise they pretended he had made, without giving any other satisfaction.

The master of the ceremonies having divided the sun, and stationed each combatant in his proper post, the drums began to thunder, the sound of trumpets filled the air, the earth trembled beneath their feet, and the hearts of the gazing multitude throbbled with suspense and expectation, some hoping, and others fearing, the good or bad success of

\* A critic inclined to enumerate the inadvertencies of Cervantes, might observe that Sancho pulled a piece of bread out of his wallet and gave it to Dapple, after he had given the contents of the said wallet to the pilgrims; that he tells the duke and dutchess he had governed ten days, whereas he had continued but seven days in office; and, lastly, that Tosilos contemplated the beauty of the damsel, though, we are previously told, that she was veiled down to the bosom.

† In the romance of Gerard de Nevers we read, that a certain young lady, perceiving the eagerness with which that knight undertook her defence, pulled the glove from her left hand, and presented it to him, saying, "Sir knight, my body, life, lands, and honour, I commit to the protection of God and you, to whom I pray he may grant grace to obtain the victory, and deliver us from the danger in which we are now involved."

the battle. Finally, Don Quixote, recommending himself with all his heart to our Lord God, and to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, waited with impatience for the precise signal of engaging; while our lacquey, engrossed by far other sentiments, thought of nothing but what we will now explain: While he stood gazing at his female enemy, she appeared in his eyes the most beautiful creature he had ever seen in the whole course of his life, and the little blind urchin, vulgarly known by the name of Cupid, was unwilling to lose this opportunity to triumph over a lacqueyan soul, and register this subject in the list of his achievements; he, therefore, approached him fair and softly, and unperceived let fly an arrow two yards long, which, entering his left side, transfixing his heart: nor was it difficult to perform this exploit; for, love is invisible, and makes his entrance and exit wheresoever he chooses to pass, without being called to account by any person upon earth—I say, when they gave the signal for battle, our lacquey's soul was transported by the beauty of her, to whom, by this time, he had surrendered his liberty; and, therefore, he was not so much affected by the sound of the trumpet as his antagonist Don Quixote, whose ears it no sooner saluted, than he sprung forwards to assault his adversary with all the mettle that Rozinante could exert; and his good squire Sancho seeing him begin his career, exclaimed with an audible voice, “God be thy guide, thou cream and flower of knights-errant: God grant thee the victory, seeing thy cause is the best.”

Although Tosilos saw Don Quixote advancing against him, he did not budge one step from his station, but called aloud to the field-master, to whom, when he went up to see what he wanted, he thus addressed himself: “Tell me, signor, is not this combat appointed to determine whether I shall or shall not marry that lady?” To this question the other having replied in the affirmative, “Well then, resumed the lacquey, I have a tender conscience that would be grievously burthened should I proceed in this quarrel; and, therefore, I own myself vanquished, and will forthwith take the lady to wife.” The field-master was surpris'd at this declaration of Tosilos, and, being in the secret of the plan, knew not what answer to make; while Don Quixote, perceiving his enemy did not come on to the assault, checked Rozinante in the middle of his career. The duke, being ignorant of the cause that retarded the battle, was by the field-master informed of what Tosilos had said, at which he was extremely surpris'd and incens'd; whereas, Tosilos, in the mean time, rode up towards the place where Donna Rodriguez was seated, and pronounced with a loud voice, “Madam, as I am willing to marry your

daughter, there is no occasion to seek that by disputes and contention which I may obtain peaceably, without the danger of death." The valiant Don Quixote hearing this address, "Since that is the case, said he, I am released and acquitted of my promise: let them marry a-God's name, and as our Lord bestows the bride, may St. Peter bless the nuptials."

The duke descending into the court-yard of the castle, and advancing to Tosilos, "Knight, said he, is it true that you own yourself vanquished, and that instigated by your timorous conscience, you consent to marry this damsel?" When he answered, "Yes, my Lord:" "He is very much in the right, cried Sancho: Give always to the cat what was kept for the rat; and, Let it still be thy view all mischief to eschew." As for Tosilos, he began to unlace his helmet, and earnestly begged that some body would come to his assistance; for, his breath was almost gone, and he could not bear to be confined so long in such a narrow lodging. People accordingly ran to his relief; and his head being uncased, Donna Rodriguez discovered the individual countenance of our lacquey, which the daughter no sooner beheld than she cried aloud, "A cheat! a cheat! my lord duke has palmed his lacquey upon us, in lieu of my lawful husband: I demand justice of God and the king, for this malicious, not to call it knavish contrivance."

"Ladies, said Don Quixote, give yourselves no concern; there is neither malice nor knavery in the case; or if there is, it cannot be occasioned by the duke, but by those wicked inchanters who persecute me without ceasing: envious of the glory I should have acquired in this achievement, they have metamorphosed your husband's face into the aspect of this man, who, you say, is the duke's lacquey. Take my advice therefore, and maugre the malice of mine enemies, bestow your hand upon him; for, without all doubt, he is the very person whom you desire to obtain as an husband."

The duke, overhearing this admonition, had well-nigh vented all his indignation in laughter, saying, "The adventures that happen to signor Don Quixote are so extraordinary, that I am apt to believe this is not really my lacquey; but, let us make use of this expedient and stratagem: we will, if it be agreeable, delay the marriage a fortnight, and confine this person of whom we are doubtful, and, in that time, perhaps he will retrieve his former figure; for, surely the rancour of those wicked inchanters, who hate Don Quixote, cannot last so long; especially as such delusions and transformations happen so seldom." "O my lord! cried Sancho, those banditi have been long used and accustomed to chop,  
change,



change, and transmography every thing that belongs to my master: some time ago he vanquished an errant called the knight of the mirrours, and in a twinkling they transformed him into the figure of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, a townsman and great friend of ours; as for my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, they have changed her into a homely country-wench; and, therefore, I take it for granted that this man will die and live a lacquey all the days of his life."

Here the daughter of Donna Rodriguez interposing, "Be who he will, said she, I am obliged to him for asking me in marriage; and, I would rather be the lawful wife of a lacquey than the deluded mistress of a gentleman; although he who deluded me had no pretensions to that title." In fine, all these incidents and explanations ended in the resolution to confine Tosilos, until they should see the issue of his transformation; while, with unusual acclamation, the victory was adjudged to Don Quixote; tho' the greatest part of the spectators seemed melancholy and disappointed, because they had not seen two such hopeful combatants hew one another in pieces: in the same manner as the boys are out of humour, when the expected execution is prevented by the malefactor's being pardoned, either by the party or the king.

The crowd dispersed, the duke and Don Quixote returned to the castle, Tosilos was sent to prison; Donna Rodriguez and her daughter rejoiced exceedingly, when they saw, that one way or another, this affair would end in marriage, and the lover consoled himself with the same prospect.

## C H A P. V.

Giving an account of the manner in which Don Quixote took leave of the duke; and of what passed between him and the gay and witty Altifidora, one of the dutchefs's damsels.

**B**Y this time, Don Quixote thought he would do well to quit that idle way of life which he led in the castle; for, he imagined himself much to blame in living thus buried and inactive among those infinite dainties and entertainments with which he, as a knight-errant, was indulged by that noble pair; and he concluded that he would be obliged to give a severe account to heaven of this idleness and sequestration. He therefore, one day, begged leave of the duke and dutchefs to depart; and they granted his request with marks of being extremely grieved at his intention. The dutchefs delivered to Sancho Panza his wife's letter, and the good squire wept bitterly when he understood the contents; saying, "Who could have thought such mighty hopes as were ingendered in the breast of my wife Teresa Panza, by the news of my government, would vanish in my returning again to the woeful adventures of my master Don Quixote de la Mancha? Nevertheless, I am pleased to find that my Teresa behaved like herself, in sending the acorns to the dutchefs; for, had she failed in that particular, I should have been sorely vexed, and she would have shewn herself ungrateful: what comforts my poor heart, is, that they cannot call this present a bribe; for, I was actually in possession of the government before the acorns were sent: and it is but reasonable, that folks who receive any sort of benefit should shew their gratitude, even tho' in trifles. In effect, Naked I took possession of the government, and naked I resigned my office; therefore, I may say with a safe conscience, which is no small boast, I naked was born, and naked remain; and, if I lose nothing, as little I gain."

This conference Sancho held with his own bosom on the day of their departure: as for Don Quixote, having taken leave of their graces overnight, he, in the morning, presented himself armed in the court-yard of the castle, where he furnished a spectacle to all the people of the family, not even excepting the duke and dutchefs, who viewed him from the gallery. Sancho was mounted upon Dapple, extremely well pleased with the contents of his bags, wallet or store; for, the duke's steward, who acted the part of the countess Trifaldi, had given him a small purse of

two hundred crowns, to answer the emergencies of the road: but, of this supply Don Quixote was ignorant. While every individual, as we have said, stood gazing at the knight, all of a sudden, from among the other duennas and damsels of the dutchess, the gay and witty Altifidora, raising her voice, pronounced what follows, in a lamentable tone:

AH! hear my plaint, unlucky knight,  
 Pull in thy reins and do me right,  
 And prithee spare, at my request,  
 The flanks of that poor, batter'd beast.  
 Consider she whose heart's at stake,  
 False man! is not a scaly snake;  
 But, a young lambkin, meek and true,  
 Just wean'd from teat of mother ewe.  
 Say, monster, why undo a maid  
 More beautiful than ever stray'd  
 With Cynthia, huntress of the wood,  
 Or Venus, native of the flood?  
 But, if Æneas-like thou mean'st to fly,  
 The death of Barrabas may Quixote die.

Thou, robber! in thy claws hast got  
 The heart and bowels, and what not,  
 Of a weak virgin, heav'n befriend her!  
 Mild, humble, timorous and tender.  
 Three linnen night-caps hast thou stole,  
 And silken garters strong and whole,  
 That to these legs did appertain,  
 These legs, as marble smooth and clean.  
 Thou carry'st off two thousand sighs,  
 Which, kindled by thy beaming eyes,  
 Would in a twinkling quite destroy  
 Two thousand cities great as Troy.  
 But, if Æneas-like thou mean'st to fly,  
 The death of Barrabas may Quixote die.

May Sancho's buttocks and his heart  
 Ne'er feel the ignominious smart

Prescrib'd,

Prescrib'd, when he is pleas'd and ready  
 To disinchant thy favourite lady.  
 Since thine is the offence and blame,  
 Endure the punishment and shame  
 Which in my country, once a year,  
 The righteous for the wicked bear.  
 Be thy adventures (small and great)  
 Inglorious and unfortunate ;  
 Like dreams may all thy pleasures fade,  
 Thy constancy oblivion shade ;  
 And, if Æneas-like thou mean'st to fly,  
 The death of Barrabas may Quixote die !

May'st thou be deem'd a perjur'd devil,  
 Ev'n from Marchena unto Sevil ;  
 From Loja to Granada hated,  
 From London Tow'r to England baited.  
 At draughts should'st thou attempt to play,  
 Or waste at ombre all the day,  
 May no crown'd monarch or spadille  
 Attend the efforts of thy skill :  
 When angry corn disturbs thy toe,  
 May blood at ev'ry paring flow ;  
 And of each tooth the barbers draw,  
 The stump still fester in thy jaw :  
 Nay, since Æneas-like thou mean'st to fly,  
 The death of Barrabas may Quixote die !

While the afflicted Altifidora complained in these strains, Don Quixote surveyed her attentively, and without answering a word to her lamentation, turned to Sancho, saying, " By the age of thine ancestors ! my dear Sancho, I conjure thee to tell me the truth : say, hast thou actually got the three caps, and the garters, which this enamoured damsel mentions ?" To this question the squire replied : " The three caps I have ; but, as to the garters, I know nothing of the matter."

The dutchess was surpris'd at the freedom of Altifidora's behaviour ; for, although she knew her to be forward, merry and frank, she did not think the girl possessed of assurance enough to attempt a scheme of this nature ; and her admiration was the greater as she had not been previously apprised of the intended joke. The duke, however, in order to  
reinforce

reinforce the jest, addressed himself to Don Quixote in these words: "It does not look well, sir knight, that you who have met with such honourable reception and treatment in this my castle, should presume to carry off by stealth three night-caps, at least, if not a pair of garters likewise, belonging to my damsel: these are marks of a bad heart, and but ill agree with your reputation. Restore the garters to the right owner; otherwise, I challenge you to mortal combat, without any apprehension that knavish enchanters will transform or change my face, as they have practised upon my lacquey Tosilos, your last antagonist."

"God forbid, replied Don Quixote, that I should unsheath my sword against your illustrious person, of whom I received such favours. The three night-caps shall be restored; for, Sancho owns they are in his custody: but, it is impossible to make restitution of the garters, as neither he nor I did ever receive them: and I dare say your damsel will find them, if she will take the trouble to rummage her own drawers. I, my lord duke, was never a thief, and I hope never shall, in the whole course of my life, provided God will not withdraw from me his guiding hand. The damsel, according to her own declaration, talks like an enamoured person; but, surely I am not to blame for her impertinence; and, therefore, I have no reason to ask pardon either of her or your excellency, whom I intreat to look upon me with more favourable sentiments, and beseech a-new to consent that I may prosecute my journey." "God grant your departure may be so happy, said the dutchess, that we may always hear good news of Don Quixote's exploits. Go then, a-God's name; for, the longer you stay, your presence blows up the fire the more fiercely in the bosoms of the damsels who behold you: as for mine, I will chastise her in such a manner, that from henceforward she shall never transgress either in word or deed." "One word more, however, I beg thou wilt hear me speak, O valiant Don Quixote! said Altisidora: I crave pardon for having taxed you with the garters; for, as I shall answer to heaven and my own conscience, they are now upon my legs; and I have been guilty of a mistake, like the man who went in search of his ass, while he was mounted on his back." "Did not I tell you so? cried the squire: I should be a rare fellow, indeed, to receive and conceal stolen goods; had I been that way inclined, I might have had opportunity enough in my government."

Don Quixote bowing his head, made a profound reverence to the duke and dutchess, and all the spectators; then turning Rozinante, and being followed by Sancho upon Dapple, he set out from the castle, directing his course to Saragossa.

## C H A P. VI.

Shewing how adventures thronged upon Don Quixote so thick as to intangle one another.

**W**HEN Don Quixote found himself in the open field, free and dis-embarrassed from the complaints of Altifidora, he seemed to be placed in the very center of his own wish, and to enjoy a renovation of spirits, in order to prosecute anew the aim of his chivalry. Turning, therefore, to his squire, "Sancho, said he, liberty is one of the most precious gifts which heaven hath bestowed on man, exceeding all the treasures which earth incloses or which ocean hides; and for this blessing, as well as for honour, we may and ought to venture life itself: on the other hand, captivity and restraint are the greatest evils that human nature can endure. I make this observation, Sancho, because thou hast seen the delicacies and the plenty with which we were entertained in that castle: yet, in the midst of those savoury banquets, and ice-cooled potations, I thought myself confined within the very straits of famine, because I did not enjoy the treat with that liberty which I should have felt, had it been my own; for, obligations incurred by benefits and favours received, are fetters which hamper the freeborn soul—Happy is he to whom heaven hath sent a morsel of bread, for which he is obliged to none but heaven itself."

"But, notwithstanding all that your worship hath said, replied Sancho, we, for our parts, ought not to be ungrateful, considering the two hundred crowns of gold which the duke's steward gave me in a purse, and which as a plaister and a cordial I keep next my heart, in case of emergency; for, we shall not always find such castles where we can be entertained; on the contrary, we may, sometimes, stumble upon sorry inns, where we shall be soundly cudgelled."

With this and other such discourse, the two errants, knight and squire, amused themselves while they proceeded on their journey; and having travelled a little more than a league, they perceived upon a green spot of ground, about a dozen countrymen at dinner, with their cloaks spread under them; and, hard by, four white sheets at some distance from one another, that seemed to cover something, above which they were raised up and stretched with great care and caution. Don Quixote approaching the men, first of all saluted them courteously, and then asked what it was they

they covered so carefully with these pieces of linnen?" Signor, replied one of the countrymen, under these sheets are carved images for an altar-piece to be set up in our town: we cover them in this manner, that they may not be sullied, and carry them upon our shoulders that they may not be broken." "If you please, replied the knight, I should be glad to see them: they must certainly be good images which you so carefully convey." "Good! cried the other: ay, that the price of them will declare: I can assure you there is not one of them that does not cost above fifty ducats; and, that your worship may be convinced of the truth of what I say, stay a moment and you shall see it with your own eyes."

So saying, he left his dinner, and rising up, uncovered the first piece, which represented St. George on horseback, with his lance thrust into the throat of a serpent coiled at his feet, exhibiting all the fierceness with which that animal is usually painted; and the whole groupe looked, as the saying is, like a flame of gold.

Don Quixote, immediately recognizing the subject, "This knight, said he, was one of the best errants that ever signalized himself in divine warfare: his name was St. George, and he was, moreover, a protector of damsels. Let us see the next," which, when displayed, appeared to be the image of St. Martin on horseback, dividing his cloak with the beggar. Don Quixote no sooner beheld it, than he said to Sancho, "This knight was also one of the christian adventurers, and, I believe, more liberal than valiant, as thou mayest perceive by this circumstance of his dividing his cloak and giving one half to the beggar; and, doubtless, this incident must have happened in the winter season, otherwise the saint was so charitable he would have given the whole." "Nay, that surely was not the case, replied the squire: but, he held fast by the old proverb, which says, The man in wisdom must be old, who knows in giving where to hold."

Don Quixote smiled at this remark, and desired the man to lift the third cover, under which appeared the figure of the patron of Spain on horseback, with his bloody sword, trampling down and bruising the heads of the Moors. Don Quixote, seeing this representation, exclaimed, "Ah! this is a knight, and chief in the squadrons of Christ; his name is Don San Diego Mata Moros\*, and he was one of the most valiant saints and knights which earth ever produced, or heaven now contains." Then they unveiled the fourth, which exhibited St. Paul falling from his horse, with all the circumstances usually set forth in the picture of his conversion, so lively represented, that one would have almost thought Christ was

\* Moor-killer.

speaking and Paul answering the voice. "This, said Don Quixote, was the most bitter enemy the church of God ever had, while our Lord and Saviour was on earth, and afterwards the greatest defender it will ever have: a knight-errant in his life, and a perfect saint in his death; an unwearied labourer in the vineyard of our Lord, a teacher of the gentiles, schooled by heaven, and whose professor and master was Jesus Christ himself."

There being no other images to see, Don Quixote desired the man to cover up those he had examined; and addressing himself to the bearers, "Brothers, said he, I look upon it as a good omen to have met with these images; for, these saints and knights were of my profession, which is the exercise of arms: with this difference, however, they were saints, and fought in a divine manner, and I, who am a sinner, fight in the manner of men. They conquered heaven by the force of their arms; for, heaven may be won by force; whereas, I know not, hitherto, what I have conquered by the toils and troubles I have undergone: but, if my Dulcinea del Toboso should be delivered from those she now sustains, my fortune will be bettered, my judgment repaired, and, perhaps, my steps may be directed through a better path than this which I at present follow."

This declaration was closed with an exclamation of Sancho, who cried aloud, "The Lord give ear, I pray; and sin be deaf for aye." The men were equally astonished at the knight's appearance and discourse, one half of which they did not understand: nevertheless, they made an end of their meal, shouldered their images, and, taking leave of Don Quixote, pursued their journey. Sancho was, on this occasion, as much astonished at the learning of his master, as if he had never known him before that day; and imagined there was not an history or event in the whole world, that was not decyphered on his nail or nailed to his memory. "Truly, master of mine, said he, if what has happened to us to-day may be called an adventure, it is the most sweet and delicious of all that have yet befallen us in the whole course of our peregrinations: from this, we have escaped with whole skins and fearless hearts; we have neither unsheathed our swords, battered the earth with our poor carcases; nor are we left in a starving condition: blessed be God who hath spared me to see this good luck with my own eyes! "Thou sayest well, Sancho, replied the knight: but, thou must take notice, that all times are not the same, nor equally fortunate; and those incidents which the vulgar call omens, tho' not founded on any natural reason, have, even by persons of sagacity, been held and deemed as fair and fortunate. One of those superstitious omen-mongers rises in the morning, goes abroad, chances to meet a friar  
belonging



belonging to the beatified St. Francis; and, as if he had encountered a dragon in his way, runs back to his own house with fear and consternation. Another \* Foresight by accident scatters the salt upon the table, by which fear and melancholy are scattered through his heart; as if nature was obliged to foretel future misfortunes by such trivial signs and tokens: whereas, a prudent man and a good christian, will not so minutely scrutinize the purposes of heaven. Scipio chancing to fall in landing upon the coast of Afric, and perceiving that his soldiers looked upon this accident as a bad omen, he embraced the soil with seeming eagerness, saying, Thou shalt not scape me, Afric; for, I have thee safe within my arms. Therefore, Sancho, my meeting with those images, I consider as a most happy encounter." "I am of the same opinion, answered the squire: but, I wish your worship would be pleased to tell me, for what reason the Spaniards, when they join battle, and invoke that same St. Diego Mata Moros, cry St. Jago, and Close, Spain! Is Spain cloven in such a manner as to want closing? or what is the meaning of that ceremony?" "Sancho, replied the knight, thy simplicity is very great. You must know, that God has given this great knight of the red-cross, as a patron and protector to Spain, especially in those dreadful battles fought against the Moors. The Spaniards, therefore, invoke and call upon him as their defender on all such occasions; nay, many times hath he been seen overthrowing, trampling, slaying, and destroying the squadrons of the children of † Hagar: and of this truth I could convince thee by many examples recorded in the authentic histories of Spain‡."

Sancho, changing the subject of conversation, "Signor, said he, I was astonished at the boldness of her grace's damsel Altifidora. I'faith! she must be rarely pricked and stabbed by him they call Cupid, who, they say, is a mischievous blind boy, and is able with those bleared eyes of his, or rather with no eyes at all, if once he takes aim, to pierce through and through with his arrows, the smallest heart that ever was seen. I have also heard it observed, that by the modesty and reserve of young women, those same amorous shafts are blunted and broken; but, in Altifidora, they seem to be rather whetted than blunted." "Sancho, replied Don Quixote, you must know that love has no respect of persons;

\* The original word is Mendoza, the name of a great family in Spain, one of whom was remarkably superstitious.

† The Moors are said to be descended from Hagar.

‡ Sancho must have been very simple, indeed, to be satisfied with this explanation, which does not even hint at the main point of his question; namely, "Why do the Spanish soldiers when they charge their enemy, cry Close, Spain." A phrase of encouragement, by which the soldiers exhort one another to do their duty, and close with the foe.

nor, in his progress, does he confine himself within the bounds of reason: indeed, he is of the same disposition with death; for, he assaults the lofty palaces of kings, as well as the humble cottages of swains: when he once has taken full possession of the soul, his first exploit is to expel fear and modesty; and without these did Altisidora declare her passion, which engendered—not pity, but confusion in my breast.” “O monstrous and notorious cruelty! cried Sancho, unheard of ingratitude! I can say for myself, that the least kind word from her would have subdued and made me her bond-slave. Ah, the son of a whore! what an heart of marble, bowels of brass, and soul of plaister!—but, I cannot, for the blood of me, conceive what the damsel could see in your worship, to tame and bring her to such an humble pass: what finery, what good humour, what gentility could she observe about your person? or what beauty could she spy in that face? for, women are taken with these qualities either severally or conjunctly. Verily, verily, I have often stopped to survey your worship from the sole of your foot to the last hair upon your skull; and I protest before God! I think, you would be more apt to frighten than to captivate a fair lady; and, as I have, moreover, heard it said, that beauty is the chief and principal article that inspires love, your worship being quite destitute of that commodity, I cannot imagine what the poor creature was in love with.” “Take notice, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, there are two kinds of beauty, one of the soul and another of the body: that of the soul displays itself in the understanding, in honourable and virtuous behaviour, in a liberality of disposition, and in good breeding: now all these qualifications may center in an ugly man; and when this kind of beauty, preferable to that of the body, is the object of admiration, it produces love that glows with equal impetuosity and advantage. For my own part, Sancho, I can easily see that I am not beautiful; but, I likewise know I am not deformed; and a gentleman who is not altogether monstrous, may inspire the most ardent love, provided he is in possession of those qualities of the soul which I have mentioned.”

Thus discoursing together, they entered a wood, at a small distance from the highway; and, all of a sudden, without dreaming of any such lett or impediment, Don Quixote found himself intangled among some nets of green silk thread, which were spread and stretched from tree to tree. As he could not conceive the meaning of this phenomenon, “I believe, said he to Sancho, that this of the nets must be one of the newest adventures that ever were imagined or contrived. Let me die if the enchanters by whom I am persecuted, have not a mind to intangle me in  
them

them and obstruct my journey, in revenge for my rigour and indifference towards Altisidora! but, I shall give them to understand, that although these nets, instead of silk thread, were made of the hardest adamant, and stronger than that in which the god of blacksmiths caught Mars and Venus together, I would break through them as easily as if they were wove of rushes or unspun cotton."

So saying, he endeavoured to proceed and destroy this obstacle, when all at once, from a tuft of trees, came forth two most beautiful shepherdesses, at least they were clad like shepherdesses, tho' their jackets and petticoats were of fine brocard—I say, their petticoats were of the richest gold tabby; their hair hung loose upon their shoulders, and, in shining, might have vied with the rays of Apollo himself; their heads were adorned with garlands of green laurel interwoven with sprigs of red amaranth; and their age seemed to be neither under fifteen, nor turned of eighteen: a sight that struck Sancho with admiration, the knight with surprize, and suspended the sun in the middle of his career. All the four, for some time remained in silent wonder; and, at length, the first who spoke was one of the two country-maidens, who, addressing herself to Don Quixote, "Forbear, sir knight, said she, and do not break our nets, which, I assure you, were not spread for your inconvenience; but, meerly for our own pastime: and because I know you will ask for what reason they are placed, and who we are, I will satisfy your curiosity in a few words. At a village about two leagues from hence, which is inhabited by many people of fortune and fashion, it was agreed among a number of friends and relations, that they, their wives, sons, daughters, neighbours, friends and kinsfolks, should come and enjoy the fine season in this spot, which is the most agreeable situation in all this country; and here form a new pastoral Arcadia, the girls being habited like shepherdesses, and the young men like swains. We have studied two eclogues; one of the famous poet Garcilaso, and another of the most excellent Camoens, in his own Portuguese language; tho' they are not yet represented; for, we arrived only yesterday. Among these trees, we have pitched some field-tents, upon the banks of a plentiful stream which fertilizes all these meadows; and last night we spread these nets from tree to tree, in order to deceive and catch the simple little birds, which, frightened by the noise we make, may fly into the snare: if you choose to be our guest, signor, you shall be treated liberally and courteously; for, at present, neither melancholy nor disgust shall enter this place."

Here she left off speaking, and Don Quixote replied, "Assuredly, most beauteous nymph, Acteon himself could not be seized with more surprize  
and

and admiration when he all of a sudden beheld Diana bathing, than that which but now overwhelmed me at sight of such uncommon charms! I applaud the scheme of your entertainments and diversions; I thank you heartily for your courteous proffer, and if I can serve you in any shape, you may command me, with full assurance of being obeyed; for, I have chosen this profession solely because it consists in being grateful and benevolent to all mankind, especially to persons of rank such as your appearance declares you to be; and if these nets which, I suppose, occupy but a small space, were extended over the whole circumference of the globe, I would find new worlds through which I might pass, rather than by breaking the least mesh, run the risque of interrupting your diversion. That you may give some credit to this exaggeration, be pleased to take notice, that he who makes it is no other than Don Quixote de la Mancha, if peradventure such a name hath ever reached your ears."

The young lady no sooner heard these words, than turning to the other shepherdes, "O my dear companion! cried she, what an happy incident is this! that there knight, I assure thee, is the most valiant, enamoured, and courteous person in the whole world, if we are not misled and deceived by the printed history of his exploits, which I have read from end to end: and I'll lay a wager that honest man who accompanies him is one Sancho Panza, his squire, whose pleasantry is above all comparison." "You are in the right, said Sancho: I am that same pleasant fellow and loyal squire whom your ladyship hath so honourably mentioned; and that gentleman is my master, the very individual historified and aforesaid Don Quixote de la Mancha."

"Good now! my dear, said the other: let us beseech them to stay; our fathers and brothers will be infinitely pleased with their conversation; for, I have, likewise, heard the same account of the knight's valour and the squire's pleasantry: as for Don Quixote in particular, he is said to be the most constant and loyal lover that ever was known; and that his mistress is one Dulcinea del Toboso, who bears away the palm of beauty from all the ladies in Spain." "Ay, and justly too, said the knight; unless your unequalled beauty should invalidate her claim. Weary not yourselves, fair ladies, in persuading me to stay; for, the indispensable duties of my profession will not allow me to rest in any place whatever."

Just as he pronounced these words, they were joined by a brother of one of the two nymphs, clad likewise in the fashion of a shepherd, tho' his dress, in point of richness and gaiety, corresponded with that of the ladies, who told him that the gentleman on horseback was the valiant

Don

Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the other his squire Sancho, whose characters he already knew from his having perused their history. The gallant youth payed his compliments, and pressed Don Quixote to accompany them to the tents, in such a manner that he could not help complying. Then setting up the shout, the nets were filled with different kinds of little birds, which, deceived by the colour of the meshes, flew precipitately into the very danger they sought to avoid.

In this place they were joined by above thirty persons gayly clad like shepherds and shepherdesses, who were immediately informed of the names of Don Quixote and his squire; a circumstance which afforded them no small satisfaction, as the history had already made them acquainted with the characters of both.

Repairing to the tents, where they found tables ready furnished with elegance and abundance, they complimented the knight with the place of honour, and all the company gazed upon him with admiration. At length, when the cloth was taken away, Don Quixote raising his voice, thus harrangued them with great solemnity: "Of all the crimes which mankind commit, tho' some say pride is the greatest, I affirm that ingratitude is the most atrocious, adhering to the common supposition, that hell is crowded with the ungrateful. This crime I have, as much as in me lies, endeavoured to avoid ever since the first moment in which I could exercise my reason; and tho' I may not be able to repay in kind, the benefits which I receive, I substitute the will for the deed: when that is not sufficient, I publish them to the world; for, he that promulgates the favours he has received, would also requite them with equal generosity, if it was in his power to make such recompence. But, for the most part, people who receive benefits are inferior to those who bestow them; and, therefore, God is above all, because he is the fountain of all good things: yet there is an infinite difference between the benefits conferred by men and those bestowed by God, so as to reject all comparison; and this narrowness and insufficiency on our part, is in some measure supplied by gratitude. Now, I being grateful for the favours you have done me, which I cannot repay in the same measure, and being hampered by the narrow limits of my ability, must offer that which is in my power to present—I say, therefore, that I will, for two natural days, in the middle of that high-road that leads to Saragossa, maintain that the ladies here present, disguised in pastoral habits, are the most fair and courteous damsels in the whole world, excepting always and only, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of my thoughts; without offence to the honourable hearers, be it spoken."

Here Sancho, who had stood listening attentively to what he said, exclaimed with great vociferation, "Is it possible now, that there can be persons in the world, who have the presumption to say and swear that my master is a madman? Pray, tell me, gentlemen and ladies, shepherds and shepherdeses, is there ever a country curate in Spain, let him be never so wise and learned, that could say what my master has just now said? or is there a knight-errant, let him be never so famed for valour, who could make such an offer as my master has made?"

Don Quixote turning to Sancho, with rage and indignation in his countenance, "Miscreant, said he, is it possible there should be a person upon earth who would not say thou art stark mad, and that thy soul is lined and bordered with fillets of malice and knavery? By what authority, wretch! art thou intitled to intermeddle in my affairs, and give thy opinion whether my brain be sound or crazy? Seal up thy lips, and make no reply; but, saddle Rozinante, if he is without his saddle, and let us go immediately and perform my promise; for, as I have justice on my side, you may deem all those who shall contradict my assertion, as already vanquished."

So saying, he rose from his seat with great fury and demonstrations of wrath, leaving the whole company astonished, and doubting whether they should consider him as a lunatic or person of sound intellects. However, they endeavoured to dissuade him from publishing such a declaration, saying they took his gratitude for granted; and that there was no need of new proofs to demonstrate his valour, seeing those were sufficient which they had seen recorded in the history of his achievements.

Notwithstanding this remonstrance, the knight executed his design: he mounted Rozinante, embraced his shield, and, grasping his lance, posted himself in the middle of the king's high-way, which was not far from their verdant habitation, being followed by Sancho upon Dapple, and the whole flock of those pastoral gentry, who were curious to see the issue of his arrogant and hitherto unseen enterprize.

Having taken possession of the ground, he wounded the very vault of heaven with the loudness of the tone in which he pronounced these words: "O ye passengers and travellers, knights, squires, persons on horseback or a-foot, who come or are to come this way, within the space of two days, from this present hour, know that Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, is here posted to maintain that the nymphs who inhabit these meadows and woods, excel in beauty and courtesy all the ladies upon earth, exclusive of Dulcinea del Toboso, the mistress of my soul."

Twice

Twice did he repeat this declaration, and twice was it repeated, unheard by any knight-adventurer; but fortune, which was bent upon directing his affairs to better purpose, ordained that, in a very little time, he descried upon the road, a great number of men on horseback, some of them armed with lances, riding towards him in great haste and all in a cluster. Those who were with Don Quixote no sooner perceived this troop, than they turned their backs and retired a good way from the road, knowing that some mischief would befall them, should they keep their ground: the knight alone maintained his post with an undaunted heart, and Sancho Panza shielded himself with the flanks of Rozinante.

When this troop of lancemen advanced, one of them that rode before the rest, began to hollow as loud as he could cry to Don Quixote, "Get out of the way, thou servant of the devil, or these bulls will trample thee to dust!" "So ho! caitiffs, replied the knight: your bulls shall not avail against me, even tho' they are the fiercest that ever fed upon the banks of Xarama: confess, ye miscreants, unsight, unseen, the truth of what I have proclaimed, or meet my vengeance in the field of battle."

The herdsman had no time to reply, nor Don Quixote to retire, had he been never so willing; so that the drove of wild bulls and tame cattle, together with a multitude of drivers and other people employed to convey them to a place, where, in a few days, they were to be baited—The whole throng, I say, passed over the bellies of Don Quixote, Sancho, Rozinante and Dapple, whom they in a twinkling overthrew and rolled in the mire, in such a manner that the squire was squeezed as flat as a pancake, his master astonished, Dapple terribly bruised, and Rozinante in no very catholic condition. At length, however, all the four got upon their legs; and Don Quixote, staggering here and tumbling there, began to pursue the drove on foot, calling aloud, "Halt and wait a little, ye felonious plebeians; he is a single knight who defies you to the combat, and not of the disposition and opinion of those who say, Lay a bridge of silver for a flying enemy."

But, notwithstanding all his exclamation, the drovers did not slacken their pace, or mind his threats, more than they minded last year's weather. Don Quixote, being so tired that he could run no farther, sat down upon the side of the road, more incensed than revenged, and waited for Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, who soon arrived. Then the knight and squire, mounting their beasts, proceeded on their journey with more

shame than satisfaction; and never dreamed of returning to take a formal leave of the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia.

#### C H A P. VII.

In which is recounted the extraordinary incident that happened to Don Quixote, and may well pass for an adventure.

**T**HE dust and drought which Don Quixote and Sancho derived from the uncivil behaviour of the bulls, were remedied by a clear and limpid stream which they had the good fortune to find in a cool shade, and on the margin of which this down-trodden pair, the master and man, seated themselves, after Rozinante and Dapple were unbridled and unhaltered, and left to the freedom of their own will. Sancho immediately had recourse to the store of his wallet, from which he drew forth what he usually called his belly-timber; but, not before he had rinsed his mouth, and his master had washed his own face, in consequence of which refreshment they recovered their exhausted spirits. Nevertheless, Don Quixote forbore eating, out of pure vexation, while Sancho, who durst not touch the food that was before him, waited, out of pure good manners, until his master should begin. Seeing him, however, the knight, so absorbed in his own imagination, that he forgot to lift the bread to his mouth, he, without letting one word escape his own, but trampling under foot all kind of good breeding, began to cram his paunch with the bread and cheese which constituted his provision. "Eat, friend Sancho, said Don Quixote, and support life, which is of more importance to thee than to me, and leave me to die by the strength of imagination and the severity of my misfortunes. I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and thou to die eating; and that thou mayest be convinced of this truth, consider me recorded in history, renowned in arms, courteous in demeanor, respected by princes, courted by damsels; and, after all, when I expected palms, triumphs, crowns of laurel obtained and merited by my valiant achievements, I have, this morning, seen myself trampled, spurned and bruised, by the feet of filthy, unclean animals! This consideration blunts my teeth, stupifies my grinders, benumbs my hands, and deprives me wholly of appetite; so that, I believe, I shall die of hunger, the most cruel of all deaths." "At that rate, answered the squire, without suspending the action of his jaws, your worship will not approve of  
of



of the proverb, which says, Let Martha die, but not for lack of pye. At least, I, for my own part, have no intention to starve myself; on the contrary, I am resolved to follow the example of the cordwainer who stretches the leather with his teeth until it is sufficient for his purpose: now, I will also employ my teeth in stretching out my life with eating, to that end which is ordained by heaven; and you must know, signor, that it is the greatest madness in nature to seek to despair like your worship. Take my advice: eat a little for refreshment, and then take a nap upon the green couch of this delightful grass, and when you awake you will see how much you'll be relieved."

The knight relished his advice, which he thought favoured more of the philosopher than of the idiot; and said to him, "Now, Sancho, if thou wouldst do that for me which I am going to mention, my relief would be more certain, and my affliction diminished: my proposal is, that while I sleep, in compliance with thy advice, thou wouldst go aside a little farther, and, exposing thy flesh to the air, bestow upon it, with the reins of Rozinante's bridle, three or four hundred stripes, of the three thousand three hundred which thou hast undertaken to endure for the disenchment of Dulcinea; for, it is a lamentable circumstance that the poor lady should remain so long enchanted, through thy carelessness and neglect." "There is much to be said on that subject, replied Sancho: let us both go to sleep in the mean time; and afterwards God must ordain that which will come to pass. Your worship must know that it requires great resolution in a man to scourge himself in cold blood; especially when the stripes fall upon a body which is poorly fed and supported: let my lady Dulcinea have a little patience; when she least thinks of it, she will see my body scourged into a perfect sieve; and while there is life there is hope; my meaning is, that while I hold life, I shall never quit the desire of performing my promise."

Don Quixote, thanking him for his good will, took a little sustenance, Sancho ate voraciously, and then both laid themselves down to sleep, leaving Rozinante and Dapple, those two friends and inseparable companions, at full liberty to feed without restraint, upon the luxuriant grass with which the meadow abounded.

The day being far spent before they awoke, they remounted their cattle and pursued their journey with uncommon expedition, in order to reach an inn which they descried at a league's distance—I say an inn, because it was so called by Don Quixote, contrary to his former custom of mistaking every inn for a castle. When they arrived at this place of entertainment, they asked if they could be accommodated with lodging;  
and

and the landlord replied in the affirmative, telling them, at the same time, that his house afforded as good conveniences and entertainment as could be found in the whole city of Saragossa. They alighted accordingly, and Sancho carried his bags into an apartment, of which the inn-keeper gave him the key; then he led the cattle to the stable, where he gave them their allowance; from thence went to receive the commands of his master, who had sat down upon a bench, and thanked heaven in a particular manner, that Don Quixote had not committed his usual mistake. They retired to their chamber, and supper-time approaching, Sancho desired to know what they could have for that meal? To this interrogation mine host replied, that his taste should be fitted to a hair, and that he might bespeak what he liked best; for, as far as the birds of the air, the fowls of the land, and the fish of the sea could go, he would find the house provided. "Less than all that will serve, answered Sancho: we shall be satisfied with a couple of chickens roasted; for, my master has a very delicate taste, and eats little; and, as for myself, I am not a very unconscionable cormorant."

The other frankly owned he had no chickens; for, the kites had destroyed the whole brood. "Well then, Mr. landlord, said the squire, you may order a pullet to be put to the fire; but, see it be very tender." "A pullet! cried the inn-keeper: body o'my father! now, as I'm an honest man, I sent above half an hundred yesterday to market: but, setting aside pullets, you may have what you will." "If that be the case, said Sancho, there will be no want of veal or kid." "At present, replied the inn-keeper, there is really none in the house: we are just out in these articles; but, next week, we shall have enough and to spare." "To be sure, we shall be much the better for that, answered Sancho: I'll lay a wager all these wants will be supplied with plenty of eggs and bacon." "'Fore God! said the host, my guest has an admirable knack at guessing: I have told him there is neither hen nor pullet in the house, and he would have me treat him with \*eggs! Shift about, if you please, to some other delicacies, and think no more of poultry."

"Body o'me! cried Sancho, let us come to some resolution; tell me at once what is in the house, and pray, Mr. landlord, no more of your shiftings." "What I really and truly can afford, said the inn-keeper, is a dish of cow-heel, so delicate they might be taken for calves feet; or, you may call them, calves feet that might pass for cow-heel. They are stewed with pease, onions, and bacon, and this blessed minute, cry, Come,

\* Why might not this inn-keeper have had eggs in his house, as he had sent no less than fifty pullets to market the very day before?

eat me: come, eat me." "I mark them for my own, cried Sancho, from henceforth for ever, amen. Let no man touch the mefs, for which I will pay you handsomely; for, nothing in the whole world could be more agreeable to my taste; and, provided I have cow-heel, the calves feet may go to the devil." "No man shall interfere with you, replied the landlord: as for the other company in the house, they, out of pure gentility, bring along with them, their own cook, butler, and sumpter mule." "Nay, as for gentility, said the squire, no man has more of that than my master; but, his profession will not admit of travelling-stores and butteries: lack a-day! we lay ourselves down in the middle of a green field, and fill our bellies with medlars and acorns." Such was the conversation that passed between the inn-keeper and Sancho, who would not, however, go any greater lengths in satisfying the curiosity of mine host, who was very desirous to know the office or profession of his master.

Supper being ready, Don Quixote retired to his apartment, whither the landlord brought the pot just as it was, and very decently sat down to partake of the meal. At that instant, the knight heard people talking in the next room, from which he was divided only by a partition of lath, and could plainly distinguish these words: "As you hope to live, Don Geronimo, I conjure you, as supper is not yet ready, to read another chapter of the second part of Don Quixote de la Mancha."

The knight, hearing his own name mentioned, started up immediately, and listening with great attention, heard Geronimo reply to this effect: "What pleasure can you have in reading such absurdities, Don John? No person who has seen the first part of the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, can possibly be entertained with this which is called the second." "Nevertheless, said Don John, it will not be amiss to read a little; for, there is no book so bad as to contain nothing that deserves regard. The most distinguished part in this performance, is, in my opinion, the author's describing Don Quixote as altogether disengaged and detached from Dulcinea del Toboso——"

The knight, hearing this remark, was filled with rage and vexation, and exclaimed aloud, "If any person whatever affirms that Don Quixote de la Mancha either has forgotten or can forget Dulcinea del Toboso, I will, with equal arms, make him know and own, that his assertion is far distant from the truth; for, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso cannot possibly be forgot; nor is Don Quixote susceptible of forgetfulness: his motto is Constancy, which he professes to maintain with gentleness and suavity of manners." "Who is he that answers?" cried the voice. "Who should

should it be, replied Sancho, but Don Quixote de la Mancha, in his own person, who will make good whatever he has said, and whatever he shall say; for, A good pay-master wants no pawn."

Scarce had the squire pronounced these words, when two gentlemen, for such they appeared, entered the apartment, and one of them throwing his arms about Don Quixote's neck, "Your appearance, said he, does not belye your name, and your name cannot but give credit to your appearance. Without all doubt, you, signor, are the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the north star and luminary of knight-errantry, maugre and in despite of him who has thought proper to usurp your name, and annihilate your exploits; I mean, the author of this here book." Which he took from his companion and put into the hand of Don Quixote, who, without answering one word, began to turn over the leaves, and in a very little time gave it back to the stranger, saying, "In the little I have read, I find three things worthy of reprehension in the author; first, some expressions in the prologue or preface; secondly, his using the Aragonian dialect, and writing sometimes without articles; and, thirdly, that which confirms my opinion of his ignorance, his erring and deviating from the truth in the most material circumstance of the history; for, he says the wife of my squire Sancho Panza, is called Mary Gutierrez, whereas her name is Teresa Panza: now, if he blunders in such an essential circumstance, we may justly conclude that his whole history is full of mistakes\*."

"A pleasant historian, i'faith! cried Sancho: he must be well acquainted with our adventures, to be sure, when he calls my dame Teresa by the name of Mary Gutierrez! Take the book again, signor, and see if he has lugged me in too, under a borrowed name!" "From what you have said, friend, replied Don Geronimo, I find you must certainly be Sancho Panza, squire to signor Don Quixote." "Even so, answered the squire; and I am proud of the occupation." "Then, in good sooth! said the cavalier, this author has not treated you so handsomely as from your appearance, I conclude, you deserve: he represents you as a gourmandizer, a simpleton without the least vein of humour or pleasantry; and, in short, quite different from the Sancho described in the first part of the history of your master." "The Lord in heaven forgive him! cried Sancho: he might have let me sleep in my corner, without remembering there was such a sinner as me upon the face of the earth: for,

\* I am apt to believe that this remark was intended as an ironical sarcasm on the trivial observations of hypercritics; for, we cannot suppose Cervantes did not know, by this time, that he himself had, more than once, in the first part of this history, actually called Sancho's wife by the name of Mary Gutierrez; an oversight which I have taken notice of in the proper place.

He \* that has skill should handle the quill—and I know that St. Peter is well at Rome.”

The two gentlemen invited Don Quixote to sup with them in their apartment, as they knew the inn could not afford any thing proper for his entertainment ; and the knight, who was always the pink of courtesy, complied with their request ; so that Sancho remaining undisputed master of the pot, *Cum mero mixto imperio*, he seated himself at the head of the table, in company with the landlord, who vied with him in affection for the cow-heel and calves feet.

Don John, in the course of the conversation at supper, asked what news Don Quixote had concerning the lady Dulcinea del Toboso : he begged to know if she was married, brought to bed, or in a state of pregnancy ; or, if still single, she maintained her honour and reputation, and smiled upon the passion of her lover Don Quixote. “ Dulcinea, answered the knight, is still unmarried, and my passion more intense than ever, our correspondence stands on the old footing, and her beauty is transformed into the appearance of a base born, rustic wench.”

Then he, in a very circumstantial manner, related the enchantment of his mistress, together with his adventure in the cave of Montesinos, and the means prescribed by the sage Merlin for her relief ; namely, the flagellation of Sancho.

Unspeakable was the satisfaction which the two cavaliers enjoyed in hearing Don Quixote recount the strange incidents of his history ; and they were equally astonished at the folly of his adventures and the elegance with which he related them : here they esteemed him as a man of sound understanding, and there he slipped through their opinion into the sink of madness ; so that they could not determine what rank he should maintain between lunacy and discretion.

Mean while, Sancho having finished his meal, left his landlord more than half seas over ; and entering the chamber where his master sat, “ Gentlemen, said he, I’ll be hanged if the author of that book your worships were talking of, has any mind or inclination that he and I should be mess-mates—Since he has given me the character of a glutton, as your worships have observed, I wish he may not have likewise called me a drunkard.” “ He has, indeed, replied Don Geronimo : but, I do not remember the expression, tho’ I know the words are very scurrilous and false above measure, as I can plainly perceive in the physiognomy of honest Sancho here present.” “ Take my word for it, noble gentlemen,

\* The proverb, in the original, alludes to a kind of tabor : as if one should say, He alone should attempt to play, who knows how to beat the tabor.

said the squire, the Sancho and Don Quixote of that history must be persons quite different from those recorded by Cid Hamet Benengeli, who are no other than we ourselves, here standing and sitting in your presence: my master valiant, sagacious, and enamoured; and I simple, and without pleasant; but neither sot nor gormandizer." "I believe what you say," replied Don John: and wish it were possible to obtain a mandate, prohibiting any person or persons from presuming to meddle with the affairs of the great Don Quixote, excepting Hamet, his original author; in the same manner as Alexander the great decreed that no painter but Apelles should draw his portrait." "Any body may draw my portrait," said the knight; but, let no man maltreat my character; for, patience often fails to the ground, when it is overloaded with injuries." "No injury can be done to Don Quixote, but what he can easily revenge," answered Don John: unless he choose rather to ward it off with the buckler of his patience, which, I believe, is both strong and ample."

In this and other such conversation they spent great part of the night; and although Don John would fain have persuaded Don Quixote to read a little more of the book, that they might hear him descant upon particulars, he could not accomplish his purpose; the knight assuring him he considered it as good as read, and pronounced the whole an heap of absurdities; nor did he choose that the author, who might perhaps hear it was in his hands, should have the satisfaction of thinking he had perused his performance; for, from objects of obscenity and turpitude, not only the eyes but even the imagination ought to be kept sacred. When they asked whither his course was at present directed, he told them he was bound for Saragossa, in order to signalize himself in the jousts which are yearly solemnized in that city.

Then Don John gave him to understand that the new history gives an account of the spurious Don Quixote's having been in that place at a course, the description of which was barren of invention, low in style, miserably poor in devices, and rich in nothing but folly and impertinence." "For that very reason," said Don Quixote, "I will not set foot in Saragossa, and so demonstrate to the wide world, the falshood of this modern historian, and let the nations see I am not the Don Quixote whom he has described." "I applaud your resolution," replied Don Geronimo; and there will be a tournament in Barcelona, where Don Quixote will have an opportunity to signalize his valour." "And that I shall surely embrace," answered the knight: at present, gentlemen, as it is high time, you will give me leave to retire to bed; and I beg you will esteem and place me among the number of your most sincere friends and humble servants."

fervants." "And me also, said Sancho: peradventure my service may be good for something." They accordingly took their leave, and retired to their apartment, leaving Don John and his companion astonished at the medley of sense and madness they had observed in his discourse; and they believed, without hesitation, these to be the real Don Quixote and Sancho, and not the persons described by the Arragonian author.

Don Quixote, rising early next morning, tapped at the partition, and bade farewell to his entertainers; and Sancho paid his reckoning like a prince, advising the landlord, however, either to furnish his house better, or to brag less of his accommodations.

### C H A P. VIII.

Of what befel Don Quixote in his way to Barcelona.

**T**HE morning was cold, and seemed to promise but little for the day on which Don Quixote departed from the inn, after having informed himself of the nearest road to Barcelona, which he could travel without touching at Saragossa; so eager he was to fix the lye upon the new historian by whom they said he was so scurvily treated.

So it happened that he met with nothing worthy of record during six days; at the end of which, having quitted the high-road, he was benighted among a thick cluster of oaks or cork trees; for, in this particular, Cid Hamet has not preserved his usual punctuality. The master and man alighting from their beasts, and accommodating themselves at the roots of two separate trees, Sancho, who had laid in a good afternoon's luncheon, entered the gates of sleep abruptly, and without hesitation; but, the knight, who was kept awake more by fancy than by hunger, could not close an eye; but, on the contrary, rambled in his imagination through a thousand different scenes. Sometimes he conceived himself to be in the cave of Montefinos; sometimes he thought he saw Dulcinea skipping and leaping upon her ass, in that dismal state of rustic transformation; and then his ears seemed to tingle with the words of the sage Merlin, who pronounced the conditions and endeavours to be observed and exerted for the disenchantment of his mistress. He was driven almost to desperation, when he reflected on the sloth and uncharitable disposition of his squire Sancho, who, to the best of his belief, had hitherto given himself only five stripes; a number poor and inconsiderable in comparison with the infinite score unpaid: and this consideration over-

whelmed him with such anxiety and chagrin, that he thus argued with his own bosom :

“ If Alexander the great ventured to cut the gordian knot, on the supposition that cutting would be as effectual as untying it; and, notwithstanding this violence, became sole master of all Asia : the same success may now attend my efforts in disenchanted Dulcinea, should I scourge Sancho against his own consent ; for, if the condition of this remedy be, that Sancho shall receive three thousand three hundred stripes, what signifies it to me, whether they are bestowed by his own hand or that of some other person, seeing the essential point is in his receiving them, from what quarter soever they may come ?”

Inspired with this notion, he took the reins of Rozinante's bridle, which he formed into an instrument of flagellation ; and, approaching the sleeping squire, began to untruss his points ; indeed, it is the general opinion, that he had but one before which kept up his breeches. But, scarce had he begun to perform this operation, when Sancho, shaking off the fetters of slumber at one start, exclaimed aloud, “ What's the matter ? Who the devil is that so busy untrussing me while I'm asleep ?” “ It is I, answered the knight, who mean to atone for thy omissions, and remedy my own misfortunes. I come to scourge thee, Sancho, and discharge some part of the debt which thou art obligated to pay : Dulcinea pines in a state of transformation ; and, while thou livest at thine heart's ease, I am dying with desire : untie these points, therefore, of thy own free will ; for mine, I assure thee, is to afflict thy posteriors with two thousand stripes at least, before we quit this unfrequented place.” “ By no manner of means ! cried Sancho : I advise your worship to be quiet, or by the God of Israel ! the deaf shall hear us : the stripes I have obliged myself to receive, must be given with my own free will and consent, not by force or compulsion ; and, at present, I have not the least inclination to discipline my own flesh : let it suffice, I give your worship my word and honour, that I will flog and fly-flap my carcase, as soon as ever I find myself disposed for such exercise.” “ I must not leave it to thy courtesy, replied the knight : for, thou hast a stony heart ; and, tho' a peasant, art very tender of thy flesh.” He, accordingly, struggled with all his might to unbreech the squire, who, finding the affair become very serious, started up from the ground, sprung upon his master, and, closing with him in a trice, tripped up his heels, so that the knight came instantly to the ground, where he lay with his face uppermost : then the victor, clapping his right knee to the breast of the vanquished party, and griping him fast by both wrists, hampered him in such a manner that he  
could



could scarce either breathe or move. Nevertheless, he made shift to pronounce these words: "How now, traitor! dost thou presume to rebel against thy master and natural lord, whose bread thou hast eaten?" "I neither exalt kings nor dethrone them, answered Sancho: but, being my own master, I stand up in my own defence: if your worship will promise to be quiet, and think no more of scourging me for the present, I will forthwith free and disencumber you from these bonds; otherwise, here thou shalt die, traitor and enemy to Donna Sancha."

The knight subscribed to the conditions, swearing by the life of his inclinations, that he would not touch the nap of his garment, but leave him at full liberty to begin the flagellation when he himself should think proper. On these considerations Sancho arose, and going aside a good way, to another tree at whose root he resolved to take up his lodging for the remaining part of the night, he felt something bob against his head, and putting up his hand found two legs provided with shoes and stockings: trembling with affright, he moved with great expedition to another tree, where he met with the same salutation, which increased his terror to such a pitch that he roared aloud for assistance. His master, hearing this exclamation, ran towards the place and inquired into the cause of his fear and confusion; when the squire gave him to understand that all these trees were loaded with human legs and feet. The knight, reaching up his hand, immediately conceived the meaning of this strange circumstance; and said to Sancho: "Thou need'st not be afraid; for, those legs and feet, which thou hast felt without seeing, certainly belong to some robbers and outlaws who are hanged upon the trees; for, when they are apprehended in this place, the officers of justice string them up by twenties and thirties; and, from this particular, I am convinced that we must now be near Barcelona." And, indeed, his conjecture was right. Soon as objects were rendered visible by the dawn, they lifted up their eyes, and saw that the clusters depending from the trees, were no other than the bodies of banditti. The morning forthwith ushered in the day; and, if they were scared by the dead, they were no less aghast when they found themselves all of a sudden surrounded by above forty living robbers, who called to them in the Catalonian language to be quiet, and suffer themselves to be conducted peaceably to the captain of the band.

Don Quixote being a-foot, his horse unbridled, his lance leaning against a tree, and, in short, his person without any means of defence, he thought proper to cross his arms upon his breast, and hung his head, reserving himself for a better season, and more happy conjuncture. Mean while,

while, the robbers made such dispatch in plundering Dapple, that, in the twinkling of an eye, there was not the least crumb left in the wallet and pillion; and lucky it was for Sancho that he had secured, in a concealed girdle, the duke's crowns, and the money he had brought from home: nay, notwithstanding this precaution, those honest gentlemen would have searched and rummaged him in such a manner as to have found the cash, even tho' it had been hidden between the flesh and the skin, had not they been interrupted by the seasonable arrival of their captain, who seemed to be about four and thirty years of age, of a robust make, middling stature, grave countenance, and brown complexion: he rode a strong horse, was provided with a coat of mail, and he had slung a pair of pistols with firelocks at each side of him. Seeing his squires, for so they call the gentlemen of that profession, very busy in rifling Sancho Panza, he ordered them to desist; and, as they immediately obeyed his command, the girdle happily escaped. Surprized to see a lance leaning against a tree, a shield lying on the ground, and Don Quixote armed at all points and in manifest despondence, exhibiting the most rueful and melancholy figure, that melancholy herself could have formed, he approached the knight, saying, "Be not so dejected, honest friend, you have not fallen into the hands of a cruel Osiris, but of those of Roque Guinart, who has more of compassion than cruelty in his disposition."

"My dejection, answered the knight, does not proceed from my having fallen under thy power, O valiant Roque, whose fame the limits of this earth cannot confine; but, from the consciousness of my own neglect, in consequence of which thy soldiers found me unprepared; whereas, I am bound, by the order of chivalry which I profess, to be always alert and vigilant, and to stand, as it were, at all times centry upon myself: and give me leave to tell thee, O renowned Roque! they would not have found it such an easy task to subdue me, had I been on horseback, armed with my lance and shield; for, know I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose exploits are celebrated through this whole terraqueous globe."

Roque Guinart immediately perceived that the knight's infirmity partook more of madness than of valour; and although he had frequently heard him named, he looked upon his achievements as altogether fabulous, and could not believe that such a humour did ever prevail in the heart of man: he was, therefore, extremely well pleased with this encounter, that he might, with his own eyes, see immediately before him, what he had heard reported afar off. "Valiant knight, said he, do not vex yourself, or consider your present situation in the light of a misfortune:

tune : perhaps, by stumbling in this manner, your crooked fate may be made straight ; for, heaven, by strange, unforeseen windings, which mankind cannot comprehend, is wont to raise the fallen and enrich the needy."

Don Quixote's mouth was already opened to thank him for his courteous behaviour, when they heard behind them a noise like that of a whole troop of horse, tho' there was only one, upon which came, at full speed, a youth who seemed to be about the age of twenty, dressed in green damask laced with gold, long breeches, a loose coat, an hat cocked in the Walloon fashion, with strait waxed boots and spurs ; and armed with a gold-hilted sword and dagger, a small fusil in his hand, and a case of pistols by his side.

Rogue, hearing this noise, turned about and was surprised with the sight of this handsome figure, who accosted him in these terms : " In search of thee, courageous Rogue, I came hither, hoping, by thy means, to find, if not a remedy, at least an alleviation of my misfortune : and, to keep thee no longer in suspense, as I am certain you never saw me before, know that I am Claudia Geronima, daughter of Simon Forte, who is thy intimate friend as well as the particular enemy of Clauquel Torellas thy inveterate foe, as being head of the party which thou hast always opposed. This Torellas, thou knowest, has a son called Don Vincente Torellas, at least he was, two hours ago, distinguished by that name. I will be as brief as possible in the account of my disaster, and explain the occasion of it in a few words : That youth happened to see me, and courted my good graces ; I listened to his addresses, and gave him my heart, without the knowledge of my father ; for, there is no woman whatsoever so retired and mewed up, but she will find a time to execute and gratify her irresistible desires. In a word, he promised to be my husband, I consented to become his wife ; and this was the farthest extent of our correspondence. Yesterday I was informed, that forgetting this obligation, he intended to marry another woman, and that this morning he had set out to celebrate his nuptials. My brain was disturbed, and my indignation aroused to such a degree by these fatal tidings, that, taking the advantage of my father's absence, I disguised myself in this apparel, pursued a-horseback my perfidious lover, whom, having overtaken about a league from this place, I, without staying to make complaints or hear apologies, discharged upon him this fusil and these two pistols ; so that, I believe, he has more than a brace of bullets in his body ; thus I opened a gate through which my honour, tho' bathed in his blood, may escape, and left him in the hands of his servants, who neither could  
nor

nor presumed to exert themselves in his defence. Thence I came in quest of thee, to beg that thou wilt conduct me safely to France, where I have relations; and, at the same time, promise to defend my father from the numerous kindred of Don Vincente, who may otherwise sacrifice him to their insatiable revenge."

Roque was struck with admiration at the gallantry, gay appearance, genteel mien, and adventure of the beauteous Claudia, to whom he replied, "Come, madam, let us first see whether or not your enemy is actually dead, and then we will consider about the most proper measures to be taken in your behalf." Here Don Quixote, who had listened with great attention to Claudia's address and Roque's reply, interposing in the conversation, exclaimed, "No man has any occasion to give himself the least trouble about the defence of this lady, which I take upon my own shoulders. Give me my horse and my arms, and stay where you are; I will go in quest of the gentleman, and dead or alive compel him to perform the promise he hath made to so much beauty." "Who doubts that!" cried Sancho: adad! my master has an excellent hand at match-making: a few days ago, he compelled another person who likewise refused to keep his word with a young woman; and if those plaguy inchanters who persecute him so much, had not transmographed the gallant into a lacquey, that very hour, she that was a maid before, would have been a maid \*no more."

Roque, whose attention was engrossed by the adventure of the beautiful Claudia, paid very little regard to what was said either by the master or the man; but, ordering his squires to restore the spoils of Dapple to Sancho, and retire to the place appointed for their quarters that night, he set out with Claudia, in great haste, to reconnoitre the situation of the dead or wounded Don Vincente. When they arrived at the spot where he had been overtaken by the young lady, they found nothing but some recent blood; but, casting their eyes around, they discovered some people on the side of an hill, and conjectured they could be no other than the servants of Don Vincente carrying their master to a proper place, where he might be cured, if alive, or buried, if dead. Their supposition was just: and spurring up their horses, they soon overtook the unhappy cavalier, whom they found in the arms of his attendants, whom he entreated, with a faint and languid voice, to let him die where he was; for, the pain of his wounds would not suffer him to proceed farther. Then Claudia and Roque alighted and approached him, to the great terror of his servants, who stood aghast at sight of this famous free-looter: but,

\* This rhyme is substituted in lieu of Sancho's playing on the word *fuei a*, in the original.

Claudia was greatly disturbed at the melancholy situation of Don Vincente; and, agitated by the conflicting passions of tenderness and resentment, took him by the hand, saying, "Hadst thou given me this of thy own accord, conformable to the mutual promise subsisting between us, thou wouldst never have been in this condition."

The wounded cavalier opened his eyes, which were almost shut for ever, and recognizing Claudia, "I plainly perceive, said he, most beautiful and misled young lady, that I owe my death to your hand; a punishment altogether unmerited and unsuited to my inclinations, which, as well as my conduct, were, in regard to your person, altogether void of offence." "What! cried Claudia, is it not true that you, this morning, intended to marry Leonora daughter of the rich Balvastro?" "No, surely, replied Don Vincente: my evil genius must have alarmed you with such information, that, your jealousy being inflamed, you might deprive me of life, which, as I leave it in your arms, and your embrace, I consider as happily lost: and, that you may be convinced of my sincerity, give me your hand, and, if you please, receive me for your husband; this being the only satisfaction I can make for the offence I was supposed to have given." Accordingly, Claudia and he joined hands and hearts together, in such a manner that she fainted away upon his bloody breast, and he sunk into a mortal paroxysm.

Roque being confounded and perplexed, the servants ran for water which they sprinkled upon their faces, and Claudia recovered from her swoon: but, this was not the case with her unhappy lover who had already breathed his last. The young lady, perceiving her beloved husband was no more, rent the air with her groans, wounded the heavens with her lamentation, tore her locks and scattered them to the winds, and disfigured her face with her own nails, exhibiting all the marks of the most severe grief that ever took possession of an afflicted bosom. "O cruel and inconsiderate woman! she cried: how easily wast thou provoked to execute such dire revenge! O furious jealousy! to what fatal despair dost thou conduct all those who give thee harbour in their breasts! O my dear husband! whose unhappy fate, in being mine, hath made thy marriage bed thy grave!"

Such were the melancholy exclamations of Claudia, which brought water into the eyes of Roque, who had seldom or never shed tears before: their servants wept bitterly, the young lady swooned almost at every step, and this whole circuit seemed to be the scene of sorrow, and field of misfortune. At length, Roque Guinart ordered the servants to carry their master's body to his father's country seat, which was hard by, that

it might be buried according to the old gentleman's directions; and Claudia expressed her desire of retiring to a certain monastery, the abbess of which was her aunt, where she intended to finish her life in company of a better and more eternal husband. Roque applauded her design, and offered to conduct her to the place, promising, at the same time, to defend her father from the kindred of Don Vincente, and all the world, should they conspire against his peace. She would by no means avail herself of his attendance; but, thanking him for his obliging offers, in the most courteous terms she could use, took her leave of him, shedding a torrent of tears: the servants of Don Vincente carried off the body, Roque returned to his gang, and thus ended the amour of Claudia Geronima; a catastrophe not to be wondered at, when we consider that the web of her melancholy fate was woven by the baleful and invincible force of jealousy.

Roque Guinart found his squires in the place where he had ordered them to take up their night's lodging, and in the midst of them Don Quixote upon Rozinante, exhorting them, in a long harangue, to quit that way of life so dangerous both to soul and body; but, as the greatest part of them were Galcoons, a brutal and disorderly sort of people, the knight's arguments made but little impression. The chief arriving, asked Sancho Panza if the men had restored the furniture and effects they had taken from Dapple; and the squire replied in the affirmative, excepting, however, three night-caps worth as many royal cities. "What the devil does the fellow say? cried one of the gang: here they are, and any body may see they would not sell for three rials."

"True, said Don Quixote: but, my squire values them at that rate, on account of the person of whom I received them in a present." Roque commanded the man to restore them instantly; then, forming his people into a line, gave orders for bringing before them all the cloaths, jewels, money, and every thing they had acquired by robbery since the last partition; then, making a short valuation, and reducing the indivisibles into cash, he shared the whole among his company, with such equity and discretion, that, in the most minute article, he neither exceeded nor fell short of distributive justice.

Having made this partition, with which every individual was perfectly well satisfied and contented, Roque turning to Don Quixote, "If we did not observe this punctuality, said he, there would be no living among such a crew." To this declaration Sancho replied, "From what I have seen, I find justice so excellent in itself, that the practice of it is necessary even among thieves."

One of the squires, overhearing the remark, lifted up the butt end of his musket, with which, in all probability, he would have shattered Sancho's skull, had not the general commanded him to desist; while Panza, trembling in every limb, resolved never to open his lips again so long as he should sojourn among such ruffians.

About this time arrived one of the gang, who was placed sentinel on the road to reconnoitre travellers, and bring intelligence; and riding up to their chief, "Signor, said he, not far from hence, there is a large company of people travelling to Barcelona." "Have you perceived, answered Roque, whether they are such as we seek, or such as are in quest of us." When the squire replied that they were such as he sought; "Set out then altogether, said he, and bring the whole company hither, without suffering one to escape."

This whole gang departed accordingly, leaving their chief alone with Don Quixote and Sancho, to wait the issue of their expedition; and, during this interval, Roque addressing himself to the knight, "This life of ours, said he, must appear very strange to Don Quixote, exposed as it is to infinite adventures and incidents replete with danger; and, indeed, I do not wonder that it should appear in that light; for, I must own, there can be no situation so full of terror and disquiet as that in which I live, and into which I was misled by a desire of revenge, which is often powerful enough to disturb the most philosophic breast. I am naturally benevolent and compassionate; but, as I have already observed, the desire of revenging an injury which I received, hath overturned all my virtuous inclinations in such a manner, that I persevere in this career, maugre and in despite of my own understanding; and, as Deep calleth unto Deep, undertake not only my own, but also those of other people: yet, by the blessing of God, although I find myself thus involved in a labyrinth of confusion, I have not lost the hope of being, one day, happily extricated from all my troubles."

Don Quixote was surpris'd to hear Roque talk so sensibly and with such moderation; for, he imagined, that among those who were in the daily practice of assaulting, robbing, and murdering their fellow creatures, there could not surely be one single person of sense and reflection. "Signor Roque, said he, the beginning of health is the knowledge of the disease, and the patient's desire to comply with the physician's prescription. You are now in the diseas'd condition, sensible of your infirmity, and heaven, or rather God himself, who is the great physician, will apply those medicines which are proper for the cure of your distemper; but, these remedies are wont to operate slowly, not in a sudden miraculous

manner. And sensible sinners are much more likely to recover, than delinquents of little understanding. Now, as your discourse evinces your discretion, be of good cheer, and courageously wait for the perfect recovery of your conscience. If you are, in earnest, inclined to quit this road, and enter at once into that which leads to salvation, come along with me and learn to be a knight-errant, in which capacity you will undergo such toils and disasters as will be deemed sufficient penance, and exalt you to heaven in the turning of two balls."

Roque could not help smiling at Don Quixote's advice; and, changing the conversation, he recounted the tragical adventure of Claudia Geronima, at which Sancho was exceedingly grieved; for, he had been hugely pleased with the beauty, vivacity, and demeanor of the young lady.

About this time, they were joined by the squires of the booty, who brought along with them two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, attended by six servants, partly mounted and partly footmen, together with two Muleteers who waited upon the gentlemen. These came all in a troop surrounded by the squires, and universal silence prevailed among the victors and the vanquished; both sides expecting, with resignation, the commands of the great Roque Guinart, who, approaching the gentlemen, asked who they were, whether they were going, and what money they had.

To these interrogations one of them replied, "Signor, we are captains of the Spanish infantry, our companies are in Naples; our intention is to embark on board of some galleys, which, they say, are now in the harbour of Barcelona, ready to sail for Sicily; and our funds amount to about two or three hundred crowns, with the possession of which we thought ourselves rich and happy, considering the narrow appointments of a soldier which will not permit him to heap up a great deal of wealth."

Then Roque putting the same questions to the pilgrims, was answered that their design was to embark for Italy, in order to visit Rome, and that, between both, they could muster about sixty rials. He, likewise, desired to know the quality of those who were in the coach, the place to which they were going, and the state of their finances. In these particulars he was satisfied by one of the horsemen, who said, "The company in the coach consists of my lady Donna Guiomar de Quinones, wife to the regent of the vicarage of Naples, her little daughter, a damsel, and a duenna; I am one of the six servants who attend them, and her ladyship's cash may amount to six hundred crowns." "At that rate then, replied



replied the mighty Roque, here are nine hundred crowns, and sixty rials: I have sixty soldiers; see what each man's share will come to; for, I am but an indifferent arithmetician." "The robbers hearing this decision, cried aloud, "Long life to Roque Guinart, and confusion to the knaves who endeavour to effect his ruin!"

The captains exhibited evident marks of affliction, my lady regent assumed a very sorrowful countenance, and the pilgrims did not at all rejoice at this confiscation of their effects. Although Roque kept them for some time in suspense, he had no mind to protract their melancholy, which was plainly perceivable a gunshot off; but, turning to the captains, "Gentlemen, said he, be so good as to lend me sixty crowns, and my lady regent will favour me with fourscore, in order to satisfy my squadron; you know, the Abbot must not want, who for his bread doth chant: Then you may prosecute your journey without fear or molestation, by virtue of a safe conduct I will grant; in consequence of which, you will be exempted from plunder, in case you should fall in with any other of those squadrons which I have posted up and down in different divisions; for, it is not my intention to aggrieve either soldiers or ladies, especially ladies of quality."

Infinite and well turned were the compliments in which the captains acknowledged their obligation to Roque for his politeness and liberality, in leaving them possessed of their own money. My lady Donna Guiomar de Quinones would have thrown herself from the coach, in order to kiss the feet and hands of the great Roque; but, he would by no means accept such marks of submission; on the contrary, he begged pardon for the injury which he was compelled to do them, in compliance with the precise duty of his wicked profession. The lady ordered her servant to pay instantly the eighty crowns which were demanded: the captains had already disbursed three score; and the pilgrims were going to surrender their miserable pittance; when Roque desired them to desist; and, turning to his gang, "Of these crowns, said he, two shall fall to the share of each man, and then there will be an overplus of twenty, one half of which I give to the pilgrims, and the other ten to this honest squire, that he may make a favourable report of the adventure."

After this decision, he took pen, ink, and paper, with which he was always provided, and writing a safe conduct directed to the chiefs of his squadrons, gave it to the company whom he courteously dismissed, and they proceeded on their journey, struck with admiration at his noble demeanor, gallant disposition, and strange conduct, and looking upon him rather as an Alexander the great, than a notorious robber. One of the

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the squires displeas'd at the division of the booty, said, in his Catalonian dialect, "This captain of ours is fitter for Praying than Preying : if, henceforth, he has a mind to shew his generosity, let it be from his own purse, and not from what is ours by right of conquest."

The unhappy wretch did not speak so softly, but that he was overheard by Roque, who, instantly unsheathing his sword, cleft his head almost in two, saying, "Thus I chastise mutiny and presumption." All the rest of the gang were terrified at this execution, and not one of them durst open his lips, so much were they over-awed by the character of their chief.

As for Roque, he went aside and wrote a letter to a friend at Barcelona, giving him to understand how he had met with the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, that knight-errant whose exploits were in every body's mouth; and, he assured him, that the adventurer was the most agreeable and understanding man in the whole world : he, likewise, gave him notice, that, in four days from the date of the letter, on the feast of St. John, the said knight-errant would appear on the beach of the city, armed cap-a-pee, mounted on Rozinante, and accompanied by his squire Sancho upon an ass. He, therefore, desired his correspondent to communicate this intelligence to his friends the Nearri, that they might enjoy the character of Don Quixote, and wished his enemies the Cadelli might not partake of the diversion. But that was a vain desire, because the mixture of madness and discretion in the knight, and the pleasantries of his squire, were such as could not fail to yield entertainment to the whole world in general.

This letter was dispatched by one of his squires, who, disguising himself in the habit of a peasant, entered Barcelona, and delivered it according to the direction.

## C H A P. IX.

Of what happened to Don Quixote on his entrance into Barcelona, with other circumstances that partake more of truth than of discretion.

**T**HREE days and three nights did Don Quixote remain with Roque, and, had he stayed as many hundred years, he would not have wanted subject for inquiry and admiration at their way of life: they lodged in one place, dined in another; sometimes they fled from they knew not what, sometimes waited for they knew not whom. They slept standing, and even that slumber was often interrupted; they shifted from place to place: in a word, their whole time was spent in appointing spies, examining centinels, and blowing matches for their musquets, tho' they had but few; for, they chiefly used firelocks. As for Roque, he passed the night by himself, in private haunts and places concealed even from the knowledge of his own gang; for, the repeated proclamations issued by the viceroy of Barcelona, setting a price upon his head, had rendered him restless, diffident, and fearful, so that he durst not confide in any person whatever, being apprehensive that even his own followers would either murder or deliver him up to justice: a life, of all others, assuredly the most tiresome and miserable! At length, this renowned freebooter, accompanied by Don Quixote and Sancho, and attended by six of his own squires, set out for Barcelona, through unfrequented roads, short cuts, and private paths, and arrived upon the Strand, after it was dark, on the eve of St. John.

Here Roque, embracing Don Quixote, and giving to Sancho the ten crowns, which, tho' promised, had not hitherto been payed, took his leave and returned to his station, after mutual protestations of friendship had passed between him and our hero, who resolved to sit on horseback, as he was, till day, which was not far off. Accordingly, they had not tarried long in this situation, when Aurora disclosed her rosy face through the balconies of the east, infusing vigour and seeming joy into every plant and flower, instead of gratifying the ear, which, however, was also, that instant, regaled with the sound of waits and kettle-drums, together with the noise of morrice bells, the clatter of horses upon the pavement, and the repetition of "Clear the way," pronounced by the couriers who came forth from the city. Aurora vanished before the sun, who, with a countenance ample as a target, gradually arose from below  
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the horizon: then Don Quixote and Sancho, extending their view all around, perceived the sea, which they had never before beheld, and which seemed to be infinitely vast, and abundantly more spacious than even the lakes of Ruydera, which they had seen in La Mancha: they, likewise, beheld the galleys in the road, which, when their awnings were furled, displayed a glorious sight of pendants, flags, and streamers, that wantoned in the wind, and kissed and brushed the surface of the deep; while they resounded with clarions, trumpets, and other sorts of music, which filled the air for many leagues around, with sweet and martial accents. Now they began to move and forming themselves into line of battle, exhibiting the representation of a naval fight upon the tranquil bosom of the sea; and, at the same time, a mock skirmish was acted on the shore, by a great number of gentlemen, mounted on beautiful horses, who came forth from the city, in gay attire, with splendid liveries. The soldiers of the galleys discharged an infinite number of fire arms, which were answered from the walls and forts of the city; and to the great guns, which seemed to rend the air with their tremendous sound, the midship cannons of the galleys made a suitable reply: the joy that resounded on board, the pleasure that appeared on shore, together with the serenity of the air, which was sometimes disturbed by the smoke of the artillery, seemed to infuse and engender a sudden flow of spirits and delight in every breast. As for Sancho, he could not conceive how those great bulks could use such a number of feet in moving through the sea.

About this time, the cavaliers so richly caparisoned, crying, hollowing, and shouting, in the Moorish manner, came riding up to the place where Don Quixote sat on horseback overwhelmed with surprize and astonishment; and one of their number, who had been apprised by Roque, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Welcome to our city, thou mirror, lanthorn, planet, and polar star of all chivalry in its utmost extent! welcome, valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, not the false, fictitious, and apocryphal adventurer, lately in spurious history described; but, the real, legal, and loyal knight recorded by Cid Hamet Benengeli, the flower of historians."

Don Quixote answered not a word; nor did the cavaliers wait for his reply; but, with their followers, began to wheel and turn, and curvet in a circle round the knight, who, addressing himself to Sancho, "As these people know us so well, said he, I will lay a wager they have read our history, and even that of the Arragonian, which hath been lately printed." The gentlemen, who had at first accosted him, returning,  
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renewed his address in these words : " Signor Don Quixote, be so good as to go along with us, who are all the intimate friends, and humble servants of Roque Guinart." To this entreaty the knight replied, " If courtesy engenders courtesy, yours, signor cavalier, is the daughter, or, at least, nearly allied to that which I experienced in the gallant Roque. Conduct me whither you please to go ; my will shall, in all respects, be conformable to yours, and I should be proud if you would employ it in your service."

The gentleman answered this compliment with expressions equally polite ; and all his companions surrounding the knight in a body, they, to the music of the waits and kettle-drums, conducted him to the city, his entrance into which was attended with a small misfortune. The mischief, from which all mischief is produced, ordained, that two bold and impudent boys, more mischievous than mischief itself, should squeeze themselves through the crowd, and, approaching Rozinante and Dapple, clap an handful of furze under the tail of each : the poor animals, feeling the severity of this new kind of spurs, augmented the pain by pressing their tails more closely to their buttocks, so that, after a thousand plunges, they came with their riders to the ground, to the unutterable shame and indignation of Don Quixote, who, with great dispatch, delivered the posteriors of his companion from this disagreeable plumage ; while Sancho performed the same kind office for his friend Dapple.

The gentlemen would have willingly chastised the boys for their presumption ; but, it was not in their power to give the strangers that satisfaction ; for, they had no sooner executed their purpose, than they concealed themselves among the crowd of above a thousand people who followed the cavalcade : so that Don Quixote and Sancho were obliged to pocket the affront ; and, remounting their beasts, proceeded with the same music and acclamation, to the house of their conductor, which was large and magnificent, and, in all respects, suitable to the rank of an opulent cavalier. Here then we shall leave him for the present ; for, such is the will of Cid Hamet Benengeli.

## C H A P. X.

Containing the adventure of the enchanted head, with other trivial incidents which, however, must not be omitted.

**D**ON Quixote's landlord was called Don Antonio Moreno, a wealthy gentleman of good understanding, who loved a joke in a fair and good humoured way; so that, finding our knight safely housed under his roof, he began to contrive means for extracting diversion from the madness of his guest, without prejudice to his person; for, those are no jests that give pain; nor is that pastime to be indulged which tends to the detriment of a fellow creature. His first step was to unarm Don Quixote, and in that strait shamoy doublet, which we have already painted and described, expose him to public view in a balcony that jetted out into one of the chief streets in the city, where he was surveyed by the people and the children, who gazed upon him as if he had been a monster or baboon. While he stood in this situation, the gentlemen with the rich liveries performed their courses before him, as if for his sake only, and not in order to celebrate the festival, they had provided all their finery; and Sancho was ravished with the thoughts of having so luckily found, without knowing how, or wherefore, another wedding of Camachio, another house like that of Don Diego de Miranda, and another palace equal to the duke's castle, where he had been so hospitably entertained.

Don Antonio had that day invited some friends to dinner, and all of them payed particular respect to Don Quixote, whom they treated as a renowned knight-errant; a circumstance that elevated his vanity to such a pitch, that he could scarce contain his satisfaction: while Sancho's conceits flowed so fast and humorous, that all the servants of the family, and all who heard his sallies, seemed to hang upon his lips. While he waited at table, Don Antonio accosting him, "Honest Sancho, said he, we are informed you are such a lover of fowls and balls of forced meat, that, when you can eat no longer, you pocket what remains for the next day." "No, signor, answered Sancho; that is not the case; and your worship must have been misinformed; I am a cleanly squire, and no such filthy glutton; for, my master, here present, knows very well, that we have often passed eight whole days without any other sustenance than an handful of nuts or acorns. True it is, If ever the heifer is offered, the tether is at hand; my meaning is, I eat what I get, and ride the  
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ford as I find it\*. If, therefore, any person whatever hath said that I am an exceeding glutton, and foul feeder, your worship may take it for granted that he is in a mistake; and I would tell him my mind in another manner, if it was not for the respect I bear to the honourable beards of this company." "Assuredly, said Don Quixote, Sancho's cleanliness, and moderation in eating, might be inscribed and engraved on tables of brass, for an everlasting memorial and example to succeeding ages. True it is, when very hungry, he may seem to be a little voracious; for, he eats with precipitation, chewing with both sides of his jaws; but, cleanliness he punctually maintains; and, while a governor, learned to eat so delicately, that he took up grapes, and even the grains of a pomegranate, with a fork." "How! cried Don Antonio, hath Sancho been a governor?" "Yes, sure, replied the squire; and that of an island called Baratania, which I governed according to my own will and pleasure, for the space of ten days, during which I lost my natural rest, and learned to despise all the governments upon earth: I, therefore, fled from it, as I would fly from the devil, and tumbled into a cavern, from whence, tho' I gave myself up as a dead man, I was brought up alive by a perfect miracle." Then Don Quixote gave them a circumstantial account of Sancho's government, which afforded extraordinary entertainment to the whole audience.

Dinner being ended, and the table uncovered, Don Antonio took our hero by the hand and conducted him into an apartment, where there was no furniture, but a table that seemed to be of jasper, supported by one foot of the same substance; and upon this table was placed a bust of bronze, from the breast upwards, representing a head of one of the Roman emperors. Don Antonio, after having traversed the room with his guest, and more than once walked round the table, "Signor Don Quixote, said he, now that I am assured no person overhears us, as no body listens, and the door is bolted, I will impart to your worship one of the rarest adventures, or, rather, one of the greatest rarities that ever was known; on condition, however, that you will deposit the secret in the most hidden recesses of your heart." "I swear to that condition, answered Don Quixote: and, for the greater security, will put a tombstone over whatever you shall communicate; for, know, signor Don Antonio, (by this time he had learned his name) your worship is talking to one, who, tho' he has ears to ear, has never a tongue to tattle; so that you may securely transfuse the contents of your own breast into mine, and take it for granted, you have ingulphed them in the abyss of silence." "On the

\* Literally, *Use the terms as I find them.*

faith of that promise, replied Don Antonio, I will excite your worship's admiration with what you shall see and hear; and I, myself, will enjoy some alleviation of the pain I have felt from having no person to whom I could communicate the secret, which is not to be trusted to every body's discretion." Don Quixote waited with impatience and surprise to see the result of this preamble; when his landlord, taking him by the hand, made him feel all around the bust, the table, and the jasper foot upon which it was supported; then accosting him with great solemnity of aspect, "This bust, signor Don Quixote, said he, was made and contrived by one of the greatest enchanters and negromancers that ever the world produced. He was a native of Poland and disciple of the famous \* Escotillo, of whose knowledge such wonders are reported. As he chanced to be in this part of the world, I took him into my house, where, in consideration of a thousand crowns which I payed, he wrought this head, in which is centered the surprizing power and virtue of answering every question communicated to its ear. The master performed certain rites, erected schemes, consulted the stars, and carefully observed the lucky and unlucky minutes, until, at length, he brought it to that perfection which we shall perceive to-morrow; for, on Fridays it is mute, and this being Friday, we must wait till another day: in the mean time, your worship may consider and prepare your questions, which, I know by experience, it will truly answer." Don Quixote was confounded and astonished at this property and virtue of the head, and, indeed, almost tempted to disbelieve Don Antonio's account; but, seeing how little time was required to make the experiment, he would not mention his incredulity; but, in very polite terms, thanked his entertainer for having entrusted him with such an important secret. They, accordingly, quitted the apartment, and Don Antonio, having locked the door, returned to the rest of the company, who were highly entertained with Sancho's recapitulation of many adventures and incidents to which his master had been exposed.

That same evening, they persuaded Don Quixote to make a progress along the streets with them, not in his armour, but in a loose coat of tawny-coloured cloth, which would have made ice itself sweat at that season; and, in the mean time, they directed their servants to amuse Sancho within doors, that he might not come forth and spoil their diversion. The knight was not mounted on Rozinante, but accommodated with an

\* This was *Michael Scot*, who lived in the thirteenth century, and was such an adept in medicine, mathematics, chymistry, alchymy, and other branches of natural knowledge, that the vulgar looked upon him as a wizard or magician. But, as this philosopher died in 1291, and this conversation between Don Antonio and our knight must have happened after the year 1605, when the first part of *Don Quixote* was licensed, how could the disciple of *Scot* be in the house of Don Antonio? Yet, this anachronism might easily pass upon Don Quixote, as it related to matters of enchantment.



ambling mule gayly caparisoned; and, upon the back of his coat or cloak, they pinned a parchment inscribed in large letters, THIS IS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. The procession no sooner began than this scroll attracted the eyes of the people; and, when they read it aloud, the knight was astonished to find himself known, and hear his name repeated by all the spectators. He, therefore, turning to Don Antonio, who rode by his side, "Great, said he, is the prerogative that centers in knight-errantry, the professors of which are known and celebrated through all the corners of the earth: take notice, signor Don Antonio, how my name is repeated by the very boys who never saw me before." "It is even so, signor Don Quixote, replied Antonio: for, as light cannot be shut up and concealed, so neither can virtue remain unknown; and, that which is acquired by the profession of arms shines with superior splendor over all other acquisitions—"

While our knight thus proceeded amidst the acclamation of the crowd, a certain Castilian happened to pass, and, reading the scroll, exclaimed aloud, "Now, the devil take thee, Don Quixote de la Mancha! how hast thou made shift to come so far without expiring under some of those infinite drubbings which thy ribs have received? A madman surely thou art; and if the defect of thine understanding affected thyself only, and was confined within the gates of thy own madness, the misfortune would be the smaller; but, thy frenzy is of such a peculiar nature as to turn the brains of all those with whom thou hast any commerce or communication; witness these gentlemen by whom thou art now accompanied. Return to your own house, Mr. Goose-cap, mind your family concerns, and look after your wife and children; and discard these vain maggots which have eaten and burrowed into your brain, and skimmed off the very cream of your understanding." "Hark ye, brother, said Don Antonio, go about your business; and do not pretend to offer your advice to those who want none of your counsel: signor Don Quixote de la Mancha is renowned for wisdom, and we who accompany him are not so mad as you may imagine. Virtue ought to be honoured wheresoever it is found: therefore, begone with a vengeance; and seek not to meddle in those affairs with which you have no concern." "'Fore God! your worship is in the right, replied the Castilian: advising that honest man is kicking against the pricks. Nevertheless, I am extremely sorry that the good sense which, they say, this madman displays in some things, should be unprofitably wasted through the canal of his knight-errantry: and may that vengeance, which your worship imprecated, overtake me and all my posterity, if, from this day forwards, I give advice to any person whatever,

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asked or unasked, even tho' I should live to the age of Methusalem." So saying, this counsellor went away, and the procession went on ; but, the throng was so great, occasioned by the boys and other idle people who pressed in to read the scroll, that Don Antonio was fain to take it off, on pretence of freeing the knight from some other annoyance.

In the twilight, they returned to the house of Don Antonio, where they found a ball prepared by his lady, who was a woman of birth, beauty, good humour, and discretion ; and had invited a number of her friends to come and honour her guest, and enjoy the strange peculiarities of his madness : they, accordingly, came, and after supper, at which they were entertained, in a very splendid manner, the ball began about ten o'clock. Among the company were two ladies who had a turn for satire accompanied with a great deal of humour ; and who, tho' persons of unblemished honour, indulged themselves with uncommon freedom of behaviour, in order to keep up the spirit of the diversion, which would otherwise have flagged. This pair of female wags persisted with incredible eagerness, in dancing with Don Quixote, until not only his body, but even his very soul seemed fainting with fatigue ; and nothing could be more ludicrous than the figure of the knight, so long, so lank, so lean, so yellow, capering about in a strait shamoy doublet, with an air unspeakably awkward, and legs that were never designed for such exercise. The young ladies affected to court his good graces by stealth ; and he privately treated their advances with disdain, until, finding them become more and more pressing, he pronounced aloud, "Fugite partes adversæ ! disturb not my repose, ye unwelcome thoughts ! avaunt, ladies, with your unruly desires ; for, she who is queen of mine, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, will not consent that I should surrender or be subject to any other than her own !"

So saying, he sat down upon the floor in the middle of the hall, quite exhausted and demolished with the violent exercise he had undergone ; so that Don Antonio gave orders for his being carried forthwith to bed ; and the first person who touched him in obedience to this order, was his own squire Sancho Panza, who, as he endeavoured to raise him upon his legs, could not help reprehending him in these words : "What a plague tempted your worship to fall a capering ? did you suppose every valiant man was as nimble as an harlequin, or that all knights-errant must needs be masterly dancers ? if that was your opinion, I say you were much deceived : for, there be men who would rather undertake to slay a giant than to cut a caper. Had it been the shoe-flapping hornpipe, I could have supplied your place ; for, I flap like a jerfaulcon ; but, as for your figured dances, I know not a stich of the matter."

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With this address Sancho raised a laugh from the assembly, and his master from the floor, and carrying the knight to bed, covered him up very warm that he might sweat out the cold caught in dancing.

Next day, Don Antonio thought proper to try the experiment of the enchanted head, and for this purpose entered the apartment, accompanied by Don Quixote, Sancho, a couple of friends, with our hero's two waggish partners who had stayed all night with Antonio's lady. The door being just bolted, he explained the property of the bust, after having laid injunctions on the company to keep the secret, and declared this was the day on which he intended to make the first trial of the virtue contained in the enchanted head \*. Indeed, except his two friends, no other person knew the mystery; and if they had not been previously informed by Don Antonio, they would certainly have shared in the same admiration which necessarily seized the rest who were present at the execution of a scheme so artfully contrived.

The first who approached the ear of this enchanted head was Don Antonio himself, who said in a low voice, but so as to be overheard by all present, "Tell me, O head, by thy inherent virtue, what are my present thoughts?" To this interrogation the head, without moving its lips, replied in a clear and distinct voice which was heard by the whole company, "I do not pretend to investigate the thoughts." Those who knew not the plot were confounded at hearing this answer, as they plainly perceived there was not a living soul under the table or in the whole apartment to utter this reply. Don Antonio addressing himself again to it, asked how many persons are here in company? and was answered in the same key. "You and your † wife, two friends of yours, and two of her companions, with a famous knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his Squire Sancho Panza by name." Here was fresh amazement! here was their hair standing on end with affright: while Don Antonio stepping aside from the table, said, "This is enough to convince me that I have not been deceived by the person of whom I purchased thee, thou sage, speaking, oracular and admirable head! Let some other person go and question it at will."

As women are usually very curious and impatient, the next who approached was one of the two ladies; and her question was this: "Tell me, O head, what I shall do to be extremely beautiful?" She received for answer, "Be extremely virtuous:" and replied, "I ask no more."

\* But in this very chapter, he has already told Don Quixote, that he knew the virtue of the head from experience.

† Antonio's wife must have been here before the others entered: for, she is not in the list of those who went in with her husband.

Then

Then her companion advanced, saying, "I want to know, sagacious head, whether or not I am fondly beloved by my husband." And she was answered; "That you will learn by observing his behaviour." The married lady retired, observing that it required no magic to solve that question, for, in effect, an husband's behaviour to his wife will always declare the state of his affection. The third person that approached the table was one of Don Antonio's friends, who asked, "what am I?" And when the voice answered, "Thou knowest best;" he replied, "That is not the purport of my question; I desire thou wilt tell me if thou knowest my name." "Yes, said the oracle: I know thou art Don Pedro Norroz." Then I am satisfied, answered Don Pedro; for, that answer is sufficient to convince me, O head, that thou knowest every thing. Then he withdrew, and was succeeded by the other gentleman, who advancing to the table, "Tell me, O head, said he, the wish of my eldest son?" "I have already owned that I cannot dive into the thoughts of men, said the voice; nevertheless I will tell thee that the wish of thy son is to bury his father." "That is indeed his wish, replied the cavalier; I see it with my eye and touch it with my finger." As he did not choose to ask another question, Don Antonio's lady approached, saying; "I know not how to interrogate thee, O head; but, I should be glad to know if I shall long enjoy my good husband." "Yes, you will, replied the voice; his healthy constitution and moderate way of life promise a long succession of years and a good old age, of which many men deprive themselves by their own intemperance."

Don Quixote now took his turn, and addressing himself to the bust, "Tell me then, whatsoever thou art, said he, is my account of what befell me in the cave of Montesinos really fact, or only the illusion of a dream? will the flagellation of my squire Sancho be certainly accomplished? and will the disenchantment of Dulcinea take effect?" "With respect to the cave, replied the oracle, much may be said: the adventure partakes both of truth and of illusion. The flagellation of Sancho will proceed slowly; but Dulcinea will be disenchanted in process of time." "And that is all I desire to know, cried the knight; for, in the disenchantment of Dulcinea, I shall reckon all my wishes at once happily fulfilled!"

The last interrogator was Sancho, who approaching the table, "Pray, good Mr. head, said he, shall I peradventure obtain another government? shall I ever rise above the humble station of a squire? and lastly, shall I ever see again my wife and children?" To these questions he received these answers: "If it be thy fate to return to thy own house, thou wilt



F. Hayman inv. et del.

C. Grignon Sculp.



wilt govern thy family and see thy wife and children; and in ceasing to serve, thou wilt cease to be a squire." "Fore God! an excellent response! cried Sancho, that I could have foretold myself: and the prophet Perogrullo could have said no more." "What answer would you have, you beast? said Don Quixote; is it not sufficient that the responses delivered by the head correspond with the questions you have asked?" "It shall suffice, replied the squire; but, I wish it had explained itself a little more fully, and told me some more of my fortune."

Thus ended the questions and answers; but not the admiration of the whole company, except Antonio's two friends who had been let into the secret, which Cid Hamet Benengeli will now explain, that the world may not be kept longer in suspense, or imagine that any negromantic Talisman or extraordinary mystery was contained in this wonderful bust. He gives us therefore to understand, that Don Antonio Moreno, in imitation of such another head which he had seen at Madrid, contrived by an engraver, ordered this to be made in his own house for his private amusement, and with a view to surprize the vulgar; and in this manner was the whole fabricated. The table was of wood painted and varnished like jasper, and the foot that supported it of the same materials carved into the resemblance of eagles talons which kept it firm and steady in its position. The head formed from the medal of one of the roman emperors, and covered with a copper colour, was hollow, as well as the table in which it was so nicely fixed, that no eye could perceive the joining: the foot was likewise hollow, and answered to the neck and breast of the bust; and the whole corresponded with another chamber below, by means of a concealed tin pipe which passed through the bust, the table and the foot. In this lower apartment communicating with that of the enchanted head, did the person who uttered the responses, fix his mouth to the pipe, so as that the voice ascended and descended in distinct and articulate sounds, and it was impossible for any person to discover the deception. The respondent was Antonio's nephew, a student of acute parts and a well cultivated understanding, who being previously informed by his uncle of the number and names of the persons whom he intended to introduce into the chamber of the enchanted head, was enabled to answer the first question with great facility and precision; and to the rest he replied by conjectures which were equally ingenious and discreet.

Cid Hamet moreover relates, that for ten or twelve days the virtue of this wonderful machine continued in full force; but, a report diffusing itself through the city, that Don Antonio had in his house an in-

chanted head which could answer all manner of questions, he began to be afraid that these tidings might reach the ears of the vigilant centinels of our faith; for which reason he explained the whole affair to the fathers of the inquisition, who forbid him to proceed with the deception, and gave orders that the head should be broke in pieces, lest it should give umbrage to the superstitious vulgar; but, in the opinion of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, it passed for a head that was really enchanted and oracular; tho' it had given more satisfaction to the knight than to the squire.

The gentlemen of the city, in complaisance to Don Antonio, and for the entertainment of Don Quixote, whom they wanted to furnish with an opportunity of discovering his diverting follies, appointed a running at the ring to be performed in six days; but, this was prevented by an incident which will be explained in the sequel. Mean while, the knight was desirous of going out and viewing the city at leisure and a-foot, fearing, that should he appear on horseback, he would again be persecuted by the boys and vulgar. He, accordingly, went forth, attended by Sancho and two of Antonio's servants whom their master had chosen for that purpose; and, chancing to lift up his eyes in passing through one of the streets, he saw, inscribed over a gate in capital letters, THIS IS A PRINTING-HOUSE; a circumstance which gave him uncommon satisfaction, as hitherto he had never seen a printing press, and longed much to know something of that art: he, therefore, entered the house with all his train, and saw people casting off in one part, correcting in another, composing in a third, revising in a fourth; and, in short, the whole œconomy of a large printing-house. Going up to one box, he asked what was doing; and, being informed by the workmen, expressed his admiration and proceeded to a second. Among others, he went up to one, and putting the same question, the workman replied, "Signor, that there gentleman, pointing to a grave person of a very prepossessing appearance, has translated a book from the Tuscan into the Castilian language, and I am now composing it for the press." "What is the name of the book?" said Don Quixote. "Signor, answered the author, the book in the original is called *Le Bagatelle*." "And what is the signification of *Le Bagatelle* in our language?" resumed the knight. "*Le Bagatelle*, replied the author, is, as if we should say, in Castilian, *Juquetes*\*: and, although the title of the book be so humble, it includes and contains a great deal of excellent and substantial writing." "I am not altogether ignorant of the Tuscan language, said Don Quixote: for, I value myself upon singing some stanzas of Ariosto;

\* Trifles.

but,



but, pray tell me, signor, and what I am going to ask is not with any intention to found your genius, but meerly to satisfy my own curiosity, have you ever, in composing your books, met with the word Pignatta ?' " Yes, frequently," replied the author. " And how do you translate it into Castilian ?" resumed the knight. " How should I translate it, said the other, but by the word Olla ?" " Body o'me ! cried Don Quixote, what progress you have made in the knowledge of the Tuscan idiom ! I will lay a good wager that you translate Piace into Plaze, Più into Mas, Su into Arriba, and Giù into Abaxo." " Certainly, said the author : because these words of the two languages correspond with one another." " Notwithstanding all your learning, replied the knight, I could almost swear you are hitherto unknown to the world, which is ever averse to remunerate flourishing genius, and works of merit. What talents are lost, what abilities obscured, and what virtues are undervalued in this degenerate age ! yet, nevertheless, a translation from one language to another, excepting always those sovereign tongues the Greek and Latin, is, in my opinion, like the wrong side of Flemish tapestry, in which, tho' we distinguish the figures, they are confused and obscured by ends and threads, without that smoothness and expression which the other side exhibits : and to translate from easy languages, argues neither genius nor elocution, nor any merit superior to that of transcribing from one paper to another ; but, from hence, I would not infer that translation is not a laudable exercise ; for, a man may employ his time in a much worse and more unprofitable occupation. At any rate, my observation cannot affect our two famous translators doctor Christoval de Figueroa, in Pastor Fido, and Don Juan de Xaurigui in Aminta, two pieces they have so happily executed, as to render it doubtful which is the original and which the translation : but, pray, signor, is this book to be printed on your own account ; or, have you sold the copy to a bookseller ?" " I publish it on my own account, replied the author ; and expect to gain a thousand ducats, at least, upon the first impression, of which there will be two thousand copies that will fetch six rials a piece, in the turning of a straw." " That is a very clear and comfortable reckoning, answered Don Quixote : but, you seem to be very little acquainted with the outgoings and the incomings, the schemes, conspiracies, and cabals of booksellers : when you find your back burdened with two thousand copies, I give you my word, both your mind and body will be terribly fatigued ; especially if the books should be harsh or a little deficient in point of spirit." " What ! said the author, your worship thinks then, I ought to offer my performance to a bookseller, who would give me three maravedis for the copy, and insult upon it that

he had done me a favour into the bargain? I do not publish with a view to acquire reputation in the world, where, thank heaven, I am already well known by my works; I print for profit, without which, reputation is not worth a doit." "God send you good luck, signor, answered the knight:" who advancing to another box, where he saw the corrector employed on the sheet of a book, intituled, 'The Light of the Soul;' "Ay, said he, these are the books that ought to be printed; for, although there is, already, a pretty large number of this kind in print, numerous are the sinners for whose use they are intended, and for such multitudes who are in darkness, an infinite number of lights is required." He proceeded in his inquiry, and when he asked another corrector the name of a book, on which he saw him at work; he understood it was the second part of the SAGE HIDALGO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, written by a certain person, a native of Tordefillas." "I have heard of this performance, said the knight; and really, in my conscience, thought it was, long before this time, burned into ashes, or pounded into dust, for the impertinence it contains; but, as we say of hogs, 'Martinmas will come in due season\*.' Works of imagination are the more useful and entertaining, the nearer they approach to truth, and the more probability they contain; and, even history is valued according to its truth and authenticity."

So saying, he quitted the printing-house with some marks of displeasure; and that same day, Don Antonio proposed that he should go on board, and see the gallies in the road; a proposal which was extremely agreeable to Sancho, who had never seen the inside of a galley, in the whole course of his life; and he sent a message to inform the commodore of his intention, to visit him in the evening, with his guest the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose name and person were already well-known to this commander, and all the citizens of Barcelona. What passed during this visit, will be related in the following chapter.

\* About Martinmas, they killed the hogs designed for bacon.

## C H A P. XI.

Of the misfortune which befel Sancho Panza on board of the gallies, and the rare adventure of the beautiful Moor.

**M**ANIFOLD and profound were the self-deliberations of Don Quixote on the response of the enchanted head, without his being able to discover the deceit; and the result of all his reflections, was the promise of Dulcinea's being disinchanted, on which he reposed himself with the most implicit confidence. This was the goal of all his thoughts, and he rejoiced, in full assurance of seeing it suddenly accomplished; and, as for Sancho, although he abhorred the office of a governor, as we have already observed, he could not help wishing for another opportunity of issuing out orders and seeing them obeyed; a misfortune which never fails to attend the exertion of power, even though founded on mock authority.

In a word, that very evening, his landlord, Don Antonio Moreno, and his two friends, went on board of the gallies with Don Quixote and Sancho; and the commodore being apprised of the visit intended by two such famous personages, no sooner perceived them coming towards the sea-side, than he ordered the awnings to be struck, and the music to play: the barge was hoisted out, covered with rich carpets, and furnished with velvet cushions, and the minute Don Quixote embarked, the cannon a-midships of the captain-galley was discharged, and the others followed her example. When the knight ascended the accommodation ladder, on the starboard side, the whole crew saluted him with three cheers, a compliment usually paid to persons of the first quality; and the general, for, by this name we shall henceforth call him, who was a noble Valencian, presented his hand, and embracing Don Quixote, "This day, said he, will I mark with a white stone, as one of the happiest I shall ever enjoy, on account of seeing the renowned signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, in whom the whole worth of knight-errantry is cyphered and concentrated." No less courteous and polite was the reply of Don Quixote, who rejoiced above measure, at seeing himself treated with such respect. The whole company having ascended the poop, which was very gayly ornamented, and seated themselves upon benches, the boatswain repaired to the gangway, and making a signal with his whistle, for all the slaves to strip, was obeyed in an instant, to the no small discomposure of Sancho, who was terrified at the sight of so many naked backs; nor did his apprehension abate, when he saw the awning stretched with such incredible

credible dispatch, that he thought all the devils in hell had assisted in the operation. Yet this was nothing but cakes and gingerbread to what I am going to relate.

The squire sat upon the stentril, close by the aftermost rower on the starboard-side; who, in consequence of the previous instructions he had received, lifted up Sancho in his arms, and while the whole crew of slaves, stood up, alert with the prospect of the joke, tossed him like a tennis-ball to his fellow, who, in the same manner committed him to a third; and thus he was bandied forwards on the starboard-side, from slave to slave, and bench to bench, with such expedition, that poor Panza lost his eye-sight entirely, and firmly believed himself in the possession of the fiends: nor did they desist from this exercise, until he was reconveyed by the larboard-side, to the poop, where this miserable object lay bruised, breathless and covered with a cold sweat, and in such perturbation of spirits that he scarce knew what he had undergone.

Don Quixote seeing Sancho flying in that manner without wings, asked the general, if it was a ceremony practised upon every person at his first going on board; for, in that case, as he himself did not intend to make profession of a sea-faring life, he had no ambition to perform such an exercise; and he vowed to God, if any man should attempt to seize him, as a fit subject for flying, he would spurn his soul out of his body: in confirmation of which resolve, he started up, and laying his hand upon his sword, put himself in a posture of defence.

At that instant, the awning was furled, and the main-yard lowered with such a terrible noise, that Sancho imagined the heavens were torn from off their hinges, and tumbling down upon his head, which he forthwith shrunk between his legs in an agony of terror; nor was all serene in the breast of Don Quixote, who, while his legs trembled under him, shrugged up his shoulders and changed colour. The crew, having hoisted the main-yard, with the same expedition and noise which were made in its descent; while they themselves, continued as silent as if they had been altogether without breath or utterance; the boatswain piped all hands to weigh anchor, and leaping into the middle of the gangway, began to ply their shoulders with his Subtle-Jack or bull's-pizzle, and the galley, by little and little, stood out to sea.

Sancho beholding such a huge body, moved by so many painted feet, for such he took the oars to be, said, within himself, "This, indeed, is really enchantment; though, what my master takes for it, is no such matter? what have these miserable wretches done to be scourged in this manner? and, I wonder, how the devil, that single man, who skips up  
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and down, piping and whistling, dares whip and flog so many people! now, on my conscience, I believe, this is hell itself, or purgatory at least!"

Don Quixote perceiving, with what attention the squire observed every circumstance, "Friend Sancho, said he, with what facility and dispatch might you now, if you please, strip yourself from the middle upwards, and taking your place among these gentlemen, finish, at once, the disenchantment of Dulcinea; for amidst the distress of so much good company, you would hardly be sensible of bodily pain: and who knows, but the sage Merlin would reckon each of these stripes, which are bestowed with good-will, equivalent to ten of those, which, at the long run, you must receive from your own hand." The general had just opened his mouth to inquire about the nature of this flagellation and Dulcinea's disenchantment, when a mariner came and told him, that the fort of Munguj had made signal of a rowing-bark upon the coast, to the westward. He no sooner received this intelligence, than advancing into the gangway, "Pull away, my lads, cried he, let not this Corsair brigantine escape; for, certainly she must be a vessel belonging to Algiers, which the castle has discovered."

The other three galleys ranging along-side of the admiral to receive orders, the general directed that two of them should stand out to sea, and the other keep along shore, so as that the Algerine could not escape. The slaves, immediately, began to ply their oars, which impelled the galleys with such velocity, that they seemed to fly; while the two that put to sea, at the distance of two miles, discovered a bark, which from the view, they judged to have fourteen or fifteen banks, and their conjecture was right. This vessel no sooner descried the galleys, than she made the best of her way, in hope of being able to escape by her nimbleness; but she was baffled in this expectation; for, the admiral being one of the swiftest galleys that ever sailed, came up with her apace, and the captain of the brigantine perceiving plainly that he could not escape, desired the rowers to quit their oars and strike, that he might not, by his obstinacy, incense the officer who commanded the galleys: but fate, which conducted their affairs in another manner, ordained, that even after the admiral was within hearing, and ordered them to strike, two Torakis, that is, a couple of drunken Turks, discharged two firelocks, which killed as many soldiers who chanced to be in the head of the galley: an incident, which was no sooner perceived by the general, than he swore he would not leave one person alive in the brigantine, which he ordered his people to board with all expedition; nevertheless, she, for the

the present, escaped under the oars, and the galley had such way, that she shot a-head to a good distance, so that the people on board the chace, seeing themselves in danger of being destroyed, hoisted their sails and put before the wind, while the galley tacked and pursued with all her force of canvas and oars. The diligence and dexterity of the Algerines did not turn out so much to their advantage, as their presumption conduced to their prejudice; for, the admiral running along side, grappled with the brigantine, and took their whole crew prisoners. The other two galleys came up, and all four returned with the prize to the road, while a great concourse of people stood on the beach to see the contents of the ship they had taken. The general anchored close by the shore, and understanding the viceroy of the city was among the spectators, he ordered the barge to be hoisted out to fetch him on board, and commanded the yard to be lowered for the convenience of hanging the master of the brigantine, and the other Turks he had taken, to the number of thirty-six, all stout young fellows, and mostly Turkish musqueteers. When he asked, who commanded the brigantine, one of the prisoners, who was afterwards known to be a Spanish renegado, answered in Castilian; "That there young man is our master:" pointing to one of the most beautiful and genteel youths that human imagination can conceive, whose age to all appearance was under twenty." "Ill-adviced dog, said the general, what induced thee to kill my soldiers, when thou sawest it was impossible to escape? Is that the respect which is due to admiral-galleys? Dost thou not know, that rashness is not valour, and that doubtful hopes ought to make men resolute, but not desperate?"

The Moor was about to reply, but, the general could not at that time hear his answer; because, he was obliged to go and receive the viceroy, who had just entered the galley, with some of his own servants, and a few other persons. "General, said this nobleman, you have had a fine chace." "Ay, so fine, replied the other, that your Excellency shall see it presently hoisted up at the yards-arm." "For what reason? said the viceroy." "I mean, the master of the brigantine and his crew, answered the commodore, who have, against all law, reason, and custom of war, killed two of the best soldiers that ever served on board; so, that I have sworn, to hang all the prisoners, especially this youth who was their captain." pointing to the handsome Moor, who, by this time, waited for execution, with his hands tied, and a rope about his neck.

The viceroy, surveying this unhappy prisoner, whose beauty, genteel mein and humility, served him instead of a recommendation, was seized with the desire of saving his life, and approaching him; "Tell me, corfair,

corsair, said he, art thou a Turk, Moor, or Renegado? To this question the youth answered, in the Castilian tongue, "I am neither Turk, Moor, nor Renegado." "Then what art thou?" resumed the viceroy. "A christian woman," replied the captive. "A christian woman, cried the viceroy, in such dress and situation! this is a circumstance more worthy of admiration than of credit." "Gentlemen, said the youth, be so good as to suspend my execution, until I shall have recounted the particulars of my story; and that small delay will not much retard the accomplishment of your revenge." What heart could be so obdurate as not to relent at this address; so far, at least, as to hear the story of the afflicted youth? The general, accordingly, told him he might proceed with his relation, but, by no means, expect pardon for the crime of which he was convicted. With this permission, he began in these terms.

"I was born of that nation, more unfortunate than wise, which hath been lately overwhelmed by a sea of trouble: in other words, my parents were Moors, and in the torrent of their misfortune, I was carried by two uncles into Barbary, notwithstanding my professing myself a christian; not one of those impostors, who are so only in appearance, but a true and faithful Roman catholic. This declaration did not avail me with those who had the charge of our miserable expulsion; nor was it believed by my uncles, who, on the contrary, supposing it no more than a lie, and expedient, by which I thought to obtain permission to remain in my native country, hurried me along with them in a forcible manner. My mother was a christian, and my father a prudent man, of the same religion: I sucked in the catholic faith when an infant at the breast, and was trained up in the ways of virtue; nor do I think, I have ever given the least marks of mahometanism, either in word or deed. In equal pace with my virtue, (for, I really think my life was virtuous) my beauty, such as it is, hath ever walked; and notwithstanding the extraordinary reserve in which I lived, concealed from public view, it was my fate to be seen by a young cavalier, called Don Gaspar Gregorio, eldest son of a gentleman who had an estate in our neighbourhood. How he became desperately enamoured of me, and how I grew fond of him to distraction, it would be tedious to relate, considering my present situation, standing as I am, with the fatal cord between my tongue and throat: I shall, therefore, only observe, that Don Gregorio resolved to accompany me in my exile, and actually mingled with those Moors who joined us in different places, without being discovered; for, he spoke the language perfectly well. Nay, in the course of our voyage, he insinuated himself into the friendship of my two uncles, with whom I travelled; for, my

father, who was a man of prudence and foresight, no sooner heard the first mandate for our expulsion, than he went abroad to foreign kingdoms in quest of an asylum for his family, leaving a large quantity of pearls, valuable jewels, with some money in cruzados and doubloons of gold, concealed and interred in a certain place, to which I alone was privy; and laying strong injunctions upon me to avoid touching this treasure, in case we should be exiled before his return. I obeyed his commands in this particular, and, as I have already observed, set sail with my uncles, relations and friends, for Barbary; and the place in which we settled was Algiers, whereas we might as well have taken up our habitation in hell itself. The king hearing of my beauty, and the report of my wealth, which was partly fortunate for my designs, ordered me to be brought before him, and asked from what part of Spain I had come, and what money and jewels I had brought to Barbary. I told him the place of my nativity, and gave him to understand that the money and jewels were buried under ground; but, that I should easily recover the whole hoard, provided I could return alone for that purpose. This information I gave, that he might be more blinded by his own avarice than by my beauty: but, during the conversation a person told him that I was accompanied, in my voyage, by one of the most beautiful and genteel youths that ever was seen. I immediately understood, that this was no other than Don Gaspar Gregorio, whose beauty far exceeds the fairest that ever was extolled; and was exceedingly afflicted at the prospect of danger to which the dear youth might be exposed; for, among those barbarous Turks, a boy or handsome youth is more prized and esteemed than any woman, let her be never so beautiful.

The king forthwith ordered his people to bring Don Gregorio into his presence, and in the mean time asked me if his person actually corresponded with this report: then I, as if inspired by heaven, answered in the affirmative, tho' at the same time I assured him, it was no youth, but a woman like myself; and begged leave to go and dress her in her natural attire, which would shew her beauty to the best advantage, and enable her to appear in his presence with less confusion. He said I might go, in good time, and that some other day he would concert measures for my return into Spain to bring off the hidden treasure. Thus dismissed, I went and explained to Don Gaspar the risque he would run in appearing as a man, and dressing him in the habit of a Moorish woman, accompanied him that same evening to the presence of the king, who was seized with admiration at sight of her beauty, and resolved to keep her for a present to the Grand Signor. In order to avoid the danger to which this young creature might be exposed in his

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seraglio, from his own inordinate desires, he ordered her to be lodged quartered and attended in the house of some Moorish ladies, whither she was immediately conveyed; and what we both felt at parting, for I cannot deny that I love him tenderly, I leave to the consideration of lovers who have experienced such a cruel separation.

The king afterwards contrived a scheme for my returning to Spain in this brigantine, accompanied by two native Turks, the very persons who killed your soldiers, and that Spanish renegado, pointing to him who spoke first, who I know is a christian in his heart, and was much more desirous of remaining in Spain than of returning to Barbary; the rest of the crew are Moors and Turks, whom we engaged as rowers. The two insolent and rapacious Turks, without minding the order they received, to land the renegado and me in the habit of christians, with which we were provided, on the first part of Spain they should make, resolved previously to scour the coast, with a view to take prizes, fearing that should they set us on shore before-hand, we might meet with some accident which would oblige us to discover that there was a corsair on the coast, and they of consequence run the risque of being taken by the galleys. At night we descried this road, tho' we did not perceive the four galleys, and being discovered, were taken as you see. In a word, Don Gregorio remains in the habit of a woman among the Moorish ladies, at the imminent hazard of his life, and here I stand fettered and manacled, in expectation, or rather in fear, of losing that existence of which I am already tired. This, signor, is the end of my lamentable story, which is equally true and unfortunate; and all I beg of you is, that I may die like a christian, seeing, as I have already observed, I have in no shape been guilty of the fault which hath been charged upon our unhappy nation!"

So saying, she stood silent, her lovely eyes impregnated with tears, which not one of the spectators could behold unmoved; and the viceroy, whose disposition was humane and compassionate, unable to speak, advanced to the place, and with his own hands released those of the beautiful Moor.

While this christian Moor related her peregrinations, an antient pilgrim who had followed the viceroy into the galley, kept his eyes close fixed upon her countenance, and her story was no sooner finished than he threw himself at her feet, which he bathed with his tears, while in accents interrupted with a thousand sighs and groans, he exclaimed, "O, Anna Felix! my unhappy daughter! I am thy father Ricote, who have returned in search of thee to Spain, because I could not live without thee, who art dear to my affection even as my own soul."

At these words, Sancho opened his eyes, and raised his head, which he had hitherto hung in manifest despondence, reflecting upon the disgrace of his flying adventure ; and, looking at the pilgrim, recognized that same Ricote whom he had encountered the very day on which he quitted his government ; and he likewise recollected the features of his daughter, who being by this time unbound, mingled her tears with those of her father, whom she tenderly embraced ; and then the old man addressing himself to the viceroy and general, “ My lords, said he, this is my daughter, not so happy in the incidents of her life as in her name, which is Anna Felix, with the addition of Ricote, as famous for her beauty as I her father for my wealth. I left my country in quest of a place where we should be received and hospitably entertained ; and having found such an asylum in Germany, I returned as a pilgrim, in the company of some people of that nation, hoping to find my daughter, and fetch away the wealth which I had buried in the earth : my daughter was gone, but I recovered my hoard, which is in my possession ; and now, by this strange vicissitude, I have retrieved that treasure which is the chief object of my affection, I mean my beloved daughter. If our innocence and mutual tears can have influence enough upon your integrity and justice, to open the gates of mercy, O let it prevail in favour of us who never offended you even in thought, nor in any shape corresponded with the designs of our people, who have been justly expelled.” Here Sancho interposing, “ I am very well acquainted with Ricote, said he, and know all he has said about his daughter Anna Felix to be true ; but, with respect to that other trash of his comings and goings, and his good or evil designs, I neither meddle nor make.” Every person present expressed admiration at this strange incident ; and the general turning to the daughter, “ Every tear you let fall, said he, conspires in preventing the performance of my oath. Live, beauteous Anna Felix, the term of your life, prescribed by heaven ; and let those insolent and presumptuous wretches suffer punishment for the crime they have committed.”

So saying, he ordered the two Turks, who had killed his soldiers, to be hanged at the yard’s arm ; but, the viceroy earnestly entreating him to spare their lives, as their crime was rather the effect of madness than of preconceived design. The general granted his request, especially as he did not think it commendable to execute revenge in cold blood.

Then they began to contrive some method for extricating Don Gaspar Gregorio from the danger in which he was involved ; and Ricote offered to the value of above two thousand ducats, which he had about him in pearls and jewels, to any person who could effect his deliverance. Many schemes

schemes were projected ; but none of them seemed so sensible as that which was presented by the fore-mentioned Spanish renegado, who offered to return to Algiers in some small bark of about six banks, manned with christians, as he knew where, how and when he might land with safety, and was well acquainted with the house in which Don Gaspar remained. The general and viceroy were dubious of the renegado, and scrupled to trust him with the command of christian rowers: but Anna Felix was satisfied of his integrity, and her father said he would engage to ransom them, should they chance to be taken and enslaved.

Matters being settled on this footing, the viceroy went ashore, after having laid strong injunctions on Don Antonio Moreno, who had invited the Moorish beauty and her father to his house, to make much of his guests, and command whatever his own palace could afford for their entertainment. Such was the charity and benevolence which Anna's beauty had infused into his heart.

## C H A P. XII.

Giving the detail of an adventure which gave Don Quixote more mortification than he had received from all the misfortunes which had hitherto befallen him.

**D**ON Antonio's lady, as the history relates, was extremely pleased at sight of Anna Felix, whom she received with great cordiality, equally enamoured of her beauty and discretion, for, indeed, the Moor excelled in both ; and here she was visited by all the people of fashion, in town and country. As for Don Quixote, he gave Antonio to understand, that, in his opinion, the plan they had formed for the deliverance of Don Gregorio was more dangerous than expedient, and that it would be much more effectual to set him on shore in Barbary, with his arms and horse; in which case, he would release the young gentleman, in despite of the whole Moorish race, as heretofore Don Gayferos had released his wife Melisendra." Sancho hearing this proposal, "Consider, said he, that signor Don Gayferos delivered his wife from captivity, on the main land, and carried her off to France through the high road; but, in this case, even granting we should have the good luck to release Don Gregorio from his confinement, we shall not be able to convey him hither to Spain, because the sea is between us and Barbary." "There's a remedy for all things but death, replied the knight: for, if there is a bark  
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by the shore, we can go aboard, in opposition to the whole universe." "Your worship describes it a very easy matter, said the squire: but, between Said and Done, a long race may be run: and, for my part, I would stick to the offer of the renegado, who seems to be a very honest person, and a man of compassionate bowels." Don Antonio said, that if the renegado should fail in his undertaking, they would certainly find some means for transporting the great Don Quixote to Barbary: and, in two days, the renegado departed in a light bark with six oars on a side, manned with a crew of approved valour. In two days after her departure, the galleys, likewise, set sail for the Levant, after the general had begged and obtained the viceroy's promise to let him know the success of the scheme they had contrived for the deliverance of Don Gregorio, together with the fate of the lovely Anna Felix.

One morning, Don Quixote rode forth upon the strand, completely armed; for, as he often observed, arms were his ornaments, and fighting his diversion, and he never cared to appear in any other dress; and, as he pranced along, he saw coming towards him, a knight, likewise, armed cap-a-pee, having a full moon painted on his shield. This apparition was no sooner within hearing, than he addressed his discourse to Don Quixote, pronouncing aloud, "Renowned cavalier, never enough applauded Don Quixote de la Mancha, I the knight of the white moon, whose unheard-of exploits may, peradventure, recal him to your remembrance, am come with hostile intent to prove the force of thine arm; to convince and compel thee to own that my mistress, whosoever she is, exceeds in beauty thy Dulcinea del Toboso, beyond all comparison: which truth, if thou wilt fairly and fully confess, thou wilt avoid thy own death, and spare me the trouble of being thy executioner; but, shouldst thou presume to engage with me in single combat, and be overcome, all the satisfaction I demand is, that thou wilt lay aside thine arms, desist from travelling in quest of adventures, and, quitting the field, retire to thine own habitation, where thou shalt continue a whole year, without drawing a sword, in comfortable peace and profitable tranquillity, which may tend to the augmentation of thy fortune, and the salvation of thy precious soul. On the other hand, if it be my fate to be vanquished, my life shall exist at thy discretion; thine shall be the spoils of my arms and horse, and to thee shall be transferred all the fame of my achievements: consider which of these alternatives thou wilt choose, and answer me on the spot; for, on this very day, the affair must be dispatched and determined."

Don

Don Quixote was astonished and confounded, as well at the arrogance of the knight of the white moon, as at the cause of his defiance; and, after a short pause of recollection, replied with a solemn tone, and countenance severe, "Sir knight of the white moon, whose exploits have not, as yet, reached mine ear, I dare swear you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for, had you enjoyed that happiness, I know you would not have dreamed of making such a rash demand: one glimpse of her would have undeceived you perfectly, and plainly demonstrated, that there never was, or will be, beauty comparable to that which she possesses. I, therefore, without giving you the lie, but only affirming that you are egregiously mistaken, accept of your defiance on the conditions you have proposed, and will fight you forthwith before the day you have pitched upon shall be elapsed; with this exception, however, that I will, by no means, adopt the fame of your exploits; because, I know not how, where, or wherefore they were achieved, and am content with my own such as they are: choose your ground, therefore, and I will take my share of the field; and, Let St. Peter bless what God shall bestow."

The knight of the white moon being discovered from the city, and seen talking with Don Quixote, notice was given to the viceroy, who, supposing it was some new adventure contrived by Don Antonio Moreno, or some other gentleman of the town, went down to the strand, accompanied by the said Don Antonio and a number of other cavaliers, and reached the spot just as Don Quixote wheeled about on Rozinante to measure his distance. Seeing both parties ready for returning to the encounter, he placed himself in the middle between them, and demanded the cause that induced them so suddenly to engage in single combat. The knight of the white moon answered, that it was the precedency of beauty, and briefly repeated his proposal to Don Quixote, with the mutual acceptance of the conditions proposed. Then the viceroy, taking Don Antonio aside, asked if he knew this knight of the white moon, and if this was a joke which he intended to perpetrate upon Don Quixote. Don Antonio assured him that he knew not the stranger, nor could guess whether the challenge was given in jest or earnest. He was a little perplexed, and dubious whether or not he should allow the battle to be fought; but, as he could not conceive it to be any thing else than a preconcerted joke, he retired, saying, "Valiant knights, seeing there is no other remedy, but you must confess or die; and signor Don Quixote persists in denying what you of the white moon presume to affirm, I leave you to your fate, and God stand by the righteous."

The

The stranger, in very polite terms, and well selected phrase, thanked the viceroy for the permission he had granted, and his example was, in this particular, followed by Don Quixote, who, having recommended himself heartily to heaven and his Dulcinea, according to his usual practice when he engaged in any combat, turned about to take a little more ground, in imitation of his antagonist; then, without receiving a signal for engaging, either by sound of trumpet, or any other instrument, both parties wheeled about at the same instant. The knight of the white moon having the fleetest horse, coming up with his adversary, before this last had run one third of his career, lifted up his lance, purposely, that he might not wound Don Quixote, whom, however, he encountered with such an irresistible shock, that both he and Rozinante came to the ground with a very dangerous fall: the victor instantly sprung upon him, and, clapping his lance to his vizor, "Knight, said he, you are vanquished and a dead man, unless you acknowledge the terms of the defiance." To this address the battered and astonished Don Quixote, without lifting up his beaver, replied in a languid tone, and feeble voice, that seemed to issue from a tomb, "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight on earth; and, as it is not reasonable that my weakness should discredit this truth, make use of your weapon, knight, and instantly deprive me of life, as you have already divested me of honour." "By no means, said he of the white moon: let the fame of my lady Dulcinea's beauty flourish in full perfection; all the satisfaction I ask is, that the great Don Quixote shall retire to his own house, and there abide for the space of one year, or during the term which I shall prescribe, according to the articles agreed upon before we engaged." This whole dialogue was overheard by the viceroy, Don Antonio, and a number of other people who were present, and they were also ear-witnesses of the answer made by Don Quixote, who said, that as the victor had demanded nothing to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would comply with his proposal like a true and punctual knight.

He of the white moon hearing this declaration, turned his horse, and, bowing courteously to the viceroy, entered the city at an half gallop, whither he was followed by Don Antonio, at the desire of the viceroy, who entreated him to make inquiry, and obtain satisfactory information concerning this romantic stranger. In the mean time, they raised up Don Quixote, and, uncovering his face, found him pale as death, and his forehead bedewed with a cold sweat, while Rozinante lay motionless from the rough treatment he had received. As for Sancho, he was so overwhelmed with sorrow and vexation, that he knew not what to say or do; this unlucky

lucky incident seemed to be a dream, and he looked upon the whole scene as a matter of enchantment. Seeing his lord and master overcome, and obliged to lay aside his arms for the space of a whole year, he imagined the splendour of his exploits was eclipsed, and all those fair hopes, produced from his late promise, dispersed in air, as smoke is dissipated by the wind: in a word, he was afraid that Rozinante was maimed for ever, and his master's bones dislocated, and even thought it would be a great mercy if he was not in a worse condition.

Finally, the viceroy ordered his people to bring a sedan, in which the knight was carried to the city, accompanied by that nobleman, who longed very much to know who this knight of the white moon was, by whom Don Quixote had been left in such a cruel dilemma.

### C H A P. XIII.

Which discovers who the knight of the white moon was, and gives an account of the deliverance of Don Gregorio, with other incidents.

**D**ON Antonio Moreno followed the knight of the white moon, who was also accompanied, and even persecuted by a number of boys, until they had housed him in one of the city inns, which was, at the same time, entered by Don Antonio, who burned with impatience to know what he was, and, without ceremony, intruded himself into the apartment to which the stranger retired, with his squire, to be unarmed. He of the white moon, perceiving how much the gentleman's curiosity was inflamed, and that he was resolved to stick close by him until it should be satisfied, "Signor, said he, I am not ignorant that you are come hither on purpose to know who I am; and, as there is no reason why I should refuse you that satisfaction, I will, while my servant is employed in taking off my armour, explain the whole mystery, without the least reserve. You must know, then, signor, that I am called the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, a townsman of Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose madness and extravagance have given great concern to all his acquaintance, and to me in particular. Believing that his recovery would depend upon his living quietly at his own habitation, I projected a scheme for compelling him to stay at home, and, about three months ago, sallied forth upon the highway, as a knight-errant, assuming the appellation of the knight of the mirrors, and fully resolved to engage and vanquish Don Quixote, without hurting

him dangerously, after I should have established, as the condition of our combat, that the vanquished should be at the discretion of the victor : and, as I deemed him already conquered, my intention was to demand that he should return to his own house, from which he should not stir for the space of one year, in which time I hoped his cure might be effected. But, fate ordained things in another manner : I was conquered and overthrown, and my design entirely frustrated ; he proceeded in quest of new adventures, and I returned vanquished, ashamed, and sorely bruised by the dangerous fall I had sustained in battle : nevertheless, I did not lay aside the design of returning in quest of him to overthrow him in my turn, and you have, this day, seen my intention succeed ; for, he is so punctual in observing the ordinances of chivalry, that he will, doubtless, perform his promise in complying with my demand. This, signor, is an account of the whole affair ; nor have I omitted one circumstance ; and I beg you will not discover and disclose to Don Quixote who I am, that my christian intention may take effect, and the poor gentleman retrieve his judgment, which would be altogether excellent, were he once abandoned by those mad notions of chivalry." " God forgive you, signor, cried Don Antonio, for the injury you have done the world, in seeking to restore to his senses the most agreeable madman that ever lived ! do not you perceive, signor, that the benefit resulting from the cure of Don Quixote will never counterbalance the pleasure produced by his extravagancies ? But, I imagine, all the care and industry of signor batchelor will hardly be sufficient to effect the recovery of a man who is so thoroughly mad ; and, if it was no breach of charity, I would say, May Don Quixote never be cured ; for, in his recovery, we not only lose his own diverting flights, but also those of his squire Sancho Panza ; and the conceits of either are such as might convert melancholy herself into merriment and laughter : nevertheless, I shall put a seal upon my lips and say nothing, that I may see whether or not I shall judge aright, in supposing that the diligence of signor Carrasco will not answer his expectation." The batchelor answered, that all things considered, the business was already in a fair way, and, he did not doubt, would be blessed with a prosperous issue ; and Don Antonio having made a tender of his services and taken his leave, Sampson ordered his arms to be fastened upon a mule, then mounting the horse on which he engaged Don Quixote, he quitted the city that same day, on his return to his own country, in which he arrived without having met with any incident worthy of being recorded in this authentic history. Don Antonio made the viceroy acquainted with all the particulars he had learned from



from Carrasco, which afforded no great pleasure to that nobleman, as the retirement of Don Quixote would destroy all that entertainment enjoyed by those who had the opportunity of observing his madness.

Six whole days did Don Quixote lie a-bed, pensive, melancholy, mauled, and meagre, revolving in his imagination, and meditating incessantly on the unfortunate incident of his overthrow; notwithstanding the consolations of Sancho, who, among other arguments of comfort, exhorted his worship to hold up his head, and dispel his sorrow, if possible." "Your worship, said he, has reason to thank God, that, tho' you are overthrown, your ribs are still whole: you know that, in those matters, we must take as well as give; and where there are hooks we do not always find bacon—A fig for the physician, seeing we do not want his help in the cure of this distemper: let us return to our habitation, and leave off travelling about in quest of adventures, through lands and countries unknown: nay, if we rightly consider the case, I am the greatest loser, tho' your worship is the most roughly handled; for, tho' when I quitted the government, I, likewise, quitted all thought of governing, I did not give up the desire of being a count, which will never be fulfilled if your worship should renounce your design of being a king, and quit the exercise of chivalry; in that case all my hopes must vanish into smoke." "Peace, Sancho, said the disconsolate knight; the term of my penance and retirement will not exceed a year, at the end of which I will return to the honourable duties of my profession, and then we shall find kingdoms to conquer and countships to bestow." "The Lord give ear, and my sin never hear! cried Sancho: and I have always heard it said, that righteous hope is better than unjust possession."

Their conversation was interrupted by Don Antonio, who, entering the apartment with marks of infinite satisfaction, exclaimed, "Money for my good news, signor Don Quixote: Don Gregorio, and the renegado who undertook his deliverance, are now in the road—in the road! they are, by this time, in the viceroy's palace, and will be here in an instant." The knight was a little revived by these tidings, and replied, "In truth, I was going to say, I should have been glad to hear that the scheme had not succeeded, so that I should have been obliged to cross over into Barbary, where I would, by the strength of my arm, have given liberty not only to Don Gregorio, but also to all the christian captives in Algiers—but, what am I saying, miserable caitif? am not I vanquished? am not I overthrown? am not I excluded from the exercise of arms for the space of a whole year? wherefore then promise what I cannot perform? wherefore praise my own valour, when I am fitter for handling a distaff than for wielding

a sword?" "No more of that, good signor, replied the squire: Let the hen live tho' she has the pip: To-day for thee, and to-morrow for me: as to those matters of encounters and dry baskings, they are not be minded; for, he that falls to-day may rise to-morrow, if he does not choose to lie a-bed; I mean, if he does not choose to despair, without endeavouring to recover fresh spirits for fresh adventures. Get up, therefore, I beseech your worship, and receive Don Gregorio; for, the people are in such an uproar, that, by this time, he must be in the house."

This was really the case: Don Gregorio and the renegado having given the viceroy an account of the voyage and success of the undertaking, the young gentleman, impatient to see his dear Anna Felix, was come with his deliverer to the house of Don Antonio; and, although Don Gregorio was in woman's apparel when they delivered him from Algiers, he had exchanged it in the vessel with another captive by whom he was accompanied; but, in any dress whatsoever, his appearance was such as commanded friendship, service, and esteem; for, he was exceedingly beautiful, and seemingly not above seventeen or eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter went forth to receive him, the father with tears of joy, and Anna with the most modest deportment: nor did this fair couple embrace one another; for, where genuine love prevails, such freedom of behaviour is seldom indulged. The beauty of Don Gregorio and his mistress excited the admiration of all the spectators; while silence spoke for the lovers themselves, and their eyes, performing the office of the tongue, disclosed the joy of their virtuous thoughts. The renegado recounted the stratagem and means he had used for the deliverance of the youth, who, likewise, entertained the company with a detail of the dangers and distresses to which he was exposed among the women with whom he had been left; and this talk he performed, not with diffused prolixity, but in elegant and concise terms, which plainly proved that his discretion far exceeded his years. Finally, Ricote liberally rewarded the rowers, and the renegado, who reunited and reincorporated himself with the church, and, from a rotten member, became fair and sound, by dint of mortification and sincere repentance.

Two days after the arrival of Don Gregorio, the viceroy consulted with Don Antonio about the means of obtaining permission for Anna Felix and her father to reside in Spain, as they were persuaded that no inconvenience could arise from such indulgence to a daughter who was so perfectly a christian, and a father so righteously disposed. Don Antonio offered to negotiate this affair at court, whither he was pressingly called by his own occasions; observing, that by dint of interest and presents many difficulties

difficulties are removed. Ricote, who was present at this conversation, said, "Neither tears, entreaties, promises, nor presents will avail with the great Don Bernardino de Velasco, to whom his majesty has entrusted the charge of our expulsion; for, although he really tempers justice with mercy, as he perceives the whole body of our nation contaminated and gangrened, he applies the actual cautery instead of the mollifying ointment; so that, by his diligence, prudence, sagacity, and terrifying threats, he has sustained upon his able shoulders the weight of that vast project which he hath successfully put in execution, without suffering his Argus eyes, which are always alert, to be blinded by all our industry, stratagem, fraud, and sollicitation. He is resolved that none of our people shall remain concealed, lest, like an hidden root, they may hereafter bud and bring forth fruit which may be poisonous to Spain, already cleansed and delivered from those fears that arose from the prodigious number of the Moors: an heroic resolution of the great Philip III. who has, at the same time, displayed the most consummate wisdom, in committing the execution of the scheme to the courage and ability of Don Bernardino de Velasco." "Nevertheless, said Don Antonio, I will, while at court, use all possible means in your behalf, and leave the determination to heaven: Don Gregorio shall go along with me, and console his parents for the grief they have suffered from his absence; Anna Felix shall stay with my wife, or be boarded in a monastery; and, I know, my lord viceroy will be pleased to lodge honest Ricote until we shall see the issue of my negotiation." The viceroy agreed to every circumstance of the proposal; but, Don Gregorio, being informed of the scheme, declared he neither could nor would leave his charming Anna Felix. At length, however, he assented to the proposal, resolving to go and visit his parents, with whom he would concert measures for returning to fetch away his mistress; so that Anna Felix remained with Don Antonio's lady, and Ricote stayed in the viceroy's palace.

The hour of Antonio's departure arrived, and, in two days, was followed by that of Don Quixote, whose fall would not permit him to travel before that time. The parting of the lovers was attended with weeping, sighing, sobbing, and swooning; and Ricote offered to accommodate Don Gregorio with a thousand crowns; but, the young gentleman would take but five, which he borrowed of Don Antonio, promising to repay them at court. Thus they set out together for Madrid; and soon after, as we have already observed, Don Quixote and Sancho departed from Barcelona; the knight unarmed, in a travelling dress, and the squire trudging a-foot, because Dapple carried the armour of his master.

## C H A P. XIV.

Treating of that which will be seen by him who reads, and known by him who hears it read.

**D**ON Quixote, in leaving Barcelona, turned about to survey the fatal spot in which he had fallen, and thus exclaimed, "Here Troy once stood! here, by misfortune, not by cowardice, was I despoiled of all the glory I had acquired! Here did I feel the vicissitudes of fortune! here all my achievements were eclipsed! and finally, here fell my fortune never more to rise!" Sancho hearing this effusion, "Signor, said he, it is the part of a valiant man to bear with patience his sufferings in adversity, as well as to enjoy his prosperity with moderation: I judge from my own feeling; for, if I was merry when a governor, I am not melancholy now that I am a poor squire travelling a-foot: and I have often heard that she we call fortune is a drunken, fickle female, and so blind withal, that she sees not what she does, and knows not whom she is abusing, or whom exalting." "Sancho, answered the knight, thou art very philosophical, and hast spoke with great discretion, which I know not where thou hast learned: I can tell thee, however, there is no such thing as fortune in the whole world; nor do those things which happen, whether good or evil, proceed from chance, but, solely from the particular providence of heaven; and hence comes the usual saying, that every man is the maker of his own fortune: I, at least, have been the maker of mine, tho' not with sufficient prudence, and therefore my presumptuous hopes miscarried. I ought to have considered that Rozinante's weakness could not resist the weight and magnitude of my adversary's horse: in a word I tried my fortune, did what I could, found myself vanquished and overthrown, and tho' I lost mine honour, I neither did nor can forfeit my integrity and the merit of fulfilling my promise: while I was a knight errant valiant and intrepid, my hand and my performance gave credit to my exploits; and now that I am no more than a pedestrian squire, my word shall be confirmed by the accomplishment of my promise. Make haste then, friend Sancho, let us return to our own country, and pass the year of our probation, and during that term of confinement acquire fresh vigour and virtue to resume the never by me forgotten exercise of arms." "Signor, answered the squire, the pastime of trudging a-foot is not quite so pleasant, as to  
move

move and instigate me to travel at a great pace: let us leave these arms of yours, hanging like a malefactor on some tree; and then I occupying the back of Dapple, with my feet no longer in the mire, we may travel just as your worship shall desire or demand; but, to think that I can make long marches a-foot, is a vain supposition." "Thou art in the right, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, let my arms be suspended in form of a trophy; and beneath, or around them, we will engrave upon the tree, an inscription like that which appeared under the armour of Orlando:

Let him alone these arms displace,  
Who dares Orlando's fury face."

"A most excellent device! cried the squire, and if it were not that we should feel the want of him in our journey, it would not be amiss to hang up Rozinante at the same time." "Nevertheless, replied Don Quixote, neither Rozinante nor my arms will I suffer to be hung up; for, it shall never be said of me that a good service met with a bad remuneration." "Your worship talks very much to the purpose, said Sancho; for, according to the opinion of wise men, the pannel ought not to suffer for the fault of the ass; and since your worship alone was to blame for the bad success of the last adventure, you ought to punish your self only, and not vent your indignation upon your bloody and already rusted arms, or upon the meekness of Rozinante, or lastly, upon the tenderness of my feet, in desiring them to walk at a pace which they cannot maintain."

In this conversation and other such discourse they passed that whole day, and the next four, without meeting with any incident that could interrupt their journey: on the fifth, which was an holiday, they entered a village, where they saw a number of people making merry at the gate of an inn; and when Don Quixote approached, a countryman exclaimed aloud, "One of these gentlemen travellers, who are unacquainted with the parties, shall decide our wager." The knight assuring them he would give his opinion freely and honestly as soon as he should be informed of the matter, the peasant replied, "Worthy signor, this here is the case: One of our townsmen, who is so fat and bulky that he weighs little less than three hundred weight, has challenged one of his neighbours, a thin creature not half so heavy, to run with him one hundred yards with equal weight. The match was accordingly made; but when the challenger was asked how the weight of both should be made equal, he insisted upon the others carrying the difference in bars of iron, by which means Limberham would be upon a footing with Loggerhead." "By

no means, cried Sancho, interposing before his master could answer one word, to me who have been lately a governor and judge, as all the world knows, it belongs to resolve these doubts, and give my opinion in this dispute." "Speak then in happy time, friend Sancho, said the knight; for, my judgment is so confounded and disturbed that I am hardly fit to throw crumbs to a cat." With this permission Sancho addressing himself to the peasants, who had assembled around him, and waited his decision with open mouths, "Brothers, said he, the demand of Loggerhead will not hold water, and is indeed without the least shadow of justice; for if what all the world says be true, namely, that the challenged party has the choice of the weapons, it is not reasonable that the said Loggerhead should pretend to choose such arms as will encumber his adversary and secure the victory to himself; it is therefore my opinion, that Loggerhead the challenger shall scrape, shave, pare, polish, slice and take away one hundred and fifty pound weight of his own individual flesh from different parts of his body, according to his own fancy and convenience; so that leaving the other moiety, which will be sufficient to counterbalance his antagonist, the parties may run with equal advantage." "Fore God! cried one of the countrymen, hearing this wise decision, the gentleman has spoken like a faint and given sentence like a canon: but, sure I am, Loggerhead will not part with an ounce, much less one hundred and fifty pounds of his flesh." "The best part of the joke, replied another peasant, is that the match cannot be run; for, Limberham will not touch a bar of iron, and Loggerhead will not pare himself; let us therefore spend the half of the money in treating these gentlemen at the tavern with some of the best wine, and when it rains, let the shower fall upon my cloak." "Gentlemen, said Don Quixote, I thank you for your invitation; but, I really cannot tarry a moment; for, melancholy thoughts and unlucky adventures oblige me to appear uncivil on this occasion, and to travel faster than the ordinary pace." So saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and set on, leaving them astonished in consequence of having seen and observed the strange figure of the master and the sagacity of the servant, for, such they supposed Sancho to be. One of them could not help saying, "If the servant is so wise, what must the master be? I'll lay a wager they are going to study at Salamanca, and will in a trice be created Alcaldes of the court; for, it is nothing but childrens play, studying and poring, and having interest and good luck, and when a man thinks least about the matter, he finds himself with a white rod in his hand or a mitre upon his head."

That

That night our adventurer and his squire passed in the middle of an open field, under the spacious cope of heaven; and next day proceeding on their journey, they saw coming towards them a man on foot, with a javelin or half pike in his hand and a wallet on his back; circumstances from which they judged he was a post or courier. As he advanced he quickened his pace, and running up to Don Quixote, embraced his right thigh, for, he could reach no higher, exclaiming with marks of extraordinary satisfaction: "O my good signor Don Quixote! how will the heart of my lord duke be rejoiced when he knows your worship is returning to his castle, where he still continues with my lady dutchess!" "Friend, said the knight, I do not recollect your features, nor do I know who you are, unless you will be pleased to tell me." "Signor Don Quixote, replied the courier, I am my lord duke's lacquey Tosilos who refused to fight with your worship concerning the marriage of the duenna's daughter." "God in heaven protect me! cried the knight, is it possible that you are he whom my enemies the inchanters transformed into that same lacquey you mention?" "No more of that, worthy signor, replied the post; there was no enchantment in the case, nor any sort of transformation: I was as much the lacquey Tosilos when I entered the lists, as when I left them. I thought the girl handsome, and therefore would have married her without fighting; but, the event did not answer my expectation. Your worship was no sooner gone from the castle, than my lord duke ordered me to be severely bastinado'd, for having contradicted the instructions he had given me before I entered the lists: and this is the upshot of the whole affair; the girl is by this time a nun, Donna Rodriguez is gone back to Castile, and I am now bound for Barcelona with a packet of letters from his grace to the viceroy. If your worship is inclined to take a small draught of good wine, tho' not very cool, I have here a calabash full of the best, and some slices of Tronchon cheese, which will serve as provocatives and rousers of thirst, if perchance it should be asleep." "Your invitation is accepted, cried Sancho; truce with your compliments and skink away, honest Tosilos, maugre and in despite of all the inchanters of the Indies." "Verily, Sancho, said Don Quixote, thou art the most insatiate glutton in the universe, and the most ignorant animal upon earth: but, as thou art not persuaded that this courier is enchanted, and no other than a counterfeit Tosilos, thou mayest tarry along with him and fill thy belly; and I will jog on at a slow pace until thou shalt overtake me." The lacquey smiled at his infatuation, unsheathed his calabash, unwalleted his cheese, and producing a small loaf, he and Sancho sat down upon the grass, where in peace and

harmony they dispatched and discussed the contents of the wallet with great perseverance and good will, and even licked the packet, because it smelled of cheese. During the repast, Tosilos said to the squire, "Doubtless, friend Sancho, thy master is bankrupt in common sense." "How bankrupt! answered Panza, he owes no man a farthing, but pays like a prince, especially where madness is the current coin: I see the matter plain enough, and tell him my opinion freely: but, to what purpose? Now, indeed, he is going home in despair for having been vanquished by the knight of the white moon." Tosilos earnestly begged he would recount that adventure; but, Sancho declined the task, observing that it would be unmannerly to let his master wait for him; tho' at their next meeting he should have more leisure. He accordingly started up, and shaking the crumbs from his garment and beard, bad adieu to Tosilos; then driving Dapple before him, soon came up with his master, whom he found waiting for him under the shade of a tree.

#### C H A P. XV.

Of the resolution which Don Quixote took to become a shepherd and lead a pastoral life, until the term of his confinement should be elapsed, with other incidents truly entertaining.

**I**F Don Quixote was perplexed with cogitation before his overthrow, much more was he fatigued by his own thoughts after his late misfortune. Under the shade of a tree, as we have already observed, did he remain, and there he was stung with reflections that swarmed like flies about honey; some dwelling upon the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and others revolving plans for the life he was to lead in his compulsive retirement. When Sancho joined him, and began to expatiate upon the liberal disposition of Tosilos, "Is it possible, O Sancho, said the knight, that thou still believest that man to be the individual lacquey? one would think thou hadst forgot that thy own eyes have seen Dulcinea converted and transformed into a country wench, and the knight of the mirrors into the batchelor Carrasco, by the wicked arts of those inchanters who persecute my virtue. But, tell me now, didst thou ask Tosilos how providence hath disposed of Altisidora? hath she bewailed my absence, or already consigned to oblivion those amorous thoughts by which she was tormented during my residence at the castle?" "My thoughts, answered Sancho, were not such as allowed me to ask these childish questions.



questions. Body O me! signor, is your worship at present in a condition to inquire about other peoples thoughts, especially those you call amorous." "Sancho, said the knight, you must consider there is a wide difference between the suggestions of love, and those of gratitude: a gentleman may very well be insensible to love; but, strictly speaking, he can never be ungrateful. Altifidora, in all appearance, loved me to distraction: she, as thou very well knowest, made me a present of three night-caps; she bewailed my departure, loaded me with curses and reproach, and, in spite of maiden shame, complained of me in public; undoubted proofs of my being the object of her adoration; for, the indignation of lovers usually vents itself in maledictions. I had no hopes to give, nor treasures to offer; all my affections are yielded to Dulcinea; and the treasures of knights errant are like those of the fairies, altogether phantom and illusion: all, therefore, that I can return, is a kind remembrance, without prejudice, however, to the memory of Dulcinea, who is greatly aggrieved by thy remissness in delaying to scourge and chastise that flesh which I hope will be a prey to the wolves; seeing thou seemest more inclined to reserve it for the worms, than to use it in behalf of that poor distressed lady." "Signor, answered the squire, if the truth must be told, I cannot persuade myself that the whipping of my posteriors can have any effect in disenchanted those who are enchanted; no more than if we should anoint the shins to cure the head-ach: at least, I will venture to swear that in all the histories your worship has read concerning knight errantry, you have never found that any person was disenchanted by such a whipping: but, be that as it may, I will lay it on when I have time, convenience and inclination to make free with my own flesh." "God grant thou mayest, said Don Quixote; and heaven give thee grace to understand and be sensible of the obligation thou liest under, to assist my mistress, who, as thou art mine, is thine also."

With such conversation they amused themselves in travelling, until they arrived at the very spot where they had been overturned by the bulls; when Don Quixote recognizing the ground, "This is the meadow, said he, where we met the gay shepherdesses and gallant swains, who sought to renew and react the pastoral Arcadia, a project equally original and ingenious, in imitation of which, shouldst thou approve of the scheme, I am resolved to assume the garb and employment of a shepherd during the term of my retirement. I will purchase some sheep, together with all the necessary implements of a pastoral life, and taking the name of Quixotiz, while thou shalt bear that of the swain Pancino; we will stroll about through mountains, woods and meadows,

dows, singing here, lamenting there, drinking liquid chrystal from the gelid springs, the limpid rills and mighty rivers. The lofty oaks will shed upon us abundance of their delightful fruit; the trunks of hardest cork-trees will yield us seats; the willows will afford us shade; the rose, perfume; the extended meadow, carpets of a thousand dyes; the pure serenity of air will give us breath; the moon and stars will grant us light in spite of darkness; our singing will inspire delight; our lamentations, mirth; Apollo, verses; and Love himself, conceits to render us immortal and renowned, not only in the present age, but also to latest posterity." "Odds tens! cried Sancho, such a life will square, ay, and be the very corner-stone of my wishes: the batchelor Sampson Carrasco and master Nicolas the barber, as soon as they have a glimpse of it, will wish to join us in the scheme, and turn shepherds for our company; and God grant that the curate himself may not take it in his head to enter the fold: for, he is a merry companion and a great friend to good fellowship." "Thou hast a very good notion, said the knight; and if the batchelor shall be inclined to join our pastoral association, as he doubtless will, he may take the appellation of the shepherd Sanfonino, or of the swain Carrascon: Nicholas the barber may be called Niculoso, as old Boscan called himself Nemoroso: and as for the curate, I know not what title we can confer upon him, except some derivative from his own name, such as the shepherd Curiambro. For the nymphs of whom we must be enamoured, there is plenty of names to choose; but, seeing that of my mistress will suit as well with a shepherdess as with a princess, I need not give myself the trouble to invent any other that might be more proper; as for thee, Sancho, thou mayest give thy mistress what appellation will please thy own fancy." "I have no intention, replied the squire, to give her any other than that of Teresona, which will fit her fatness to an hair, as well as be agreeable to her own name Teresa; especially as in celebrating her in verse, I shall disclose my chaste desires, without going in search of fine bread in a neighbour's house: the curate would be in the wrong to choose a shepherdess, because he ought to set a good example to his flock; and, as for the batchelor, if he has any such inclination, let him please his own soul without let or controul."

"Good Heaven! friend Sancho, said Don Quixote, what a life shall we lead! how will our ears be regaled with pipes and bagpipes of Zamora, Tambourines, Timbrels and Rebecks! and if these different kinds of music be reinforced with the sound of the Alboques, we shall have a full concert of all the pastoral instruments." "And pray what are the Alboques?"

Alboques? said Sancho, I never saw nor heard them named before, in the whole course of my life." "Alboques, answered the knight, are plates of brass resembling candlesticks, the hollow parts of which being clashed together produce a sound, if not ravishing or harmonious, at least not disagreeable nor unsuited to the rusticity of the bagpipe and tabor. The name of Alboques is Moorish, as are all the words in our language beginning with al; for example Almoaca, Almorcar, Alhombra, Alguazil, Alucima, Almacen, Alcanzia, and a few others; and we have only three Moorish words ending in i, namely Borcequi, Zaquicami and Maravedi; as for Alheli and Alfaqui, they are known to be Arabic, as well from their beginning with al, as from their ending in i: these observations I have made by the bye, in consequence of having mentioned Alboques which recalled them to my remembrance. But, to return to our scheme, nothing will conduce so much to the perfection of it, as my having a talent for versification, as thou very well knowest, and the batchelor's being an excellent poet. Of the curate I shall say nothing; tho' I would lay a good wager that his collars and points are truly poetical: and that master Nicholas is in the same fashion I do not at all doubt; for, people of his profession are famous for making ballads and playing on the guitarre. For my own part, I will complain of absence; thou wilt extol the constancy of thy own love; the swain Carrascon will lament the disdain of his mistress; the curate Curiambro choose his own subject; and every thing proceed in such a manner as to fulfill the warmest wishes."

To this effusion Sancho replied, "Verily, signor, I am such an unlucky wretch, that I am afraid the time will never come when I shall see myself in that blessed occupation. O what delicate wooden spoons shall I make when I am a shepherd! O what crumbs and cream shall I devour! O what garlands and pastoral nick-nacks shall I contrive! and tho' these may not, perhaps, add much to my reputation for wisdom, they will not fail to convince the world of my ingenuity. My daughter Sanchica shall bring our victuals to the fold; but, ware mischief! the wench is buxome; and there are some shepherds more knavish than simple: I would not have her come out for wool and go home shorn. Those same amours, and unruly desires, are gratified in the open field as well as in the city-chamber, in a shepherd's cot as well as in a royal palace. The sin will cease when the temptation is removed: The heart will not grieve for what the eye does not perceive; and, What prayers ne'er can gain, a leap from an hedge will obtain." "No more of your proverbs, Sancho, said Don Quixote; any one of those thou hast repeated is sufficient to explain thy meaning; and

and I have often exhorted thee to be less prodigal of old saws, and keep them more under command ; but, I see it is like preaching to the desert : and, My mother whips me, and I scourge the top." " Under correction, answered the squire, your worship, methinks, is like the frying-pan which called to the pot, Avaunt, black-a-moor, avaunt ! Even in the very act of rebuking me for uttering proverbs, your worship strings them together in pairs." " But, then, you must consider, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that, when I use them, they are seasonably brought in, and fit the purpose as the ring fits the finger : whereas, by thee, they are not brought in, but lugged in, as it were, by the head and shoulders. If my memory fails me not, I have formerly told thee, that proverbs are short sentences extracted from the experience and speculation of ancient sages ; and a proverb, unseasonably introduced, is rather an absurdity than a judicious apothegm. But, let us quit the subject, and, as the day is already spent, retire from the high-way to some place where we may pass the night ; for, God alone knows what will be to-morrow."

They accordingly retired to a grove, where they made a late and very indifferent supper, to the no small mortification of Sancho, who ruefully reflected upon the meagre commons of chivalry, so uncomfortably discussed among woods and mountains ; tho' his imagination was also regaled with the remembrance of that abundance which he had enjoyed at the castle, as well as at the wedding of the rich Camacho, and in the houses of Don Diego de Miranda, and Don Antonio de Morens : but, finally, considering it could not be always day, or always night, he resolved, for the present, to sleep, while his master indulged his contemplations, awake.

## C H A P. XVI.

Of the brifly adventure in which Don Quixote was involved.

**T**HE night was a little dark ; for, although the moon was in the heavens, ſhe was inviſible to the people of our hemisphere, madam Diana having taken a trip to the Antipodes, and left our mountains obumbrated, and our vallies obſcured.

Don Quixote, in compliance with nature, enjoyed his firſt ſleep without indulging himſelf in a ſecond, quite contrary to the practice of Sancho, who never deſired a ſecond, becauſe the firſt always laſted from night till morning ; a ſure ſign of little care, and an excellent conſtitution. As for the knight, his cares interfered ſo much with his reſoſe, that he wakened his ſquire, to whom he ſaid, “ I am amazed, Sancho, at the indifference of thy diſpoſition, and imagine thou art made of marble or obdurate braſs, unſuſceptible of ſentiment or emotion. I watch whiſt thou art ſnoring ; I weep whiſt thou art ſinging ; I faint with faſting, whiſt thou art overloaded and out of breath with eating ! It is the province of a good ſervant to ſympathize with his maſter’s pain, and to ſhare his anguiſh, even for the ſake of decorum. Obſerve the ſerenity of the ſky, and the ſolitude of the place, which invite us to make an intermiſſion in our reſoſe. I conjure thee, by thy life, to riſe and go aſide to ſome proper place, where, with good will and grateful inclination, thou mayeſt conveniently inflict upon thyſelf three or four hundred ſtripes, on account of Dulcinea’s inchantment ; and, this favour I humbly requeſt, without any intention to try again the ſtrength of thine arms, which I know to be heavy and robuſt : after the performance of that taſk, we will paſs the remainder of the night in harmony ; I, in ſinging the torments of abſence, and thou in chanting the conſtancy of thy paſſion ; and thus will we begin the paſtoral life which we are to lead at our own village.” “ Signor, answered the ſquire, I am no monk to riſe and diſcipline my fleſh in the middle of the night ; nor do I think the extremity of pain is ſuch a provocative to muſic : I, therefore, deſire your worſhip will let me take out my nap, without preſſing me further to ſcourage myſelf, leſt I ſhould grow deſperate, and ſolemnly ſwear never to whip the nap of my garment, much leſs an hair of my ſkin.” “ Soul of a ſavage ! flinty hearted ſquire ! cried Don Quixote : O ill digeſted bread ! O ill requited benefits, intended or conferred ! By my means waſt thou created governor ;  
and

and through me alone dost thou now enjoy the near prospect of being a count, or something else of equal title; nor will the accomplishment of thy wishes be retarded longer than the term of one fleeting year; for, *Post tenebras spero lucem.* “Your conclusion, said Sancho, I do not understand; but, well I know, that, while I sleep, I am troubled neither with fear nor hope, nor toil nor glory; and praise be to him who invented sleep, which is the mantle that shrouds all human thoughts, the food that dispels hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms the cold, the cool breeze that moderates heat; in a word, the general coin that purchases every commodity; the weight and balance that makes the shepherd even with his sovereign, and the simple with the sage: there is only one bad circumstance, as I have heard, in sleep; it resembles death; inasmuch, as between a dead corpse and a sleeping man there is no apparent difference.” “Truly, Sancho, said the knight, I never heard thee talk so elegantly before, whence I perceive the truth of the proverb which thou hast often repeated, Not he with whom you was bred, but he by whom you are led.” “Odds my life! sir master of mine, cried Sancho, I am not the only person who string proverbs: they fall from your worship’s mouth in couples, faster than from mine: indeed, there is some difference; for, your worship’s proverbs come at a proper time, whereas mine are always out of season; but, nevertheless, they are all proverbs.”

Thus far the conversation had proceeded, when they heard a dull confused noise, intermingled with very harsh sounds, that seemed to extend through the whole valley. The knight immediately started up and unheathed his sword; while the squire squatted down under Dapple, fencing himself on each side with his master’s armour and the pannel of the ass, being as much afraid as Don Quixote was astonished; for, the noise increased every moment, as the cause of it approached the two tremblers, or rather one trembler; for, the other’s valour and courage are well known. The case, in fact, was this: Some dealers were driving about six hundred hogs to a fair, and, as they travelled in the night, the noise of their feet, together with their grunting and blowing, made such a din, as almost deafened Don Quixote and Sancho, who could not conceive the meaning of such an uproar. Mean while, the numerous grunting herd advanced, and, without shewing the least respect to the authority of Don Quixote or Sancho, ran over them in a twinkling, demolished the barricades of the squire, and trampled down not only the master, but also his steed Rozinante. The thronging, the grunting, and the hurry of those unclean animals, throwing every thing in confusion, and strewing the master and the man, the horse and the ass, the pannel and the armour,  
along

along the ground. Sancho, getting up as well as he could, demanded his master's sword, in order to sacrifice half a dozen of those discourteous gentlemen porkers; for, by this time, he had discovered what they were: but, the knight refused to grant his request, saying, "Let them pass, friend Sancho; this affront is the punishment of my crime, and the just chastisement of heaven inflicted upon a vanquished knight, is, that he shall be devoured by dogs, stung by wasps, and trampled upon by swine." "At that rate, then, replied the squire, the chastisement which heaven inflicts upon squires of vanquished knight-errants, is, that that they shall be bitten by fleas, devoured by lice, and assaulted by famine: if we squires were sons of the knights we serve, or even their near relations, it would be no great wonder if the punishment of their faults should overtake us to the fourth generation; but, what affinity is there between the Panzas and the Quixotes? At present, let us put things to rights again, so that we may sleep out the remainder of the night, and we shall be in better plight when God sends us a new day." "Enjoy thy repose, said Don Quixote; thou wast born to sleep and I to watch; and, during the little of night that remains, I will give my thoughts the rein, and cool the furnace of my reflections with a short madrigal, which I have this evening, unknown to thee, composed in my own mind." "In my opinion, answered the squire, your thoughts could not be very troublesome and unruly, if they gave you leisure to make couplets; but, however, your worship may couple as many as you please, and I will sleep as much as I can." So saying, he chose his ground, on which he huddled himself up, and enjoyed a most profound sleep, which received no interruption from the remembrance of debt, surety, or any other grievance. As for Don Quixote, he leaned against a beech or cork tree; for, Cid Hamet Benengeli has not distinguished the genus; and, to the music of his own sighs, sung the following stanzas:

## I.

O cruel love! when I endure  
The dreadful vengeance of thy bow,  
I fly to death, the only cure  
For such immensity of woe.

## II.

But, when I touch the peaceful goal,  
That port secure from storms of strife,  
The fight revives my drooping soul,  
I cannot enter for my life!

## III.

Thus life exhausts my vital flame,  
But death still keeps the spark alive ;  
O wond'rous fate ! unknown to fame !  
That life should kill and death revive.

Every verse he accompanied with a multitude of sighs, and a torrent of tears, as if his heart had been transpierced with grief for his overthrow and the absence of Dulcinea. In this situation he was found by the day, when Phœbus darting his rays into Sancho's eyes, the squire awoke, yawned, turned, stretched his lazy limbs, and, surveying the havock which the swine had made in his store, he bitterly cursed the whole herd ; ay, and even went farther with his maledictions.

Then the two mounted in order to proceed on their journey, and, towards the close of the afternoon, they descried about ten men on horseback, and half that number on foot, advancing towards them ; a sight which made the knight's heart throb with surprize, and the squire's with terror ; for, this company was armed with lance and target, and approached in a very hostile manner. Don Quixote turning to his squire, " Sancho, said he, if I could now exercise my arms, and my hands were not tied by a solemn promise, I would look upon that machine, which comes upon us, with contempt, as so much cake and gingerbread ; but, perhaps, it may be something else than we apprehend." He had scarce pronounced these words, when the horsemen coming up, and couching their lances, surrounded him in a trice ; then clapping the points of their weapons to his back and breast, seemed to threaten immediate death and destruction ; while one of those on foot, laying his finger on his mouth, as a signal for him to be silent, seized Rozinante's bridle, and led him out of the highway. The rest of the foot-pads drove Sancho and Dapple before them, and, while a wonderful silence prevailed, followed the knight, who attempted twice or thrice to ask whither they conducted him, and what they wanted ; but, scarce had he begun to move his lips, when they threatened to shut them for ever with the points of their spears. The same menaces were practised upon Sancho, who no sooner expressed a desire to be talking, than he was pricked in the posteriors with a goad by one of his attendants ; and Dapple met with the same fate, as if he too had made a motion to speak, like his master.

As night approached they quickened their pace, and the terrors of the captives increased in proportion as the darkness deepened, especially as  
their



their guard pronounced from time to time, "Dispatch, ye Troglodytes! silence, ye Barbarians! now ye shall suffer, ye Anthropophagi! not a word of complaint, ye Scythians! open not your eyes, ye murderous Polyphemuses! ye carnivorous lions and beasts of prey." With these and other such appellations, they tormented the ears of the miserable master and the forlorn Sancho, who said within himself, "Draggle doits! Barber Anns! Henry puff a Jay! City hens! and Paulfamouses! these are fine names with a vengeance! I'm afraid this is a bad wind for winnowing our corn! the mischief comes upon us altogether, like drubbing to a dog; and I wish this misventurous adventure, that threatens so dismally, may end in nothing worse!" As for Don Quixote, he was utterly astonished and confounded; nor could he, with all his reflection, comprehend the meaning of his own captivity, and those reproachful terms, from which he could only conclude, that no good, but a great deal of mischief, was to be expected. In this state of anxious suspense he continued 'till about an hour after it was dark, when they arrived at a castle, which the knight immediately recognizing to be the duke's habitation, where he had so lately resided, "Good heaven! cried he, where will this adventure end! surely this is the dwelling place of politeness and hospitality; but, to those who are vanquished, good is converted to bad, and bad to worse." This ejaculation he uttered as they entered the court of the castle, which was decorated in a strange manner, that increased their admiration, and redoubled their fear, as will be seen in the following chapter.

## C H A P. XVI.

Of the most singular and strangest adventure that happened to Don Quixote in the whole course of this sublime history.

THE horsemen alighting, with the assistance of those who were on foot, snatched up the bodies of Don Quixote and Sancho, and carried them hastily into the court of the castle, round which above an hundred flaming torches were placed, and the corridors of the court were illuminated by five hundred tapers shining with such a blaze, that, in spite of the night, which was dark, there was no want of the day. In the middle of the court appeared a monument raised about two yards from the ground, and covered with a spacious canopy of black velvet; and, upon the steps that led up to it, above an hundred tapers of virgin wax stood burning in silver candlesticks. On the tomb lay the body of a young damsel, whose beauty was such as rendered death itself beautiful: her head was raised on a cushion of brocard, and crowned with a garland of various odoriferous flowers; and in her hands, that were crossed upon her breast, appeared a bough of green victorious palm. On one side of the court was erected a theatre, on which were seated two personages, whom their crowns and sceptres declared to be either real or fictitious kings; and hard by the theatre, which was furnished with steps, two other chairs upon which Don Quixote and Sancho were seated by their captors, who still maintained their former silence, the observance of which they, likewise, recommended, by signs, to our hero and his squire; tho' these injunctions were altogether superfluous; for, their astonishment, at what they saw, had effectually tied their tongues: and, indeed, how could they help being astonished at sight of this apparatus; considering too, that, by this time, the knight had discovered the dead body on the tomb to be no other than the beauteous Altisidora? At this juncture, two noble personages, with a numerous retinue, ascended the theatre and seated themselves in magnificent chairs, hard by the figures that were crowned; then Don Quixote and Sancho, perceiving the new comers to be their former entertainers the duke and dutchess, rose up and bowed with great veneration, and their graces, rising also, returned the compliment with a slight inclination of the head. And now, an officer crossing the court, and approaching Sancho, threw over his head a robe of black buckram painted all over with flames of fire; at the same time, pulling off his cap, he put upon his

his head one of those pasteboard mitres which are worn by the penitents of the holy office; and, in a whisper, advised him to keep his lips fast sewed together, unless he had a-mind to be gagged or put to death without mercy. Sancho surveyed himself from head to foot, and saw his robe in flames; but, as they did not burn, he valued them not a farthing; then he took off his mitre, and, perceiving it figured with pictures of fiends, set it on his head again, saying to himself, "As the flames do not burn, and the fiends do not fly away with me, I am very well satisfied." "Don Quixote, likewise, surveyed the squire, and, although his reflection was still disturbed with fear and suspense, could not help smiling at the ludicrous figure.

Sancho being thus equipped, a low yet agreeable sound of flutes seemed to issue from beneath the tomb, and being uninterrupted by any human voice, for, here silence itself kept silence, produced a very soft and pleasing melody. Then all of a sudden a beautiful youth in a Roman habit, appeared close by the cushion on which the seemingly dead body reposed, and to the sound of the harp on which he himself played, with a sweet harmonious voice he sung the two following stanzas:

## I.

'Till fair Altifidora slain  
By Quixote's cruelty, return;  
And all th' enchanted female train  
Her hapless fate in sack-cloth mourn;  
Until duennas clad in bays  
Appear in presence of her grace,  
I'll celebrate the nymph in lays  
That would not shame the bard of Thrace.

## II.

Nor shall thy beauty fade un sung,  
When life fortakes my gelid veins;  
My clay-cold lips and frozen tongue  
In death shall raise immortal strains.  
My soul when freed from cumb'rous clay,  
Her flight o'er Stygian waves shall take;  
And while on Lethe's banks I stray,  
My song shall charm th' oblivious lake.

Here he was interrupted by one of the two pretended kings, who said, "Enough, divine songster; it would be an infinite talk to describe the death

death and beauties of the peerless Altifidora, not dead as the ignorant world imagines, but alive in the voice of fame and in the penance which Sancho Panza here present must undergo, in order to restore her to the light she has lost; and therefore O Rhadamanthus! who fittest with me in judgment, within the gloomy caverns of Lethe, as thou art intimately acquainted with all the determinations of the inscrutable fates, touching the revival of this damsel, relate and declare them without loss of time, that we may no longer delay that happiness which we expect from her recovery."

Scarce had Minos pronounced these words, when his fellow judge and companion Rhadamanthus stood up, saying, "So ho, ye ministers of this house, high and low, great and small, come hither one by one, and mark the face, the arms and loins of Sancho with two dozen of tweaks, one dozen of pinches, and half a dozen pricks with a pin: for, upon this execution depends the revival of Altifidora." Sancho Panza hearing this sentence, broke silence and exclaimed aloud, "I vow to God, I will sooner turn Turk, than allow my face to be marked or my flesh to be handled in any such manner! Body o' me! what has the pinching of my face to do with the resurrection of that damsel. The old woman has got a liquorish tooth, and she is still licking her fingers, forsooth. Dulcinea is enchanted, and I must be scourged for the disinchantment of her ladyship: Altifidora is dead by the hand of God, and in order to bring her to life, I must suffer two dozen of tweaks; my body must be pinked into a sieve with large pins, and my arms pinched into all the colours of the rain-bow! such jokes may pass upon a brother-in-law; but, I am an old dog, and will not be coaxed with a crust." "Then thou shalt die, cried Rhadamanthus with an audible voice, tame that savage heart of thine, thou tyger: humble thyself, thou proud Nimrod; suffer and be silent: we ask not impossibilities, and therefore, thou must not pretend to examine the difficulties of this affair: tweaked thou shalt be; pinked shalt thou find thyself, and pinched until thy groans declare thine anguish. So ho, I say, ye ministers, execute my command, or by the faith of an honest man, you shall see for what you were born."

In consequence of this summons, six duennas came walking through the court yard in procession one by one, the four first with spectacles, and each with her right arm raised, about four inches of the wrist being bared according to the present fashion, that the hand may seem the larger. Sancho no sooner beheld these matrons, than he began to bellow like a bull, exclaiming. "I might have allowed myself to be handled by all the world besides, but, that duennas should touch me, I will by no means

means consent! they may cat-claw my face, as my master was served in this very castle: they may run me through the guts with daggers of steel: they may tear the flesh off my arms with red hot pincers: all these tortures will I bear patiently, for the service of these noble persons: but, I say again, the devil shall fly away with me, before I suffer a duenna to lay a finger on my carcase!" Then Don Quixote addressing himself to Sancho, broke silence in these terms; "Exert thy patience, my son, for the satisfaction of these noble personages, and give thanks to heaven which hath indued thy person with such virtue, that by the martyrdom of thy flesh, the enchanted are delivered from enchantment, and even the dead revived."

By this time, the duennas had surrounded Sancho, who being softened and persuaded, seated himself in a proper posture, and held out his face and beard to the first, who treated him with a well planted twitch, and then dropped a profound curt'sy. "Less courtesy, less anointing, good madam duenna, cried the squire; for, by the Lord, your fingers smack of vinegar!" In a word, he was tweaked by all the duennas, and pinched by a great number of other persons belonging to the family: but, what he could by no means be brought to endure, was the puncture with pins, which they no sooner began to perform, than starting up in a rage, and seizing a lighted torch that stood near him, he assaulted the duennas and all the rest of his executioners, crying, "Avaunt ye ministers of hell! I am not made of brass, to be insensible to such torture." At this instant Altifidora, who must have been tired with lying so long upon her back, turned herself on one side; and this motion was no sooner perceived by the spectators, than all of them exclaimed as if with one voice, "Altifidora moves, Altifidora lives!" Then Rhadamanthus desired Sancho to lay aside his indignation, seeing the intended aim was already accomplished.

Don Quixote seeing Altifidora stirring, fell upon his knees before Sancho, saying, "Now is the time, dear son of my bowels, and no longer, my squire! now is the time to inflict upon thyself some of those lashes thou art obliged to undergo for the disinchantment of Dulcinea. This I say, is the time, when thy virtue is seasoned, and of efficacy sufficient to perform the cure which we expect from thy compliance." To this apoltrophe the squire replied, "This is reel upon reel, and not honey upon pancakes: scourging, to be sure, is a very agreeable desert to a dith of twitches, pinches and pin-prickings. There is no more to be done, but to take and tie a great stone about my neck, and toss me into a well; it will be much better for me to die at once, than to be always the wedding heifer,

heifer, to remedy the misfortunes of other people: either let me live in peace, or, before God! all shall out, fell or not fell."

By this time Altifidora sat upright on the tomb, and at that instant the waits beginning to play, were accompanied by the music of flutes, and the voices of all the spectators, who acclaimed, "Live Altifidora! Altifidora live!" The duke and dutchefs, together with Minos and Rhamanthus, rising from their seats, and being joined by Don Quixote and Sancho, went to receive this young lady and help her in descending from the tomb; while they were thus employed, she assumed a languid and fainting air, and inclining her head towards the duke and dutchefs and the two kings, darted a sidelong glance to Don Quixote, saying, "God forgive thee, unrelenting knight! by thy cruelty I have been doomed to remain, as I believe, above a thousand years in the other world! but, as for thee, thou most compassionate squire that this wide earth contains! I thank thee kindly for that life I now enjoy. From this day, friend Sancho, thou mayest command six of my shifts to be converted into shirts for thy own body; and if they are not quite whole, at least they are white and clean." Sancho thanked her for the present, with mitre in hand and knee on ground: and when the duke ordered his servants to take away those badges of disgrace, and restore his own cap and coat; the squire entreated his grace to let him keep the mitre and the flaming robe, and carry them to his own country, as a mark and memorial of this incredible adventure. To this supplication the dutchefs replied, "That he might keep these testimonials; for, he knew how much she was his friend."

The duke ordered the court to be cleared, the company to retire to their several chambers, and the knight and squire to be conducted to the apartments which they had formerly occupied,

## C H A P. XVII.

Which follows the preceding, and treats of matters that must be disclosed, in order to make the history the more intelligible and distinct.

SANCHO slept that night in a truckle-bed, in the apartment of Don Quixote; a circumstance which he would have waved, if possible, because he well knew his master would keep him awake with questions and replies, and he was not at all in a talkative humour; for, the pain of his past sufferings kept them still present in his fancy, depriving his tongue of its usual freedom; and he would have much rather slept alone in a hut, than in the richest chamber, thus accompanied. His apprehension was so true and his suspicion so just, that scarce had his master committed his body to the bed, when he accosted the squire in these words: “What is thy opinion, Sancho, of this night’s adventure? Great and powerful is the force of amorous disdain, as thou hast seen with thy own eyes: Altifidora dead—not by shaft or sword, or warlike instrument, or mortal poison, but solely by the reflection of that rigour and disdain with which I have always treated her advances.” “She might have died in good time, when and how she had thought proper, cried Sancho, and left me in quiet at my own house, seeing I never treated her either with love or disdain in the whole course of my life; for my own part, I neither know nor can I conceive, as I have formerly observed, what the health or life of such a whimsical girl as Altifidora has to do with the martyrdom of Sancho Panza: but, now at length I can clearly and distinctly perceive that this world actually abounds with enchanters and enchantments, from which I pray God may deliver me, since I cannot deliver myself: in the mean time, I humbly beseech your worship to let me sleep, without further question, if you have not a mind to see me throw myself out of the window.” “Sleep then, friend Sancho, said the knight, if thou canst enjoy the benefit of slumber, after the pinching, twitching, and pricking thou hast undergone.” “No pain is comparable to that of the twitching, replied the squire; for no other reason, but because it was inflicted by duennas, whom God in heaven confound. I again intreat your worship to leave me to my repose; for, sleep is a remedy for those miseries which we feel when awake.” “Be it so, said the knight, and the Lord make thy sleep refreshing—”

While these two are left to their repose, Cid Hamet, author of this sublime history, takes occasion to explain the motives that induced the duke and dutches to raise the edifice of the adventure above related. He says, the batchelor Sampson Carrasco still remembring how, as knight of the mirrours, he had been vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote, and his whole design blotted and defaced by that unlucky fall and defeat; he resolved to try his fortune once more, in hope of meeting with better success; and learning where the knight was, from the information of the page who carried the letter and present to Sancho's wife Teresa Panza; he purchased a new suit of armour, and an horse, ordered a white moon to be painted on his shield, and fastened the whole cargo on the back of an he-mule, which was conducted by a certain ploughman, and not by his old squire Tom Cecial, lest he should be known by Sancho or Don Quixote. With this equipage he set out for the duke's castle, where he was informed of the knight's motions and route, together with his intention to assist at the tournament in Saragossa. His grace likewise gave him an account of the jokes they had executed upon our adventurer, with the contrivance of Dulcinea's disinchantment, to be effected at the expence of Sancho's posteriors. Nor did he forget to relate the trick which Sancho had practised on his master, in making him believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and transformed into a country wench; as also how my lady dutches had persuaded the squire that Dulcinea was really and truly enchanted and transformed, and he himself the person that was mistaken and deceived: particulars which afforded abundance of mirth to the batchelor, who could not help admiring afresh the mixture of archness and simplicity in Sancho, as well as the unaccountable madness of Don Quixote. The duke begged he would return that way and communicate his success, whether he should be vanquished or victor: and Sampson, having promised to comply with his request, set out in quest of our knight; and, as he did not find him in Saragossa, he proceeded to Barcelona where he met with the adventure we have already related in its proper place: then he returned to the duke's castle, where he gave an account of the whole engagement and the conditions of the combat; in consequence of which, Don Quixote was already on his return, to fulfil, like a worthy knight-errant, the promise he had made to reside at his own habitation for the term of one year, during which the batchelor said he might possibly be cured of his madness; and declared this was his sole motive for disguising himself in such a manner; as it was a thousand pities that a gentleman of Don Quixote's excellent understanding should continue under the influence of such infatuation. He accordingly took his leave

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of the duke, and returned to his own country, in full hope that the knight was not far behind.

From this information, his grace took the opportunity to contrive this last adventure, so much was he delighted with the behaviour of Sancho and Don Quixote; and ordered a great number of his people on horseback and a-foot, to scour the country far and near, and patrol through every road by which he thought the knight could possibly return, with orders to bring him to the castle, either by fair means or foul. Accordingly, when they found him, they gave notice to his grace, who having already preconcerted what was to be done, no sooner heard of his coming than he directed that the torches and tapers should be lighted around the court, and Altifidora placed upon the tomb, together with all the apparatus already described, which was so naturally and artfully executed, that it differed very little from the real truth. Nay, Cid Hamet moreover observes, that he looked upon the jokers to be as mad as those who were joked, and the duke and duchess to be within two fingers breadth of lunacy; seeing they placed such happiness in playing pranks upon two confirmed madmen, one of whom the new-day found sleeping at full snore, and the other watching over his disastrous thoughts, and very impatient to quit his couch; for, whether vanquished or victor, Don Quixote never took pleasure in lolling on the lazy down.

It was now that Altifidora, who in the knight's opinion had returned from death, in compliance with the humour of her lord and lady, entered his apartment, crowned with the same garland she had worn on the tomb, clad in a robe of white taffety powdered with flowers of gold, her hair flowing loose upon her shoulders, and supporting herself upon a staff of fine polished black ebony. This apparition discomposed our hero to such a degree that he shrunk within his nest, in silent confusion, and almost covered himself wholly with the sheets, fully determined against making any return of compliment. Mean while Altifidora, sitting down upon a chair, at his bed's-head, heaved a profound sigh, and thus addressed herself to him, in a faint and tender tone: "When women of fashion, and damsels of reserve, trample upon honour, and give their tongues the liberty to break through all inconveniences, so as to divulge the secrets which their hearts conceal; their condition must be desperate indeed. I am one of those, signor Don Quixote de la Mancha; sorely hampered, vanquished and enamoured, but withal so patient and modest, that my soul broke through my silence, and I lost my life: in consequence of thy rigour, O flinty-hearted knight! more deaf than marble to my complaints, have I been dead for two days, or at least supposed to be dead by

those who saw me; and if love, in pity to my fate, had not deposited a remedy in the tortures of that worthy squire, I should have remained for ever in the other world." "Love, said Sancho, might as well have deposited the remedy in the tortures of my ass, and I should have been as much obliged to him, as I think myself at present: but, pray, madam, tell me, so may heaven send you a kinder lover than my master, what did you see in the other world? what is going forward in hell? for, surely those who die in despair, must go to that baiting-place." "To tell you the truth, answered Altifidora, I could not be quite dead, seeing I did not enter the infernal regions; for, had I been once fairly introduced, I could not have left the place again, whatever inclination I might have had to return. The truth is, I went no farther than the gate, where I saw about a dozen devils playing at tennis, in their drawers and doublets, having bands edged with flanders lace, and ruffles of the same at their wrists, which were naked to the length of four inches, in order to enlarge the appearance of their hands, in which they wielded rackets of fire: but, what I chiefly admired, was, that instead of balls they made use of books, which seemed to be filled with wind and rubbish; a circumstance equally new and surprising! and yet there was another particular, which still increased my astonishment: for, whereas among the gamesters of this world, it is natural for the winners to be merry and for the losers to be sad; in that diabolical pastime, all the players growled and grumbled and cursed one another." "That is not to be wondered at, replied the squire; for the devils, play or not play, win or not win, can never be content." "That must certainly be the case, answered Altifidora; but, there was likewise another peculiarity at which I wonder, I mean at which I then wondered; namely, that after the first toss, the ball was useless, and could not be used a second time; so that they whirled them away, new and old, in a marvellous manner. On one of these, which was finely gilt and lettered, they bestowed such a violent stroke, that the guts flew out in scattered leaves. "What book is that?" said one devil to his fellow. The other answered, that it was the second part of the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, composed not by the original author Cid Hamet, but by an Arragonian, who calls himself a native of Tordefillas. "Away with it! cried the first, plunge it into the lowest abyss of hell, that mine eyes may never behold it again." "What! is it so bad?" said the second. "So very bad, replied the other, that if I myself had endeavoured to make it worse, it would not have been in my power." They proceeded with their play, driving about the unfortunate books; and I hearing them mention Don Quixote, whom I love  
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and adore, endeavoured to retain the vision in my memory." "A vision it must have been, without all doubt, said Don Quixote; for, there is no other I in the whole world; and, as for that history, it is bandied from hand to hand, without finding a resting-place; and every body has a fling at the author: nor am I, in the least, mortified to hear that I wander like a fantastic shadow through the dark abodes of hell, as well as through the enlightened mansions of this globe, as I am not the person recorded in that history, which, were it elegant, faithful, and authentic, would live for ages; but, being false and execrable as it is, there will be no great distance between its birth and burial."

Altifidora was going to proceed with her lamentations, when she was prevented by the knight, who said with great solemnity, "I have often told you, madam, that I am sorry you have placed your affection upon me, who can make no other return than that of gratitude and thanks: I was born for Dulcinea del Toboso, and the fates, if such there be, have consecrated me for her service; so that to imagine any other beauty shall ever occupy the place which she possesses in my heart, is to suppose a meer impossibility. Let this declaration, therefore, undeceive and prevail upon you to retire within the limits of virtue and decorum, seeing no man is obliged to perform impossibilities." Altifidora, in consequence of this repulse, assumed an air of indignation, and, in an affected transport of rage, exclaimed, "How now, Don stockfish! soul of a mortar! stone of a date! more positive and obstinate than a courted peasant when his arrow hath chanced to hit the mark! by the Lord! if I once fall upon you, I will tear your eyes out. Hark ye, Don beaten and cudgelled, are you such a wiseacre as to suppose I died for love of you? All you have seen, this last night, was pure fiction; for, I am not the woman to have a finger ach, much less to die, for such a camel." "O my conscience! I believe what you say, cried Sancho; that of dying for love, is a most ridiculous affair: your lovers, indeed, may easily say they are dying; but, that they will actually give up the ghost, Judas may believe it for me."

During this conversation, the musician and poet, who had sung the two stanzas which we have already repeated, came into the apartment, and made a profound bow to Don Quixote, saying, "Sir knight, I beg you will esteem and reckon me among the number of your most humble servants; for, many days are elapsed since I have conceived the warmest affection for your person, from the fame of your character and achievements." When Don Quixote desired to know who he was, that he might respect him according to his merit, he answered, that he was the musician  
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and panegyrist of the preceding night. "Assuredly, your voice is extremely sweet, said the knight; but, methinks, the verses you sung were not much to the purpose; for, what affinity is there between the stanzas of Garcilasso and the death of this young lady?" "Your worship must not wonder at that impropriety, answered the musician; it is a common practice among the beardless poets of this age, to write what they will, and steal from whom they please to pillage, whether it be or be not to the purpose, and every absurdity that occurs in their singing or writing, they attribute to the *Licentia poetica*."

Don Quixote's reply was prevented by the entrance of the duke and dutchess, who came to visit him in his chamber, and a long diverting conversation ensued, in the course of which Sancho uttered so many humorous sallies and satirical jokes, that their graces admired anew the mixture of his acuteness and simplicity. As for the knight, he humbly requested that he might be allowed to depart that very day, as it was much more proper that vanquished knights, like him, should live in hogsties, than in sumptuous palaces. They graciously complied with his request, and when the dutchess inquired if Altifidora had, as yet, acquired his good graces, "Your grace must know, said he, that damsel's distemper wholly proceeds from idleness, which may be easily cured by continual and decent occupation: she tells me it is the fashion in hell to wear lace, and as she knows how to make it, let the work never be out of her hand, which being employed in moving the bobbins, the idea or ideas of what she loves will no longer move in her imagination; and this is the truth, the substance of my opinion, and the marrow of my advice." "Ay, and of mine too, cried Sancho; for, never in my born days did I know a lace-maker die for love: the thoughts of girls employed at that work, run more upon the finishing of their tasks than upon the idle fancies of love; and, for myself, I can safely say, that while I am digging in the field, I never so much as dream of my duck; I mean, my wife Teresa Panza, whom I love as the apple of mine eye." "You talk like an oracle, Sancho, said the dutchess; and I will take care, that, from this day forward, Altifidora shall be employed in some plain work, which she understands to perfection." "Your ladyship shall not need to use any such expedient, replied Altifidora; for, the consideration of the cruelty with which I have been used by that felonious monster, will blot him effectually from my remembrance, without any other assistance; and, in the mean time, with your grace's permission, I will retire, that I may no longer have before my eyes—I will not say his rueful countenance, but his frightful and  
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abominable aspect." "These reproaches, said the duke, put me in mind of the old observation, that scolding among lovers is the next neighbour to forgiveness."

Altifidora, making a shew of wiping the tears from her eyes with a white handkerchief, dropped a low curtsy to her lord and lady, and withdrew; and Sancho sending after her an earnest look, "Poor damsel! cried he, I can bequeath, bequeath thee nothing, I say, but bad luck, seeing thou hast placed thine affection upon a soul of rush, and an heart of oak; had it lighted upon me, another sort of a cock would have crowed thy fortune."

Thus the conversation ended, Don Quixote put on his cloaths, dined with the duke and dutchess, and set out that same evening for his own habitation.

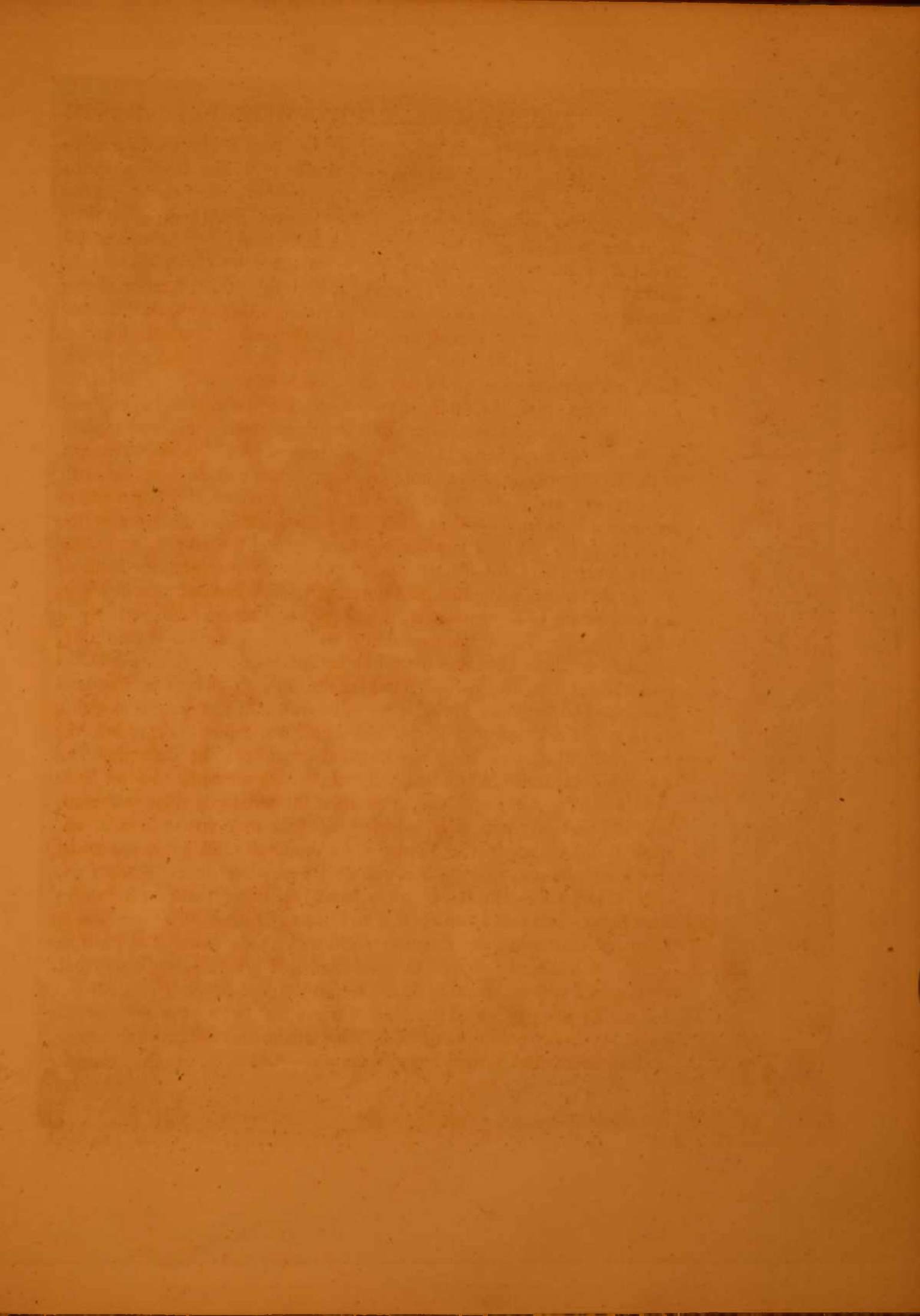
## C H A P. XVIII.

Of what happened to Don Quixote and his squire, in their journey to their own village.

**T**HE perplexed and vanquished Don Quixote travelled along, extremely chagrined on one account, tho' greatly rejoiced on another: his melancholy was occasioned by his overthrow, and his joy produced from the consideration of that virtue inherent in his squire, which he had seen demonstrated in the resurrection of Altifidora, tho' he had some scruples in persuading himself that the enamoured damsel was actually dead. As for Sancho, he felt no sort of pleasure; but, on the contrary, was much mortified to find that Altifidora had failed in performing her promise touching the present of the shifts; and, his imagination dwelling upon this circumstance, he said to his master, "Truly, signor, I must certainly be the most unfortunate physician that ever lived upon the earth, in which there are many leeches, who, tho' they kill their patients, insist upon being payed for their trouble, which, by the bye, is no more than writing and signing a list of medicines upon a scrap of paper; for, the apothecary makes up the prescription, and so the farce is acted; whereas, I receive not a doit, tho' I cure other people's maladies at the expence of pinches, twitches, pin-pricks, lashes, and drops of blood; but, I vow to God! if any other patient is put into my hands, they shall be well anointed before I undertake the cure; for, The abbot chants, but to supply his wants: and I cannot believe that heaven hath bestowed such virtue upon me, in order that I should throw it away upon the undeserving." "Thou art in  
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the right, friend Sancho, replied Don Quixote; and Altifidora is much to blame in having with-held the promised shifts, altho' thy virtue is gratis data, without having put thee to the trouble of studying aught but the art of enduring personal torture; for my own part, I can say, that if thou hadst demanded payment for the disinchanted stripes, I should have allowed it to thy own satisfaction; tho' I know not how such hire might interfere with the cure; and I should not wish that the premium might impede the effect of the medicine: nevertheless, I do not think the experiment could be attended with any bad consequence. Consider, Sancho, what thou wouldst have; then proceed to the flagellation, and pay thyself fairly out of my money which is in thy own hands."

At this proposal, the squire opened his eyes and ears a full span, and resolving in his heart to scourge himself with good will, answered in these words: "Ay, now, signor, I find myself extremely well disposed to comply with your worship's desire, since my compliance will be attended with some profit; and, I own, my regard for my poor wife and children makes me seem a little selfish.—Pray what will your worship please to give for every stripe?" "Were I to pay thee, Sancho, said the knight, according to the greatness of thy deserts, and the quality of the cure, the bank of Venice and mines of Potosi would not afford a sufficient recompence: but, see how much of my money thou hast got, and set thy own price upon every lash." "The number of stripes to be given, answered the squire, amounts to three thousand three hundred and odd: of these I have received about five, which shall stand for the odd; so that three thousand three hundred remain. Now, if we value each lash at a quarter of a rial, and I would not bate a doit tho' the whole world should desire me, the sum will be three thousand three hundred quartillos; the three thousand quartillos make fifteen hundred half rials, which are equal to seven hundred and fifty rials; and the other three hundred quartillos make one hundred and fifty half rials, which are equal to seventy-five rials, and these being added to the former seven hundred and fifty, the whole reckoning amounts to eight hundred and twenty-five rials. These I will deduct from your cash that is in my hands, and then I will return to my own house, rich and satisfied, tho' well scourged; for, We cannot catch trouts without wetting our clouts: and I will say no more upon the subject." "O, blessed Sancho! O, lovely Sancho! cried Don Quixote; Dulcinea and I will be bound to serve thee all the days that heaven shall permit us to live; provided she shall retrieve her lost form: and, in this hope, we cannot possibly be mistaken; her misfortune will prove fortunate, and my overthrow a most happy triumph. And now, Sancho, consider  
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when thou wilt begin this discipline; towards the speedy performance of which, I add another hundred rials." "When!" replied the squire; this very night without fail: if your worship will take care to choose our lodging in the open field, I will take care to open my own carcase."

At length the night arrived, after it had been impatiently expected by Don Quixote, who thought the wheels of Apollo's car had broken down, and that the day was extended to an unusual length; like those lovers whose desires ever outstrip the career of time.

In the evening, they betook themselves to the covert of some pleasant trees at a little distance from the highway, and, vacating the saddle of Rozinante and the pannel of the ass, sat down together upon the grass, and supped upon the store contained in the wallet of Sancho, who, forming a strong and flexible scourge with Dapple's halter, retired into a tuft of beeches about twenty paces from his master. The knight seeing him withdraw so brisk and resolute, "Beware, friend Sancho, said he, of scourging thyself to pieces; perform thy discipline at leisure; let the stripes follow one another in a regular succession, and do not run so fast as to be out of breath in the middle of thy career; I mean, do not lash thyself so severely, as to destroy thy own life before the number be completed; and, that thou mayest not lose it by a card too many, or too few, I will stand aside and count the stripes upon my rosary. Mayest thou enjoy the protection of heaven which thy christian intention so richly deserves." "A good paymaster needs no bail, answered the squire: I intend to scourge myself in such a manner as will mortify my flesh, without any hazard of my life; for, in that medium the substance of the miracle must consist." He forthwith stripped himself naked from the waist upwards, and, snatching the scourge, began to whip himself, while his master reckoned the stripes. About half a dozen or eight lashes had Sancho bestowed upon himself, when he found the joke very expensive, and the reward dog cheap; and, suspending the instrument, told the knight he had been deceived, and claimed the benefit of an appeal; for, every one of these stripes, was well worth half a rial instead of a quartillo. "Proceed, friend Sancho, without dismay, replied Don Quixote, and I will double the allowance." "At that rate, replied the squire, to it again, by the grace of God, and let it rain lashes." But, the cunning knave no longer made application to his own shoulders, in lieu of which he began to scourge the trees, venting, between whiles, such dismal groans as seemed to tear his very soul up by the roots. The knight, from the tenderness of his own disposition, being apprehensive that he would actually put an end to his life, and of consequence defeat the purpose of his flagel-

lation, exclaimed, "I conjure thee, by thy life, friend Sancho, to let the business rest where it now stands: the medicine seems to have a very rough operation, and it will be better to proceed leisurely; for, Zamora was not taken in one hour. Above a thousand stripes hast thou already inflicted upon thyself, if my reckoning is just, and these shall suffice for the present; for, if I may use a vulgar expression, 'Tho' the load must lie over the ass, he must not be overloaded." "No, no, signor, replied Sancho, they shall never say of me, When money's paid before it's due, a broken limb will straight ensue. Pray, stand aside a little, signor, and let me lay on another thousand, if you please: two such bouts will perform the bargain, and leave something to boot." "Since thou findest thyself in such an excellent frame and disposition, said the knight, heaven protect thee; stick to the stuff, and I shall withdraw." Sancho, resuming his task and reckoning, had already disbarked a number of trees, with the rigorous application of his scourge, when bestowing a dreadful stroke upon an unfortunate beech, he exclaimed with great vociferation, "Here, Sampson, shalt thou die with all thine abettors." Don Quixote, hearing this dismal ejaculation, and the terrible sound of the stroke, ran up to the spot, and seizing the twisted halter that Sancho used instead of a bull's pizzle, "Fate, said he, friend Sancho, will not permit, that, for my pleasure, thou shouldst lose that life on which the sustenance of thy wife and family must depend. Dulcinea shall wait for a more favourable conjuncture, and I will contain myself within the limits of the nearest hope, until thou shalt recover new strength to conclude this affair to the satisfaction of all parties." "Since your worship is so inclined, answered the squire, so be it in happy time; and pray, good signor, throw your cloak about my shoulders; for, I am all in a sweat, and would not willingly catch cold, which is so often the case with new disciplinants." The knight, in compliance with his request, stripped himself of his upper garment, with which he covered up Sancho, who slept until he was wakened by the sun: then they proceeded on their journey, which, for that day, did not exceed three leagues.

They alighted at an inn; for, such it was acknowledged by Don Quixote, who did not, as usual, suppose it a castle furnished with a fossée, turrets, portcullices, and draw-bridges: indeed, since his defeat, he had talked with more sanity on all subjects, as will presently appear. He was shewn into a low apartment hung with old painted serge, such as is used in country places, in one piece of which some wretched hand had drawn the rape of Helen, who was carried off from Menelaus by her presumptuous guest; and in another was represented the story of Dido and Æneas,

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the unhappy queen standing upon a lofty tower, making signals with a white sheet to her fugitive lover, who, in a frigate or brigantine, was flying from her coast. He observed, of these two history pieces, that Helen shewed no marks of compulsion; but, rather exhibited her satisfaction in a roguish smile: whereas, from the eyes of the beautiful Dido, tears as big as walnuts seemed to fall. Don Quixote, having considered both pictures, "These two ladies, said he, were most unfortunate, because they did not live in this our age; and I, above all men unhappy, because I did not live in theirs. Had I encountered these gentlemen, Troy had ne'er been burnt, nor Carthage laid in ruins; for, by killing Paris only, I should have prevented such disasters." "I'll lay a wager, said Sancho, that, in a very little time, every cook's cellar, tavern, inn, and barber's shop in the kingdom, will be ornamented with pictures containing the history of our achievements; but, I should be glad to see them painted by a better workman than him who made these daubings." "Thou art in the right, replied Don Quixote; he that painted these pieces is just such another as Orbaneja, a painter of Ubeda, who, being asked what he was about, answered, Just as it happens: and, if he chanced to represent a cock, he wrote under it, This is a cock; that it might not be mistaken for a fox. Such a person, I suppose, is that same painter or author; for, it is the same thing, who ushered into the world the lately published history of the new Don Quixote; for, he has painted or described whatever came uppermost; or, perhaps, he resembles an old court poet called Mauleon, who pretended to answer every question extempore; and being, one day, asked the meaning of Deum de Deo, replied, De donde diere\*. But, waving this subject, tell me, Sancho, if thou art resolved to take the other turn to night, and whether thou wouldst choose to go to work under an humble roof, or beneath the high canopy of heaven?" "'Fore God! signor, replied the squire, as to what I intend to take, it matters not much, whether it be taken within doors or without: nevertheless, I should choose to go to work among trees; for, they seem to accompany and assist me wonderfully in bearing the brunt of the application." "But, it must not be so at present, friend Sancho, answered the knight; in order to recruit your strength, the execution shall be postponed until we arrive at our own village, which we shall reach the day after to-morrow, at farthest." Sancho said he might take his own way; tho' he himself should be glad to dispatch the business now he was warm, and while the mill was a-going; for, Delay breeds danger; and we ought still to be do-

\* *Wherever it may hit*: An answer that has no affinity with the question, but the faint resemblance of sound.

ing while to God we are sueing : I will give thee, is good ; but, Here take it, is better : A sparrow in hand is worth an eagle on wing." " No more proverbs, Sancho, for the love of God ! cried the knight : thou seemest to be returning to *ficut erat*. Speak plainly and perspicuously without such intricate mazes, as I have often advised thee, and thou wilt find thyself one loaf per cent. in pocket." " I am so unlucky, answered the squire, that I cannot give a reason without a proverb, nor a proverb that I do not think a good reason ; but, I will mend if I can : " And here the conversation ended for that time.

### C H A P. XIX.

Giving an account of Don Quixote's arrival at his own habitation.

**T**HAT whole day Don Quixote and Sancho tarried at the inn, waiting for night, during which the one intended to finish his whipping task in the open field, and the other hoped to see the accomplishment of that discipline on which depended the accomplishment of his desire. In the mean time, a gentleman on horseback arrived at the door, attended by three or four servants, one of whom said to him who seemed to be the master, " Signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worship may pass the afternoon in this house ; the lodging seems to be cool and cleanly." Don Quixote hearing this address, " Hark ye, Sancho, said he, when I glanced over the second part of my history, I am very much mistaken if I did not perceive, as I turned over the leaves, this very name of Don Alvaro Tarfe." " Very likely, replied the squire ; first let him alight, and then we can ask questions." Accordingly the traveller having alighted, was conducted by the landlady into a room that fronted the knight's apartment, and ornamented with the same kind of paintings which we have already described. This new come cavalier, laying aside his upper garment, came out into the porch, which was cool and spacious, where seeing Don Quixote walking backwards and forwards for the benefit of the air, asked in a courteous manner, which way his worship was travelling. The knight told him he was going to the place of his nativity, which was a village in the neighbourhood ; and in his turn expressed a desire of knowing the direction of the stranger's course. " Signor, said the cavalier, I am travelling to Grenada, which is my native country." " And a good country it is, replied Don Quixote ; but, will your worship be so good as to tell me your name, which I believe is of more importance to me to know than I can well explain." " My name, said the  
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the stranger, is Don Alvaro Tarfe." "Without doubt then, replied the knight, you must be the gentleman mentioned in the second part of the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, lately printed and published by a modern author." "The very same, answered the cavalier: Don Quixote, the principal character of that history, was an intimate acquaintance of mine: I brought him from his own habitation; at least I persuaded him to assist at the tournament of Saragossa, whither I was going, and where I really and truly did him many signal services; and particularly saved his back from being very roughly handled by the hangman, for his excessive impudence and knavery." "And pray, signor Don Alvaro, is there any resemblance betwixt me and that Don Quixote whom your worship mentions?" said the knight. "No, surely; none at all," replied the stranger. "Is that Don Quixote attended by a squire called Sancho Panza?" resumed our hero. "Yes, he is, answered the other; and although he was reported to be a very humorous companion, I never heard him utter one merry conceit." "That I can very well believe, said Sancho, mingling in the discourse; it is not every body that can utter conceits; and that same Sancho, whom your worship mentions, must be a very great knave, and indeed both fool and knave; for, I am the true Sancho Panza, who have as many conceits as there are drops of rain: if your worship will but try the experiment, and keep me company for a year or so, you will see them fall from me at every step; nay, they are so merry and so numerous, that very often when I myself know not what I have said, they make all the hearers burst their sides with laughing: and the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the renowned, the valiant, the sage, the enamoured knight, the undoer of wrongs, the tutor of wards and orphans, the protector of widows, the destroyer of maids, he who owns no other mistress than the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, is my master, this very gentleman here present: every other Don Quixote, and every other Sancho whatsoever, is no better than a dream or delusion." "Before God! I am of the same opinion, replied Don Alvaro; for, truly, my good friend, you have uttered more pleasantry in these few sentences you have spoke, than ever I knew come from the mouth of the other Sancho Panza, tho' he was an eternal babler: he was much more of a glutton than of an orator, and rather idiotical than humorous. Indeed, I am fully persuaded, that those enchanters who molest the good Don Quixote, have been pleased to persecute me with the bad Don Quixote: and yet I know not what to say; for, I can take my oath that I left him at Toledo in the nuncio's house, under the care of surgeons; and now, another Don Quixote starts up in this place, tho' of a very different character:

character and complexion!" "I know not whether or not I am the good Don Quixote, replied the knight; but, I will venture to say I am not the bad Don Quixote; and as a proof of what I alledge, my good signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worship must know, that in the whole course of my life I never was at Saragossa; on the contrary, having been informed, that the fantastical Don Quixote had been present at the tournament of that city, I would not set foot within its walls, that I might demonstrate his imposture to the satisfaction of the whole world: I, therefore, openly repaired to Barcelona, that repository of politeness, that asylum of strangers, that hospital of the poor, that native place of gallantry, that avenging tribunal of the injured, that agreeable scene of unshaken friendship, unparalleled both in beauty and situation! and although certain adventures which there befel me did not much contribute to my satisfaction, but, on the contrary, conduced to my unspeakable disquiet; I bear my fate without repining, and count myself happy in having seen that celebrated place: finally, signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am the real Don Quixote de la Mancha, so well known to fame, and not that wretched impostor who has thought proper to usurp my name, and deck himself with the spoils of my reputation. I must therefore entreat your worship as you value yourself on the character of a gentleman, to make a declaration before the alcalde of the place; importing, that, before this day, you never saw me in the whole course of your life; and that I am not the Don Quixote described in the second part, nor this Sancho Panza the squire whom your worship knew in his service." "With all my heart, said Don Alvaro; and yet I cannot help being astonished to see two Don Quixotes, and two Sanchos at the same time, so similar in name, and so unlike in character; so that I say again, and even affirm, that I have not really seen that which I thought I had seen, nor met with those incidents in which I supposed myself concerned." "Doubtless, cried Sancho, your worship must be enchanted, like my lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and would to God your disinchantment depended upon my undergoing another tale of three thousand three hundred lashes, such as I have undertaken in her favour; I would lay them on without interest or deduction." When Don Alvaro said he did not understand what he meant by lashes, the squire answered, it was a long story, which, however, he would relate to him, should they chance to travel the same road.

Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together; and the alcalde of the town chancing to enter the inn, with a scrivener, our hero demanded, by a formal petition, that Don Alvaro Tarfe, the gentleman there present, should depose before his worship, that he was not acquainted with him,

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Don Quixote there present also, and that he the said Don Quixote was not the person described in a certain history, entitled, *The second part of Don Quixote de la Mancha*; composed by one Avellaneda, native of *Tordesillas*. In a word, the *alcalde* proceeded in form; the deposition was drawn up in the strongest terms, and the knight and squire were as much rejoiced, as if this certificate had been of the utmost consequence to their identity, and as if the difference between the two Quixotes and Sanchos would not have plainly appeared from their words and actions.

Many compliments and proffers of service passed between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote; and our great Manchegan gave such proofs of discretion as undeceived Don Alvaro, who persuaded himself that he was certainly enchanted, seeing he had felt, as it were, with his hand, two such contrary Don Quixotes. In the evening, they departed from the village, and travelled together about half a league, until they found the highway divided into two roads, one of which led to the habitation of Don Quixote, and Don Alvaro's journey lay through the other: yet, in that small space, the knight recounted the misfortune of his overthrow, together with *Dulcinea's* enchantment, and the remedy proposed; so as to excite anew the admiration of the stranger, who, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, took his leave, and proceeded on his own affairs, while our knight jogged on at an easy pace, and passed the night in a grove of trees, in order to give Sancho an opportunity to perform his penance, which he accomplished as before, at the expence of the beeches, and not of his own shoulders; these he defended with such care, that they felt not even the whiff of any stripe sufficient to displace a fly. The credulous knight lost not one in his reckoning of the lashes, which, including those of the preceding night, amounted to three thousand and twenty-nine: the sun seemed to rise early on purpose to behold this sacrifice, and to light our adventurer on his way, which he prosecuted, conversing with Sancho upon the mistake and deception of Don Alvaro, and his own presence of mind in obtaining such an authentic testimonial before the justice.

That whole day and night they travelled without encountering any adventure worthy of record, except that, in the dark, Sancho finished his discipline, to the unspeakable satisfaction of the knight, who waited with impatience for the day, in hope of finding his mistress *Dulcinea* disenchanted, upon the road: indeed, he was so much ingrossed by this notion, that he went up to every woman he met in the remaining part of his journey, to see if she was not *Dulcinea del Toboso*; infallibly persuaded that there could be no deceit in the promises of *Merlin*. While he indulged these reflections and desires, they ascended a rising ground, from whence

whence they descried their own village, which Sancho no sooner perceived, than he fell upon his knees, saying, "Open thine eyes, beloved country! and behold the return of thy son Sancho Panza, who though not very rich in corn, is well stored with lashes: open thine arms at the same time, and receive thy son Don Quixote, who though vanquished by a stranger's hand, returns the victor of himself; and that, as he hath often told me, is the greatest conquest which can be desired: with regard to my own fate, I have money in my purse; for, though the stripes fell thick and heavy, I was rewarded like a gentleman." "Leave these fooleries, said the knight, and let us go directly home, where we will indulge our imagination with free scope, in contriving the scheme of pastoral felicity which we intend to enjoy."

They accordingly descended the hill, and made the best of their way to their own village.

#### C H A P. XX.

Of the omens that occurred to Don Quixote when he entered the village; with other incidents which adorn and authenticate this sublime history.

CID Hamet relates, that Don Quixote, as he entered the village, perceived two boys quarrelling in a threshing floor, and heard the one say to his antagonist; "Struggle thy fill, Periquillo, thou shalt never see it in all the days of thy life." These words no sooner reached the knight's ears, than turning to his squire, "Friend Sancho, said he, didst not thou mark what the boy said? Thou shalt never see it in all the days of thy life." "And what signifies what the boy says?" answered the squire. "What! replied the knight, dost not thou perceive that these words, applied to my concerns, signify, that I shall never behold Dulcinea?" Sancho was just going to answer, when he was prevented by the sight of an hare, which being pursued by a number of greyhounds and hunters, came running through the field, and squatted down in a fright under Dapple; the squire immediately saved it from the dogs, by seizing and presenting it to his master, who said, "Malum Signum, Malum Signum! the hare flies, the hounds pursue, and Dulcinea does not appear." "That is a strange fancy in your worship! replied the squire: let us, for example, suppose this hare is Dulcinea del Toboso, and these pursuing hounds the felonious enchanters who have transformed her into a country wench; she flies, I catch and deliver her to your worship, who hold and fondle her in your arms; what bad sign is that? or what ill omen  
can



can be conjured from such a circumstance?" At this juncture, the two boys who had been quarrelling came up to see the hare, and Sancho having asked the cause of their quarrel, was answered by him who said, "Thou shalt never see it in all the days of thy life," that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, which he did not intend to restore in the whole course of his life. In consequence of this information, the squire pulled out of his pocket four farthings, and gave them to the boy for the cage, which he put into the hands of Don Quixote, saying, "Behold, signor, the wreck and destruction of those omens, which, as I (though a fool) imagine, have no more to do with our affairs, than last year's clouds; and if I right remember, I have heard the curate of our parish observe, that no person of common sense ought to mind such childish trifles: nay, even your worship made the same remark some time ago, and told me those christians were actually mad who put any faith in omens; and therefore we have no occasion to make a stumbling-block of this accident: but let us proceed and enter the town a God's name."

The hunters coming up, demanded the hare, which was delivered to them by our knight, who jogging on with his squire, perceived the curate and batchelor Carrasco busy at their devotion, in a little meadow that skirted the town. Now the reader must know, that Sancho Panza had, over the bundle of armour carried by Dapple, thrown, by way of sumpter-cloth, the buckram robe painted with flames of fire, which he had worn in the duke's castle, on the night of Altisidora's resurrection; and he, at the same time, had fixed the mitre upon the head of the ass, which, thus adorned, exhibited the strangest transformation that any beast of burden in the world had ever undergone. Our adventurers were immediately recognized by the curate and batchelor, who ran to receive them with open arms, when Don Quixote alighting, embraced them with great cordiality; and the boys, who are quick-sighted as lynxes, descrying the mitre of the ass, came running in crowds to behold this new spectacle; crying to one another, "Come along, boys, and see Sancho Panza's Dapple, as fine as a May \* morning, and Rozinante more lean than ever."

In a word, they entered the town, surrounded with boys, and accompanied by the curate and batchelor, who attended them to the knight's house, at the gate of which they found the niece and housekeeper already apprized of his arrival. The same intimation, neither more nor less, had been given to Sancho's spouse Teresa Panza, who came running to see her husband, half naked, with her hair hanging about her ears, and her

\* In the original, as fine as Mingo, who was a bad poet and taudry beau, cotemporary with Cervantes.

daughter Sanchica in her hand : but, seeing he was not so gayly equipped, as she thought a governor should be, " Heyday ! husband, cried she, you come home afoot, and seem to be quite foundered, and look more like a governor of hogs than a ruler of men." " Hold your tongue, Teresa, replied the squire; you will often find hooks where there is no bacon : let us e'en trudge home, where I will tell thee wonders : I have money in my purse, (and that's the one thing needful) earned by my own industry, without prejudice to any person whatsoever." " Do you bring home the money, good husband, said Teresa; and let it be earned here or there, or got in what shape you please, I give myself no trouble about the matter ; I am sure, in getting it, you have introduced no new fashion into the world." Sanchica embraced her father, and asked if he had brought any thing for her, who had expected him as impatiently as if he had been May-dew : then taking hold of his girdle with one hand, and leading Dapple with the other, while her mother held him by the fist, they repaired to their own house, leaving Don Quixote to the care of his niece and housekeeper, and in company with the curate and batchelor.

The knight, disregarding times and seasons, instantly retired into an apartment with his two friends, to whom he briefly related his overthrow, and the obligation under which he lay, to stay at home for the space of one year, which obligation he intended literally to observe, without failing in the least tittle, like a true knight-errant, bound by the punctuality of the order which he had the honour to profess. During this term of retirement, he proposed to turn shepherd, and enjoy the solitude of the fields, where he would give full scope to his amorous sentiments, and exercise himself in all the virtues of a pastoral life : he, at the same time, besought them (provided they had any time to spare, and were not hindered by business of more consequence) to become his companions ; assuring them he would purchase a flock of sheep sufficient for a number of swains, and that the principal part of the scheme was already effected, in as much as he had invented names that would suit them with the utmost propriety. The curate expressing a desire to know these appellations, the knight said, he would call himself the shepherd Quixotiz, the batchelor should be distinguished by the name of the swain Carrascon, the curate be denominated Curiambro, and the squire, Pancino. They were confounded at this new species of madness ; but, lest he should once more forsake his habitation to follow his chivalries, and in hope that he might possibly be cured during the year of his confinement, they seemingly assented to this new proposal, extolled his madness as the very essence of discretion, and promised to be his companions in the exercise he had planned. " All the world



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world knows that I am a celebrated poet, said Sampson Carrasco, and at every turn I shall compose verses, pastorals, or courtly sonnets, or such as will best answer the purpose of entertaining us in the fields through which we shall rove: but, there is one circumstance, gentlemen, which we must by no means neglect; and that is, every man shall choose a name for the shepherdes he intends to celebrate, and inscribe and engrave it on every tree let it be never so hard, according to the constant practice of enamoured swains." "A very seasonable suggestion, answered Don Quixote: but, altho' I am at liberty to choose a fictitious name, I shall not employ my invention for that purpose, while there is such a person as the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these banks! the ornament of these meadows! the support of beauty! the cream of all gentility! and finally, the subject that suits all praise, how hyperbolical soever it may be." "Very true, said the curate; but we must put up with nymphs of an inferior rank, who, though they will not square, may corner with our desires." "And should we be at a loss, added Sampson Carrasco, we will borrow names that abound in printed books; such as, Phillis, Amarillis, Diana, Florida, Galatea, and Belifarda, which, as they are publicly sold, we may purchase and appropriate to our own use. If, for example, my mistress, or rather shepherdes, be called Ann, I will celebrate her under the name of Anna; if her name is Frances, she shall be called Francenia; if Lucia, she shall be known by the appellation of Lucinda: in the same manner, shall other names be metamorphosed; and if Sancho Panza is inclined to be one of our fraternity, he may celebrate his wife Teresa Panza, under the name of Terefayna." Don Quixote could not help smiling at this transformation; and the curate, in very high terms, applauded his honourable and virtuous resolution, promising anew to spend in his company all the time he could spare from his indispensable obligations. And now they took leave of the knight, after having advised and entreated him to have a reverend care of his health, and comfort his stomach with something good and substantial.

The niece and housekeeper having, by accident, overheard this conversation, entered the apartment, as soon as the curate and batchelor were gone, and the former addressing herself to Don Quixote, "Uncle, said she, what is the meaning of all this! Now, that we thought you was returned to stay at home, and lead a quiet and honourable life in your own house, you want to reintangle yourself in new labyrinths, and turn a poor shepherd. Thou can'st with a crook, with a scrip thou wilt go; as the saying is; for, in good sooth, the straw is too old to make pipes of." "And does your worship think, added the housekeeper, that you

can stay in the field, during the heats of summer and the frosts of winter, to hear the howling of the wolves! no, truly: that is the office and employment of robust clowns, tanned by the weather, and brought up to the business, even from their christening blankets and swaddling-cloaths; and weighing one evil against another, you had better still be a knight-errant than a shepherd. Consider, signor, and take my advice, which I do not give from a full stomach, but fresh and fasting, with fifty good years over my head: stay at home in your own house, look after your estate, go frequently to confession, be good to the poor, and let my conscience answer for the rest." "Hold your peace, my good children, answered Don Quixote; I know my own duty and what I have to do; meanwhile, carry me to bed, for, methinks, I am not very well; and be assured, that whether I continue knight-errant or turn shepherd, you may depend upon my good offices and assistance, as you shall find by experience."

Comforted by this declaration, the good souls, for so they were without doubt, carried the knight to bed, where they presented him with victuals, and cherished him with all possible care.

#### C H A P. XVIII.

Giving an account of Don Quixote's last illness and death.

AS nothing human is eternal, but every sublunary object, especially the life of man, is always declining from its origin to its decay; and Don Quixote had no particular privilege from heaven, exempting him from the common fate, the end and period of his existence arrived, when he least expected its approach: and either in consequence of the melancholy produced by his overthrow, or by the particular dispensations of heaven, he was seized with a calenture, which detained him in bed for the space of six days, during which he was often visited by his friends, the curate, batchelor and barber, and his good squire Sancho Panza never stirred from his bed-side. These gentlemen, supposing his distemper proceeded from the chagrin inspired by his overthrow, and the disappointment of his hope, concerning the liberty and disenchantment of Dulcinea, endeavoured, by all possible means, to exhilarate his spirits. The batchelor exhorted him to cheer up his heart, and forsake his couch, that they might begin their pastoral exercise, towards which he had already composed an eclogue, which would disgrace all the pastorals that ever Sannazarius

zarius wrote. He likewise gave him to understand, that he had purchased with his own money, from an herdsman of Quintanar, two famous dogs called Barcino and Butron, to defend their flock from the wolves. All these consolations, however, could not dispel the melancholy of Don Quixote; so that his friends called a physician, who having felt his pulse, made a very doubtful prognostic; saying, Happen what would, they ought to provide for the health of his soul, as that of his body was in imminent danger; and he gave it as his opinion, that the poor gentleman was overwhelmed with melancholy and vexation. The knight heard this sentence with the most heroic composure; but that was not the case with his housekeeper, niece and squire, who began to weep and wail most bitterly, as if they had already seen him deprived of life.

Don Quixote finding himself inclined to slumber, desired he might be left alone, and the company retiring, he is said to have slept six hours at a stretch; so that the housekeeper and niece began to fear he would never awake. Nevertheless, he awoke at the expiration of the aforesaid time, and exclaimed aloud, "Praised be the almighty God, for the great benefit I have received from his bounty! his mercies know no bounds; nor are they abridged or impeded by the transgressions of man!" The niece, who listened attentively, hearing this ejaculation, more sensible and connected than any thing he had uttered since the beginning of his illness; "Uncle, said she, what do you mean? has any thing new befallen us? what mercies and transgressions are these you mention?" "Mercies, replied the knight, which heaven hath this instant been pleased to vouchsafe unto me, notwithstanding the heinousness of my transgressions. I now enjoy my judgment undisturbed, and cleared from those dark shadows of ignorance, in which my understanding hath been involved, by the pernicious and incessant reading of those detestable books of chivalry. I am now sensible of the falsity and folly they contain; and nothing gives me concern, but that this conviction comes too late to give me time sufficient to make amends, by reading others, which would enlighten my soul. I feel myself, cousin, at the point of death; and I would not undergo that great change, in such a manner, as to entail the imputation of madness on my memory; for, though I have acted as a madman, I should not wish to confirm the character, by my behaviour in the last moments of my life. Be so good, my dear child, as to send for my worthy friend the curate, the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, and master Nicholas the barber; for, I want to confess, and make my will."

The accidental arrival of these three saved her the trouble of sending a message to each in particular; and Don Quixote seeing them enter,

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“ Good gentlemen, said he, congratulate and rejoice with me, upon my being no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but plain Alonso Quixano, surnamed the Good, on account of the innocence of my life and conversation. I am now an enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and the whole infinite tribe of his descendants ; now, are all the profane histories of knight-errantry odious to my reflection ; now, I am sensible of my own madness, and the danger into which I have been precipitated by reading such absurdities, which I, from dear-bought experience, abominate and abhor.” The three friends, hearing this declaration, believed he was certainly seized with some new species of madness ; and, on this supposition, Sampson replied, “ Now, signor Don Quixote, when we have received the news of my lady Dulcinea’s being disenchanted, do you talk at this rate ? when we are on the point of becoming shepherds, that we may pass away our time happily in singing, like so many princes, has your worship taken the resolution to turn hermit ? no more of that, I beseech you ; recollect your spirits, and leave off talking such idle stories.” “ Those, which I have hitherto believed, have, indeed, realized my misfortune, said the knight ; but, with the assistance of Heaven, I hope my death will turn them to my advantage. Gentlemen, I feel myself hastening to the goal of life ; and therefore, jesting apart, let me have the benefit of a ghostly confessor, and send for a notary to write my will ; for, in such extremities, a man must not trifle with his own soul : I entreat you then to call a notary, and, in the mean time, I will confess myself to Mr. Curate.” They looked at one another, surprized at this discourse, and though still dubious, resolved to comply with his desire : they considered this sudden and easy transition from madness to sanity, as a certain signal of his approaching death ; for, to those expressions already rehearsed, he added a great number so rational, so christian and well-connected, as to dispel the doubts of all present ; who were now firmly persuaded, that he had retrieved the right use of his intellects. The curate, having dismissed the company, confessed the penitent ; while the bachelor went in quest of the notary, with whom he in a little time returned, accompanied also by Sancho, who having received an account of his master’s condition, and finding the niece and housekeeper in tears, began to pucker up his face, and open the flood-gates of his eyes.

Confession being ended, the curate came forth, saying, “ The good Alonso Quixano is really dying, and, without all doubt, restored to his senses ; we may now go and see the will attested.” These tidings gave a terrible stab to the overcharged hearts of the two ladies and his faithful squire, whose eyes overflowed with weeping, and whose bosoms had well-nigh



nigh burst with a thousand sighs and groans; for, indeed, it must be owned, as we have somewhere observed, that whether in the character of Alonzo Quixano the Good, or in the capacity of Don Quixote de la Mancha, the poor gentleman had always exhibited marks of a peaceable temper and agreeable demeanour, for which he was beloved, not only by his own family, but also by all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

The notary, entering the apartment with the rest of the company, wrote the preamble of the will, in which Don Quixote disposed of his soul in all the necessary christian forms; then proceeding to the legacies, he said; "Item, Whereas Sancho Panza, whom, in my madness, I made my squire, has in his hands a certain sum of money for my use; and, as divers accounts, disbursements, and pecuniary transactions have passed between us; it is my will, that he shall not be charged or brought to account for the said money; but, if there be any overplus after he has deducted the payment of what I owe him, the said overplus, which must be a mere trifle, shall be his own, and much good may it do him: and, as, during my disorder, I contributed to his being made governor of an island, I would now, while I enjoy my perfect senses, confer upon him, were it in my power, a whole kingdom, which he richly deserves for the innocency of his heart, and the fidelity of his service." Then turning to the disconsolate squire, "Forgive me, friend, said he, for having been the cause of thy appearing in the eye of the world, a madman, like myself; by drawing thee into my own erroneous notions, concerning the existence and adventures of knights-errant." "Lack-a-day! dear sir, cried Sancho, blubbering, do not die—take my advice, and live many years upon the face of the earth; for, the greatest madness a man can be guilty of in this life, is to let himself die outright, without being slain by any person whatever, or destroyed by any other weapon than the hands of melancholy. Hark ye, signor, hang sloth; get up and let us take the field in shepherd's apparel, according to our agreement: who knows, but behind some bush we may find my lady Dulcinea disinchanted, and a comely sight for to see. If you take your overthrow so much to heart, lay the blame at my door, and say you was vanquished by my carelessness, in girding Rozinante; besides, your worship must have read in your books of chivalry, that it was common for one knight to unhorse another, and for him who was vanquished to-day, to be victor to-morrow." "Very true, said Sampson; honest Sancho seems to be very well informed of these matters." "Gentlemen, replied the knight, let us proceed fair and softly, without looking for this year's birds in last year's nests.

I was mad; but now am in my right senses. I was Don Quixote de la Mancha; but now, as I have already observed, I am Alonzo Quixano the Good; and I hope, I shall, by my veracity and repentance, recover that degree of your esteem, which I formerly enjoyed. So, let Mr. Notary proceed.

Item, I bequeath my whole estate, real and personal, to my niece Antonia Quixana here present, after deducting what shall be sufficient for the payment of my debts and legacies; and it is my will, that from the first of the money thence arising, the wages due to my housekeeper shall be paid, together with twenty ducats for a suit of mourning: and I appoint Mr. Curate, and Mr. Batchelor Sampson Carrasco, here present, my executors. Item, It is my will, that if my niece Antonia Quixana inclines to marriage, she shall not wed any man, until she is fully satisfied, from previous information, that he is an utter stranger to books of chivalry; or, if she finds he is addicted to this kind of reading, and marries him nevertheless, she shall forfeit the whole legacy, which my executors may, in that case, dispose of in pious uses. Item, I beseech the said gentlemen, my executors, if perchance they should become acquainted with a certain author, who composed and published an history, entitled, ‘The Second Part of the Atchievements of Don Quixote de la Mancha;’ that they will, in my name, most earnestly entreat him to forgive me for having been the innocent cause of his writing such a number of absurdities as that performance contains; for, I quit this life with some scruples of conscience arising from that consideration.” The will being thus concluded, he was seized with a fainting fit, and stretched himself at full length in the bed; so that all the company were alarmed, and ran to his assistance; and, during three days which he lived after the will was signed and sealed, he frequently fainted, and the whole family was in confusion. Nevertheless, the niece ate her victuals, the housekeeper drank to the repose of his soul, and even Sancho cherished his little carcase; for, the prospect of succession either dispels, or moderates that affliction, which an heir ought to feel at the death of the testator.

At last, Don Quixote expired, after having received all the sacraments, and, in the strongest terms pathetically enforced, expressed his abomination against all books of chivalry; and the notary observed, that in all the books of that kind which he had perused, he had never read of any knight-errant, who died quietly in his bed, as a good christian, like Don Quixote; who, amidst the tears and lamentations of all present, gave up the ghost, or other in words, departed this life. The curate was no sooner certified of his decease, than he desired the notary to make out a testimonial, declaring,

claring, that Alonso Quixano the Good, commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, had taken his departure from this life, and died of a natural death. That no other author, different from Cid Hamet Benengeli, should falsely pretend to raise him from the dead, and write endless histories of his achievements.

This was the end of the sage Hidalgo de la Mancha, whose native place Cid Hamet would not punctually describe, because he wished that all the towns and villages of that province should contend for the honour of having given him birth, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer. We shall here omit the lamentations of the house-keeper, niece, and squire, together with all the epitaphs, except the following, by Sampson Carraasco.

Here lies a cavalier of fame,  
 Whose dauntless courage soar'd so high,  
 That death, which can the boldest tame,  
 He scorn'd to flatter, or to fly.  
 A constant bugbear to the bad,  
 His might the world in arms defy'd,  
 And in his life though counted mad,  
 He in his perfect senses dy'd.

The sagacious Cid Hamet addressing himself to his pen, " And now, my slender quill, said he, whether cunningly cut, or unskilfully formed, it boots not much; here from this rack, suspended by a wire, shalt thou enjoy repose, and live to future ages, if no presumptuous and wicked hand shall take thee down, in order to profane thee in compiling idle histories. But ere such insolent fingers can touch thine hallowed plume, accost, and warn them, if thou canst, in words like these:

Caitifs forbear—illustrious prince, let none  
 Attempt th' emprize, reserv'd for me alone\*.

For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I produced for him; he to act, and I to record; in a word, we were destined for each other, maugre and in despite of that fictitious Tordefillian author, who presumed, or may presume, to write with his coarse, aukward, ostrich quill, the achievements of my valiant knight; a burthen too heavy for his weak shoulders, and an undertaking too great for his frozen genius. Advise him, therefore, if ever thou shouldst chance to be in his company, to let the wearied and mouldering bones of Don Quixote rest in the grave, with-

\* Lines probably taken from some old ballad or romance.

out seeking to carry him into Old Castile\*, in opposition to all the prerogatives of death; or to drag him from his tomb, where he really and truly lies extended at full length, and utterly incapable of making a third sally: for, all the exploits performed by the whole tribe of knights-errant are sufficiently ridiculed by the two expeditions he has already made, so much to the satisfaction and entertainment, not only of Spain, but also of every foreign nation to which the fame of his adventures hath been conveyed. In so doing, thou wilt conform to thy christian profession of doing good to those who would do thee harm; and I shall rest satisfied and perfectly well pleased, in seeing myself the first author, who fully enjoyed the fruit of his writings, in the success of his design; for mine was no other than to inspire mankind with an abhorrence of the false and improbable stories recounted in books of chivalry; which are already shaken by the adventures of my true and genuine Don Quixote, and in a little time will certainly sink into oblivion. Farewel.

\* The author of the Second Part, hinted, in his Preface, a design of bringing his hero into the field again, in Old Castile.



F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

V O L. I.

|        |  |
|--------|--|
| Page 8 | In the note, for <i>Penceforest</i> , read <i>Perceforest</i> .                        |
| 22     | Line 14. for <i>judge the clue</i> , read <i>judge of the clue</i> .                   |
| 32     | 30. <i>than poetry</i> , read <i>than with poetry</i> .                                |
| 67     | 8. <i>by their desires</i> , read <i>of their desires</i> .                            |
| ib.    | 37. <i>by his horse's crupper</i> , read <i>over his horse's crupper</i> .             |
| 70     | 5. <i>as we afterwards learned</i> , read <i>as it afterwards appeared</i> .           |
| 86     | 3. <i>befallen to Roxinante</i> , read <i>befallen Roxinante</i> .                     |
| 132    | 9. <i>time to think</i> , read <i>time enough to think</i> .                           |
| 144    | 28. <i>have searched</i> , read <i>had searched</i> .                                  |
| 207    | 22. <i>intervals that I enjoy</i> , read <i>intervals which I enjoy</i> .              |
| 243    | 10. <i>seems to desire</i> , read <i>seems to deserve</i> .                            |
| 253    | 27. <i>Lotharia</i> , read <i>Lothario</i> .   |
| 317    | 9. <i>Jama</i> , read <i>Juma</i> .  |
| 331    | 19. <i>give</i> , read <i>gives</i> .  |
| ib.    | 21. <i>declare</i> , read <i>declares</i> . ib. 26. for <i>fat</i> , read <i>set</i> . |
| 369    | 36. <i>and that</i> , read <i>and say that</i> .                                       |

V O L. II.

|         |   |
|---------|---|
| Page 11 | Line 33. for <i>are</i> , read <i>art</i> .   |
| 15      | 26. <i>careful of</i> , read <i>careful in</i> .  |
| 23      | 6. <i>charge Spain</i> , read <i>close Spain</i> .  |
| 51      | 31. <i>courteous</i> , read <i>courtiers</i> .  |
| ib.     | penult. <i>contain them deserve</i> , read <i>contain them, deserves</i> .                          |
| 32      | 37. <i>attentive in</i> , read <i>attentive to</i> .  |
| 36      | 36. <i>with two in the bush</i> , read <i>worth two in the bush</i> .                               |
| 89      | 35. <i>persuaded of this supposition</i> , read <i>persuaded of the truth of this supposition</i> . |
| 102     | 14. <i>reflecting what</i> , read <i>reflecting on what</i> .                                       |
| 104     | 18. <i>makes</i> , read <i>make</i> .   |
| 107     | penult. <i>these</i> , read <i>those</i> .  |
| 113     | 21. <i>better himself</i> , read <i>bestir himself</i> .  |
| 131     | 32. <i>I might now perhaps, might remark</i> , read <i>I might now perhaps remark</i> .             |
| 135     | 14. <i>might</i> , read <i>night</i> .  |
| 138     | 18. <i>when</i> , read <i>than</i> .  |
| 150     | 16. <i>them</i> , read <i>than</i> .  |
| 200     | 22. <i>scratch</i> , read <i>sketch</i> .   |
| 256     | penult. <i>obliged</i> , read <i>obeyed</i> .   |









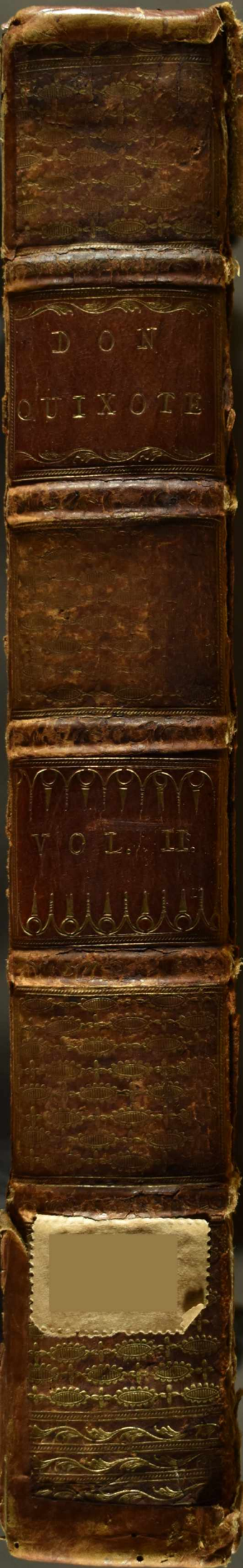
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