







THE HISTORY OF  
THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN  
DON QUIXOTE  
OF LA MANCHA.

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THE HISTORY OF  
THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN  
DON QUIXOTE  
OF LA MANCHA

*TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH*

BY

P. A. MOTTEUX



VOLUME FOURTH

EDINBURGH: WILLIAM PATERSON

MDCCLXXXIV.



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THE  
LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS  
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DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

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PART II.—Continued.



## CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE ACCOUNT WHICH THE DISCONSOLATE MATRON  
GIVES OF HER MISFORTUNE.

THE doleful drums and fife were followed by twelve elderly waiting-women, that entered the garden ranked in pairs, all clad in large mourning habits, that seemed to be of milled serge, over which they wore veils of white calico, so long, that nothing could be seen of their black dress but the very bottom. After them came the Countess Trifaldi, handed by her squire Trifaldin with the white beard. The lady was dressed in a suit of the finest baize, which, had it been napped, would have had tufts as big as rounceval pease. Her train, or tail, which you will, was mathematically divided into three equal skirts, or angles, and borne up by three pages in mourning; and from this pleasant triangular figure of her train, as every one conjectured, was she called Trifaldi, as who should say, the Countess of Three-Folds, or Three-Skirts. Benengeli is of

the same opinion, though he affirms that her true title was the Countess of Lobuna,\* or of Wolf-Land, from the abundance of wolves bred in her country; and, had they been foxes, she had, by the same rule, been called the Countess of Zorruna,† or of Fox-land; it being a custom, in those nations, for great persons to take their denominations from the commodity with which their country most abounds. However, this Countess chose to borrow her title from this new fashion of her own invention, and leaving her name of Lobuna, took that of Trifaldi.

Her twelve female attendants approached with her in a procession-pace, with black veils over their faces; not transparent, like that of Trifaldin, but thick enough to hinder altogether the sight of their countenances. As soon as the whole train of waiting-women was come in, the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote stood up, and so did all those who were with them. Then the twelve women, ranging themselves in two rows, made a lane for the countess to march up between them, which she did, still led by Trifaldin, her squire. The duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote advancing about a dozen paces to meet her, she

\* Lobo, is Spanish for a wolf.

† Zorro, is Spanish for a he-fox, whence these two words are derived.

fell on her knees, and, with a voice rather hoarse and rough than clear and delicate, "May it please your highnesses," said she, "to spare yourselves the trouble of receiving, with so much ceremony and compliment, a man (a woman I would say) who is your devoted servant. Alas! the sense of my misfortunes has so troubled my intellectuals, that my responses cannot be supposed able to answer the critical opinion of your presence. My understanding has forsaken me, and is gone a wool-gathering; and sure it is far remote, for the more I seek it, the more unlikely I am to find it again."—"The greatest claim, madam," answered the duke, "that we can lay to sense, is a due respect and decent deference to the worthiness of your person, which, without any farther view, sufficiently bespeaks your merit and excellent qualifications." Then, begging the honour of her hand, he led her up and placed her in a chair by his duchess, who received her with all the ceremony suitable to the occasion.

Don Quixote said nothing all this while, and Sancho was sneaking about, and peeping under the veils of the lady's women, but to no purpose, for they kept themselves very close and silent, until she at last thus began:—"Confident\* I

\* A fustian speech, contrived on purpose, and imitated by Sancho.

am, thrice potent lord, thrice beautiful lady, and thrice intelligent auditors, that my most unfortunate miserableness shall find, in your most generous and compassionate bowels, a most merciful sanctuary; my miserable-ness, which is such as would liquify marble, maleate steel, and mollify adamantine rocks. But, before the rehearsal of my ineffable misfortunes enter, I will not say your ears, but the public mart of your hearing faculties, I earnestly request that I may have cognizance, whether the cabal, choir, or conclave of this most illustrissimus appearance be not adorned with the presence of the adjutoriferous Don Quixote de la Manchissima, and his squirissimus Panza?"—"Panza is at your elbowissimus," quoth Sancho, before anybody else could answer, "and Dou Quixotissimo likewise; therefore, most dolerous medem, you may tell out your teale, for we are all ready to be your ladyship's servitorissimus, to be the best of our cepecities, and so forth."—Don Quixote then advanced, and addressing the countess,—“If your misfortunes, embarrassed lady,” said he, “may hope any redress from the power and assistance of knight-errantry, I offer you my force and courage; and, such as they are, I dedicate them to your service. I am Don



Quixote de la Mancha, whose profession is a sufficient obligation to succour the distressed, without the formality of preambles, or the elegance of oratory, to circumvent my favour. Therefore, pray, madam, let us know by a succinct and plain account of your calamities, what remedies should be applied; and, if your griefs are such as do not admit of a cure, assure yourself at least that we will comfort you in your afflictions, by sympathising in your sorrow."

The lady, hearing this, threw herself at Don Quixote's feet, in spite of his kind endeavours to the contrary; and, striving to embrace them, "Most invincible knight," said she, "I prostrate myself at these feet, the foundations and pillars of chivalry-errant, the supporters of my drooping spirits, whose indefatigable steps alone can hasten my relief, and the cure of my afflictions. O valorous knight-errant, whose real achievements eclipse and obscure the fabulous legend of the Amadis, Esplandians, and Belianises!" Then, turning from Don Quixote, she laid hold on Sancho, and squeezing his hands very hard, "And thou, the most loyal squire that ever attended on the magnanimity of knight-errantry, whose goodness is more extensive than the beard of my

usher Trifaldin! how happily have thy stars placed thee under the discipline of the whole martial college of chivalry-professors, centred and epitomized in the single Don Quixote! I conjure thee, by thy love of goodness, and thy unspotted loyalty to so great a master, to employ thy moving and interceding eloquence in my behalf, that eftsoons his favour may shine upon this humble, and most disconsolate countess."

"Look you, Madam Countess," quoth Sancho, "as for measuring my goodness by your squire's beard, that is neither here nor there; so that my soul go to heaven when I depart this life, I do not matter the rest; for, as for the beards of this world, it is not what I stand upon, so that, without all this pawing and wheedling, I will put in a word or two for you to my master. I know he loves me; and, besides, at this time, he stands in need of me about a certain business, and he shall do what he can for you. But, pray, discharge your burthened mind; unload, and let us see what griefs you bring, and then leave us to take care of the rest."

The duke and duchess were ready to burst with laughing, to find the adventure run in this pleasant strain; and they admired, at the same time, the rare cunning and management

of Trifaldi, who, resuming her seat, thus began her story : “ The famous kingdom of Candaya, situate between the Great Taprobana and the South Sea, about two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, had for its queen the Lady Donna Maguntia, whose husband, King Archipielo, dying, left the Princess Antonomasia, their only child, heiress to the crown. This princess was educated and brought up under my care and direction, I being the eldest and first lady of the bed-chamber to the queen, her mother. In process of time, the young princess arrived at the age of fourteen years, and appeared so perfectly beautiful, that it was not in the power of nature to give any addition to her charms ; what is yet more, her mind was no less adorned than her body. Wisdom itself was but a fool to her. She was no less discreet than fair, and the fairest creature in the world ; and so she is still, unless the fatal knife, or unrelenting shears, of the envious and inflexible Sisters, have cut her thread of life. But sure the heavens would not permit such an injury to be done to the earth, as the lopping off the loveliest branch that ever adorned the garden of the world.

“ Her beauty, which my unpolished tongue can never sufficiently praise, attracting all eyes,

soon got her a world of adorers, many of them princes, who were her neighbours, and more distant foreigners; among the rest, a private knight, who resided at court, and was so audacious as to raise his thoughts to that heaven of beauty. This young gentleman was indeed master of all gallantries that the air of his courtly education could inspire; and so, confiding in his youth, his handsome mien, his agreeable air and dress, his graceful carriage, and the charms of his easy wit, and other qualifications, he followed the impulse of his inordinate and most presumptuous passion. I must needs say that he was an extraordinary person; he played to a miracle on the guitar, and made it speak, not only to the ears, but to the very soul. He danced to admiration, and had such a rare knack at making bird-cages, that he might have got an estate by that very art; and, to sum up all his accomplishments, he was a poet. So many parts and endowments were sufficient to have moved a mountain, and much more the heart of a young tender virgin. But all his fine arts and soothing behaviour had proved ineffectual against the virtue and reservedness of my beautiful charge, if the damned cunning rogue had not first conquered me. The deceitful villain endeavoured to

seduce the keeper, so to secure the keys of the fortress: In short, he so plied me with pleasing trifles, and so insinuated himself into my soul, that, at last, he perfectly bewitched me, and made me give way, before I was aware, to what I should never have permitted. But that which first wrought me to his purpose, and undermined my virtue, was a cursed copy of verses he sung one night under my window, which, if I remember right, began thus:—

## A SONG.

‘ A secret fire consumes my heart ;  
And, to augment my raging pain,  
The charming foe that rais’d the smart,  
Denies me freedom to complain.  
But sure ’tis just we should conceal,  
The bliss and woe in love we feel :  
For oh ! what human tongue can tell  
The joys of heaven, or pains of hell ?’

“ The words were to me so many pearls of eloquence, and his voice sweeter to my ears than sugar to the taste. The reflection on the misfortune which these verses brought on me, has often made me applaud Plato’s design of banishing all poets from a good and well governed commonwealth, especially those who write wantonly or lasciviously. For, instead of composing lamentable verses, like those of the

Marquis of Mantua, that make the women and children cry by the fireside, they try their utmost skill on such soft strokes as enter the soul, and wound it, like that thunder which hurts and consumes all within, yet leaves the garment sound. Another time, he entertained me with the following song:—

A SONG.

‘Death, put on some kind disguise,  
 And at once my heart surprise ;  
 For ’tis such a curse to live,  
 And so great a bliss to die,  
 Should’st thou any warning give,  
 I’d relapse to life for joy !’

“ Many other verses of this kind he plied me with, which charmed when read, but transported when sung. For, you must know, that, when our eminent poets debase themselves to the writing a sort of composure called love-madrigals and roundelays, now much in vogue in Candaya, those verses are no sooner heard, than they presently produce a dancing of souls, tickling of fancies, emotion of spirits, and, in short, a pleasing distemper in the whole body, as if quicksilver shook it in every part.

“ So that, once more, I pronounce those poets very dangerous, and fit to be banished to

the Isles of Lizards:<sup>1</sup> though, truly, I must confess, the fault is rather chargeable on those foolish people that commend, and the silly wenches that believe them. For, had I been as cautious as my place required, his amorous serenades could never have moved me; nor would I have believed his poetical cant, such as, I dying live, I burn in ice, I shiver in flames, I hope in despair, I go yet stay; with a thousand such contradictions, which make up the greatest part of those kind of compositions. As ridiculous are their promises of the Phoenix of Arabia, Ariadne's crown, the coursers of the sun, the pearls of the southern ocean, the gold of Tagus, the balsam of Panchaya, and heaven knows what! By the way, it is observable, that these poets are very liberal of their gifts, which they know they never can make good.

“But whither, wo's me! whither do I wander, miserable woman? What madness prompts me to accuse the faults of others, having so long a score of my own to answer for! Alas! not his verses, but my own inclination; not his music, but my own levity; not his wit, but my own folly, opened a passage, and levelled the way for Don Clavijo,

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 1, Chap. XXXVIII.

(for that was the name of the knight). In short, I procured him admittance; and, by my connivance, he very often had natural familiarity with Antonomasia,<sup>1</sup> who, poor lady, was rather deluded by me, than by him. But, wicked as I was, it was upon the honourable score of marriage; for, had he not been engaged to be her husband, he should not have touched the very shadow of her shoe-string. No, no; matrimony, matrimony, I say; for, without that, I will never meddle in any such concern. The greatest fault in this business, was the disparity of their conditions, he being but a private knight, and she heiress to the crown. Now, this intrigue was kept very close for some time, by my cautious management; but, at last, a certain kind of swelling in Antonomasia's belly began to tell tales; so that, consulting upon the matter, we found there was but one way; Don Clavijo should demand the young lady in marriage before the curate,\* by virtue of a promise under her hand, which I dictated for the purpose, and so binding, that all the strength of Samson himself could not have broken the

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 2, Chap. XXXVIII.

\* In Spain, when a young couple have promised each other marriage, and the parents obstruct it, either party may have recourse to the vicar, who, examining the case, has full power to bring them together; and this it is the countess ridiculously alludes to in her story.



tie. The business was put in execution, the note was produced before the priest, who, examining the lady, and finding her confession to agree with the tenor of the contract, put her in custody of a very honest serjeant.”—“Bless us,” quoth Sancho, “serjeants too, and poets, and songs, and verses, in your country! o’ my conscience, I think the world is the same all the world over. But go on, Madam Trifaldi, I beseech you, for it is late, and I am upon thorns till I know the end of this long-winded story.”—“I will,” answered the countess.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHERE TRIFALDI CONTINUES HER STUPENDOUS AND  
MEMORABLE STORY.

IF every word that Sancho spoke gave the duchess new pleasure, every thing he said put Don Quixote to as much pain: so that he commanded him silence, and gave the matron opportunity to go on. "In short," said she, "the business was debated a good while; and, after many questions and answers, the princess firmly persisting in her first declaration, judgment was given in favour of Don Clavijo, which Queen Maguntia, her mother, took so to heart, that we buried her about three days after."—"Then, without doubt, she died," quoth Sancho.—"That is a clear case," replied Trifaldin; "for, in Candaya, they do not use to bury the living, but the dead."—"But, with your good leave, Mr Squire," answered Sancho, "people that were in a swoon have been buried alive before now; and methinks Queen Maguntia should only have swooned away, and not have been in such haste to

have died in good earnest; for, while there is life there is hope, and there is a remedy for all things but death. I do not find the young lady was so much out of the way neither, that the mother should lay it so grievously to heart. Indeed, had she married a footman, or some other servant in the family, as I am told many others have done, it had been a very bad business, and past curing; but, for the queen to make such a heavy outcry, when her daughter married such a fine-bred young knight, faith and troth, I think the business had better been made up. It was a slip, but not such a heinous one as one would think; for, as my master here says, and he will not let me tell a lie, as of scholars they make bishops, so of your knights (chiefly if they be errant) one may easily make kings and emperors."

"That is most certain," said Don Quixote: "Turn a knight-errant loose into the wide world, with twopenny-worth of good fortune, and he is *in potentia propinqua* (*proxima* I would say) the greatest emperor in the world. But, let the lady proceed, for hitherto her story has been very pleasant, and I doubt the most bitter part of it is still untold."—"The most bitter, truly, sir," answered she; "and

so bitter, that wormwood, and every bitter herb, compared to it, are as sweet as honey.

“The queen being really dead,” continued she, “and not in a trance, we buried her; and, scarce had we done her the last offices, and taken our last leave, when (*quis talia fando temperet a lachrymis?* who can {relate such woes, and not be drowned in tears?}) the giant Malambruno, cousin-german to the deceased queen, who, besides his native cruelty, was also a magician, appeared upon her grave, mounted on a wooden horse, and, by his dreadful, angry looks, shewed he came thither to revenge the death of his relation, by punishing Don Clavijo for his presumption, and Antonomasia for her oversight. Accordingly, he immediately enchanted them both upon the very tomb; transforming her into a brazen female monkey, and the young knight into a hideous crocodile, of an unknown metal; and, between them both, he set an inscription, in the Syriac tongue, which we have got since translated into the Candayan, and then into Spanish, to this effect:

“These two presumptuous lovers shall never recover their natural shapes, till the valourous Knight of La Mancha enter into a single combat with me; for, by the irrevocable decrees of

fate, this unheard-of adventure is reserved for his unheard-of courage.'

“This done, he drew a broad scimitar of a monstrous size, and, catching me fast by the hair, made an offer to cut my throat, or to whip off my head. I was frightened almost to death, my hair stood on end, and my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. However, recovering myself as well as I could, trembling and weeping, I begged mercy in such a moving accent, and in such tender, melting words, that, at last, my entreaties prevailed on him to stop the cruel execution. In short, he ordered all the waiting-women at court to be brought before him, the same that you see here at present; and, after he had aggravated our breach of trust, and railed against the deceitful practices, mercenary procuring, and what else he could urge in scandal of our profession, and its very being, reviling us for the fact of which I alone stood guilty; ‘I will not punish you with instant death,’ said he, ‘but inflict a punishment which shall be a lasting and eternal mortification.’ Now, in the very instant of his denouncing our sentence, we felt the pores of our faces to open, and all about them perceived an itching pain, like the pricking of pins and needles. Thereupon

clapping our hands to our faces, we found them as you shall see them immediately." Saying this, the disconsolate matron, and her attendants, throwing off their veils, exposed their faces, all rough with bristly beards, some red, some black, some white, and others motley. The duke and duchess admired, Don Quixote and Sancho were astonished, and the standers by were thunder-struck. "Thus," said the countess proceeding, "has that murdering and bloody-minded Malambruno served us, and planted these rough and horrid bristles on our faces, otherwise most delicately smooth. Oh! that he had chopped off our heads with his monstrous scimitar, rather than to have disgraced our faces with these brushes upon them! For, gentlemen, if you rightly consider it, and truly, what I have to say should be attended with a flood of tears; but, such rivers and oceans have fallen from me already upon this doleful subject, that my eyes are as dry as chaff; and, therefore, pray let me speak without tears at this time. Where, alas! shall a waiting-woman dare to shew her head with such a furze-bush upon her chin? What charitable person will entertain her? What relations will own her? At the best, we can scarcely make our faces passable,

though we torture them with a thousand slops and washes; and, even thus, we have much ado to get the men to care for us. What will become of her, then, that wears a thicket upon her face? Oh ladies, and companions of my misery! in an ill hour were we begotten, and in a worse came we into the world!" With these words the Disconsolate Matron seemed to faint away.

## CHAPTER XL.

OF SOME THINGS THAT RELATE TO THIS ADVENTURE,  
AND APPERTAIN TO THIS MEMORABLE STORY.

ALL persons that love to read histories of the nature of this, must certainly be very much obliged to Cid Hamet, the original author, who has taken such care in delivering every minute particular distinctly entire, without concealing the least circumstance that might heighten the humour, or, if omitted, have obscured the light and the truth of the story. He draws lively pictures of the thoughts, discovers the imaginations, satisfies curiosity in secrets, clears doubts, resolves arguments; and, in short, makes manifest the least atoms of the most inquisitive desire. O most famous author! O fortunate Don Quixote! O renowned Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho! jointly and severally may you live, and continue to the latest posterity, for the general delight and recreation of mankind—But the story goes on.

“Now, on my honest word,” quoth Sancho,



when he saw the matron in a swoon, “and by the blood of all the Panzas, my forefathers, I never heard nor saw the like, neither did my master ever tell me, or so much as conceit in that working head-piece of his, such an adventure as this. Now, all the devils in hell (and I would not curse anybody) run away with thee for an enchanting son of a whore, thou damned giant Malambruno! Couldst thou find no other punishment for these poor sinners, but by clapping scrubbing-brushes about their muzzles, with a pox to you. Had it not been much better to slit their nostrils half way up their noses, though they had snuffled for it a little, than to have planted these quick-set hedges over their chaps? I will lay any man a wager now, the poor devils have not money enough to pay for their shaving.”

“It is but too true, sir,” said one of them, “we have not wherewithal to pay for taking our beards off; so that some of us, to save charges, are forced to lay on plasters of pitch that pull away roots and all, and leave our chins as smooth as the bottom of a stone-mortar. There is indeed a sort of women in Candaya, that go about from house to house to take off the down or hairs that grow about the

face,\* trim the eye-brows, and do twenty other little private jobs for the women; but we here, who are my lady's duennas, would never have anything to do with them, for they have got ill names; for though, formerly, they got free access, and passed for relations, now they are looked upon to be no better than bawds. So, if my Lord Don Quixote do not relieve us, our beards will stick by us as long as we live."—"I will have mine plucked off hair by hair among the Moors," answered Don Quixote, "rather than not free you from yours."—"Ah, valorous knight!" cried the Countess Trifaldi, recovering that moment from her fit, "the sweet sound of your promise reached my hearing in the very midst of my trance, and has perfectly restored my senses. I beseech you therefore once again, most illustrious sir, and invincible knight-errant, that your gracious promise may soon have the wished-for effect."—"I will be guilty of no neglect, madam," answered Don Quixote: "Point out the way, and you shall soon be convinced of my readiness to serve you."

"You must know then, sir," said the Disconsolate Lady, "from this place to the kingdom

\* There is a sort of women-barbers in Spain, that take the down off women's faces, and sell them washes, and these are commonly reputed to be giving to bawding.

of Candaya, by computation, we reckon about five thousand leagues, two or three more or less: But if you ride through the air in a direct line, it is not above three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You are likewise to understand, that Malambruno told me, that when fortune should make me find out the knight who is to dissolve our enchantment, he would send him a famous steed, much easier, and less resty and full of tricks, than those jades that are commonly let out to hire, as being the same wooden horse that carried the valorous Peter of Provence, and the fair Magalona, when he stole her away. It is managed by a wooden peg in its forehead, instead of a bridle, and flies as swiftly through the air as if all the devils in hell were switching him, or blowing fire in his tail. This courser, tradition delivers to have been the handiwork of the sage Merlin, who never lent him to any but particular friends, or when he was paid sauce for him. Among others, his friend Peter of Provence borrowed him, and by the help of his wonderful speed, stole away the fair Magalona,<sup>1</sup> as I said, setting her behind on the crupper (for you must know he carries double), and so towering up in the air, he left

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XL.

the people that stood near the place whence he started, gaping, staring, and amazed.

“Since that journey, we have heard of nobody that has backed him; but this we know, that Malambruno, since that, got him by his art, and has used, ever since, to post about to all parts of the world. He is here to-day, and to-morrow in France, and the next day in America: And one of the best properties of the horse is, that he costs not a farthing in keeping, for he neither eats nor sleeps, neither needs he any shoeing; besides, without having wings, he ambles so very easy through the air, that you may carry in your hand a cup full of water a thousand leagues, and not spill a drop, so that the fair Magalona loved mightily to ride him.”

“Nay,” quoth Sancho, “as for an easy pacer, commend me to Dapple. Indeed, he is none of your highflyers, he cannot gallop in the air; but, on the king’s highway, he shall pace you with the best ambler that ever went on four legs.” This set the whole company a-laughing; but then the Disconsolate Lady going on, “This horse,” said she, “will certainly be here within half an hour after it is dark, if Malambruno designs to put an end to our misfortunes, for that was the sign by which I should discover

my deliverer.”—“And pray, forsooth,” quoth Sancho, “how many will this same horse carry upon occasion?”—“Two,” answered she; “one on the saddle, and the other behind on the crupper, and those two are commonly the knight and the squire, if some stolen damsel be not to be one.”—“Good disconsolate madam,” quoth Sancho, “I would fain know the name of this same nag.”—“The horse’s name,” answered she, “is neither Pegasus, like Belle-rophon’s; nor Bucephalus, like Alexander’s; nor Brilladoro, like Orlando’s; nor Bayard, like Rinaldo’s; nor Frontin, like Rogero’s; nor Bootes, nor Pyrithous, like the horses of the Sun; neither is he called Orelia, like the horse which Rodrigo, the last king of Spain of the Gothic race, bestrode that unfortunate day when he lost the battle, the kingdom, and his life.”—“I will lay you a wager,” quoth Sancho, “since the horse goes by none of those famous names, he does not go by that of Rozinante neither, which is my master’s horse, and another guess-beast than you have reckoned up.”—“It is very right,” answered the bearded lady; “however, he has a very proper and significant name, for he is called Clavileno, or Wooden Peg the swift, from the wooden peg in his forehead; so that, from the significancy of name

at least, he may be compared with Rozinante.” —“I find no fault with his name,” quoth Sancho; “but what kind of bridle or halter do you manage him with?”—“I told you already,” replied she, “that he is guided by the peg, which, being turned this way or that way, he moves accordingly, either mounting aloft in the air, or almost brushing and sweeping the ground, or else flying in the middle region, the way which ought indeed most to be chosen in all affairs of life.”—“I should be glad to see this notable tit,” quoth Sancho; “but do not desire to get on his back, either before or behind. No, by my Holy Dame, you may as well expect pears from an elm. It were a pretty jest, I trow, for me that can hardly sit my own Dapple, with a pack-saddle as soft as silk, to suffer myself to be horsed upon a hard wooden thing, without either cushion or pillow under my buttocks. Before George! I will not gall my backside to take off the best lady’s beard in the land. Let them that have beards wear them still, or get them whipped off as they think best; I will not take such a long jaunt with my master, not I. There is no need of me in this shaving of beards, as there was in Dulcinea’s business.”—“Upon my word, dear sir, but there is,” replied Trifaldi; “and

so much, that without you nothing can be done.”—“God save the king!” cried Sancho; “what have we squires to do with our master’s adventures? We must bear the trouble, forsooth, and they run away with the credit! Body o’me, it were something, would those that write their stories but give the squires their due shares in their books; as thus, ‘such a knight ended such an adventure; but it was with the help of such a one, his squire, without which, the devil a bit could he ever have done it.’ But they shall barely tell you in their histories, ‘Sir Paralipomenon, Knight of the Three Stars, ended the adventure of the six hobgoblins,’ and not a word all the while of his squire’s person, as if there were no such man, though he was by all the while, poor devil. In short, good people, I do not like it; and, once more, I say, my master may even go by himself for Sancho, and joy betide him. I will stay and keep Madam Duchess company here; and mayhap, by that time he comes back, he will find his Lady Dulcinea’s business pretty forward, for I mean to give my bare breech a jirking, till I brush off the very hair at idle times, that is, when I have nothing else to do.”

“Nevertheless, honest Sancho,” said the duchess, “if your company be necessary in

this adventure, you must go, for all good people will make it their business to entreat you; and it would look very ill, that, through your vain fears, these poor gentlewomen should remain thus with rough and bristly faces.”—

“God save the king, I cry again,” said Sancho; “were it a piece of charity for the relief of some good sober gentlewoman, or poor innocent hospital girls, something might be said; but to gall my backside, and venture my neck, to unbeard a pack of idling, trolloping chamber-jades, with a murrain! Not I, let them go elsewhere for a shaver. I wish I might see the whole tribe of them wear beards, from the highest to the lowest, from the proudest to the primest, all hairy like so many she-goats.”—

“You are very angry with the waiting-women, Sancho,” said the duchess; “that apothecary has inspired you with this bitter spirit. But you are to blame, friend, for I will assure you there are some in my family that may serve for patterns of discretion to all those of their function; and Donna Rodriguez here will let me say no less.”—“Ay, ay, madam,” said Donna Rodriguez, “your grace may say what you please. This is a censorious world we live in, but heaven knows all; and whether good or bad, bearded or unbearded, we waiting gentle-



women had mothers as well as the rest of our sex; and since Providence has made us as we are, and placed us in the world, it knows wherefore; and so we trust in its mercy, and nobody's beard."—"Enough, Donna Rodriguez," said Don Quixote. "As for you, Lady Trifaldi, and other distressed matrons, I hope that heaven will speedily look with a pitying eye on your sorrows, and that Sancho will do as I shall desire. I only wish Clavileno would once come, that I may encounter Malambruno; for I am sure no razor should be more expeditious in shaving your ladyship's beard, than my sword to shave that giant's head from his shoulders. Heaven may a while permit the wicked, but not for ever."

"Ah! most valorous champion," said the Disconsolate Matron, "may all the stars in the celestial regions shed their most propitious influence on your generous valour, which thus supports the cause of our unfortunate office, so exposed to the poisonous rancour of apothecaries, and so reviled by saucy grooms and squires. Now an ill luck attend the low-spirited quean, who, in the flower of her youth, will not rather choose to turn nun than waiting-woman! Poor forlorn contemned creatures as we are, though descended, in a direct line

from father to son, from Hector of Troy himself; yet would not our ladies find a more civil way to speak to us than thee and thou, though it were to gain them a kingdom. O giant Malambruno! thou who, though an enchanter, art always most faithful to thy word, send us the peerless Clavileno, that our misfortunes may have an end; for if the weather grows hotter than it is, and these shaggy beards still sprout about our faces, what a sad pickle will they be in!"

The Disconsolate Lady uttered these lamentations in so pathetic a manner, that the tears of all the spectators waited on her complaints; and even Sancho himself began to water his plants, and condescended at last to share in the adventure, and attend his master to the very fag-end of the world, so he might contribute to the clearing away the weeds that overspread those venerable faces.

## CHAPTER XLI.

OF CLAVILENO'S\* (ALIAS WOODEN PEG'S) ARRIVAL,  
WITH THE CONCLUSION OF THIS TEDIOUS  
ADVENTURE.

THESE discourses brought on the night, and with it the appointed time for the famous Clavileno's arrival. Don Quixote, very impatient at his delay, began to fear, that either he was not the knight for whom this adventure was reserved, or else that the giant Malambruno had not courage to enter into a single combat with him. But, unexpectedly, who should enter the garden but four savages, covered with green ivy, bearing on their shoulders a large wooden horse, which they set on his legs before the company; and then one of them cried out, "Now let him that has courage mount this engine."—"I am not he," quoth Sancho, "for I have no courage, nor am I a knight."—"And let him take his squire behind him, if he has one," continued the savage; "with this assu-

\* A name derived from two Spanish words, *clavo*, a nail or pin, and *leno*, wood.

rance from the valorous Malambruno, that no foul play shall be offered, nor will he use anything but his sword to offend him. It is but only turning the peg before him, and the horse will transport him through the air to the place where Malambruno attends their coming. But let them blindfold their eyes, lest the dazzling and stupendous height of their career should make them giddy; and let the neighing of the horse inform them that they are arrived at their journey's end."—Thus having made his speech, the savage turned about with his companions, and, leaving Clavileno, marched out handsomely the same way they came in.

The Disconsolate Matron, seeing the horse, almost with tears addressed Don Quixote. "Valorous knight," cried she, "Malambruno is a man of his word;—the horse is here, our beards bud on; therefore I and every one of us conjure you, by all the hairs on our chins, to hasten our deliverance, since there needs no more, but that you and your squire get up, and give a happy beginning to your intended journey."—"Madam," answered Don Quixote, "I will do it with all my heart; I will not so much as stay for a cushion, or to put on my spurs, but mount instantly; such is my impatience to disbeard your ladyship's face, and

restore you all to your former gracefulness.”—  
“That is more than I should do,” quoth Sancho; “I am not in such plaguy haste, not I; and if the quick-set hedges on their snouts cannot be lopped off without my riding on that hard crupper, let my master furnish himself with another squire, and these gentlemen get some other barber. I am no witch, sure, to ride through the air at this rate on a broomstick! What will my islanders say, think ye, when they hear their governor is flying like a paper-kite? Besides, it is three or four thousand leagues from hence to Candaya; and what if the horse should tire upon the road, or the giant grow humoursome? what would become of us then? We may be seven years a-getting home again; and heaven knows by that time what would become of my government: neither island nor dry land would know poor Sancho again. No, no, I know better things. What says the old proverb? Delays breed danger; and, When a cow is given thee, run and halter her. I am the gentlewoman’s humble servant, but they and their beards must excuse me, faith! St Peter is well at Rome, that is to say, here I am much made of, and, by the master of the house’s good will, I hope to see myself a governor”—

“Friend Sancho,” said the duke, “as for your island, it neither floats nor stirs, so there is no fear it should run away before you come back; the foundations of it are fixed and rooted in the profound abyss of the earth. Now, because you must needs think I cannot but know, that there is no kind of office of any value that is not purchased with some sort of bribe, or gratification of one kind or other, all that I expect for advancing you to this government, is only that you wait on your master in this expedition, that there may be an end of this memorable adventure. And I here engage my honour, that whether you return on Clavileno with all the speed his swiftness promises, or that it should be your ill fortune to be obliged to foot it back like a pilgrim, begging from inn to inn, and door to door, still whenever you come you will find your island where you left it, and your islanders as glad to receive you for their governor as ever. And for my own part, Signior Sancho, I will assure you, you would very much wrong my friendship, should you in the least doubt my readiness to serve you.”—“Good your worship, say no more,” cried Sancho, “I am but a poor squire, and your goodness is too great a load for my shoulders. But hang

baseness; mount, master, and blindfold me, somebody; wish me a good voyage, and pray for me. But hark ye, good folks, when I am got up, and fly in the skies, may not I say my prayers, and call on the angels myself to help me, trow?"—"Yes, yes," answered Trifaldi, "for Malambruno, though an enchanter, is nevertheless a Christian, and does all things with a great deal of sagacity, having nothing to do with those he should not meddle with."—"Come on, then," quoth Sancho; "God and the most holy Trinity of Gæta\* help me!"—"Thy fear, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "might, by a superstitious mind, be thought ominous. Since the adventure of the fulling-mills, I have not seen thee possessed with such a panic terror. But hark ye, begging this noble company's leave, I must have a word with you in private."

Then withdrawing into a distant part of the garden among some trees, "My dear Sancho," said he, "thou seest we are going to take a long journey; thou art no less sensible of the uncertainty of our return, and Heaven alone can tell what leisure or conveniency we may have in all that time. Let me therefore beg thee to slip aside to thy chamber, as if it were

\* A church in Italy, of special devotion to the blessed Trinity.

to get thyself ready for our journey, and there presently despatch me only some 500 lashes, on account of the 3300 thou standest engaged for; it will soon be done, and a business well begun, you know, is half ended.”—“Stark mad, before George!” cried Sancho. “I wonder you are not ashamed, sir. This is just as they say, you see me in haste, and ask me for a maidenhead. I am just going to ride the wooden horse, and you would have me flay my backside! Truly, truly, you are plaguily out at this time. Come, come, sir, let us do one thing after another; let us get off these women’s whiskers, and then I will feague it away for Dulcinea. I have no more to say on the matter at present.”—“Well, honest Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “I will take thy word for once, and I hope thou wilt make it good; for I believe thou art more fool than knave.”—“I am what I am,” quoth Sancho; “but whatever I be I will keep my word, never fear it.”

Upon this they returned to the company; and, just as they were going to mount, “Blind thy eyes, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and get up. Sure he that sends so far for us can have no design to deceive us! since it would never be to his credit to delude those that rely on his



word of honour; and, though the success should not be answerable to our desires, still the glory of so brave an attempt will be ours, and it is not in the power of malice to eclipse it.”—“To horse, then, sir,” cried Sancho, “to horse. The tears of these poor bearded gentlewomen have melted my heart, and methinks I feel the bristles sticking in it. I shall not eat a bit to do me good, till I see them have as pretty dimpled smooth chins, and soft lips, as they had before. Mount, then, I say, and blindfold yourself first; for, if I must ride behind, it is a plain case you must get up before me.”—“That is right,” said Don Quixote; and, with that, pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, he gave it to the Disconsolate Matron to hoodwink him close. She did so; but, presently after, uncovering himself, “If I remember right,” said he, “we read in Virgil of the Trojan Palladium, that wooden horse, which the Greeks offered Pallas, full of armed knights, who afterwards proved the total ruin of that famous city. It were prudent, therefore, before we get up, to probe this steed, and see what he has in his guts.”—“You need not,” said the Countess Trifaldi; “I dare engage there is no ground for any such surmise; for Malambruno is a man of honour,

and would not so much as countenance any base or treacherous practice ; and, whatever accident befalls you, I dare answer for." Upon this, Don Quixote mounted, without any reply, imagining that what he might further urge concerning his security would be a reflection on his valour. He then began to try the pin, which was easily turned ; and as he sat, with his long legs stretched at length for want of stirrups, he looked like one of those antique figures in a Roman triumph, woven in some old piece of arras.

Sancho, very leisurely and unwillingly, was made to climb up behind him ; and, fixing himself as well as he could, on the crupper, felt it somewhat hard and uneasy. With that, looking on the duke, " Good my lord," quoth he, " will you lend me something to clap under me ; some pillow from the page's bed, or the duchess's cushion of state, or any thing ; for, this horse's crupper is so confounded hard, I fancy it is rather marble than wood."—" It is needless," said the countess ; " for Clavileno will bear no kind of furniture upon him ; so that, for your greater ease, you had best sit side-ways, like a woman." Sancho took her advice ; and then, after he had taken his leave of the company, they bound a cloth over his

eyes ; but, presently after, uncovering his face, with a pitiful look on all the spectators, “ Good, tender-hearted Christians,” cried he, with tears in his eyes, “ bestow a few Pater-nosters and Ave-Marias on a poor departing brother, and pray for my soul, as you expect the like charity yourselves in such a condition ! ”

“ What ! you rascal,” said Don Quixote, “ do you think yourself at the gallows, and at the point of death, that you hold forth in such a lamentable strain ? Dastardly wretch without a soul, dost thou not know that the fair Magalona once sat in thy place, and alighted from thence, not into the grave, thou chicken-hearted varlet, but into the throne of France, if there is any truth in history ? And do not I sit by thee, that I may vie with the valorous Peter of Provence, and press the seat that was once pressed by him ? Come, blindfold thy eyes, poor spiritless animal, and let me not know thee betray the least symptom of fear, at least not in my presence.” — “ Well,” quoth Sancho, “ hoodwink me then among you : But, it is no marvel one should be afraid, when you will not let one say his prayers, nor be prayed for, though, for aught I know, we may have a legion of

imps about our ears, to clap us up in the devil's pond\* presently."

Now, both being hoodwinked, and Don Quixote perceiving everything ready for their setting out, began to turn the pin; and, no sooner had he set his hand to it, than the waiting-women, and all the company, set up their throats, calling out, "Speed you, speed you well, valorous knight; Heaven be your guide, undaunted squire! Now, now, you fly aloft! See how they cut the air more swiftly than an arrow! Now they mount, and tower, and soar, while the gazing world wonders at their course. Sit fast, sit fast, courageous Sancho! you do not sit steady; have a care of falling; for, should you now drop from that amazing height, your fall would be greater than the aspiring youth's that misguided the chariot of the Sun, his father." All this Sancho heard, and, girding his arms fast about his master's waist, "Sir," quoth he, "why do they say we are so high, since we can hear their voices? Truly I hear them so plainly, that one would think they were close by us."—"Never mind

\* In the original it is, to carry us to Peralvillo, *i.e.* to hang us first, and try us afterwards, as Jarvis translates it. Stevens's Dictionary says, Peralvillo is a village near Ciudad-Real, in Castile, where the holy brotherhood, or officers for apprehending highwaymen, despatch those they take in the fact, without bringing them to trial; like what we call, hanging a man first, and trying him afterwards.

that," answered Don Quixote; "for, in these extraordinary kinds of flight, we must suppose our hearing and seeing will be extraordinary also. But do not hold me so hard, for you will make me tumble off. What makes thee tremble so? I am sure I never rode easier in all my life; our horse goes as if he did not move at all. Come, then, take courage; we make swinging way, and have a fair and merry gale."—"I think so too," quoth Sancho; "for I feel the wind puff as briskly upon me here, as if I do not know how many pair of bellows were blowing wind in my tail." Sancho was not altogether in the wrong; for two or three pair of bellows were indeed levelled at him then, which gave air very plentifully; so well had the plot of this adventure been laid by the duke, the duchess, and their steward, that nothing was wanting to further the diversion.

Don Quixote at last feeling the wind, "Sure," said he, "we must be risen to the middle region of the air, where the winds, hail, snow, thunder, lightning, and other meteors are produced; so that, if we mount at this rate, we shall be in the region of fire presently; and what is worse, I do not know how to manage this pin, so as to avoid being scorched and roasted alive." At the same time some flax,

with other combustible matter, which had been got ready, was clapped at the end of a long stick, and set on fire at a small distance from their noses; and the heat and smoke affecting the knight and the squire, "May I be hanged," quoth Sancho, "if we be not come to this fire-place you talk of, or very near it, for the half of my beard is singed already. I have a huge mind to peep out, and see whereabouts we are."—"By no means," answered Don Quixote. "I remember the strange but true story of Doctor Torralva, whom the devil carried to Rome hoodwinked, and, bestriding a reed, in twelve hours time setting him down in the tower of Nona, in one of the streets of that city. There he saw the dreadful tumult, assault, and death of the Constable of Bourbon;<sup>1</sup> and, the next morning, he found himself at Madrid, where he related the whole story. Among other things, he said, as he went through the air, the devil bid him open his eyes, which he did, and then he found himself so near the moon, that he could touch him with his finger; but durst not look towards the earth, lest the distance should make his brains turn round. So, Sancho, we must not unveil our eyes, but rather wholly trust

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XLI.

to the care and providence of him that has charge of us, and fear nothing, for we only mount high, to come souse down, like a hawk, upon the kingdom of Candaya, which we shall reach presently; for, though it appears to us not half an hour since we left the garden, we have, nevertheless, travelled over a vast tract of air.”—“I know nothing of the matter,” replied Sancho; “but of this I am very certain, that, if your Madam Magulane, or Magalona, (what do you call her?) could sit this damned wooden crupper without a good cushion under her tail, she must have a harder pair of buttocks than mine.”

This dialogue was certainly very pleasant all this while to the duke and duchess, and the rest of the company; and now, at last, resolving to put an end to this extraordinary adventure, which had so long entertained them successfully, they ordered one of their servants to give fire to Clavileno's tail; and, the horse being stuffed full of squibs, crackers, and other fire-works, burst presently into pieces, with a mighty noise, throwing the knight one way, and the squire another, both sufficiently singed. By this time the Disconsolate Matron, and bearded regiment, were vanished out of the garden, and all the rest, counterfeiting a

trance, lay flat upon the ground. Don Quixote and Sancho, sorely bruised, made shift to get up, and, looking about, were amazed to find themselves in the same garden whence they took horse, and see such a number of people lie dead, as they thought, on the ground. But their wonder was diverted, by the appearance of a large lance stuck in the ground, and a scroll of white parchment fastened to it by two green silken strings, with the following inscription upon it, in golden characters:—

“The renowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, achieved the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Disconsolate Matron, and her companions in distress, by barely attempting it. Malambruno is fully satisfied. The waiting gentlewomen have lost their beards. King Clavijo and Queen Antonomasia have resumed their pristine shapes; and, when the squire’s penance shall be finished, the white dove shall escape the pounces of the pernicious hawks that pursue her, and her pining lover shall lull in her arms. This is pre-ordained by the Sage Merlin, proto-enchanter of enchanters.”

Don Quixote having read this oracle, and construing it to refer to Dulcinea’s disenchantment, rendered thanks to heaven for so great



a deliverance; and approaching the duke and duchess, who seemed as yet in a swoon, he took the duke by the hand: "Courage, courage, noble sir," cried he, "there is no danger; the adventure is finished without bloodshed, as you may read it registered in that record."

The duke, yawning and stretching as if he had been waked out of a sound sleep, recovered himself by degrees, as did the duchess and the rest of the company; all of them acting the surprise so naturally that the jest could not be discovered. The duke, rubbing his eyes, made a shift to read the scroll; then, embracing Don Quixote, he extolled his valour to the skies, assuring him, he was the bravest knight the earth had ever possessed. As for Sancho, he was looking up and down the garden for the Disconsolate Matron, to see what sort of a face she had got, now her furze-bush was off. But he was informed, that as Clavileno came down flaming in the air, the Countess, with her women, vanished immediately, but not one of them chinbristled, nor so much as a hair upon their faces.

Then the duchess asked Sancho how he had fared in his long voyage? "Why truly, madam," answered he, "I have seen wonders;

for you must know, that though my master would not suffer me to pull the cloth from my eyes, yet as I have a kind of itch to know every thing, and a spice of the spirit of contradiction, still hankering after what is forbidden me; so when, as my master told me, we were flying through the region of fire, I shoved my handkerchief a little above my nose, and looked down, and what do you think I saw? I spied the earth a hugeous way afar off below me (Heaven bless us!) no bigger than a mustard seed; and the men walking to and fro upon it, not much larger than hazle-nuts. Judge now if we were not got up woundy high!"—"Have a care what you say, my friend," said the duchess; "for if the men were bigger than hazle-nuts, and the earth no bigger than a mustard-seed, one man must be bigger than the whole earth, and cover it so that you could not see it."—"Like enough," answered Sancho; "but for all that, do you see, I saw it with a kind of a side-look upon one part of it, or so."—"Look you, Sancho," replied the duchess, "that will not bear; for nothing can be wholly seen by any part of it."—"Well, well, madam," quoth Sancho, "I do not understand your parts and wholes; I saw it, and there is an end of the story. Only you must think, that

as we flew by enchantment, so we saw by enchantment; and thus I might see the earth, and all the men, which way soever I looked. I will warrant, you will not believe me neither, when I tell you, that when I thrust up the kerchief above my brows, I saw myself so near heaven, that between the top of my cap and the main sky, there was not a span and a half. And heaven bless us! forsooth, what a hugeous great place it is! and we happened to travel that road where the seven\* she-goat stars were; and faith and troth I had such a mind to play with them (having been once a goat-herd myself), that I fancy I would have cried myself to death, had I not done it. So soon as I spied them, what does me, but sneaks down very soberly from behind my master, without telling any living soul, and played and leaped about for three quarters of an hour, by the clock, with the pretty nanny-goats, who are as sweet and fine as so many marigolds or gilly-flowers; and honest Wooden Peg stirred not one step all the while.”—“And while Sancho employed himself with the goats,” asked the duke, “how was Don Quixote employed?”—“Truly,” answered the knight, “I am sensible all things were

\* The *Pleiades*, vulgarly called in Spanish, the Seven Young She-goats.

altered from their natural course; therefore what Sancho says seems the less strange to me. But, for my own part, I neither saw heaven nor hell, sea nor shore. I perceived, indeed, we passed through the middle region of the air, and were pretty near that of fire, but that we came so near heaven as Sancho says, is altogether incredible; because we then must have passed quite through the fiery region, which lies between the sphere of the moon and the upper region of the air. Now it was impossible for us to reach that part, where are the Pleiades, or the Seven Goats, as Sancho calls them, without being consumed in the elemental fire; and therefore, since we escaped those flames, certainly we did not soar so high, and Sancho either lies or dreams.” —“I neither lie nor dream,” replied Sancho. “Uds precious! I can tell you the marks and colour of every goat among them: If you do not believe me, do but ask and try me. You will easily see whether I speak truth or no.” —“Well,” said the duchess, “pr’ythee tell me, Sancho.” —“Look you,” answered Sancho, “there were two of them green, two carnation, two blue, and one party-coloured.” —“Truly,” said the duke, “that is a new kind of goats you have found out, Sancho; we have none

of those colours upon earth.”—“Sure, sir,” replied Sancho, “you will make some sort of difference between heavenly she-goats and the goats of this world?”—“But Sancho,” said the duke, “among these she-goats, did you never see a he? \* Not one horned beast of the masculine gender?”—“Not one, sir, I saw no other horned thing but the moon; and I have been told that neither he-goats, nor any other cornuted tups are suffered to lift their horns beyond those of the moon.”

They did not think fit to ask Sancho any more questions about his airy voyage; for, in the humour he was in, they judged he would not stick to ramble all over the heavens, and tell them news of whatever was doing there, though he had not stirred out of the garden all the while.

Thus ended, in short, the adventure of the Disconsolate Matron, which afforded sufficient sport to the duke and duchess, not only for the present, but for the rest of their lives; and might have supplied Sancho with matter of talk from generation to generation, for many ages, could he have lived so long. “Sancho,” said Don Quixote, whispering him in the ear, “since thou wouldst have us believe what thou hast seen in heaven, I desire thee to believe what I saw in Montesinos’s cave. Not a word more.”

\* *Cabron*: A jest on the double meaning of that word, which signifies both a he-goat and a cuckold.

## CHAPTER XLII.

THE INSTRUCTIONS WHICH DON QUIXOTE GAVE  
SANCHO PANZA BEFORE HE WENT TO THE  
GOVERNMENT OF HIS ISLAND, WITH OTHER  
MATTERS OF MOMENT.

THE satisfaction which the duke and duchess received by the happy success of the adventure of the Disconsolate Matron, encouraged them to carry on some other pleasant project, since they could, with so much ease, impose upon the credulity of Don Quixote and his squire. Having therefore given instructions to their servants and vassals how to behave themselves towards Sancho in his government, the day after the scene of the wooden horse, the duke bid Sancho prepare, and be in readiness to take possession of his government; for now his islanders wished as heartily for him, as they did for rain in a dry summer. Sancho made a humble bow, and, looking demurely on the duke, "Sir," quoth he, "since I came down from heaven, whence I saw the earth so very small, I am not half so hot as I was for

being a governor. For what greatness can there be in being at the head of a puny dominion, that is but a little nook of a tiny mustard-seed? and what dignity and power can a man be reckoned to have, in governing half-a-dozen men no bigger than hazle-nuts? For I could not think there were any more in the whole world. No, if your grace would throw away upon me never so little a corner in heaven, though it were but half a league, or so, I would take it with better will than I would the largest island on earth.”—“Friend Sancho,” answered the duke, “I cannot dispose of an inch of heaven; for that is the province of God alone: but what I am able to bestow I give you; that is, an island tight and clever, round and well proportioned, fertile and plentiful to such a degree, that if you have but the art and understanding to manage things right, you may hoard there both of the treasures of this world, and the next.”

“Well then,” quoth Sancho, “let me have this island, and I will do my best to be such a governor, that, in spite of rogues, I shall not want a small nook in heaven one day or other. It is not out of covetousness neither, that I would leave my little cot, and set up for somebody, but merely to know what kind of thing

it is to be a governor.”—“Oh! Sancho,” said the duke, “when once you have had a taste of it, you will never leave licking your fingers, it is so sweet and bewitching a thing to command and be obeyed. I am confident, when your master comes to be an emperor (as he cannot fail to be, according to the course of his affairs) he will never, by any consideration, be persuaded to abdicate; his only grief will be, that he was one no sooner.

“Troth, sir,” replied Sancho, “I am of your mind; it is a dainty thing to command, though it were but a flock of sheep.”—“Oh! Sancho,” cried the duke, “let me live and die with thee: For thou hast an insight into everything. I hope thou wilt prove as good a governor as thy wisdom bespeaks thee. But no more at this time,—to-morrow, without further delay, you set forward to your island, and shall be furnished this afternoon with equipage and dress answerable to your post, and all other necessaries for your journey.”

“Let them dress me as they will,” quoth Sancho, “I shall be the same Sancho Panza still.”—“That is true,” said the duke, “yet every man ought to wear clothes suitable to his place and dignity; for a lawyer should not go dressed like a soldier, nor a soldier like a priest.



As for you, Sancho, you are to wear the habit both of a captain and a civil magistrate; so your dress shall be a compound of those two; for in the government that I bestow on you, arms are as necessary as learning, and a man of letters as requisite as a swordsman."—"Nay, as for letters," quoth Sancho, "I cannot say much for myself: For as yet I scarce know my A, B, C; but yet, if I can but remember my Christ's-cross,\* it is enough to make me a good governor: As for my arms, I will not quit my weapon as long as I can stand, and so heaven be our guard!"—"Sancho cannot do amiss," said the duke, "while he remembers these things."

By this time Don Quixote arrived, and hearing how suddenly Sancho was to go to his government, with the duke's permission, he took him aside to give him some good instructions for his conduct in the discharge of his office.

Being entered Don Quixote's chamber, and the door shut, he almost forcibly obliged Sancho to sit by him; and then, with a grave and deliberate voice, he thus began:

'I give heaven infinite thanks, friend Sancho,

\* He means the Christ-cross-row; so called from the cross being put at the beginning of the A, B, C.

that, before I have the happiness of being put in possession of my hopes, I can see thine already crowned: Fortune hastening to meet thee with thy wishes. I, who had assigned the reward of thy services upon my happy success, am yet but on the way to preferment; and thou, beyond all reasonable expectation, art arrived at the aim and end of thy desires. Some are assiduous, solicitous, importunate, rise early, bribe, entreat, press, will take no denial, obstinately persist in their suit, and yet at last never obtain it. Another comes on, and, by a lucky hit or chance, bears away the prize, and jumps into the preferment which so many had pursued in vain; which verifies the saying,

‘The happy have their days, and those they choose;  
The unhappy have but hours, and those they lose.’

Thou, who seemest to me a very blockhead, without sitting up late, or rising early, or any manner of fatigue or trouble, only the air of knight-errantry being breathed on thee, art advanced to the government of an island in a trice, as if it were a thing of no moment, a very trifle. I speak this, my dear Sancho, not to upbraid thee, nor out of envy, but only to let thee know, thou art not to attribute all this success to thy own merit, while it is entirely

owing to the kind heavenly Disposer of human affairs, to whom thy thanks ought to be returned. But, next to Heaven, thou art to ascribe thy happiness to the greatness of the profession of knight-errantry, which includes within itself such stores of honour and preferment.

“ Being convinced of what I have already said, be yet attentive, O my son, to what I, thy Cato, have further to say : Listen, I say, to my admonitions, and I will be thy north star, and pilot to steer and bring thee safe into the port of honour, out of the tempestuous ocean, into which thou art just going to launch ; for offices and great employments are no better than profound gulphs of confusion.

“ First of all, O my son, fear God ; for the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, and wisdom will never let thee go astray.

“ Secondly, consider what thou wert, and make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world. Yet from this lesson thou wilt learn to avoid the frog’s foolish ambition of swelling to rival the bigness of the ox ; else the consideration of your having been a hog-driver, will be, to the wheel of your fortune, like the peacock’s ugly feet.”

“ True,” quoth Sancho, “ but I was then but

a little boy ; for when I grew up to be somewhat bigger, I drove geese, and not hogs ; but methinks that is nothing to the purpose, for all governors cannot come from kings and princes."

"Very true," pursued Don Quixote, "therefore those who want a noble descent, must allay the severity of their office with mildness and civility, which, directed by wisdom, may secure them from the murmurs and malice, from which no state nor condition is exempt.

"Be well pleased with the meanness of thy family, Sancho, nor think it a disgrace to own thyself derived from labouring men ; for, if thou art not ashamed of thyself, nobody else will strive to make thee so. Endeavour rather to be esteemed humble and virtuous, than proud and vicious. The number is almost infinite of those who, from low and vulgar births, have been raised to the highest dignities, to the papal chair, and the imperial throne ; and this I could prove by examples enough to tire thy patience.

"Make virtue the medium of all thy actions, and thou wilt have no cause to envy those whose birth gives them the titles of great men, and princes ; for nobility is inherited, but virtue acquired : And virtue is worth more in itself, than nobleness of birth.

“ If any of thy poor relations come to see thee, never reject nor affront them ; but, on the contrary, receive and entertain them with marks of favour ; in this thou wilt display a generosity of nature, and please Heaven, that would have nobody to despise what it has made.

“ If thou sendest for thy wife, as it is not fit a man in thy station should be long without his wife, and she ought to partake of her husband’s good fortune, teach her, instruct her, polish her the best thou canst, till her native rusticity is refined to a handsomer behaviour ; for often an ill-bred wife throws down all that a good and discreet husband can build up.

“ Shouldst thou come to be a widower, (which is not impossible) and thy post recommend thee to a bride of a higher degree, take not one that shall, like a fishing-rod, only serve to catch bribes. For, take it from me, the judge must, at the general and last court of judicature, give a strict account of the discharge of his duty, and must pay severely at his dying-day for what he has suffered his wife to take.

“ Let never obstinate self-conceit be thy guide ; it is the vice of the ignorant, who vainly presume on their understanding.

“ Let the tears of the poor find more com-

passion, though not more justice, than the informations of the rich.

“ Be equally solicitous to find out the truth, where the offers and presents of the rich, and the sobs and importunities of the poor, are in the way.

“ Wherever equity should, or may take place, let not the extent or rigour of the law bear too much on the delinquent; for it is not a better character in a judge to be rigorous, than to be indulgent.

“ When the severity of the law is to be softened, let pity, not bribes, be the motive.

“ If thy enemy have a cause before thee, turn away thy eyes from thy prejudices, and fix them on the matter of fact.

“ In another man's cause be not blinded by thy own passions, for those errors are almost without remedy; or their cure will prove expensive to thy wealth and reputation.

“ When a beautiful woman comes before thee, turn away thy eyes from her tears, and thy ears from her lamentations; and take time to consider sedately her petition, if thou wouldst not have thy reason and honesty lost in her sighs and tears.

“ Revile not with words those whom their crimes oblige thee to punish in deed: for the

punishment is enough to the wretches, without the addition of ill language.

“ In the trial of criminals, consider as much as thou canst, without prejudice to the plaintiff, how defenceless and open the miserable are to the temptations of our corrupt and depraved nature, and so far shew thyself full of pity and clemency ; for though God’s attributes are equal, yet his mercy is more attractive and pleasing in our eyes, than his justice.

“ If thou observest these rules, Sancho, thy days shall be long, thy fame eternal, thy recompense full, and thy felicity unspeakable. Thou shalt marry thy children and grandchildren to thy heart’s desire ; they shall want no titles : Beloved of all men, thy life shall be peaceable, thy death in a good and venerable old age, and the offspring of thy grandchildren, with their soft youthful hands, shall close thy eyes.

“ The precepts I have hitherto given thee regard the good and ornament of thy mind ; now give attention to those directions that relate to the adorning of thy body.”

## CHAPTER XLIII.

THE SECOND PART OF DON QUIXOTE'S ADVICE TO  
SANCHO PANZA.

Who would not have taken Don Quixote for a man of extraordinary wisdom, and as excellent morals, having heard him documentize his squire in this manner; only, as we have often observed in this history, the least talk of knight-errantry spoiled all, and made his understanding muddy; but in everything else his judgment was very clear, and his apprehension very nice, so that every moment his actions used to discredit his judgment, and his judgment his actions? But in these economical precepts which he gave Sancho, he shewed himself master of a pleasant fancy, and mingled his judgment and extravagance in equal proportions. Sancho lent him a great deal of attention, in hopes to register all those good counsels in his mind, and put them in practice; not doubting but by their means he should acquit himself of his duty like a man of honour.



“As to the government of thy person and family,” pursued Don Quixote, “my first injunction is cleanliness. Pair thy nails, nor let them grow as some do, whose folly persuades them that long nails add to the beauty of the hand; till they look more like castrils’ claws, than a man’s nails. It is foul and unsightly.

“Keep thy clothes tight about thee; for a slovenly looseness is an argument of a careless mind; unless such a negligence, like that of Julius Cæsar, be affected for some cunning design.

“Prudently examine what thy income may amount to in a year: And if sufficient to afford thy servants liveries, let them be decent and lasting, rather than gaudy and for show; and for the overplus of thy good husbandry, bestow it on the poor. That is, if thou canst keep six footmen, keep but three; and let what would maintain three more be laid out in charitable uses. By that means thou wilt have attendants in heaven as well as on earth, which our vain-glorious great ones, who are strangers to this practice, are not likely to have.

“Lest thy breath betray thy peasantry, defile it not with onions and garlic.

“Walk with gravity, and speak with delib-

eration, and yet not as if thou didst hearken to thy own words ; for all affectation is a fault.

“ Eat little at thy dinner, and less at supper ; for the stomach is the storehouse, whence health is to be imparted to the whole body.

“ Drink moderately ; for drunkenness neither keeps a secret, nor observes a promise.

“ Be careful not to chew on both sides, that is, fill not thy mouth too full, and take heed not to eruct before company.”

“ Eruct ? ” quoth Sancho ; “ I do not understand that cramp word. ” — “ To eruct, ” answered Don Quixote, “ is as much as to say, to belch ; but this being one of the most disagreeable and beastly words in our language, though very expressive and significant ; the more polite, instead of belching, say eructing, which is borrowed from the Latin. Now, though the vulgar may not understand this, it matters not much ; for use and custom will make it familiar and understood. By such innovations are languages enriched, when the words are adopted by the multitude, and naturalized by custom.”

“ Faith and truth, ” quoth Sancho, “ of all your counsels, I will be sure not to forget this, for I have been mightily given to belching, ” — “ Say eructing, ” replied Don Quixote, “ and

leave off belching.”—“ Well,” quoth Sancho, “ be it as you say, eruct ; I will be sure to remember.”

“ In the next place, Sancho,” said the knight, “ do not overlard your common discourse with that glut of proverbs which you mix in it continually ; for though proverbs are properly concise and pithy sentences, yet as thou bringest them in, in such a huddle, by the head and shoulders, thou makest them look like so many absurdities.”—“ Alas ! Sir,” quoth Sancho, “ this is a disease that Heaven alone can cure ; for I have more proverbs than will fill a book ; and when I talk, they crowd so thick and fast to my mouth, that they quarrel which shall get out first ; so that my tongue is forced to let them out as fast, first come first served, though nothing to my purpose. But henceforwards I will set a watch on my mouth, and let none fly out, but such as shall befit the gravity of my place. For in a rich man’s house, the cloth is soon laid : Where there is plenty, the guests cannot be empty. A blot’s no blot till it is hit. He is safe who stands under the bells. You cannot eat your cake and have your cake : And store’s no sore.”

“ Go on, go on, friend,” said Don Quixote, “ thread, tack, stitch on, heap proverb upon

proverb, out with them, man, spew them out! there is nobody coming. My mother whips me, and I whip the gigg. I warn thee to forbear foisting in a rope of proverbs everywhere, and thou blunderest out a whole litany of old saws, as much to the purpose as the last year's snow! Observe me, Sancho, I condemn not the use of proverbs: but it is most certain, that such a confusion and hodge-podge of them, as thou throwest out and draggest in by the hair together, makes conversation fulsome and poor.

“When thou dost ride, cast not thy body all on the crupper, nor hold thy legs stiff down, and straddling from the horse's belly; nor yet so loose, as if thou wert still on Dapple; for the air and gracefulness of sitting a horse distinguishes sometimes a gentleman from a groom. Sleep with moderation; for he that rises not with the sun loses so much day. And remember this, Sancho, that diligence is the mother of good fortune: Sloth, on the contrary, never effected any thing that sprung from a good and reasonable desire.

“The advice which I shall conclude with, I would have thee to be sure to fix in thy memory, though it relate not to the adorning of thy person; for, I am persuaded, it will redound as much to thy advantage, as any I have yet given thee. And this it is:

“ Never undertake to dispute, nor decide any controversies concerning the pre-eminence of families; since, in the comparison, one must be better than the other: for he that is lessened by thee will hate thee, and the other whom thou preferrest, will not think himself obliged to thee.

“ As for thy dress, wear close breeches and hose, a long coat, and a cloak a little longer. I do not advise thee to wear wide-kneed breeches, or trunk-hose, for they become neither swordsmen, nor men of business.

“ This is all the advice, friend Sancho, I have to give thee at present. If thou takest care to let me hear from thee hereafter, I shall give thee more, according as thy occasions and emergencies require.”

“ Sir,” said Sancho, “ I see very well that all you have told me is mighty good, wholesome, and to the purpose: But what am I the better, if I cannot keep it in my head? I grant you, I shall not easily forget that about paring my nails, and marrying again, if I should have the luck to bury my wife. But for all that other gallimaufry, and heap of stuff, I can no more remember one syllable of it, than the shapes of last year’s clouds. Therefore let me have it in black and white, I beseech you. It

is true, I can neither write nor read, but I will give it to my father-confessor, that he may beat and hammer it into my noddle, as occasion serves."—"O Heaven!" cried Don Quixote, "how scandalous it looks in a governor not to be able to write or read! I must needs tell thee, Sancho, that for a man to be so illiterate, or to be left-handed, implies that either his parents were very poor and mean, or that he was of so perverse a nature, he could not receive the impressions of learning, nor any thing that is good. Poor soul, I pity thee! this is indeed a very great defect. I would have thee at least learn to write thy name."—"Oh! as for that," quoth Sancho, "I can do well enough: I can set my name: for when I served several offices in our parish, I learned to scrawl a sort of letters, such as they mark bundles of stuff with, which they told me spelt my name. Besides, I can pretend my right hand is lame, and so another shall sign for me; for there is a remedy for all things but death. And since I have the power, I will do what I list; for, as the saying is, he whose father is judge, goes safe to his trial. And, as I am a governor, I hope I am somewhat higher than a judge. New lords, new laws. Ay, ay, let them come as they will, and play at bo-peep. Let them backbite me to my face, I will

bite-back the biters. Let them come for wool, and I will send them home shorn. Whom God loves, his house happy proves. The rich man's follies pass for wise sayings in this world. So I, being rich, do you see, and a governor, and too free-hearted into the bargain, as I intend to be, I shall have no faults at all. It is so, daub yourself with honey, and you will never want flies. What a man has, so much he is sure of, said my old grannam: And who shall hang the bell about the cat's neck?"

"Confound thee," cried Don Quixote, "for an eternal proverb-voiding swagbelly! Three-score thousand Beelzebubs take thee, and thy damned nauseous rubbish! Thou hast been this hour stringing them together, like so many ropes of onions, and poisoning and racking \* me with them. I dare say, these wicked proverbs will one day bring thee to the gallows; they will provoke thy islanders to pull thee down, or at least make them shun thee like a common nuisance. Tell me, thou essence of ignorance, where dost thou rake them up? and who taught thy codshead to apply them? For it makes me sweat, as if I were delving and

\* The original is, "draughts of the rack." It alludes to a particular kind of torture in Spain, namely, a thin piece of gauze, moistened, and put to the lips of a person dying with thirst, who swallows it down by degrees, and then it is pulled up again by the end the executioner holds in his hand.

threshing, to speak but one, and apply it properly."

"Uds precious! my good master," quoth Sancho, "what a small matter puts you in a pelting case! why the devil should you grudge me the use of my own goods and chattels? I have no other estate. Proverbs on proverbs are all my stock. And now I have four ready to pop out, as pat to the purpose as pears to a panier; \* but mum for that. Now silence is my name." †—"No," replied Don Quixote, "rather paste-roast and sauce-box, I should call thee; for thou art all tittle-tattle and obstinacy. Yet, methinks, I would fain hear these four notable proverbs that come so pat to the purpose. I thank heaven I have a pretty good memory, and yet I cannot for my soul call one to mind."—"Why, sir," quoth Sancho, "what proverbs would you have better than these? Between two cheek-teeth never clap thy thumbs. And when a man says get out of my house; what would you have with my wife? there is no answer to be made. And again, whether the pitcher hit the stone, or the stone

\* Pears sent to Madrid, from Daroca, in March, when they are scarce, and made up nicely, to prevent bruising.

† In the original, "to keep silence well, is called Sancho." The proverb is, "to keep silence well is called (*santo*) holy." But Sancho, out of archness or ignorance, changes *santo* to his own name Sancho.



the pitcher, it is bad for the pitcher. All these fit to a hair, sir; that is, let nobody meddle with his governor, or his betters, or he will rue for it, as sure as a gun; as he must expect who runs his finger between two cheek-teeth, (and though they were not cheek-teeth if they be but teeth that is enough). In the next place, let the governor say what he will, there is no gain-saying him; it is as much as when one says, get out of my house; what would you with my wife? and as for the stone and the pitcher, a blind man may see through it. And so he that sees a mote in another man's eye, should do well to take the beam out of his own; that people may not say, The pot calls the kettle black a—se, and the dead woman is afraid of her that is flayed. Besides, your worship knows, that a fool knows more in his house, than a wise body in another man's."—"That is a mistake, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "for the fool knows nothing, neither in his own house, nor in another man's; for no substantial knowledge can be erected on so bad a foundation as folly. But let us break off this discourse: If thou dost not discharge the part of a good governor, thine will be the fault, though the shame and discredit will be mine. However, this is my comfort, I have done my duty in

giving thee the best and most wholesome advice I could: And so heaven prosper and direct thee in thy government, and disappoint my fears for thy turning all things upside down in that poor island; which I might indeed prevent, by giving the duke a more perfect insight into thee, and discovering to him, that all that gorbellied paunch-gutted little corpse of thine is nothing but a bundle of proverbs, and sackful of knavery."

"Look you, sir," quoth Sancho, "if you think me not fit for this government, I will think no more on it. Alas! the least snip of my soul's nails (as a body may say) is dearer to me than my whole body: And I hope I can live plain Sancho still, upon a luncheon of bread, and a clove of garlic, as contented as Governor Sancho upon capons and partridges. Death and sleep make us all alike, rich and poor, high and low. Do but call to mind what first put this whim of government into my noddle, you will find it was your own self; for, as for me, I know no more what belongs to islands and governors, than a blind buzzard. So if you fancy the devil will have me for being a governor, let me be plain Sancho still, and go to heaven, rather than my lord governor, and go to hell."

“These last words of thine, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “in my opinion, prove thee worthy to govern a thousand islands. Thou hast naturally a good disposition, without which all knowledge is insufficient. Recommend thyself to Divine Providence, and be sure never to depart from uprightness of intention; I mean, have still a firm purpose and design to be thoroughly informed in all the business that shall come before thee, and act upon just grounds, for Heaven always favours good desires. And so let us go to dinner, for I believe now the duke and duchess expect us.”

## CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW SANCHO PANZA WAS CARRIED TO HIS GOVERNMENT, AND OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE THAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE.

WE have it from the traditional account of this history, that there is a manifest difference between the translation and the Arabic in the beginning of this chapter; Cid Hamet having, in the original, taken an occasion of criticising on himself, for undertaking so dry and limited a subject, which must confine him to the bare history of Don Quixote and Sancho, and debar him the liberty of launching into episodes and digressions, that might be of more weight and entertainment. To have his fancy, his hand, and pen, bound up to a single design, and his sentiments confined to the mouths of so few persons, he urged as an unsupportable toil, and of small credit to the undertaker; so that, to avoid this inconveniency, he has introduced into the first part some novels, as *The Curious Impertinent*, and that of *The Captive*,<sup>1</sup> which were in a manner distinct from the design,

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XLIV.

though the rest of the stories which he brought in there, fall naturally enough in with Don Quixote's affairs, and seem of necessity to claim a place in the work. It was his opinion, likewise, as he told us, that the Adventures of Don Quixote requiring so great a share of the reader's attention, his novels must expect but an indifferent reception, or, at most, but a cursory view, not sufficient to discover their artificial contexture; which must have been very obvious, had they been published by themselves, without the interludes of Don Quixote's madness, or Sancho's impertinence. He has, therefore, in this Second Part, avoided all distinct and independent stories, introducing only such as have the appearance of episodes, yet flow naturally from the design of the story, and these but seldom, and with as much brevity as they can be expressed. Therefore, since he has tied himself up to such narrow bounds, and confined his understanding and parts, otherwise capable of the most copious subjects, to the pure matter of this present undertaking, he begs it may add a value to his work, and that he may be commended, not so much for what he has written, as for what he has forborne to write. And then he proceeds in his history as follows :

After dinner, Don Quixote gave Sancho, in writing, the copy of his verbal instructions, ordering him to get somebody to read them to him. But the squire had no sooner got them, than he dropt the paper, which fell into the duke's hands, who communicating the same to the duchess, they found a fresh occasion of admiring the mixture of Don Quixote's good sense and extravagance; and so, carrying on the humour, they sent Sancho that afternoon, with a suitable equipage, to the place he was to govern, which, wherever it lay, was to be an island to him.

It happened that the management of this affair was committed to a steward of the duke's, a man of a facetious humour, and who had not only wit to start a pleasant design, but discretion to carry it on; two qualifications which make an agreeable consort when they meet, nothing being truly agreeable without good sense. He had already personated the Countess Trifaldi very successfully; and, with his master's instructions in relation to his behaviour towards Sancho, could not but discharge his trust to a wonder. Now, it fell out, that Sancho no sooner cast his eyes on the steward, than he fancied he saw the very face of Trifaldi; and turning to his master, "The

devil fetch me, sir," quoth he, "if you don't own that this same steward of the duke's here has the very phiz of my Lady Trifaldi." Don Quixote looked very earnestly on the steward, and having perused him from top to toe, "Sancho," said he, "thou needest not give thyself to the devil to confirm this matter; I see their faces are the very same. Yet, for all that, the steward and the Disconsolate Lady cannot be the same person, for that would imply a very great contradiction, and might involve us in more abstruse and difficult doubts than we have conveniency now to discuss or examine. Believe me, friend, our devotion cannot be too earnest, that we may be delivered from the power of these cursed enchantments."—"Adad, sir," quoth Sancho, "you may think I am in jest, but I heard him open just now, and I thought the very voice of Madam Trifaldi sounded in my ears. But mum is the word; I say nothing, though I shall watch his waters, to find out whether I am right or wrong in my suspicion."—"Well, do so," said Don Quixote, "and fail not to acquaint me with all the discoveries thou canst make in this affair, and other occurrences in thy government."

At last, Sancho set out with a numerous

train. He was dressed like a man of the long-robe, and wore over his other clothes a white sad-coloured coat or gown, of watered camblet, and a cap of the same stuff. He was mounted on a he-mule, and rode short, after the gannett fashion.<sup>1</sup> Behind him, by the duke's order, was led his Dapple, bridled and saddled like a horse of state, in gaudy trappings of silk; which so delighted Sancho, that every now and then he turned his head about to look upon him, and thought himself so happy, that now he would not have changed fortunes with the Emperor of Germany. He kissed the duke and duchess's hand at parting, and received his master's benediction, while the Don wept, and Sancho blubbered abundantly.

Now, reader, let the noble governor depart in peace, and speed him well. His administration in his government may perhaps make you laugh to some purpose, when it comes in play. But, in the meantime, let us observe the fortune of his master the same night, for though it do not make you laugh outright, it may chance to make you draw in your lips, and show your teeth like a monkey; for it is the property of his adventures to create always either surprise or merriment.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XLIV.



It is reported then, that immediately upon Sancho's departure, Don Quixote found the want of his presence; and, had it been in his power, he would have revoked his authority, and deprived him of his commission. The duchess, perceiving his disquiet, and desiring to understand the cause of his melancholy, told him, that if it was Sancho's absence made him uneasy, she had squires enough, and damsels in her house, that should supply his place in any service he would be pleased to command them. "It is true, madam," answered Don Quixote, "I am somewhat concerned for the absence of Sancho; but there is a more material cause of my present uneasiness, and I must beg to be excused, if among the many obligations your grace is pleased to confer on me, I decline all but the good intention that has offered them. All I have further to crave, is your grace's permission to be alone in my apartment, and to be my own servant."—"Your pardon, sir," replied the duchess, "I cannot consent you should be alone. I have four damsels, blooming as so many May roses, that shall attend you."—"They will be no roses to me," returned Don Quixote, "but so many prickles to my conscience; and if they come into my chamber, they must fly in at the window. If

your grace would crown the many favours you have heaped on this worthless person, I beseech you to leave him to himself, and the service of his own hands. No desires, madam, must enter my doors; for the walls of my chamber have always been a bulwark to my chastity, and I shall not infringe my rule for all the bounty you can lavish on me. In fine, rather than think of being undressed by any mortal, I would lie rough the whole night.”—

“Enough, enough, noble sir,” said the duchess; “I desist, and will give orders that not so much as the buzzing of a fly, much less the impertinence of a damsel, shall disturb your privacy. I am far from imposing anything, sir, that should urge Don Quixote to a transgression in point of decency; for, if I conjecture right, among the many virtues that adorn him, his modesty is the most distinguishable. Dress, therefore, and undress by yourself, how you please, when you will, and nobody shall molest you. Nay, that you may not be obliged to open your doors upon the account of any natural necessity, care shall be taken that you may find in your room whatever you may have occasion for in the night. And, may the great Dulcinea del Toboso live a thousand ages, and her fame be diffused all over the

habitable globe, since she has merited the love of so valorous, so chaste, and loyal a knight; and may the indulgent Heavens incline the heart of our governor, Sancho Panza, to put a speedy end to his discipline, that the beauties of so great a lady may be restored to the view of the admiring world!"—"Madam," returned Don Quixote, "your grace has spoken like yourself; so excellent a lady could utter nothing but what denotes the goodness and generosity of her mind: And, certainly, it will be Dulcinea's peculiar happiness to have been praised by you, for it will raise her character more to have had your grace for her panegyrist, than if the best orators in the world had laboured to set it forth."—"Sir," said the duchess, waiving this discourse, "it is supper-time, and my lord expects us. Come, then, let us to supper that you may go to bed betimes, for you must needs be weary still with the long journey you took to Candaya yesterday."—"Indeed, madam," answered Don Quixote, "I feel no manner of weariness; for I can safely swear to your grace, that I never rode an easier beast, nor a better goer, than Clavileno. For my part, I cannot imagine what could induce Malambruno to part with so swift and gentle a horse, and to burn him too,

in such a manner.”—“It is to be supposed,” said the duchess, “that being sorry for the harm he had done, not only to the Countess Trifaldi and her attendants, but to many others, and repenting of the bad deeds which, as a wizard and a necromancer, he doubtless had committed, he had a mind to destroy all the instruments of his wicked profession, and accordingly he burned Clavileno as the chief of them, that engine having served him to rove all over the world; or perhaps he did not think any man worthy of bestriding him after the great Don Quixote, and so, with his destruction, and the inscription which he has caused to be set up, he has eternized your valour.”

Don Quixote returned his thanks to the duchess, and after supper retired to his chamber, not suffering anybody to attend him, so much he feared to meet some temptation that might endanger the fidelity which he had consecrated to his Dulcinea, keeping always the eyes of his mind fixed on the constancy of Amadis, the flower and mirror of knight-errantry. He therefore shut the door of his chamber after him, and undressed himself by the light of two wax-candles. But oh! the misfortune that befell him, unworthy of such a

person! As he was straining to put off his hose, there fell—not sighs, or anything that might disgrace his decent cleanliness, but—about four-and-twenty stitches of one of his stockings, which made it look like a lattice-window. The good knight was extremely afflicted, and would have given an ounce of silver for a drachm of green silk; green silk, I say, because his stockings were green.

Here Benengeli could not forbear exclaiming, “O poverty! poverty! what could induce that great Cardova poet<sup>1</sup> to call thee a holy, thankless gift! Even I, that am a Moor, have learned by the converse I have had with Christians, that holiness consists in charity, in humility, in faith, in obedience, and in poverty. But, sure, he who can be contented when poor, had need to be strengthened by God’s peculiar grace, unless the poverty which is included among these virtues, be only that poorness in spirit which teaches us to use the things of this world as if we had them not. But thou, second poverty, fatal indigence, of which I am now speaking, why dost thou intrude upon gentlemen, and affect well-born souls more than other people? Why dost thou reduce them to cobble their shoes, and wear some silk,

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter XLIV.

some hair, and some glass buttons, on the same tattered waistcoat, as if it were only to betray variety of wretchedness? Why must their ruffs be of such a dismal hue, in rags, dirty, rumpled, and ill-starched? (and by this you may see how ancient is the use of starch and ruffs.) How miserable is a poor gentleman, who, to keep up his honour, starves his person, fares sorrily, or fasts unseen, within his solitary narrow apartment; then putting the best face he can upon the matter, comes out picking his teeth, though it is but an honourable hypocrisy, and though he has eaten nothing that requires that nice exercise? Unhappy he, whose honour is in continual alarm, who thinks that, at a mile's distance, everyone discovers the patch in his shoe, the sweat of his forehead soaked through his old rusty hat, the bareness of his clothes, and the very hunger of his famished stomach!"

All these melancholy reflections were renewed in Don Quixote's mind by the rent in his stocking. However, for his consolation, he bethought himself that Sancho had left him a pair of light boots, which he designed to put on the next day.

In short, to bed he went, with a pensive, heavy mind; the thought of Sancho's absence,

and the irreparable damage that his stocking had received, made him uneasy; he would have darned it, though it had been with silk of another colour, one of the greatest tokens of want a poor gentleman can show, during the course of his tedious misery. At last he put out the lights, but it was sultry hot, and he could not compose himself to rest. Getting up, therefore, he opened a little shutter of a barred window, that looked into a fine garden, and was presently sensible that some people were walking and talking there. He listened, and as they raised their voices, he easily overheard their discourse.

“No more, dear Emerenia,” said one to the other. “Do not press me to sing; you know that from the first moment this stranger came to the castle, and my unhappy eyes gazed on him, I have been too conversant with tears and sorrow, to sing or relish songs! Alas, all music jars when the soul is out of tune. Besides, you know the least thing wakens my lady, and I would not for the world she should find us here. But, grant she might not wake, what will my singing signify, if this new Æneas, who is come to our habitation to make me wretched, should be asleep, and not hear the sound of my complaint?”—“Pray, my

dear Altisidora," said the other, "do not make yourself uneasy with those thoughts; for, without doubt, the duchess is fast asleep, and every body in the house but we and the lord of thy desires. He is certainly awake; I heard him open his window just now; then sing, my poor grieving creature, sing and join the melting music of the lute to the soft accents of thy voice. If my lady happen to hear us, we will pretend we came out for a little air. The heat within doors will be our excuse."—"Alas! my dear," replied Altisidora, "it is not that frightens me most: I would not have my song betray my thoughts, for those that do not know the mighty force of love, will be apt to take me for a light and indiscreet creature—But yet, since it must be so, I will venture: Better shame on the face, than sorrow in the heart." This said, she began to touch her lute so sweetly, that Don Quixote was ravished. At the same time, an infinite number of adventures of this nature, such as he had read of in his idle books of knight-errantry; windows, grates, gardens, serenades, amorous meetings, parleys, and fopperies, all crowded into his imagination, and he presently fancied that one of the duchess's damsels was fallen in love with him, and struggled with her modesty



to conceal her passion. He began to be apprehensive of the danger to which his fidelity was exposed, but yet firmly determined to withstand the powerful allurements; and so, recommending himself, with a great deal of fervency, to his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he resolved to hear the music; and, to let the serenading ladies know he was awake, he feigned a kind of sneeze, which did not a little please them, for it was the only thing they wanted, to be assured their jest was not lost. With that, Altisidora having tuned her lute afresh, after a flourish, began the following song.

## THE MOCK SERENADE.

“ Wake, Sir Knight, now love’s invading,  
Sleep in Holland-sheets no more;  
When a nymph is serenading,  
’Tis an arrant shame to snore.

“ Hear a damsel, tall and tender,  
Honing in most rueful guise,  
With heart almost burn’d to cinder,  
By the sun-beams of thy eyes.

“ To free damsels from disaster  
Is, they say, your daily care;  
Can you, then, deny a plaster  
To a wounded virgin here?

“ Tell me, doughty youth, who cursed thee  
With such humours and ill-luck?  
Was’t some sullen bear dry-nursed thee,  
Or she-dragon gave thee suck?

- “ Dulcinea, that virago,  
Well may brag of such a kid ;  
Now her name is up, and may go  
From Toledo to Madrid.
- “ Would she but her prize surrender,  
(Judge how on thy face I dote !)  
In exchange I'd gladly send her  
My best gown and petticoat.
- “ Happy I, would fortune doom thee  
But to have me near thy bed,  
Stroak thee, pat thee, curry-comb thee,  
And hunt o'er thy solid head !
- “ But I ask too much sincerely,  
And I doubt I ne'er must do't ;  
I'd but kiss thy toe, and fairly  
Get the length thus of thy foot.
- “ How I'd rig thee, and what riches  
Should be heap'd upon thy bones ;  
Caps and socks, and cloaks and breeches  
Matchless pearls, and precious stones.
- “ Do not from above, like Nero,  
See me burn, and slight my woe !  
But, to quench my fires, my hero,  
Cast a pitying eye below.
- “ I'm a virgin-pullet, truly,  
One more tender ne'er was seen,  
A mere chicken, fledg'd but newly ;  
Hang me if I'm yet fifteen.
- “ Wind and limb, all's tight about me,  
My hair dangles to my feet ;  
I am straight, too ; if you doubt me,  
Trust your eyes, come down and see't.

“ I’ve a hob-nose has no fellow,  
And a sparrow’s mouth as rare ;  
Teeth like topazes all yellow,  
Yet I’m deem’d a beauty here.

“ You know what a rare musician  
(If you’d hearken) courts your choice :  
I can say my disposition  
Is as taking as my voice.

“ These, and such like charms, I’ve plenty ;  
I’m a damsel of this place ;  
Let Altisidora tempt ye,  
Or she’s in a woful case.”

Here the courting damsel ended her song, and the courted knight began his expostulation. “ Why,” said he, with a sigh heaved from the bottom of his heart, “ why must I be so unhappy a knight, that no damsel can gaze on me without falling in love ! Why must the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso be so unfortunate, as not to be permitted the single enjoyment of my transcendent fidelity ? Queens, why do you envy her ? Empresses, why do you persecute her ? Damsels of fifteen, why do you attempt to deprive her of her right ? Leave ! oh ! leave the unfortunate fair ! Let her triumph, glory, and rejoice, in the quiet possession of the heart which love has allotted her, and the absolute sway which she bears over my yielding soul. Away, un-

welcome crowd of loving impertinents ; Dulcinea alone can soften my manly temper, and mould me as she pleases. For her I am all sweetness, for you I am bitterness itself. There is to me no beauty, no prudence, no modesty, no gaiety, no nobility among your sex, but in Dulcinea alone. All other women seem to be deformed, silly, wanton, and base born, when compared with her. Nature brought me forth only that I should be devoted to her service. Let Altisidora weep or sing ; let the lady despair on whose account I have received so many blows in the disastrous castle of the enchanted Moor,\* still I am Dulcinea's, and hers alone, dead or alive, dutiful, unspotted, and unchanged, in spite of all the necromantic powers in the world." This said, he hastily clapped down the window, and flung himself into his bed with as high an indignation as if he had received some great affront. There let us leave him a while, in regard the great Sancho Panza calls upon us to see him commence his famous government.

\* Alluding to the story of Maritornes and the carrier, in the former part of the history.

## CHAPTER XLV.

HOW THE GREAT SANCHO PANZA TOOK POSSESSION  
OF HIS ISLAND, AND IN WHAT MANNER HE BEGAN  
TO GOVERN.

O! THOU perpetual surveyor of the antipodes, bright luminary of the world, and eye of heaven, sweet fermenter of liquids, here Timbrius called, there Phœbus, in one place an archer, in another a physician! Parent of poesy, and inventor of music, perpetual mover of the universe, who, though thou seemest sometimes to set, art always rising! O, sun, by whose assistance man begets man, on thee I call for help! Inspire me, I beseech thee, warm and illumine my gloomy imagination, that my narration may keep pace with the great Sancho Panza's actions through his government; for, without thy powerful influence, I feel myself benumbed, dispirited, and confused.—Now I proceed.

Sancho, with all his attendants, came to a town that had about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best where the duke had

any power. They gave him to understand that the name of the place was the island of Barataria, either because the town was called Barataria, or because the government cost him so cheap. As soon as he came to the gates (for it was walled) the chief officers and inhabitants, in their formalities, came out to receive him, the bells rung, and all the people gave general demonstrations of their joy. The new governor was then carried in mighty pomp to the great church, to give heaven thanks; and, after some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered him the keys of the gates, and received him as perpetual governor of the island of Barataria.<sup>1</sup> In the meantime, the garb, the port, the huge beard, and the short and thick shape of the new governor, made every one who knew nothing of the jest wonder; and even those who were privy to the plot, who were many, were not a little surprised.

In short, from the church they carried him to the court of justice; where, when they had placed him in his seat, "My Lord Governor," said the duke's steward to him, "it is an ancient custom here, that he who takes possession of this famous island must answer to some difficult and intricate question that is

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XLV.







propounded to him; and, by the return he makes, the people feel the pulse of his understanding, and, by an estimate of his abilities, judge whether they ought to rejoice or to be sorry for his coming."

All the while the steward was speaking, Sancho was staring on an inscription in large characters on the wall over against his seat; and, as he could not read, he asked, what was the meaning of that which he saw painted there upon the wall?—"Sir," said they, "it is an account of the day when your lordship took possession of this island; and the inscription runs thus: 'This day, being such a day of this month, in such a year, the Lord Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, which may he long enjoy.'"—And who is he," asked Sancho, "whom they call Don Sancho Panza?"—"Your lordship," answered the steward; "for we know of no other Panza in this island but yourself, who now sit in this chair."—"Well, friend," said Sancho, "pray take notice that Don does not belong to me, nor was it borne by any of my family before me, Plain Sancho Panza is my name; my father was called Sancho, my grandfather Sancho, and all of us have been Panzas, without any Don or Donna added to our name. Now do I

already guess your Dons are as thick as stones in this island. But it is enough that Heaven knows my meaning; if my government happens to last but four days to an end, it shall go hard but I will clear the island of those swarms of Dons that must needs be as troublesome as so many flesh-flies.\* Come, now for your question, good Mr Steward, and I will answer it as well as I can, whether the town be sorry or pleased."

At the same instant two men came into the court, the one dressed like a country-fellow, the other looked like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand. "If it please you, my lord," cried the tailor, "I and this farmer here are come before your worship. This honest man came to my shop yesterday, for, saving your presence, I am a tailor, and, Heaven be praised, free of my company; so, my lord, he shewed me a piece of cloth. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'is there enough of this to make a cap?' Whereupon I measured the stuff, and answered him, Yes, if it like your worship. Now, as I imagined, do you see, he could not but imagine, (and perhaps he imagined right enough,) that I had

\* A severe satire on the Spanish pride and affectation of gentility. Don is a title properly belonging only to families of note, but of late it is grown very common, which is the abuse which Sancho would here redress.—See Note 2 to Chapter XLV. in Appendix.

a mind to cabbage some of his cloth, judging hard of us honest tailors. ‘Pr’ythee,’ quoth he, ‘look there be not enough for two caps?’ Now I smelt him out, and told there was. Whereupon the old knave, (if it like your worship,) going on to the same tune, bid me look again, and see whether it would not make three? And at last, if it would not make five? I was resolved to humour my customer, and said it might; so we struck a bargain. Just now the man is come for his caps, which I gave him, but when I asked him for my money, he will have me give him his cloth again, or pay him for it.”—“Is this true, honest man?” said Sancho to the farmer.—“Yes, if it please you,” answered the fellow; “but pray, let him shew the five caps he has made me.”—“With all my heart,” cried the tailor; and with that, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he held up five little tiny caps, hanging upon his four fingers and thumb, as upon so many pins. “There,” quoth he, “you see the five caps this good gaffer asks for; and may I never whip a stitch more, if I have wronged him of the least snip of his cloth, and let any workman be judge.” The sight of the caps, and the oddness of the cause, set the whole court a-laughing. Only Sancho sat gravely consider-

ing a while, and then, "Methinks," said he, "this suit here needs not be long depending, but may be decided without any more ado, with a great deal of equity; and therefore, the judgment of the court is, that the tailor shall lose his making, and the countryman his cloth, and that the caps be given to the poor prisoners, and so let there be an end of the business."

If this sentence provoked the laughter of the whole court, the next no less raised their admiration. For after the governor's order was executed, two old men appeared before him, one of them with a large cane in his hand, which he used as a staff. "My lord," said the other, who had none, "some time ago I lent this man ten gold crowns to do him a kindness, which money he was to repay me on demand. I did not ask him for it again in a good while, lest it should prove a greater inconveniency to him to repay me, than he laboured under when he borrowed it. However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have asked him for my due; nay, I have been forced to dun him hard for it. But still he did not only refuse to pay me again, but denied he owed me anything, and said, 'that if I lent him so much money, he certainly returned it.' Now, because I have no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the pretended

payment, I beseech your lordship to put him to his oath, and if he will swear he has paid me, I will freely forgive him before God and the world.”—“What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?” asked Sancho.—“Sir,” answered the old man, “I own he lent me the gold; and since he requires my oath, I beg you will be pleased to hold down your rod of justice,\* that I may swear upon it how I have honestly and truly returned him his money.” Thereupon the governor held down his rod, and in the meantime the defendant gave his cane to the plaintiff to hold, as if it hindered him, while he was to make a cross and swear over the judge’s rod: This done, he declared that it was true the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had really returned him the same sum into his own hands; and that because he supposed the plaintiff had forgotten it, he was continually asking him for it. The great governor hearing this, asked the creditor what he had to reply? He made answer, that since his adversary had sworn it, he was satisfied; for he believed him to be a better Christian than offer to forswear himself, and that perhaps he had forgotten he had been repaid. Then the de-

\* The way of swearing in Spain, in some cases, is to hold down the rod of justice, and, making a cross on it, swear by that.

fendant took his cane again, and having made a low obiesance to the judge, was immediately leaving the court; which, when Sancho perceived, reflecting on the passage of the cane, and admiring the creditor's patience, after he had studied a while with his head leaning over his stomach, and his fore-finger on his nose, on a sudden he ordered the old man with the staff to be called back. When he was returned, "Honest man," said Sancho, "let me see that cane a little, I have a use for it."—"With all my heart," answered the other; "Sir, here it is," and with that he gave it him. Sancho took it, and giving it to the other old man, "There," said he, "go your ways, and Heaven be with you, for now you are paid."—"How so, my lord?" cried the old man; "do you judge this cane to be worth ten gold crowns?"—"Certainly," said the governor, "or else I am the greatest dunce in the world. And now you shall see whether I have not a head-piece fit to govern a whole kingdom upon a shift." This said, he ordered the cane to be broken in open court, which was no sooner done, than out dropped the ten crowns. All the spectators were amazed, and began to look on their governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he could conjecture that the ten

crowns, were in the cane? He told them, that having observed how the defendant gave it to the plaintiff to hold while he took his oath, and then swore he had truly returned him the money into his own hands, after which he took his cane again from the plaintiff, this considered, it came into his head that the money was lodged within the reed; from whence may be learned, that though sometimes those that govern are destitute of sense, yet it often pleases God to direct them in their judgment. Besides, he had heard the curate of his parish tell of such another business, and he had so special a memory, that were it not that he was so unlucky as to forget all he had a mind to remember, there could not have been a better in the whole island. At last the two old men went away, the one to his satisfaction, the other with eternal shame and disgrace; and the beholders were astonished; insomuch, that the person who was commissioned to register Sancho's words and actions, and observe his behaviour, was not able to determine whether he should not give him the character of a wise man, instead of that of a fool, which he had been thought to deserve.

No sooner was this trial over, than in came a woman, hauling a man that looked like a

good substantial grazier. "Justice, my lord governor, justice!" cried she aloud; "and if I cannot have it on earth, I will have it from Heaven! Sweet lord governor, this wicked fellow met me in the middle of a field, and has had the full use of my body; he has handled me like a dish-clout. Woe is me, he has robbed me of that which I had kept these three-and-twenty years. Wretch that I am, I had guarded it safe from natives and foreigners, Christians and infidels! I have always been as tough as cork; no salamander ever kept itself more entire in fire, nor no wool among the briars, than did poor I, till this lewd man, with nasty fists, handled me at this rate."—"Woman, woman," quoth Sancho, "no reflections yet; whether your gallant's hands were nasty or clean, that is not to the purpose." Then turning to the grazier, "Well, friend," said he, "what have you to say to this woman's complaint?"—"My lord," answered the man, looking as if he had been frightened out of his wits, "I am a poor drover, and deal in swine; so this morning I was going out of this town after I had sold (under correction be it spoken) four hogs, and what with the duties and the sharpening tricks of the officers, I hardly cleared anything by



the beasts. Now, as I was trudging home, whom should I pick up by the way but this hedge-madam here; and the devil, who has a finger in every pye, being powerful, forced us to yoke together. I gave her that which would have contented any reasonable woman, but she was not satisfied, and wanted more money, and would never leave me till she had dragged me hither. She will tell you I ravished her; but, by the oath I have taken, or mean to take, she lies, like a drab as she is, and this is every tittle true.”—“Fellow,” quoth Sancho, “hast thou any silver about thee?”—“Yes, if it like your worship,” answered the drover, “I have some twenty ducats in silver in a leathern purse here in my bosom.”—“Give it the plaintiff, money and all,” quoth Sancho. The man, with a trembling hand, did as he was commanded; the woman took it, and dropped a thousand courtesies to the company, wishing, on her knees, as many blessings to the good governor, who took such special care of poor fatherless and motherless children, and abused virgins; and then she nimbly tripped out of court, holding the purse fast in both her hands, though first she took care to peep into it, to see whether the silver were there. Scarcely was she gone, when

Sancho, turning to the fellow, who stood with the tears in his eyes, and looked as if he had parted with his blood as well as his money; "Friend," said he, "run and overtake the woman, and take the purse from her, whether she will or no, and bring it hither." The drover was neither so deaf nor so mad as to be twice bid; away he flew like lightning after his money. The whole court was in mighty expectation, and could not tell what could be the end of the matter. But a while after, the man and woman came back, he pulling, and she tugging; she with her petticoat tucked up, and the purse in her bosom, and he using all the strength he had to get it from her; but it was to no purpose, for the woman defended her prize so well, that all his manhood little availed. "Justice," cried she, "for Heaven's sake, justice, gentlemen! Look you, my lord, see this impudent ruffian, that on the king's high-way, nay, in the face of the court, would rob me of my purse, the very purse you condemned him to give me."—"And has he got it from you?" asked the governor.—"Got it!" quoth the woman, "I will lose my life before I lose my purse. I were a pretty baby, then, to let him wipe my nose thus! No, you must set other dogs upon me than this



sorry, sneaking, mangy whelp; pincers, hammers, mallets and chisels, shall not wrench it out of my clutches—no, not the claws of a lion; they shall sooner have my soul than my money.”—“She says the truth, my lord,” said the fellow, “for I am quite spent: The jade is too strong for me; I cannot grapple with her.” Sancho then called to the female. “Here,” quoth he, “honesty! You she dragon, let me see the purse.” The woman delivered it to him, and then he returned it to the man. “Hark you, mistress,” said he to her, “had you shewed yourself as stout and valiant to defend your body, (nay, but half so much,) as you have done to defend your purse, the strength of Hercules could not have forced you. Hence, impudence, get out of my sight! Away, with a pox to you, and do not offer to stay in this island, nor within six leagues of it, on pain of two hundred lashes! Out, as fast as you can, you tricking, brazen-faced, brimstone hedge-drab, away!” The wench was in a terrible fright, and sneaked away hanging down her head as shamefully as if she had been caught in the deed of darkness. “Now, friend,” said the governor to the man, “get you home with your money, and Heaven be with you: But another time, if you have

no mind to come off worse, be sure you do not yoke with such cattle." The drover thanked him as well as he could, and away he went, and all the people admired afresh their new governor's judgment and sentences; an account of which was taken by him that was appointed to be his historiographer, and forthwith transmitted to the duke, who expected it with impatience.

Now, let us leave honest Sancho here, for his master, with great earnestness, requires our attendance, Altisidora's serenade having strangely discomposed his mind.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

OF THE DREADFUL ALARM GIVEN TO DON QUIXOTE  
BY THE BELLS AND CATS, DURING THE COURSE  
OF ALTISIDORA'S AMOUR.

WE left the great Don Quixote profoundly buried in the thoughts into which the enamoured Altisidora's serenade had plunged him. He threw himself into his bed; but the cares and anxieties which he brought thither with him, like so many fleas, allowed him no repose, and the misfortune of his torn stocking added to his affliction. But as time is swift, and no bolts nor chains can bar his rapid progress, posting away on the wings of the hours, the morning came on apace. At the return of light, Don Quixote, more early than the sun, forsook his downy bed, put on his shamoy apparel, and, drawing on his walking boots, concealed in one of them the disaster of his hose. He threw his scarlet cloak over his shoulder, and clapped on his valiant head his cap of green velvet edged with silver lace. Over his right shoulder he hung his belt, the

sustainer of his trusty executing sword. About his wrist he wore the rosary, which he always carried about him; and thus accoutred, with a great deal of state and majesty, he moved towards the anti-chamber, where the duke and duchess were ready dressed, and, in a manner, expecting his coming. As he went through a gallery, he met Altisidora and her companion, who waited for him in the passage; and no sooner did Altisidora espy him, than she dissembled a swooning fit, and immediately dropt into the arms of her friend, who presently began to unlace her stays. Which Don Quixote perceiving, he approached, and, turning to the damsel, "I know the meaning of all this," said he, "and whence these accidents proceed."—"You know more than I do," answered the assisting damsel; "but this I am sure of, that hitherto, there is not a damsel in this house that has enjoyed her health better than Altisidora: I never knew her make the least complaint before. A vengeance seize all the knights-errant in the world, if they are all so ungrateful. Pray, my Lord Don Quixote, retire; for this poor young creature will not come to herself while you are by."—"Madam," answered the knight, "I beg that a lute may be left in my chamber this

evening, that I may assuage this lady's grief as well as I can; for in the beginning of an amour, a speedy and free discovery of our aversion or pre-engagement is the most effectual cure." This said, he left them, that he might not be found alone with them by those that might happen to go by. He was scarce gone when Altisidora's counterfeited fit was over; and, turning to her companion, "By all means," said she, "let him have a lute; for without doubt, the knight has a mind to give us some music, and we shall have sport enough." Then they went and acquainted the duchess with their proceeding, and Don Quixote's desiring a lute; whereupon, being overjoyed at the occasion, she plotted with the duke and her woman a new contrivance, to have a little harmless sport with the Don. After this they expected, with a pleasing impatience, the return of night, which stole upon them as fast as had done the day, which the duke and duchess passed in agreeable converse with Don Quixote. The same day she dispatched a trusty page of hers, who had personated Dulcinea in the wood, to Teresa Panza, with her husband's letter, and the bundle of clothes which he had left behind him, charging him to bring her back

a faithful account of every particular between them.

At last, it being eleven o'clock at night, Don Quixote retired to his apartment, and, finding a lute there, he tuned it, opened the window, and, perceiving there was somebody walking in the garden, he ran over the strings of the instrument; and having tuned it again as nicely as he could, he coughed and cleared his throat, and then, with a voice somewhat hoarse, yet not unmusical, he sang the following song, which he had composed himself that very day.

#### THE ADVICE.

Love, a strong designing foe,  
Careless hearts with ease deceives ;  
Can thy breast resist his blow,  
Which your sloth unguarded leaves ?

If you're idle, you're destroy'd,  
All his art on you he tries ;  
But be watchful and employ'd,  
Straight the baffled tempter flies.

Maids for modest grace admired,  
If they would their fortunes raise,  
Must in silence live retired ;  
'Tis their virtue speaks their praise.

Prudent men in this agree,  
Whether arms or courts they use ;  
They may trifle with the free,  
But for wives the virtuous chuse.



Wanton loves, which, in their way,  
 Roving travellers put on,  
 In the morn are fresh and gay,  
 In the evening cold and gone.

Loves, that come with eager haste,  
 Still with equal haste depart ;  
 For an image ill imprest  
 Soon is vanished from the heart.

On a picture fair and true  
 Who would paint another face ?  
 Sure no beauty can subdue,  
 While a greater holds the place.

The divine Tobosan fair,  
 Dulcinea, claims me whole ;  
 Nothing can her image tear ;  
 'Tis one substance with my soul.

Then let fortune smile or frown,  
 Nothing shall my faith remove ;  
 Constant truth, the lover's crown,  
 Can work miracles in love.

No sooner had Don Quixote made an end of his song, to which the duke, duchess, Altisidora, and almost all the people in the castle, listened all the while, than on a sudden, from an open gallery, that was directly over the knight's window, they let down a rope, with at least a hundred little tinkling bells hanging about it. After that came down a great number of cats, poured out of a huge sack, all of them with smaller bells tied to their tails. The jangling of the bells, and the squalling of

the cats, made such a dismal noise, that the very contrivers of the jest themselves were scared for the present, and Don Quixote was strangely surprised, and quite dismayed. At the same time, as ill luck would have it, two or three frightened cats leaped in through the bars of his chamber-window, and, running up and down the room like so many evil spirits, one would have thought a whole legion of devils had been flying about the chamber. They put out the candles that stood lighted there, and endeavoured to get out. Meanwhile the rope, with the bigger bells about it, was pulled up and down, and those who knew nothing of the contrivance were greatly surprised. At last, Don Quixote, recovering from his astonishment, drew his sword, and fenced and laid about him at the window, crying aloud, "Avaunt, ye wicked enchanters! hence, infernal scoundrels! for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, and all your damned devices cannot work their ends against me." And then, running after the cats that frisked about the room, he began to thrust and cut at them furiously, while they strove to get out. At last they made their escape at the window, all but one of them, who, finding himself hard put to it, flew in his face, and, laying hold on

his nose with his claws and teeth, put him to such pain that the Don began to roar out as loud as he could. Thereupon the duke and the duchess, imagining the cause of his outcry, ran to his assistance immediately; and, having opened the door of his chamber with a master-key, found the poor knight struggling hard with the cat, that would not quit its hold. By the light of the candles which they had with them, they saw the unequal combat. The duke offered to interpose, and take off the animal, but Don Quixote would not permit him. "Let nobody take him off," cried he; "let me alone hand to hand with this devil, this sorcerer, this necromancer! I'll make him know what it is to deal with Don Quixote de la Mancha." But the cat, not minding his threats, growled on, and still held fast; till at length the duke got its claws unhooked from the knight's flesh, and flung the beast out at the window. Don Quixote's face was hideously scratched, and his nose in no very good condition. Yet nothing vexed him so much as that they had rescued out of his hands that villainous necromancer. Immediately some ointment was sent for, and Altisidora herself, with her own lily-white hands, applied some plasters to his sores, and whispering in his ear, as she was

dressing him, "Cruel hard-hearted knight," said she, "all these disasters are befallen thee, as a just punishment for thy obdurate stubbornness and disdain. May thy squire Sancho forget to whip himself, that thy darling Dulcinea may never be delivered from her enchantment, nor thou be ever blessed with her embraces, at least so long as I, thy neglected adorer, live." Don Quixote made no answer at all to this; only he heaved up a profound sigh, and then went to take his repose, after he had returned the duke and duchess thanks, not so much for their assistance against that rascally crew of caterwauling and jangling enchanters, for he defied them all, but for their kindness and good intent. Then the duke and duchess left him, not a little troubled at the miscarriage of their jest, which they did not think would have proved so fatal to the knight, as to oblige him, as it did, to keep his chamber five days. During which time, there happened to him another adventure, more pleasant than the last; which, however, cannot be now related; for the historian must return to Sancho Panza, who was very busy, and no less pleasant in his government.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF SANCHO PANZA'S BEHAVIOUR  
IN HIS GOVERNMENT.

THE history informs us, that Sancho was conducted from the court of justice to a sumptuous palace, where, in a spacious room, he found the cloth laid, and a most neat and magnificent entertainment prepared. As soon as he entered, the wind-music played, and four pages waited on him, in order to the washing his hands, which he did with a great deal of gravity. And now the instruments ceasing, Sancho sat down at the upper end of the table, for there was no seat but there, and the cloth was only laid for one. A certain personage, who afterwards appeared to be a physician, came and stood at his elbow, with a whalebone wand in his hand. Then they took off a curious white cloth that lay over the dishes on the table, and discovered great variety of fruit, and other eatables. One that looked like a student said grace; a page put a laced bib under Sancho's chin, and

another, who did the office of sewer, set a dish of fruit before him.\* But he had hardly put one bit into his mouth, before the physician touched the dish with his wand, and then it was taken away by a page in an instant. Immediately another, with meat, was clapped in the place; but Sancho no sooner offered to taste it, than the doctor, with the wand, conjured it away as fast as the fruit. Sancho was amazed at this sudden removal, and, looking about him on the company, asked them, "Whether they used to tantalize people at that rate, feeding their eyes, and starving their bellies?"—"My Lord Governor," answered the physician, "you are to eat here no otherwise than according to the use and custom of other islands where there are governors. I am a doctor of physic, my lord, and have a salary allowed me in this island, for taking charge of the governor's health, and I am more careful of it than of my own, studying night and day his constitution, that I may know what to prescribe when he falls sick. Now, the chief thing I do is to attend him always at his meals, to let him eat what I think convenient for him, and to prevent his eating what I imagine to be prejudicial to his health, and

\* The Spaniards and Italians begin dinner with fruit, as we end it.

offensive to his stomach. Therefore, I now ordered the fruit to be taken away, because it is too cold and moist; and the other dish, because it is as much too hot, and overseasoned with spices, which are apt to increase thirst; and he that drinks much, destroys and consumes the radical moisture, which is the fuel of life.”—“So then,” quoth Sancho, “this dish of roasted partridges here can do me no manner of harm.”—“Hold,” said the physician, “the Lord Governor shall not eat of them while I live to prevent it.”—“Why so?” cried Sancho. “Because,” answered the doctor, “our great master, Hippocrates, the north-star and luminary of physic, says, in one of his aphorisms, *Omnis saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima*; that is, ‘All repletion is bad, but that of partridges is worst of all.’”—“If it be so,” said Sancho, “let Mr Doctor see which of all these dishes on the table will do me the most good, and least harm, and let me eat my bellyful of that, without having it whisked away with his wand. For, by my hopes, and the pleasure of government, as I live, I am ready to die with hunger; and, not to allow me to eat any victuals (let Mr Doctor say what he will) is the way to shorten my life, and not to lengthen it.”—“Very true, my lord,” replied the physician;

“however, I am of opinion you ought not to eat of these rabbits, as being a hairy, furry, sort of food; nor would I have you taste that veal. Indeed, if it were neither roasted nor pickled, something might be said; but, as it is, it must not be.”—“Well, then,” said Sancho, “what think you of that huge dish yonder that smoke so? I take it to be an olla podrida;\* and that being a hodge-podge of so many sorts of victuals, sure I cannot but light upon something there that will nick me, and be both wholesome and toothsome.”—“*Absit*,” cried the doctor, “far be such an ill thought from us; no diet in the world yields worse nutriment than those mish-mashes do. No, leave that luxurious compound to your rich monks and prebendaries, your masters of colleges, and lusty feeders at country weddings; but let them not encumber the tables of governors, where nothing but delicate, unmixed viands, in their prime, ought to make their appearance. The reason is, that simple medicines are generally allowed to be better than compounds; for, in a composition, there may happen a mistake, by the unequal proportion of the ingredients; but simples are not subject to that accident. There-

\* It is what we corruptly call an *olio*, all sorts of meats stewed together.



fore, what I would advise at present, as a fit diet for the governor, for the preservation and support of his health, is a hundred of small wafers, and a few thin slices of marmalade, to strengthen his stomach, and help digestion." Sancho, hearing this, leaned back upon his chair, and, looking earnestly in the doctor's face, very seriously asked him what his name was, and where he had studied? "My lord," answered he, "I am called Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero. The name of the place where I was born is Tirteafuera, and lies between Caraquel and Almodabar del Campo, on the right hand; and I took my degree of doctor, in the University of Ossuna."\* "Hark you," said Sancho, in a mighty chafe, "Mr Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero, born at Tirteafuera, that lies between Caraquel and Almodabar del Campo, on the right hand, and who took your degrees of doctor at the University of Ossuna, and so forth, take yourself away! Avoid the room this moment, or, by the sun's light, I'll get me a good cudgel, and, beginning with your carcase, will so belabour and rib-roast all the physic-mongers in the island, that I will not leave therein one of the tribe of those, I mean,

\* The doctor's name and birth-place are fictitious. *Rezio de Aguero* signifies *positive of the omen*; and *Tirteafuera*, *take yourself away*.

that are ignorant quacks ; for, as for learned and wise physicians, I will make much of them, and honour them like so many angels. Once more, Pedro Rezio, I say, get out of my presence. Avaunt ! or I will take the chair I sit upon, and comb your head with it to some purpose, and let me be called to an account about it when I give up my office ; I do not care, I will clear myself by saying, I did the world good service, in ridding it of a bad physician, the plague of a commonwealth. Body of me ! let me eat, or let them take their government again ; for an office that will not afford a man his victuals is not worth two horse-beans." The physician was terrified, seeing the governor in such a heat, and would that moment have slunk out of the room, had not the sound of a post-horn in the street been heard that moment ; whereupon the steward, immediately looking out of the window, turned back, and said, there was an express come from the duke, doubtless with some dispatch of importance.

Presently the messenger entered sweating, with haste and concern in his looks, and, pulling a packet out of his bosom, delivered it to the governor. Sancho gave it to the steward, and ordered him to read the direction, which was this : " To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the

island of Barataria, to be delivered into his own hands or those of his secretary.”—“ Who is my secretary ?” cried Sancho.—“ It is I, my lord,” answered one that was standing by, “ for I can write and read, and am a Biscayner.”—“ That last qualification is enough to make thee set up for secretary to the emperor himself,” said Sancho. “ Open the letter, then, and see what it says.” The new secretary did so, and, having perused the dispatch by himself, told the governor, that it was a business that was to be told only in private. Sancho ordered every one to leave the room, except the steward and the carver, and then the secretary read what follows.

“ I have received information, my Lord Don Sancho Panza, that some of our enemies intend to attack your island with great fury one of these nights: You ought, therefore to be watchful, and stand upon your guard, that you may not be found unprovided. I have also had intelligence from faithful spies, that there are four men got into the town in disguise, to murder you; your abilities being regarded as a great obstacle to the enemies’ designs. Look about you, take heed how you admit strangers to speak with you, and eat nothing

that is laid before you. I will take care to send you assistance, if you stand in need of it. And, in every thing, I rely on your prudence. From our castle, the 16th of August, at four in the morning.

“Your friend,  
“THE DUKE.”

Sancho was astonished at the news, and those that were with him were no less concerned. But, at last, turning to the steward, “I will tell you,” said he, “what is first to be done in this case, and that with all speed. Clap me that same Doctor Rezio in a dungeon, for, if anybody has a mind to kill me, it must be he, and that with a lingering death, the worst of deaths, hunger-starving.”—“However,” said the carver, “I am of opinion your honour ought not to eat any of the things that stand here before you, for they were sent in by some of the convents; and it is a common saying, The devil lurks behind the cross.”—“Which nobody can deny,” quoth Sancho; “and, therefore, let me have for the present but a luncheon of bread, and some four pound of raisins; there can be no poison in that: For, in short, I cannot live without eating; and, if we must be in readiness against these battles,

we had need be well victualled ; for it is the belly keeps up the heart, and not the heart the belly. Meanwhile secretary, do you send my lord duke an answer, and tell him his order shall be fulfilled in every part without fail. Remember me kindly to my lady duchess, and beg of her not to forget to send one on purpose with my letter and bundle to Tereza Panza, my wife ; which I shall take as a special favour, and I will be mindful to serve her to the best of my power : And, when your hand is in, you may crowd in my service to my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see I am neither forgetful nor ungrateful ; the rest I leave to you ; put in what you will, and do your part like a good secretary, and a staunch Biscayner. Now, take away here, and bring me something to eat, and then you shall see I am able to deal with all the spies, wizards, and cut-throat dogs, that dare to meddle with me and my island.”

At that time, a page entering the room, “ My lord,” said he, “ there is a countryman without desires to speak with your lordship about business of great consequence.”—“ It is a strange thing,” cried Sancho, “ that one must be still plagued with these men of business ! Is it possible they should be such sots, as not

to understand this is not a time for business? Do they fancy, that we governors and distributors of justice are made of iron and marble, and have no need of rest and refreshment, like other creatures of flesh and blood? Well, before heaven, and on my conscience, if my government does but last, as I shrewdly guess it will not, I will get some of these men of business laid by the heels. Well, for once, let the fellow come in; but first, take heed he be not one of the spies or ruffian rogues that would murder me.”—“As for that,” said the page, “I dare say he had no hand in the plot; poor soul, he looks as if he could not help it; there is no more harm in him, seemingly, than in a piece of good bread.”—“There is no need to fear,” said the steward, “since we are all here by you.”—“But, hark you,” quoth Sancho, “now Doctor Rezio is gone, might not I eat something that has some substance in it, though it were but a crust and an onion?”—“At night,” answered the carver, “your honour shall have no cause to complain; supper shall make amends for the want of your dinner.”—“Heaven grant it may,” said Sancho.

Now the countryman came in, and, by his looks, seemed to be a good, harmless, silly soul. As soon as he entered the room, “Which is

my lord governor?" quoth he.—"Who but he that sits in the chair?" answered the secretary.—"I humble myself to his worship's presence," quoth the fellow; and with that, falling on his knees, begged to kiss his hand, which Sancho refused, but bid him rise, and tell him what he had to say. The countryman then got up: "My lord," quoth he, "I am a husbandman of Miguel Turra, a town some two leagues from Ciudad-Real."—"Here is another Tirteafuera," quoth Sancho; "well, go on, friend, I know the place full well; it is not far from our town."—"If it please you," said the countryman, "my business is this: I was married, by Heaven's mercy, in the face of our holy mother the Roman Catholic church, and I have two boys that take their learning at the college; the youngest studies to become a bachelor, and the eldest to be a master of arts. I am a widower, because my wife is dead; she died, if it please you, or, to speak more truly, she was killed, as a body may say, by a damned doctor that gave her a purge when she was with child. Had it been Heaven's blessed will that she had been brought to bed of a boy, I would have sent him to study to have been a doctor, that he might have had no cause to envy his brothers."—"So, then," quoth Sancho, "had not your

wife died, or had they not made her die, you had not been a widower.”—“Very true,” answered the man.—“We are much the nearer,” cried Sancho; “go on, honest friend, and pr’ythee dispatch, for it is rather time to take an afternoon’s nap, than to talk of business.”—“Now, sir, I must tell you,” continued the farmer, “that that son of mine, the bachelor of arts that is to be, fell in love with a maiden of our town, Clara Perlerino, by name, the daughter of Andrew Perlerino, a mighty rich farmer; and Perlerino is not the right name neither; but, because the whole generation of them is troubled with the palsy,\* they used to be called, from the name of that ailing, Perlaticos, but now they go by that of Perlerino; and, truly, it fits the young woman rarely, for she is a precious pearl for beauty! especially if you stand on her right side, and view her, she looks like a flower in the fields. On the left, indeed, she does not look altogether so well; for there she wants an eye, which she lost by the small-pox, that has digged many pits somewhat deep all over her face; but those that wish her well say that is nothing, and that those pits are so many graves to bury lovers’ hearts in. She is

\* *Perleria*, in Spanish, is the palsy; and those who have it the Spaniards call *perlaticos*; whence this name.



so cleanly, that, because she will not have her nose drop upon her lips, she carries it cocked up; and her nostrils are turned up on each side, as if they shunned her mouth, that is somewhat of the widest; and, for all that, she looks exceedingly well; and, were it not for some ten or dozen of her butter-teeth and grinders which she wants, she might set up for one of the cleverest lasses in the country. As for her lips, I do not know what to say of them, for they are so thin and so slender, that, were it the fashion to wind lips as they do silk, one might make a skein of hers; besides, they are not of the ordinary hue of common lips; no, they are of the most wonderful colour that ever was seen, as being speckled with blue, green, and orange tawney. I hope my lord governor will pardon me for dwelling thus on the picture, and several rare features of her that is one day to be my daughter, seeing it is merely out of my hearty love and affection for the girl.”—  
“Pr’ythee, paint on as long as thou wilt,” said Sancho; “I am mightily taken with this kind of painting; and, if I had but dined, I would not desire a better dessert than thy original.”—  
“Both myself and that are at your service,” quoth the fellow; “or, at least, we may be in time, if we are not now. But, alas, sir, that

is nothing ; could I set before your eyes her pretty carriage, and her shape, you would admire. But that is not to be done ; for she is so crooked and crumpled up together, that her knees and her chin meet ; and yet any one may perceive, that, if she could but stand upright, her head would touch the very ceiling ; and she would have given her hand to my son the bachelor, in the way of matrimony, before now, but that she is not able to stretch it forth, the sinews being quite shrunk up : However, the broad long-guttered nails add no small grace to it, and may let you know what a well-made hand she has."

"So far so good," said Sancho ; "but let us suppose you have drawn her from head to foot ; what is it you would be at now ? Come to the point, friend, without so many windings and turnings, and going round about the bush."—"Sir," said the farmer, "I would desire your honour to do me the kindness to give me a letter of accommodation to the father of my daughter-in-law, beseeching him to be pleased to let the marriage be fulfilled, seeing we are not unlike neither in estate nor bodily concerns ; for, to tell you the truth, my lord governor, my son is bewitched, and there is not a day passes over his head but the foul fiends torment him

three or four times; and, having once had the ill-luck to fall into the fire, the skin of his face is shrivelled up like a piece of parchment, and his eyes are somewhat sore, and full of rheum. But, when all is said, he has the temper of an angel; and, were he not apt to thump and belabour himself now and then in his fits, you would take him to be a saint."

"Have you anything else to ask, honest man?" said Sancho.—"Only one thing more," quoth the farmer; "but I am somewhat afraid to speak it; yet I cannot find in my heart to let it rot within me; and, therefore, fall back fall edge, I must out with it. I would desire your worship to bestow on me some three hundred or six hundred ducats towards my bachelor's portion, only to help him to begin the world, and furnish him a house; for, in short, they would live by themselves, without being subject to the impertinences of a father-in-law."—"Well," said Sancho, "see if you would have anything else; if you would, do not let fear or bashfulness be your hinderance: Out with it, man."—"No, truly," quoth the farmer; and he had scarcely spoken the words, when the governor, starting up, and laying hold of the chair he sat on, "You brazen-faced, silly, impudent country booby," cried he, "get out of

my presence this moment, or, by the blood of the Panzas, I will crack your jolter-head with this chair! You whoreson raggamuffin painter for the devil, dost thou come, at this time of day, to ask me for six hundred ducats? Where should I have them, mangy clod-pate? And if I had them, why should I give them thee, thou old doting scoundrel? What a pox care I for Miguel Turra, or all the generation of the Perlerinos? Avoid the room, I say, or, by the life of the duke, I'll be as good as my word, and ding out thy cuckoo brains. Thou art no native of Miguel Turra, but some imp of the devil, sent on his master's errand to tempt my patience. It is not a day and a half that I have been governor, and thou wouldst have me have six hundred ducats already, dunder-headed sot!"

The steward made signs to the farmer to withdraw, and he went out, accordingly, hanging down his head, and, to all appearance, very much afraid, lest the governor should make good his angry threats; for the cunning knave knew very well how to act his part. But let us leave Sancho in his angry mood, and let there be peace and quietness, while we return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face covered over with plasters, the scratches which

he had got when the cat so clapper-clawed him, having obliged him to no less than eight days retirement; during which time there happened that to him, which Cid Hamet promises to relate with the same punctuality and veracity with which he delivers the particulars of this history, how trivial soever they may be.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE WITH DONNA RODRIGUEZ, THE DUCHESS'S WOMAN : AS ALSO OTHER PASSAGES WORTHY TO BE RECORDED, AND HAD IN ETERNAL REMEMBRANCE.

DON QUIXOTE, thus unhappily hurt, was extremely sullen and melancholy, his face wrapped up and marked, not by the hand of a Superior Being, but the paws of a cat, a misfortune incident to knight-errantry. He was six days without appearing in public ; and one night, when he was confined to his apartment, as he lay awake reflecting on his misfortunes and Altisidora's importunities, he perceived somebody was opening his chamber-door with a key, and presently imagined that the amorous damsel was coming to make an attempt on his chastity, and expose him to the danger of forfeiting that loyalty which he had vowed to his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Prepossessed with that conceit, "No," said he, loud enough to be heard, "the greatest beauty in the universe shall never remove the dear idea of

the charming fair, that is engraved and stamped in the very centre of my heart, and the most secret recesses of my breast. No, thou only mistress of my soul, whether transformed into a rank country wench, or into one of the nymphs of the golden Tagus, that weave silk and gold in the loom; whether Merlin or Montesinos detained thee where they pleased, be where thou wilt, thou still art mine; and wherever I shall be, I must and will be thine." Just as he ended his speech, the door opened. Up got he in the bed, wrapped from head to foot in a yellow satin quilt, with a woollen cap on his head, his face and his mustachios bound up; his face to heal his scratches, and his mustachios to keep them down: In which posture he looked like the strangest apparition that can be imagined. He fixed his eyes towards the door, and when he expected to have seen the yielding and doleful Altisidora, he beheld a most reverend matron approaching in a white veil, so long that it covered her from head to foot. Betwixt her left-hand fingers she carried half a candle lighted, and held her right before her face, to keep the blaze of the taper from her eyes, which were hidden by a huge pair of spectacles. All the way she trod very softly, and moved at a very slow pace.

Don Quixote watched her motions, and, observing her garb and silence, took her for some witch or enchantress that came in that dress to practise her wicked sorceries upon him, and began to make the sign of the cross as fast as he could. The vision advanced all the while, and being got to the middle of the chamber lifted up its eyes, and saw Don Quixote thus making a thousand crosses on his breast. But if he was astonished at the sight of such a figure, she was no less affrighted at his; so that, as soon as she spied him thus wrapped up in yellow, so lank, bepatched and muffled up, "Bless me," cried she, "what is this!" With the sudden fright she dropped the candle, and now, being in the dark, as she was running out, the length of her coats made her stumble, and down she fell in the middle of the chamber. Don Quixote at the same time was in great anxiety. "Phantom," cried he, "or whatsoever thou art, I conjure thee to tell me who thou art, and what thou requirest of me? If thou art a soul in torment, tell me, and I will endeavour thy ease to the utmost of my power; for I am a Catholic Christian, and love to do good to all mankind; for which reason I took upon me the order of knight-errantry, whose extensive



duties engage me to relieve the souls in purgatory." The poor old woman hearing herself thus conjured, judged Don Quixote's fears by her own, and therefore, with a low and doleful voice, "My Lord Don Quixote," said she, "if you are he, I am neither a phantom nor a ghost, nor a soul in purgatory, as I suppose you fancy, but Donna Rodriguez, my lady duchess's matron of honour, who come to you about a certain grievance, of the nature of those which you use to redress."—"Tell me, Donna Rodriguez," said Don Quixote, "are not you come to manage some love intrigue? If you are, take it from me, you will lose your labour: It is all in vain, thanks to the peerless beauty of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso! In a word, madam, provided you come not on some such embassy, you may go light your candle and return, and we will talk of any thing that you please; but remember, I bar all dangerous insinuations, all amorous enticements."—"What! I procure for others!" cried the matron; "I find you do not know me, sir. I am not so stale yet, to be reduced to such poor employments. I have good flesh still about me, heaven be praised, and all my teeth in my head, except some few which the rheums, so rife in this country of Arragon, have robbed me of.

But stay a little, I will go light my candle, and then I will tell you my misfortunes, for it is you that sets to right every thing in the world." This said, away she went, without stopping for an answer.

Don Quixote expected her a while quietly, but his working brain soon started a thousand chimeras concerning this new adventure, and he fancied he did ill in giving way, though but to a thought of endangering his faith to his mistress. "Who knows," said he to himself, "but that the devil is endeavouring to circumvent me with an old governante, though it has not been in his power to do it with countesses, marchionesses, duchesses, queens, nor empresses. I have often heard say, and that by persons of great judgment, that if he can, he will rather tempt a man with an ugly object, than with one that is beautiful.\* Who knows but this solitude, this occasion, the stillness of the night, may rouse my sleeping desires, and cause me in my latter age to fall, where I never stumbled before? In such cases it is better to fly than to stay to face the danger. But why do I argue so foolishly? Sure it is impossible that an antiquated waiting-matron, in a long white veil like a winding-

\* In the original, with a flat-nosed, rather than a hawk-nosed woman.

sheet, with a pair of spectacles over her nose, should create or waken an unchaste thought in the most abandoned libertine in the world. Is there any of these duennas or governantes that has good flesh? Is there one of these implements of antichambers that is not impertinent, affected, and intolerable? Avaunt, then, all ye idle crowd of wrinkled female waiters, unfit for any human recreation! How is that lady to be commended, who, they tell us, set up only a couple of mawkins in her chamber, exactly representing two waiting-matrons with their work before them! The state and decorum of her room was as well kept with those statues, as it would have been with real duennas." So saying, he started from the bed, to lock the door, and shut out Donna Rodriguez; but, in that very moment, she happened to come in with a wax-candle lighted; at which time spying the knight near her, wrapped in his quilt, his face bound up, and a woollen cap on his head, she was frightened again, and started two or three steps back. "Sir knight," said she, "is my honour safe? for I do not think it looks handsomely in you to come out of your bed."—"I ought to ask you the same question, madam," said Don Quixote; "and therefore tell me whether I shall be safe from being

assaulted and ravished.”—“Whom are you afraid of, sir knight?” cried she.—“Of you,” replied Don Quixote; “for, in short, I am not made of marble, nor you of brass; neither is it now the noon of day, but that of night, and a little later too, if I am not mistaken; besides, we are in a place more close and private than the cave must have been, where the false and presumptuous Æneas enjoyed the beautiful and tender-hearted Dido. However, give me your hand, madam; for I desire no greater security than that of my own continence and circumspection.” This said, he kissed his own right hand, and with it took hold of hers, which she gave him with the same ceremony.

Here Cid Hamet (making a parenthesis) swears by Mahomet, he would have given the best coat of two that he had, only to have seen the knight and the matron walk thus hand in hand from the chamber-door to the bed-side. To make short, Don Quixote went to bed again, and Donna Rodriguez sat down in a chair at some distance, without taking off her spectacles, or setting down the candle. Don Quixote crowded up together, and covered himself close, all but his face, and after they had both remained in silence, the first that broke it was the knight. “Now, madam,”

said he, “you may freely unburden your heart, sure of attention to your complaints from chaste ears, and assistance in your distress from a compassionate heart.”—“I believe as much,” said the matron, “and promised myself no less charitable an answer from a person of so graceful and pleasing a presence. The case then is, noble sir, that though you see me sitting in this chair, in the middle of Arragon, in the habit of an insignificant unhappy duenna, I am of Asturias de Oviedo, and one of the best families in that province. But my hard fortune, and the neglect of my parents, who fell to decay too soon, I cannot tell how, brought me to Madrid, where, because they could do no better, for fear of the worst, they placed me with a court lady, to be her chambermaid. And, though I say it, for all manner of plain work I was never outdone by any one in all my life. My father and mother left me at service, and returned home, and some few years after they both died, and went to heaven, I hope; for they were very good and religious Catholics. Then was I left an orphan, and wholly reduced to the sorrowful condition of such court-servants, wretched wages, and a slender allowance. About the same time the gentleman-usher fell in love with me before I

dreamt of any such thing, Heaven knows. He was somewhat stricken in years, had a fine beard, was a personable man, and, what is more, as good a gentleman as the king, for he was of the mountains. We did not carry matters so close in our love but it came to my lady's ear; and so, to hinder people's tongues, without any more ado, she caused us to be married in the face of our holy mother the Catholic Church, which matrimony produced a daughter, that made an end of my good fortune, if I had any. Not that I died in child-bed, for I went my full time, and was safely delivered, but because my husband (rest his soul) died a while after of a fright; and had I but time to tell you how it happened, I dare say you would wonder." Here she began to weep piteously. "Good sir," cried she, "I must beg your pardon, for I cannot contain myself. As often as I think of my poor husband I cannot forbear shedding of tears. Bless me, how he looked! and with what stateliness he would ride, with my lady behind him, on a stout mule as black as jet; for coaches and chairs were not used then as they are now-a-days, but the ladies rode behind the gentlemen-ushers. And now my tongue is in, I cannot help telling you the whole story, that you may see what a fine well-bred man my

dear husband was, and how nice in every punctilio.

“One day, at Madrid, as he came into St James’s Street, which is somewhat narrow, with my lady behind him, he met a judge of the court, with two officers before him; whereupon, as soon as he saw him, to show his respect, my husband turned about his mule, as if he designed to have waited on him. But my lady whispering him in the ear, ‘What do you mean,’ said she, ‘blockhead! do not you know I am here?’ The judge, on his side, was no less civil; and, stopping his horse, ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘pray keep your way; you must not wait on me, it becomes me rather to wait on my Lady Gasilda’ (for that was my lady’s name). However, my husband, with his hat in his hand, persisted in his civil intentions. But at last, the lady being very angry with him for it, took a great pin, or rather, as I am apt to believe, a bodkin, out of her case, and run it into his back; upon which, my husband suddenly starting, and crying out, fell out of the saddle, and pulled down my lady after him. Immediately two of her footmen ran to help her, and the judge and his officers did the like. The gate of Guadalajara was presently in a hubbub (the idle people about the gate I

mean). In short, my lady returned home afoot, and my husband went to a surgeon, complaining that he was pricked through the lungs. And now this civility of his was talked of everywhere, insomuch, that the very boys in the streets would flock about him and cheer him: For which reason, and because he was somewhat short-sighted, my lady dismissed him her service, which he took so to heart, poor man, that it cost him his life soon after. Now was I left a poor helpless widow, and with a daughter to keep, who still increased in beauty as she grew up, like the foam of the sea. At length, having the name of an excellent workwoman at my needle, my lady duchess, who was newly married to his grace, took me to live with her here in Arragon, and my daughter as well as myself. In time the girl grew up, and became the most accomplished creature in the world. She sings like a lark, dances like a fairy, trips like a wild buck, writes and reads like a schoolmaster, and casts accompts like an usurer. I say nothing of her neatness; but certainly the purest spring water that runs is not more cleanly; and then for her age, she is now, if I mistake not, just sixteen years, five months, and three days old. Now, who should happen to fall in love with this



daughter of mine, but a mighty rich farmer's son, that lives in one of my lord duke's villages not far off; and, indeed, I cannot tell how he managed matters, but he plied her so close, that, upon a promise of marriage, he wheedled her into a consent, and, in short, got his will of her, and now refuses to make his word good. The duke is no stranger to the business, for I have made complaint to him about it many and many times, and begged of him to enjoin the young man to wed my daughter; but he turns his deaf ear to me, and cannot endure I should speak to him of it, because the young knave's father is rich, and lends the duke money, and is bound for him upon all occasions, so that he would by no means disoblige him.

“Therefore, sir, I apply myself to your worship, and beseech you to see my daughter righted, either by entreaties or by force, seeing every body says you were sent into the world to redress grievances, and assist those in adversity. Be pleased to cast an eye of pity on my daughter's orphan state, her beauty, her youth, and all her other good parts; for, on my conscience, of all the damsels my lady has, there is not one can come up to her by a mile; no, not she that is cried up as the airiest and finest of them all, whom they call Altisidora;

I am sure she is not to be named the same day; for, let me tell you, sir, all is not gold that glisters. This same Altisidora, after all, is a hoity toity, that has more vanity than beauty, and less modesty than confidence. Besides, she is none of the soundest neither, for her breath is so strong, that nobody can endure to stand near her for a moment. Nay, my lady duchess too—but I must say no more, for, as they say, walls have ears.”—“What of my lady duchess?” said Don Quixote. “By all that is dear to you, Donna Rodriguez, tell me, I conjure you.”—“Your entreaties,” said the matron, “are too strong a charm to be resisted, dear sir, and I must tell you the truth. Do you observe, sir, that beauty of my lady’s, that softness, that clearness of complexion, smooth and shining, like a polished sword, those cheeks all milk and vermilion, fair like the moon, and glorious like the sun, that air, when she treads, as if she disdained to touch the ground, and, in short, that look of health that enlivens all her charms? let me tell you, sir, she may thank Heaven for it in the first place, and next to that, two issues in both her legs, which she keeps open to carry off the ill humours, with which the physicians say her body abounds.”—“Blessed Virgin!” cried Don Quixote; “is it possible

the duchess should have such drains! I should not have believed it from any body but you, though a barefoot friar had sworn it. But yet, certainly from so much perfection no ill humours can flow, but rather liquid amber. Well, I am now persuaded such sluices may be of importance to health."

Scarce had Don Quixote said these words, when at one bounce the chamber-door flew open; whereupon Donna Rodriguez was seized with such a terrible fright, that she let fall her candle, and the room remained as dark as a wolf's mouth, as the saying is, and presently the poor duenna felt somebody hold her by the throat, and squeeze her weasand so hard, that it was not in her power to cry out; and another, having pulled up her coats, laid on her so unmercifully upon her bare buttocks with a slipper, or some such thing, that it would have moved any one, but those that did it, to pity. Don Quixote was not without compassion, yet he did not think fit to stir from the bed, but lay snug and silent all the while, not knowing what the meaning of this bustle might be, fearing lest the tempest that poured on the matron's posteriors might also light upon his own; and not without reason, for indeed, after the mute executioners had well cured the old

gentlewoman (who durst not cry out) they came to Don Quixote, and turning up the bed-clothes, pinched him so hard and so long, that, in his own defence, he could not forbear laying about him with his fists as well as he could, till at last, after the scuffle had lasted about half an hour, the invisible phantoms vanished. Donna Rodriguez set her coats to rights, and, lamenting her hard fortune, left the room without speaking a word to the knight. As for him, he remained where he was, sadly pinched and tired, and very moody and thoughtful, not knowing who this wicked enchanter should be, that had used him in that manner. But we shall know that in its proper time. Now, let us leave him, and return to Sancho Panza, who calls upon us, as the order of our history requires.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

WHAT HAPPENED TO SANCHO PANZA, AS HE WENT  
THE ROUNDS IN HIS ISLAND.

WE left our mighty governor much out of humour, and in a pelting chafe with that saucy knave of a countryman, who, according to the instructions he had received from the steward and the steward from the duke, had bantered his worship with his impertinent description. Yet, as much a dunce and fool as he was, he made his party good against them all. At last addressing himself to those about him, among whom was Dr Pedro Rezio, who had ventured into the room again, after the consult about the duke's letter was over: "Now," said he, "do I find in good earnest that judges and governors must be made of brass, or ought to be made of brass, that they may be proof against the importunities of those that pretend business, who, at all hours, and at all seasons, would be heard and despatched, without any regard to any body but themselves, let what come of the rest, so their turn is served. Now,

if a poor judge does not hear and despatch them presently, either because he is otherwise busy and cannot, or because they do not come at a proper season, then do they grumble, and give him their blessing backwards, rake up the ashes of his forefathers, and would gnaw his very bones. But with your leave, good Mr Busybody, with all your business, you are too hasty; pray have a little patience, and wait a fit time to make your application. Do not come at dinner-time, or when a man is going to sleep, for we judges are flesh and blood, and must allow nature what she naturally requires; unless it be poor I, who am not to allow mine any food, thanks to my friend Mr Doctor Pedro Rezio Tirteafuera, here present, who is for starving me to death, and then swears it is for the preservation of my life. Heaven grant him such a life, I pray, and all the gang of such physic-mongers as he is! for the good physicians deserve palms and laurels."

All that knew Sancho wondered to hear him talk so sensibly, and began to think that offices and places of trust inspired some men with understanding, as they stupified and confounded others. However, Dr Pedro Rezio Anguero de Tirteafuera, promised him he should sup that night, though he trespassed against all the

aphorisms of Hippocrates. This pacified the governor for the present, and made him wait with a mighty impatience for the evening, and supper. To his thinking, the hour was so long a-coming, that he fancied time stood still ; but yet at last the wished-for moment came, and they served him up some minced beef, with onions, and some calves-feet, somewhat stale. The hungry governor presently fell too with more eagerness and appetite, than if they had given him Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, Sorrentum veal, Moron partridges, or Lavajos green geese. And after he had pretty well taken off the sharp edge of his stomach, turning to the physician, "Look you," quoth he, "Mr Doctor, hereafter never trouble yourself to get me dainties or titbits to humour my stomach ; that would but take it quite off the hinges, by reason it has been used to nothing but good beef, bacon, pork, goat's flesh, turnips, and onions ; and if you ply me with your kick-shaws, your nice courtiers' fare, it will but make my stomach squeamish and untoward, and I should perfectly loath them one time or another. However, I shall not take it amiss, if Master Sewer will now and then get me one of those olla podridas, and the stronger they are the better, where all sorts of good things are rotten stewed,

and, as it were, lost in one other; and the more they are thus rotten, and like their name, the better the smack; and there you make a jumble of what you will, so it be eatable; and I shall remember him, and make him amends one of these days. But let nobody put tricks upon travellers, and make a fool of me; for either we are, or we are not. Let us be merry and wise; when God sends his light, he sends it to all. I will govern this island fair and square, without underhand dealings or taking of bribes; but take notice, I will not bate an inch of my right, and therefore let every one carry an even hand, and mind their hits, or else I would have them to know there are rods in piss for them. They that urge me too far shall rue for it; make yourself honey, and the flies will eat you.” —“Indeed, my lord governor,” said the steward, “your lordship is much in the right in all you have said; and I dare engage for the inhabitants of this island, that they will obey and observe your commands with diligence, love, and punctuality; for your gentle way of governing, in the beginning of your administration, does not give them the least opportunity to act, or to design, any thing to your lordship’s disadvantage.” —“I believe as much,” answered Sancho, “and they would be silly wretches,



should they offer to do or think otherwise. Let me tell you too, it is my pleasure you take care of me and my Dapple, that we may both have our food as we ought, which is the most material business. Next, let us think of going the rounds, when it is time for me to do it; for I intend to clear this island of all filth and rubbish, of all rogues and vagrants, idle lunks and sturdy beggars. For I would have you to know, my good friends, that your slothful, lazy, lewd people in a commonwealth, are like drones in a beehive, that waste and devour the honey which the labouring bees gather. I design to encourage the husbandmen, preserve the privileges of the gentry, reward virtuous persons, and, above all things, reverence religion, and have regard to the honour of religious men. What think you of this, my good friends? Do I talk to the purpose, or do I talk idly?"—"You speak so well, my lord governor," answered the steward, "that I stand in admiration to hear a man so unlettered as you are, (for I believe your lordship cannot read at all,) utter so many notable things, and in every word a sentence, far from what they who have sent you hither, and they who are here present ever expected from your understanding. But every day produces some new wonder; jests are

turned into earnest, and those who designed to laugh at others, happen to be laughed at themselves."

It being now night, and the governor having supped, with Doctor Rezio's leave, he prepared to walk the rounds, and set forward, attended by the steward, the secretary, the gentleman-waiter, the historiographer, who was to register his acts, several serjeants, and other limbs of the law, so many in number, that they made a little battalion, in the middle of which the great Sancho marched with his rod of justice in his hand, in a notable manner. They had not walked far in the town, before they heard the clashing of swords, which made them hasten to the place whence the noise came. Being come thither, they found only two men fighting, who gave over, perceiving the officers. "What," cried one of them at the same time, "do they suffer folks to be robbed in this town, in defiance of Heaven and the king? Do they let men be stripped in the middle of the street?"—"Hold, honest man," said Sancho, "have a little patience, and let me know the occasion of this fray, for I am the governor."—"My lord," said the other party, "I will tell you in a few words. Your lordship must know, that this gentleman, just now, at a gaming-ordinary over

the way, won above a thousand reals, Heaven knows how : I stood by all the while, and gave judgment for him in more than one doubtful cast, though I could not well tell how to do it in conscience. He carried off his winnings, and when I expected he would have given me a crown gratuity,\* as it is a claim among gentlemen of my fashion, who frequent gaming ordinaries, from those that play high and win, for preventing quarrels, being at their backs and giving judgment right or wrong ; nevertheless, he went away without giving me any thing. I ran after him, not very well pleased with his proceeding, yet very civilly desired him to consider I was his friend, that he knew me to be a gentleman, though fallen to decay, that had nothing to live upon, my friends having brought me up to no employment ; and therefore I entreated him to be so kind as to give me eight reals ; but the stingy soul, a greater thief than Cacus, and a worse sharper than Andradilla, would give me but sneaking four reals. And now, my lord, you may see how little shame and conscience there is in him.

\* *Barato*. It originally signifies cheap ; but amongst gamesters, *dar barato* is, when a winning gamester, by way of courtesy, or for some other reason, gives something to a stander-by. And this in Spain is a common practice among all ranks of people, and many live upon it ; for it is expected as due, and sometimes, to make the reward the greater, these rascals give judgment wrongfully for the winner.

But in faith, had not your lordship come just in the nick, I would have made him disgorge his winnings, and taught him the difference between a rook and a jackdaw.”—“What say you to this?” cried Sancho to the other. The other made answer, “That he could not deny what his antagonist had said, that he would give him but four reals, because he had given him money several times before; and they who expect the benevolence, should be mannerly, and be thankful for what is given them, without haggling with those that have won, unless they know them to be common cheats, and the money not won fairly; and that to shew he was a fair gamester, and no sharper, as the other said, there needed no better proof than his refusal to give him any thing, since the sharpers are always in fee with these bully-rocks, who know them, and wink them at their cheats.”—“That is true,” said the steward. “Now, what would your lordship have us to do with these men?”—“I will tell you,” said Sancho: “First, you that are the winner, whether by fair play or by foul, give your bully-back here a hundred reals immediately, and thirty more for the poor prisoners; and you that have nothing to live on, and were brought up to no employment, and go sharpening up and down

from place to place, pray take your hundred reals, and be sure by to-morrow to go out of this island, and not to set foot in it again these ten years and a day, unless you have a mind to make an end of your banishment in another world ; for, if I find you here, I will make you swing on a gibbet, with the help of the hangman. Away, and let nobody offer to reply, or I will lay him by the heels." Thereupon the one disbursed, and the other received ; the first went home, and the last went out of the island ; and then the governor, going on, " Either I shall want of my will," said he, " or I will put down these disorderly gaming-houses ; for I have a fancy they are highly prejudicial."— " As for this house in question," said one of the officers, " I suppose it will be a hard matter to put it down, for it belongs to a person of quality, who loses a great deal more by play at the year's end, than he gets by his cards. You may shew your authority against other gaming-houses of less note, that do more mischief, and harbour more dangerous people, than the houses of gentlemen and persons of quality, where your notorious sharpers dare not use their sleights of hand. And since gaming is a vice that is become a common practice, it is better to play in good gentlemen's houses, than in

those of under officers, where they shall draw you in a poor bubble, and, after they have kept him playing all the night long, send him away stripped naked to the skin.”—“Well, all in good time,” said Sancho: “I know there is a great deal to be said in this matter.” At the same time one of the officers came, holding a youth, and, having brought him before the governor, “If it please your worship,” said he, “this young man was coming towards us, but as soon as he perceived it was the rounds, he sheered off, and set a-running as fast as his legs would carry him—a sign he is no better than he should be. I ran after him, but had not he happened to fall, I had never come up with him.”—“What made you run away, friend?” said Sancho.—“Sir,” answered the young man, “it was only to avoid the questions one is commonly teased with by the watch.”—“What business do you follow?” asked Sancho.—“I am a weaver by trade,” answered the other.—“A weaver of what?” asked the governor.—“Of steel-heads for lances, with your worship’s good leave,” said the other.—“Oh ho,” cried Sancho, “you are a wag, I find, and pretend to pass your jests upon us. Very well. And pray whither are you going at this time of night?”—“To take the air, if it like your

worship," answered the other.—“Good,” said Sancho; “and where do they take the air in this island?”—“Where it blows,” said the youth.—“A very proper answer,” cried Sancho. “You are a very pretty impudent fellow, that is the truth of it. But pray make account that I am the air, or the wind, which you please, and that I blow in your poop, and drive you to the round house——Here—take him and carry him away thither directly; I will take care the youngster shall sleep out of the air to-night; he might catch cold else, by lying abroad.”—“Before George,” said the young man, “you shall as soon make me a king as make me sleep out of the air to-night.”—“Why, you young slip-string,” said Sancho, “is it not in my power to commit thee to prison, and fetch thee out again, as often as it is my will and pleasure?”—“For all your power,” answered the fellow, “you shall not make me sleep in prison.”—“Say you so!” cried Sancho; “here, away with him to prison, and let him see to his cost who is mistaken, he or I; and, lest the jailor should be greased in the fist to let him out, I will fine him in two thousand ducats if he let thee stir a foot out of prison.”—“All that is a jest,” said the other; “for I defy all mankind to make

me sleep this night in a prison.”—“Tell me, devil incarnate,” said Sancho, “hast thou some angel to take off the irons which I will have thee clapped in, and get thee out?”—“Well, now, my good lord governor,” said the young man very pleasantly, “let us talk reason, and come to the point. Suppose your lordship should send me to jail, and get me laid by the heels in the dungeon, shackled and manacled, and lay a heavy penalty on the jailor in case he let me out; and suppose your orders be strictly obeyed; yet for all that, if I have no mind to sleep, but will keep awake all night, without so much as shutting my eyes, pray can you, with all the power you have, make me sleep whether I will or no?”—“No certainly,” said the secretary; “and the young man has made out his meaning.”—“Well,” said Sancho, “but I hope you mean to keep yourself awake, and only forbear sleeping to please your own fancy, and not to thwart my will?”—“I mean nothing else indeed, my lord,” said the lad.—“Why, then, go home and sleep,” quoth Sancho, “and Heaven send thee good rest; I will not be thy hindrance. But have a care another time of sporting with justice; for you may meet with some in office, that may chance to break your head, while you



are breaking your jest." The youth went his way, and the governor continued his rounds.

A while after came two of the officers, bringing a person along with them. "My lord governor," said one of them, "we have brought here one that is dressed like a man, yet is no man, but a female, and no ugly one neither." Thereupon they lifted up to her eyes two or three lanterns, and by their light discovered the face of a woman about sixteen years of age, beautiful to admiration, with her hair put up in a net-work caul of gold and green silk. They examined her dress from head to foot, and found that her stockings were of carnation silk, and her garters of white taffeta, fringed with gold and pearls. Her breeches were of gold tissue, upon a green ground, and her coat of the same stuff; under which she wore a doublet of very fine stuff, gold and white. Her shoes were white, and made like men's. She had no sword, but only a very rich dagger, and several costly rings on her fingers. In a word, the young creature seemed very lovely to them all, but not one of them knew her. Those of the company who lived in the town, could not imagine who she was; and those who were privy to all the tricks that were to be put upon Sancho, were more at a loss than the rest, well

knowing that this adventure was not of their own contriving; which put them in great expectation of the event. Sancho was surprised at her beauty, and asked her who she was, whither she was going, and upon what account she had put on such a dress?—"Sir," said she, casting her eyes on the ground, with a decent bashfulness, "I cannot tell you, before so many people, what I have so much reason to wish may be kept a secret. Only this one thing I do assure you, I am no thief, nor evil-minded person, but an unhappy maid whom the force of jealousy has constrained to transgress the laws of maiden decency." The steward hearing this, "My lord governor," said he, "be pleased to order your attendants to retire, that the gentlewoman may more freely tell her mind." The governor did accordingly, and all the company removed to a distance, except the steward, the gentleman-waiter, and the secretary; and then the young lady thus proceeded:

"I am the daughter of Pedro Perez Mazorca, farmer of the wool in this town, who comes very often to my father's house."—"This will hardly pass, madam," said the steward, "for I know Pedro Perez very well, and I am sure he has neither son nor daughter; besides, you tell us he is your father, and at the same time, that

he comes very often to your father's house."—"I observed as much," said Sancho.—"Indeed, gentlemen," said she, "I am now so troubled in mind, that I know not what I say; but the truth is, I am the daughter of Diego de la Llana, whom I suppose you all know."—"Now this may pass," said the steward, "for I know Diego de la Llana, who is a very considerable gentleman, has a good estate, and a son and a daughter. But since his wife died, nobody in this town can say he ever saw that daughter, for he keeps her so close, that he hardly suffers the sun to look on her; though indeed the common report is, that she is an extraordinary beauty."—"You say very true, sir," replied the young lady; "and I am that very daughter; as for my beauty, if fame has given you a wrong character of it, you will now be undeceived, since you have seen my face;" and with this she burst out into tears. The secretary, perceiving this, whispered the gentleman-waiter in the ear: "Sure," said he, "some extraordinary matter must have happened to this poor young lady, since it could oblige one of her quality to come out of doors in this disguise, and at this unseasonable hour."—"That is without question," answered the other, "for her tears, too, confirm the suspicion." Sancho

comforted her with the best reasons he could think on, and bid her not be afraid, but tell them what had befallen her, for they would all really do whatever lay in their power to make her easy.

“You must know, gentlemen,” said she, “that it is now ten years that my father has kept me close ever since my mother died. We have a small chapel, richly adorned, in the house, where we hear mass; and in all that time I have seen nothing but the sun by day, and the moon and stars by night; neither do I know what streets, squares, market-places, and churches are, no nor men, except my father, my brother, and that Pedro Perez the wool-farmer, whom I at first would have passed upon you for my father, that I might conceal the right. This confinement (not being allowed to stir abroad, though but to go to church) has made me uneasy this great while, and made me long to see the world, or at least the town where I was born, which I thought was no unlawful or unseemly desire. When I heard them talk of bull-feasts, prizes, acting of plays, and other public sports, I asked my brother, who is a year younger than I, what they meant by those things, and a world of others, which I have not seen; and he informed me as well as

he could; but that made me but the more eager to be satisfied by my own eyes. In short, I begged of my brother—I wish I never had done it”—and here she relapsed into tears. The steward, perceiving it, “Come, madam,” said he, “pray proceed, and make an end of telling us what has happened to you; for your words and your tears keep us all in suspense.” —“I have but few more words to add,” answered she, “but many more tears to shed; for they are commonly the fruit of such imprudent desires.”

That gentleman of the duke's who acted the part of Sancho's sewer, or gentleman-waiter, and was smitten with the young lady's charms, could not forbear lifting up his lantern to get another look; and, as he viewed her with a lover's eye, the tears that trickled down her cheeks seemed to him so many pearls, or some of the heavenly dew on a fair drooping flower, precious as oriental gems. This made him wish that the misfortune might not be so great as her sighs and tears bespoke it. As for the governor, he stood fretting to hear her hang so long upon her story; and therefore bid her make an end, and keep them no longer thus, for it was late, and they had a great deal of ground to walk over yet. Thereupon, with

broken sobs, and half-fetched sighs, "Sir," said she, "all my misfortune is, that I desired my brother to lend me some of his clothes, and that he would take me out some night or other to see all the town, while our father was asleep. Importuned by my entreaties, he consented; and, having lent me his clothes, he put on mine, which fit him as if they had been made for him; for he has no beard at all, and makes a mighty handsome woman. So this very night, about an hour ago, we got out; and, being guided by my father's footboy, and our own unruly desires, we took a ramble over the whole town; and as we were going home, we perceived a great number of people coming our way; whereupon said my brother, 'Sister, this is certainly the watch; follow me, and let us not only run, but fly as fast as we can; for if we should be known, it will be the worse for us.'—With that he fell a-running as fast as if he had wings to his feet. I fell a-running too, but was so frightened, that I fell down before I had gone half a dozen steps, and then a man overtook me, and brought me before you, and this crowd of people, by whom, to my shame, I am taken for an ill-creature; a bold indiscreet night-walker."—"And has nothing befallen you but this?" cried Sancho. You talked at

first of some jealousy, that had set you a-gadding.”—“Nothing else indeed,” answered the damsel; though I pretended jealousy, I ventured out on no other account but a little to see the world, and that too no further than the streets of this town.” All this was afterwards confirmed by her brother, who now was brought by some of the watch, one of whom had at last overtaken him, after he had left his sister. He had nothing on but a very rich petticoat, and a blue damask manteau, with a gold galloon; his head without any ornament but his own hair, that hung down in natural curls, like so many rings of gold. The governor, the steward, and the gentleman-waiter took him aside, and after they had examined him apart, why he had put on that dress, he gave the same answer his sister had done, and with no less bashfulness and concern, much to the satisfaction of the gentleman-waiter, who was much smitten with the young lady’s charms.

As for the governor, after he had heard the whole matter, “Truly, gentlefolks,” said he, “here is a little piece of childish folly: and to give an account of this wild frolic and slip of youth, there needed not all these sighs and tears, nor those hems and ha’s, and long excuses. Could not you, without any more

ado, have said, our names are so and so, and we stole out of our father's house for an hour or two, only to ramble about the town, and satisfy a little curiosity? and there had been an end of the story, without all this weeping and wailing."—"You say very well," said the young damsel, "but you may imagine, that, in the trouble and fright I was in, I could not behave myself as I should have done."—"Well," said Sancho, "there is no harm done; go along with us, and we will see you home to your father's; perhaps you may not yet be missed. But have a care how you gad abroad to see fashions another time. Do not be too venturesome. An honest maid should be still at home, as if she had one leg broken. A hen and a woman are lost by rambling; and she that longs to see, longs also to be seen. I need say no more."

The young gentleman thanked the governor for his civility, and then went home under his conduct. Being come to the house, the young spark threw a little stone against one of the iron-barred windows; and presently a maid-servant, who sat up for them, came down, opened the door, and let him and his sister in.

The governor, with his company, then continued his rounds, talking all the way as they



went of the genteel carriage and beauty of the brother and sister, and the great desire these poor children had to see the world by night.

As for the gentleman-waiter, he was so passionately in love, that he resolved to go the next day, and demand her of her father in marriage, not doubting but the old gentleman would comply with him, as he was one of the duke's principal servants. On the other side, Sancho had a great mind to strike a match between the young man and his daughter Sanchica; and he resolved to bring it about as soon as possible; believing no man's son could think himself too good for a governor's daughter. At last his round ended for that night, and his government two or three days after; which also put an end to all his great designs and expectations, as shall be seen hereafter.

## CHAPTER L.

WHO THE ENCHANTERS AND EXECUTIONERS WERE THAT WHIPPED THE DUENNA, AND PINCHED AND SCRATCHED DON QUIXOTE ; WITH THE SUCCESS OF THE PAGE THAT CARRIED SANCHO'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE, TERESA PANZA.

CID HAMET, the most punctual inquirer into the minutest particles of this important history, relates, that, when Donna Rodriguez was going out of her chamber to Don Quixote's apartment, another old waiting-woman, that lay with her, perceived it ; and, as one of the chief pleasures of all those female implements consists in inquiry, prying, and running their noses into every thing, she presently watched her fellow-servant's motions, and followed her so cautiously, that the good woman did not discover it. Now, Donna Rodriguez was no sooner got into the knight's chamber, than the other, lest she should forfeit her character of a true, tattling waiting-woman, flew to tell the duchess in her ear, that Donna Rodriguez was in Don Quixote's chamber. The duchess told

the duke ; and, having got his leave to take Altisidora with her, and go to satisfy her curiosity about this night visit, they very silently crept along in the dark, till they came to Don Quixote's door ; and, as they stood listening there, overheard very easily every word they said within ; so that, when the duchess heard her leaky woman expose the fountains of her issues, she was not able to contain ; nor was Altisidora less provoked. Full of rage, and greedy revenge, they rushed into the chamber, beat the duenna, and pinched the knight, as has been related. For those affronting expressions that are levelled against the beauty of women, or the good opinion of themselves, raise their anger and indignation to the highest degree, and incense them to a desire of revenge.

The duchess diverted the duke with an account of what had passed ; and, having a great desire to continue the merriment which Don Quixote's extravagances afforded them, the page that acted the part of Dulcinea, when it was proposed to end her enchantment, was dispatched away to Teresa Panza, with a letter from her husband (for Sancho having his head full of his government, had quite forgotten to do it), and, at the same time, the duchess sent

another from herself, with a large costly string of coral as a present.

Now, the story tells us, that the page was a sharp and ingenious lad; and, being very desirous to please his lord and lady, made the best of his way to Sancho's village. When he came near the place, he saw a company of females washing at a brook, and asked them, whether they could inform him if there lived not in that town a woman whose name was Teresa Panza, wife to one Sancho Panza, squire to a knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha? He had no sooner asked the question, than a young wench, that was washing among the rest, stood up: "That Teresa Panza is my mother," quoth she; "that Gaffer Sancho is my own father; and that same knight our master."—"Well, then, damsel," said the page, "pray go along with me, and bring me to your mother, for I have a letter and a token here for her from your father."—"That I will with all my heart, sir," said the girl, who seemed to be about fourteen years of age, little more or less; and, with that, leaving the clothes she was washing to one of her companions, without staying to dress her head, or put on her shoes, away she sprung before the page's horse, bare-legged, and with her hair about her ears,





“Come along, if it please you,” quoth she; “our house is hard by; it is but just as you come into the town, and my mother is at home, but brimful of sorrow, poor soul; for she has not heard from my father, I do not know how long.”—“Well,” said the page, “I bring her those tidings that will cheer her heart, I warrant her.” At last, what with leaping, running, and jumping, the girl being come to the house, “Mother, mother,” cried she, as loud as she could, before she went in, “come out, mother, come out! here is a gentleman has brought letters and tokens from my father.” At that summons out came the mother, spinning a lock of coarse flax, with a russet petticoat about her, so short, that it looked as if it had been cut off at the placket; a waistcoat of the same, and her smock hanging loose about it. Take her otherwise, she was none of the oldest, but looked somewhat turned of forty, strong built, sinewy, hale, vigorous, and in good case. “What is the matter, girl?” quoth she, seeing her daughter with the page; “what gentleman is that?”—“A servant of your ladyship’s, my Lady Teresa Panza,” answered the page; and, at the same time, alighting, and throwing himself at her feet, with the most humble submission, “My noble

Lady Donna Teresa," said he, "permit me the honour to kiss your ladyship's hand, as you are the only legitimate wife of my Lord Don Sancho Panza, proper governor of the island of Barataria." — "Alack-a-day," quoth Teresa, "what do you do? By no means: I am none of your court dames, but a poor, silly, country body, a ploughman's daughter, the wife, indeed, of a squire-errant, but no governor." — "Your ladyship," replied the page, "is the most worthy wife of a thrice-worthy governor; and, for proof of what I say, be pleased to receive this letter, and this present." With that he took out of his pocket a string of coral beads set in gold, and, putting it about her neck, "This letter," said he, "is from his honour the governor; and another that I have for you, together with these beads, are from her grace the lady duchess, who sends me now to your ladyship."

Teresa stood amazed, and her daughter was transported. "Now, I will be hanged," quoth the young baggage, "if our master, Don Quixote, be not at the bottom of this. Ay, this is his doing. He has given my father that same government or earldom he has promised him so many times." — "You say right," answered the page; "it is for the Lord Don



Quixote's sake that the Lord Sancho is now governor of the island of Barataria, as the letter will inform you."—"Good sir," quoth Teresa, "read it me, if it like your worship; for, though I can spin, I cannot read a jot."—"Nor I neither, i'fackins," cried Sanchica; "but do but stay a little, and I will go fetch one that shall, either the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, or our parson himself, who will come with all their hearts to hear news of my father."—"You may spare yourself the trouble," said the page; "for, though I cannot spin, yet I can read; and I will read it to you." With that he read the letter, which is now omitted, because it has been inserted before. That done, he pulled out another from the duchess, which runs as follows:—

“FRIEND TERESA,

“Your husband Sancho's good parts, his wit, and honesty, obliged me to desire the duke, my husband, to bestow on him the government of one of his islands. I am informed he is as sharp as a hawk in his office, for which I am very glad, as well as my lord duke, and return Heaven many thanks, that I have not been deceived in making choice of him for that preferment. For, you must know, Signora

Teresa, it is a difficult thing to meet with a good governor in this world ; and may Heaven make me as good as Sancho proves in his government.

“ I have sent you, my dear friend, a string of coral beads, set in gold ; I could wish they were oriental pearls for your sake ; but a small token may not hinder a great one. The time will come when we shall be better acquainted ; and, when we have conversed together, who knows what may come to pass ? Commend me to your daughter Sanchica, and bid her, from me, to be in readiness, for I design to marry her greatly when she least thinks of it.

“ I understand you have fine large acorns in your town : pray send me a dozen or two of them ; I shall set a greater value upon them as coming from your hands. And pray, let me have a good long letter, to let me know how you do ; and, if you have occasion for any thing, it is but ask and have ; I shall even know your meaning by your gaping. So Heaven preserve you.

“ Your loving friend,

“ THE DUCHESS.”

“ From this Castle.”

“ Bless me ! ” quoth Teresa, when she had

heard the letter, "what a good lady is this! not a bit of pride in her! Heaven grant me to be buried with such ladies, and not with such proud madams as we have in our town; who, because they are gentle-folks, forsooth, think the wind must not blow on them, but come flaunting to church as stately as if they were queens. It seems they think it scorn to look upon a poor country woman. But, la you! here is a good lady, who, though she be a duchess, calls me her friend, and uses me as if I were as high as herself. Well, may I see her as high as the highest steeple in the whole country! As for the acorns she writes for, master of mine, I will send her good ladyship a whole peck, and such swinging acorns, that every body shall come to admire them far and near.—And now, Sanchica, see that the gentleman be made welcome, and want for nothing. Take care of his horse. Run to the stable, get some eggs, cut some bacon; he shall fare like a prince: the rare news he has brought me, and his good looks, deserve no less. Meanwhile, I will among my neighbours; I cannot hold; I must run and tell them the news. Our good curate, too, shall know it, and Mr Nicholas the barber; for they have all along been thy father's friends."—

“Ay, do, mother,” said the daughter; “but, hark you, you must give me half the beads; for, I daresay, the great lady knows better things than to give them all to you.”—“It is all thy own, child,” cried the mother; “but let me wear it a few days about my neck, for thou canst not think how it rejoices the very heart of me.”—“You will rejoice more presently,” said the page, “when you see what I have got in my portmanteau; a fine suit of green cloth, which the governor wore but one day a-hunting, and has here sent to my lady Sanchica.”—“Oh, the Lord love him,” cried Sanchica, “and the fine gentleman that brings it me!”

Presently, away ran Teresa, with the beads about her neck, and the letters in her hand, all the while playing with her fingers on the papers, as if they had been a timbrel; and meeting, by chance, the curate and the bachelor Carrasco, she fell a-dancing and frisking about. “Faith and troth,” cried she, “we are all made now. Not one small body in all our kindred. We have got a poor thing called a government. And now, let the proudest of them all toss up her nose at me, and I will give her as good as she brings. I will make her know her distance.”—“How

now, Teresa?" said the curate; "what mad fit is this? what papers are those in your hand?"—"No mad fit at all," answered Teresa; "but these are letters from duchesses and governors, and these beads about my neck are right coral, the Ave Marias I mean; and the Pater Nosters are of beaten gold; and I am a madam governess, I will assure you."—"Verily," said the curate, "there is no understanding you, Teresa; we do not know what you mean."—"There is what will clear the riddle," quoth Teresa; and with that she gave them the letters. Thereupon, the curate having read them aloud, that Sampson Carrasco might also be informed, they both stood and looked on one another, and were more at a loss than before. The bachelor asked her who brought the letters? Teresa told them they might go home with her and see. It was a sweet, handsome, young man, as fine as any thing; and that he had brought her another present worth twice as much. The curate took the string of beads from her neck, and viewed it several times over, and, finding that it was a thing of value, he could not conceive the meaning of all this. "By the habit that I wear," cried he, "I cannot tell what to think of this business. In the first place, I am con-

vinced these beads are right coral, and gold ; and, in the next, here is a duchess sends to beg a dozen or two of acorns."—"Crack that nut if you can," said Sampson Carrasco. "But come, let us go to see the messenger, and probably he will clear our doubts."

Thereupon, going with Teresa, they found the page sifting a little corn for his horse, and Sanchica cutting a rasher of bacon, to be fried with eggs, for his dinner. They both liked the page's mien and his garb ; and after the usual compliments, Sampson desired him to tell them some news of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza ; for though they had read a letter from the latter to his wife, and another from the duchess, they were no better than riddles to them, nor could they imagine how Sancho should come by a government, especially of an island, well knowing that all the islands in the Mediterranean, or the greatest part of them, were the king's.

"Gentlemen," answered the page, "it is a certain truth, that Signor Sancho Panza is a governor, but whether it be of an island or not, I do not pretend to determine ; but this I can assure you, that he commands in a town that has above a thousand inhabitants. And as for my lady duchess's sending to a country-

woman for a few acorns, that is no such wonder, for she is so free from pride, that I have known her send to borrow a comb of one of her neighbours. You must know, our ladies of Arragon, though they are as noble as those of Castile, do not stand so much upon formalities and punctilios, neither do they take so much state upon them, but treat people with more familiarity."

While they were thus discoursing, in came Sanchica skipping, with her lap full of eggs, and turning to the page, "Pray, sir," said she, "tell me, does my father wear trunk-breeches now he is a governor?"—"Truly," said the page, "I never minded it, but without doubt he does."—"Oh gemini?" cried the young wench, "what would I not give to see my father in his trunk-breeches! Is it not a strange thing, that ever since I can remember myself I have wished to see my father in trunk-breeches?"—"You will see him as you would have him," said the page, "if your ladyship does but live. Odsfish, if his government holds but two months, you will see him go with an umbrella over his head."

The curate and the bachelor plainly perceived that the page did but laugh at the mother and daughter; but yet the costly string of beads,

and the hunting suit, which by this time Teresa had let them see, confounded them again. In the meanwhile, they could not forbear smiling at Sanchica's odd fancy, and much less at what her mother said. "Good master curate," quoth she, "do so much as inquire whether any of our neighbours are going to Madrid or Toledo. I would have them buy me a hugeous farthingale of the newest and most courtly fashion, and the very finest that can be got for money; for, by my holidame, I mean to credit my husband's government as much as I can; and if they vex me, I will hie me to that same court, and ride in my coach too as well as the best of them; for she that is a governor's lady may very well afford to have one."—"O rare mother!" cried Sanchica; "would it were to-night before to-morrow. Mayhap, when they saw me sitting in our coach by my lady mother, they would jeer and flout: 'Look, look,' would they say, 'yonder is goody Trollop, the plough-jobber's bairn! How she flaunts it, and goes on lolling in her coach like a little Pope Joan!' But what would I care? Let them trudge on in the dirt, while I ride by in my coach. Shame and ill-luck go along with all your little back-biting scrubs! Let them laugh that win; the



cursed fox thrives the better.—Am I not in the right, mother?”—“Ay, marry, art thou, child,” quoth Teresa; “and indeed my good honey Sancho has often told me all these good things, and many more, would come to pass; and thou shalt see, daughter, I will never rest till I get to be a countess. There must be a beginning in all things, as I have heard it said by thy father, who is also the father of proverbs: When a cow is given thee, run and take her with a halter. When they give thee a government, take it; when an earldom, catch it; and when they whistle to thee with a good gift, snap at it. That which is good to give is good to take, girl. It were a pretty fancy, trow, to lie snoring a-bed, and when good luck knocks, not to rise and open the door.”—“Ay,” quoth Sanchica, “what is it to me, though they should say all they have a mind to say. When they see me so tearing fine, and so woundy great, let them spit their venom, and say, Set a beggar on horseback, and so forth.”—“Who would not think,” said the curate, hearing this, “but that the whole race of the Panzas came into the world with their paunches stuffed with proverbs? I never knew one of the name but threw them out at all times, let the discourse be what it would.”—“I think so too,”

said the page ; “ for his honour the governor blunders them out at every turn ; many times, indeed, wide from the purpose ; however, always to the satisfaction of the company, and with high applause from my lord and my lady.” —“ Then, sir, you assure us still,” said Carrasco, “ that Sancho is really a governor, and that a duchess sends these presents and letters upon his account ; for though we see the things, and read the letters, we can scarce prevail with ourselves to believe it, but are apt to run into our friend Don Quixote’s opinion, and look on all this as the effect of some enchantment : So that I could find in my heart to feel and try whether you are a visionary messenger or a creature of flesh and blood.”

“ For my part, gentlemen,” answered the page, “ all I can tell you is, that I am really the messenger I appear to be ; that the Lord Sancho Panza is actually a governor ; and that the duke and the duchess, to whom I belong, are able to give, and have given him that government ; where, I am credibly informed, he behaves himself most worthily. Now if there be any enchantment in the matter, I leave you to examine that ; for, by the life of my parents, one of the greatest oaths I can utter, for they are both alive, and I love them dearly,

I know no more of the business.”—“That may be,” said the bachelor, “but yet *dubitat Augustinus*.”—“You may doubt if you please,” replied the page, “but I have told you the truth, which will always prevail over falsehood, and rise uppermost, as oil does above water. But if you will *operibus credere et non verbis*, let one of you go along with me, and you shall see with your eyes, what you will not believe by the help of your ears.”—“I will go with all my heart,” quoth Sanchica; “take me up behind ye, sir; I have a huge mind to see my father.”—“The daughters of governors,” said the page, “must not travel thus unattended, but in coaches or litters, and with a handsome train of servants.”—“Cud’s my flesh,” quoth Sanchica, “I can go a journey as well on an ass as in one of your coaches. I am none of your tender squeamish things, not I.”—“Peace, chicken,” quoth the mother, “thou dost not know what thou sayest, the gentleman is in the right: Times are altered. When it was plain Sancho, it was plain Sanchica; but now he is a governor, thou art a lady: I cannot well tell whether I am right or no.”—“My Lady Teresa says more than she is aware of,” said the page. “But now,” continued he, “give me a mouthful to eat as soon as you can, for I must go

back this afternoon.”—“Be pleased then, sir,” said the curate, “to go with me, and partake of a slender meal at my house, for my neighbour Teresa is more willing than able to entertain so good a guest.” The page excused himself a while, but at last complied, being persuaded it would be much for the better; and the curate, on his side, was glad of his company, to have an opportunity to inform himself at large about Don Quixote and his proceedings. The bachelor proffered Teresa to write her answers to her letters, but as she looked upon him to be somewhat waggish, she would not permit him to be of her counsel: so she gave a roll and a couple of eggs to a young acolyte of the church who could write, and he wrote two letters for her; one to her husband, and the other to the duchess, all of her own inditing, and perhaps not the worst in this famous history, as hereafter may be seen.

## CHAPTER LI.

A CONTINUATION OF SANCHO PANZA'S GOVERNMENT,  
WITH OTHER PASSAGES, SUCH AS THEY ARE.

THE morning of that day arose which succeeded the governor's rounding night, the remainder of which the gentleman-waiter spent not in sleep, but in the pleasing thoughts of the lovely face and charming grace of the disguised virgin; on the other side, the steward bestowed that time in writing to his lord and lady what Sancho did and said; wondering no less at his actions than at his expressions, both which displayed a strange intermixture of discretion and simplicity.

At last the lord governor was pleased to rise; and, by Dr Pedro Rezio's order, they brought him for his breakfast a little conserve and a draught of fair water, which he would have exchanged with all his heart for a good luncheon of bread and a bunch of grapes; but seeing he could not help himself, he was forced to make the best of a bad market, and seem to be content, though full sore against his will and

appetite; for the doctor made him believe, that to eat but little, and that which was dainty, enlivened the spirits and sharpened the wit, and consequently such a sort of diet was most proper for persons in authority and weighty employments, wherein there is less need of the strength of the body than that of the mind. This sophistry served to famish Sancho, who, half-dead with hunger, cursed in his heart both the government and him that had given it him. However, hungry as he was, by the strength of his slender breakfast, he failed not to give audience that day; and the first that came before him was a stranger, who put the following case to him, the stewards and the rest of the attendants being present:—

“My lord,” said he, “a large river divides in two parts one and the same lordship. I beg your honour to lend me your attention, for it is a case of great importance, and some difficulty. Upon this river there is a bridge, at the one end of which there stands a gallows, and a kind of court of justice, where four judges used to sit for the execution of a certain law made by the lord of the land and river, which runs thus:—

“Whoever intends to pass from one end of this bridge to the other, must first, upon his oath declare whither he goes, and what his

business is. If he swear truth, he may go on ; but if he swear false, he shall be hanged, and die without remission upon the gibbet at the end of the bridge.'

"After due promulgation of this law, many people, notwithstanding its severity, adventured to go over this bridge, and as it appeared they swore true, the judges permitted them to pass unmolested. It happened one day that a certain passenger being sworn, declared, that by the oath he had taken, he was come to die upon that gallows, and that was all his business.

"This put the judges to a nonplus ; 'for,' said they, 'if we let this man pass freely he is forsworn, and, according to the letter of the law, he ought to die ; if we hang him, he has sworn truth, seeing he swore he was to die on that gibbet ; and then by the same law we should let him pass.'

"Now, your lordship's judgment is desired what the judges ought to do with this man : For they are still at a stand, not knowing what to determine in this case ; and having been informed of your sharp wit, and great capacity in resolving difficult questions, they sent me to beseech your lordship, in their names, to give your opinion in so intricate and knotty a case."

"To deal plainly with you," answered

Sancho, "those worshipful judges that sent you hither might as well have spared themselves the trouble; for I am more inclined to dulness, I assure you, than sharpness: However, let me hear your question once more, that I may thoroughly understand it, and perhaps I may at last hit the nail upon the head." The man repeated the question again and again; and when he had done, "To my thinking," said Sancho, "this question may be presently answered, as thus: The man swore he came to die on the gibbet, and if he die there, he swore true, and, according to the law, he ought to be free and go over the bridge. On the other side, if you do not hang him, he swore false, and by the same law he ought to be hanged."—"It is as your lordship says," replied the stranger; "you have stated the case right."—"Why then," said Sancho, "even let that part of the man that spoke true freely pass, and hang the other part of the man that swore false, and so the law will be fulfilled."—"But then, my lord," replied the stranger, "the man must be divided into two parts, which if we do, he certainly dies, and the law, which must, every title of it, be observed, is not put in execution."

"Well, hark you me, honest man," said Sancho, "either I am a very dunce, or there is



as much reason to put this same person you talk of to death, as to let him live and pass the bridge; for if the truth saves him, the lie condemns him. Now the case stands thus: I would have you tell those gentlemen that sent you to me, since there is as much reason to bring him off as to condemn him, that they even let him go free; for it is always more commendable to do good than hurt. And this I would give you under my own hand if I could write. Nor do I speak this of my own head; but I remember one precept, among many others, that my master Don Quixote gave me the night before I went to govern this island, which was, that when the scale of justice is even, or a case is doubtful, we should prefer mercy before rigour; and it has pleased God I should call it to mind so luckily at this juncture.”—“For my part,” said the steward, “this judgment seems to me so equitable, that I do not believe Lycurgus himself, who gave the laws to the Lacedæmonians, could ever have decided the matter better than the great Sancho has done.

“And now, sir, sure there is enough done for this morning; be pleased to adjourn the court, and I will give order that your excellency may dine to your heart’s content.”—“Well

said," cried Sancho; "that is all I want, and then a clear stage and no favour. Feed me well, and then ply me with cases and questions thick and threefold; you shall see me untwist them, and lay them open as clear as the sun."

The steward was as good as his word, believing it would be a burden to his conscience to furnish so wise a governor: Besides, he intended the next night to put in practice the last trick which he had commission to pass upon him.

Now Sancho having plentifully dined that day, in spite of all the aphorisms of Dr Tirteafuera, when the cloth was removed, in came an express with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor. Sancho ordered the secretary to read it to himself, and if there was nothing in it for secret perusal, then to read it aloud. The secretary having first run it over accordingly, "My lord," said he, "the letter may not only be publicly read, but deserves to be engraved in characters of gold; and thus it is."

*Don Quixote de la Mancha to Sancho Panza,  
Governor of the Island of Baratavia.*

"When I expected to have had an account of thy carelessness and impertinences, friend

Sancho, I was agreeably disappointed with news of thy wise behaviour; for which I return particular thanks to Heaven, that can raise the lowest from their poverty, and turn the fool into a man of sense. I hear thou governest with all the discretion of a man; and that whilst thou approvest thyself one, thou retainest the humility of the meanest creature. But I desire thee to observe, Sancho, that it is many times very necessary and convenient to thwart the humility of the heart, for the better support of the authority of a place. For the ornament of a person that is advanced to an eminent post must be answerable to its greatness, and not debased to the inclination of his former meanness. Let thy apparel be neat and handsome; even a stake, well dressed, does not look like a stake. I would not have thee wear foppish gaudy things, nor affect the garb of a soldier in the circumstances of a magistrate; but let thy dress be suitable to thy degree, and always clean and decent.

“To gain the hearts of thy people, among other things, I have two chiefly to recommend: One is, to be affable, courteous, and fair to all the world. I have already told thee of that. And the other, to take care that plenty of provisions be never wanting; for nothing

afflicts, or urges more the spirits of the poor, than scarcity and hunger.

“Do not put out many new orders; and if thou dost put out any, see that they be wholesome and good, and especially that they be strictly observed; for laws not well obeyed, are no better than if they were not made, and only shew that the prince who had the wisdom and authority to make them, had not the resolution to see them executed; and laws that only threaten, and are not kept, become like the log that was given to the frogs to be their king, which they feared at first, but at last scorned and trampled on.

“Be a father to virtue, but a father-in-law to vice. Be not always severe, nor always merciful; choose a mean between these two extremes; for that middle point is the centre of discretion.

“Visit the prisons, the shambles, and the public markets; for the governor’s presence is highly necessary in such places.

“Comfort the prisoners that hope to be quickly dispatched.

“Be a terror to the butchers, that they may be fair in their weights, and keep hucksters and fraudulent dealers in awe, for the same reason.

“Shouldst thou unhappily be inclined to be covetous, given to women, or a glutton, as I hope thou art not, avoid shewing thyself guilty of those vices; for when the town, and those that come near thee, have discovered thy weakness, they will be sure to try thee on that side, and tempt thee to thy everlasting ruin.

“Read over and over, and seriously consider the admonitions and documents I gave thee in writing before thou wentest to thy government, and thou wilt find the benefit of it in all those difficulties and emergencies that so frequently attend the function of a governor.

“Write to thy lord and lady, and shew thyself grateful; for ingratitude is the offspring of pride, and one of the worst corruptions of the mind; whereas he that is thankful to his benefactors gives a testimony that he will be so to God, who has done, and continually does him so much good.

“My lady duchess dispatched a messenger on purpose to thy wife Teresa, with thy hunting suit, and another present. We expect his return every moment.

“I have been somewhat out of order by a certain cat-encounter I had lately, not much to the advantage of my nose; but all that is nothing, for if there are necromancers, that

misuse me there are others ready to defend me.

“Send me word whether the steward that is with thee had any hand in the business of the Countess of Trifaldi, as thou wert once of opinion; and let me also have an account of whatever befalls thee, since the distance between us is so small. I have thoughts of leaving this idle life ere long; for I was not born for luxury and ease.

“A business has offered, that I believe will make me lose the duke and duchess’s favour; but though I am heartily sorry for it, that does not alter my resolution; for, after all, I owe more to my profession than to complaisance; and, as the saying is, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*. I send thee this scrap of Latin, flattering myself that since thou camest to be a governor, thou mayest have learned something of that language. Farewell, and Heaven keep thee above the pity of the world.

“Thy friend,

“DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.”

Sancho gave great attention to the letter, and it was highly applauded, both for sense and integrity, by every body that heard it. After that, he rose from table, and calling the

secretary, went without any further delay, and locked himself up with him in his chamber, to write an answer to his master Don Quixote. He ordered the scribe to set down word for word what he dictated, without adding or diminishing the least thing ; which being strictly observed, this was the tenor of the letter :—

*Sancho Panza to Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

“ I am so taken up with business, that I have not time to scratch my head, or pare my nails, which is the reason they are so long, God help me ! I tell you this, dear master of mine, that you may not marvel why I have not yet let you know whether it goes well or ill with me in this same government, where I am more hunger-starved than when you and I wandered through woods and wildernesses.

“ My lord duke wrote to me the other day, to inform me of some spies that were got into this island to kill me ; but as yet I have discovered none, but a certain doctor, hired by the islanders to kill all the governors that come near it. They call him Dr Pedro Rezio de Anguero, and he was born at Tirteafuera. His name is enough to make me fear he will be the

death of me. This same doctor says of himself, that he does cure diseases when you have them, but when you have them not, he only pretends to keep them from coming. The physic he uses, is fasting upon fasting, till he turns a body to a mere skeleton; as if to be wasted to skin and bones were not as bad as a fever. In short, he starves me to death; so that, when I thought, as being a governor, to have my belly-full of good hot victuals and cool liquor, and to refresh my body in Holland sheets, and on a soft feather-bed, I am come to do penance like a hermit; and, as I do it unwillingly, I am afraid the devil will have me at last.

“ All this while I have not yet so much as fingered the least penny of money, either for fees, bribes, or anything; and how it comes to be no better with me I cannot for my soul imagine, for I have heard, by the by, that the governors who come to this island are wont to have a very good gift, or at least, a very round sum lent them by the town before they enter. And they say too, that this is the usual custom, not only here, but in other places.

“ Last night, in going my rounds, I met with a mighty handsome damsel in boy's clothes, and a brother of hers in woman's apparel. My



gentleman-waiter fell in love with the girl, and intends to make her his wife, as he says. As for the youth, I have pitched on him to be my son-in-law. To-day we both design to discourse the father, one Diego de la Llana, who is a gentleman, and an old Christian every inch of him.

“ I visit the markets as you advised me, and yesterday found one of the hucksters selling hazle-nuts. She pretended they were all new, but I found she had mixed a whole bushel of old, empty, rotten nuts, among the same quantity of new. With that, I judged them to be given to the hospital-boys, who knew how to pick the good from the bad, and gave sentence against her that she should not come into the market in fifteen days; and people said I did well. What I can tell you is, that, if you will believe the folks of this town, there is not a more rascally sort of people in the world than these market-women, for they are all a saucy, foul-mouthed, impudent, hellish rabble; and I judge them to be so by those I have seen in other places.

“ I am mighty well pleased that my lady duchess has written to my wife Teresa Panza, and sent her the token you mention. It shall go hard but I will requite her kindness one

time or other. Pray give my service to her, and tell her from me, she has not cast her gift in a broken sack, as something more than words shall shew.

“ If I might advise you, and had my wish, there should be no falling out between your worship and my lord and lady; for, if you quarrel with them, it is I must come by the worst for it. And, since you mind me of being grateful, it will not look well in you not to be so to those who have made so much of you at their castle.

“ As for your cat affair, I can make nothing of it, only I fancy you are still haunted after the old rate. You will tell me more when we meet.

“ I would fain have sent you a token, but I do not know what to send, unless it were some little glister-pipes, which they make here very curiously, and fix most cleverly to the bladders. But, if I stay in my place, it shall go hard but I will get something worth the sending, be it what it will.

“ If my wife Teresa Panza writes to me, pray pay the postage, and send me the letter; for I mightily long to hear how it is with her, and my house and children.

“ So Heaven preserve you from ill-minded

enchanters, and send me safe and sound out of this government, which I am much afraid of, as Dr Pedro Rezio diets me.

“Your worship’s servant,

“SANCHO PANZA, the governor.”

The secretary made up the letter, and immediately dispatched the express. Then those who carried on the plot against Sancho combined together, and consulted how to remove him from the government; and Sancho passed that afternoon in making several regulations, for the better establishment of that which he imagined to be an island. He published an order against the higglers and forestallers of the markets, and another to encourage the bringers in of wines from any part whatever, provided the owners declared of what growth they were, that they might be rated according to their value and goodness; and that they who should adulterate wine with water, or give it a wrong name, should be punished with death. He lowered the price of all kinds of apparel, and particularly that of shoes, as thinking it exorbitant. He regulated servants’ wages, that were unlimited before, and proportioned them to the merit of their service. He laid severe penalties upon all those that

should sing or vend lewd and immoral songs and ballads, either in the open day, or in the dusk of the evening; and also forbid all blind people the singing about miracles in rhimes, unless they produced authentic testimonies of their truth; for it appeared to him, that most of those that were sung in such a manner were false, and a disparagement to the true.

He appointed a particular officer to inspect the poor, not to persecute, but to examine them, and know whether they were truly such; for, under pretence of counterfeit lameness, and artificial sores, many canting vagabonds impudently rob the true poor of charity, to spend it in riot and drunkenness.

In short, he made so many wholesome ordinances, that, to this day, they are observed in that place, and called, "The Constitutions of the great Governor Sancho Panza."

## CHAPTER LII.

A RELATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE SECOND  
DISCONSOLATE OR DISTRESSED MATRON, OTHER-  
WISE CALLED DONNA RODRIGUEZ.

CID HAMET relates, that Don Quixote's scratches being healed, he began to think the life he led in the castle not suitable to the order of knight-errantry which he professed; he resolved, therefore, to take leave of the duke and duchess, and set forwards for Saragossa, where, at the approaching tournament, he hoped to win the armour, the usual prize at the festivals of that kind. Accordingly, as he sat at table with the lord and lady of the castle, he began to acquaint them with his design, when behold two women entered the great hall, clad in deep mourning from head to foot. One of them, approaching Don Quixote, threw herself at his feet, where, lying prostrate, and in a manner kissing them, she fetched such deep and doleful sighs, and made such sorrowful lamentations, that all those who were by were

not a little surprised. And, though the duke and duchess imagined it to be some new device of their servants against Don Quixote, yet, perceiving with what earnestness the woman sighed and lamented, they were in doubt, and knew not what to think; till the compassionate champion, raising her from the ground, engaged her to lift up her veil, and discover, what they least expected, the face of Donna Rodriguez, the duenna of the family, and the other mourner proved to be her daughter, whom the rich farmer's son had deluded. All those that knew them were in great admiration, especially the duke and duchess; for, though they knew her simplicity and indiscretion, they did not believe her so far gone in madness. At last, the sorrowful matron, addressing herself to the duke and the duchess, "May it please your graces," said she, "to permit me to direct my discourse to this knight, for it concerns me to get out of an unlucky business, into which the impudence of a treacherous villain has brought us." With that the duke gave her leave to say what she would; then, applying herself to Don Quixote, "It is not long," said she, "valorous knight, since I gave your worship an account how basely and treacherously a young grace-

less farmer had used my dear child, the poor undone creature here present; and you then promised me to stand up for her, and see her righted; and now I understand you are about to leave this castle, in quest of the good adventures Heaven shall send you. And therefore, before you are gone nobody knows whither, I have this boon to beg of your worship, that you would do so much as challenge this sturdy clown, and make him marry my daughter, according to his promise before he was concerned with her. For, as for my lord duke, it is a folly to think he will ever see me righted, for the reason I told you in private. And so Heaven preserve your worship, and still be our defence.”—“Worthy matron,” answered Don Quixote, with a great deal of gravity and solemn form, “moderate your tears, or, to speak more properly, dry them up, and spare your sighs; for I take upon me to see your daughter’s wrongs redressed; though she had done much better, had not her too great credulity made her trust the protestations of lovers, which generally are readily made, but most uneasily performed. Therefore, with my lord duke’s permission, I will instantly depart to find out this ungracious wretch; and, as soon as he is found, I

will challenge him, and kill him, if he persists in his obstinacy; for, the chief end of my profession is, to pardon the submissive, and to chastise the stubborn; to relieve the miserable, and destroy the cruel."—"Sir knight," said the duke, "you need not give yourself the trouble of seeking the fellow of whom that good matron complains; nor need you ask me leave to challenge him; for I already engage that he shall meet you in person to answer it here in this castle, where safe lists shall be set up for you both, observing all the laws of arms that ought to be kept in affairs of this kind, and doing each party justice, as all princes ought to do that admit of single combats within their territories."—"Upon that assurance," said Don Quixote, "with your grace's leave, I, for this time, waive my punctilio of gentility, and, debasing myself to the meanness of the offender, qualify him to measure lances with me; and so, let him be absent or present, I challenge and defy him, as a villain, that has deluded this poor creature, that was a maid, and now, through his baseness, is none; and he shall either perform his promise of making her his lawful wife, or die in the contest." With that, pulling off his glove, he flung it down into the middle of the hall, and the



duke took it up, declaring, as he already had done, that he accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal; fixing the time for combat to be six days after, and the place to be the castle-court; the arms to be such as are usual among knights, as lance, shield, armour of proof, and all other pieces, without fraud, advantage, or enchantment, after search made by the judges of the field.

“But in the first place,” added the duke, “it is requisite that this true matron, and this false virgin, commit the justice of their cause into the hands of their champion, for otherwise there will be nothing done, and the challenge is void, in course.”—“I do,” answered the matron; “And so do I,” added the daughter all ashamed, blubbering, and in a crying tone. The preliminaries being adjusted, and the duke having resolved with himself what to do in the matter, the mourning petitioners went away, and the duchess ordered they should no longer be looked on as her domestics, but as ladies-errant, that came to demand justice in her castle; and, accordingly, there was a peculiar apartment appointed for them, where they were served as strangers, to the amazement of the other servants, who could not imagine what would be the end of Donna

Rodriguez and her forsaken daughter's ridiculous, confident undertaking.

Presently after this, to complete their mirth, and as it were, for the last course, in came the page that had carried the letters and the presents to Teresa Panza. The duke and duchess were overjoyed to see him returned, having a great desire to know the success of his journey. They inquired of him accordingly; but he told them that the account he had to give them could not well be delivered in public, nor in few words; and therefore begged their graces would be pleased to take it in private, and, in the meantime, entertain themselves with those letters. With that, taking out two, he delivered them to her grace. The superscription of the one was, "These for my Lady Duchess, of I do not know what place;" and the direction on the other, thus, "To my husband Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island of Barataria, whom Heaven prosper as many or more years than me."

The duchess sat upon thorns till she had read her letter; so, having opened it, and ran it over to herself; finding there was nothing of secrecy in it, she read it out aloud, that the whole company might hear what follows.

*Teresa Panza's Letter to the Duchess.*

“MY LADY,

“The letter your honour sent me pleased me hugely; for, troth, it is what I heartily longed for. The string of coral is a good thing, and my husband's hunting-suit may come up to it. All our town takes it mighty kindly, and is very glad that your honour has made my spouse a governor, though nobody will believe it, especially our curate, Master Nicholas the barber, and Sampson Carrasco the bachelor. But what care I whether they do or no? So it be true, as it is, let every one have their saying. Though (it is a folly to lie) I had not believed it neither, but for the coral and the suit; for every body here takes my husband to be a dolt, and cannot for the blood of them imagine what he can be fit to govern, unless it be a herd of goats. Well, Heaven be his guide, and speed him as he sees best for his children. As for me, my dear lady, I am resolved, with your good liking, to make hay while the sun shines, and go to court, to loll it along in a coach, and make a world of my back-friends, that envy me already, stare their eyes out. And, therefore, good your honour, pray bid my

husband send me store of money, for I believe it is dear living at court; one can have but little bread there for sixpence, and a pound of flesh is worth thirty marvedis, which would make one stand amazed. And if he is not for my coming, let him send me word in time, for my feet itch to be jogging; for my gossips and neighbours tell me, that if I and my daughter go about the court as we should, spruce and fine, and at a tearing rate, my husband will be better known by me, than I by him; for many cannot choose but ask, what ladies are these in the coach? with that, one of my servants answers, 'The wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria;' and thus shall my husband be known, and I honoured, far and near; and so have at all; Rome has every thing.

"You cannot think how I am troubled that we have gathered no acorns hereaway this year; however, I send your highness about half-a-peck, which I have culled one by one: I went to the mountains on purpose, and got the biggest I could find. I wish they had been as big as ostrich eggs.

"Pray, let not your pomposity forget to write to me, and I will be sure to send you an answer, and let you know how I do, and send you

all the news in our village, where I am waiting, and praying the Lord to preserve your highness, and not to forget me. My daughter, Sanchica, and my son, kiss your worship's hands.

“She that wishes rather to see

“you than write to you,

“Your servant, TERESA PANZA.”

This letter was very entertaining to all the company, especially to the duke and duchess; insomuch that her grace asked Don Quixote whether it would be amiss to open the governor's letter, which she imagined was a very good one? The knight told her, that, to satisfy her curiosity, he would open it; which being done, he found what follows.

*Teresa Panza's Letter to her Husband Sancho Panza.*

“I received thy letter, dear honey Sancho, and I vow and swear to thee, as I am a Catholic Christian, I was within two fingers' breadth of running mad for joy. Look you, my chuck, when I heard thou wert made a governor, I was so transported, I had like to have fallen

down dead with mere gladness; for thou knowest sudden joy is said to kill as soon as great sorrow. As for thy daughter Sanchica, she scattered her water about before she was aware, for very pleasure. I had the suit thou sentest me before my eyes, and the lady duchess's corals about my neck, held the letter in my hands, and had him that brought them standing by me, and for all that, I thought what I saw and felt was but a dream. For who could have thought a goatherd should ever come to be governor of islands? But what said my mother, 'Who a great deal would see, a great while must live.' I speak this, because if I live longer, I mean to see more; for I shall never be at rest till I see thee a farmer or receiver of the customs; for though they be offices that send many to the devil, for all that they bring grist to the mill. My lady duchess will tell thee how I long to go to court. Pray think of it, and let me know thy mind; for I mean to credit thee there by going in a coach.

“Neither the curate, the barber, the bachelor, nor the sexton, will believe thou art a governor; but say it is all juggling or enchantment, as all thy master Don Quixote's concerns used to be; and Sampson threatens to find thee out, and put this maggot of a government out of thy

pate, and Don Quixote's madness out of his coxcomb. For my part, I do but laugh at them, and look upon my string of coral, and contrive how to fit up the suit thou sentest me into a gown for thy daughter.

“I sent my lady the duchess some acorns; I would they were beaten gold. I pr'ythee send me some strings of pearl, if they be in fashion in thy island.

“The news here is, that Berrueca has married her daughter to a sorry painter, that came hither, pretending to paint anything. The township set him to paint the king's arms over the town-hall: he asked them two ducats for the job, which they paid him: so he fell to work, and was eight days a-daubing, but could make nothing of it at last, and said he could not hit upon such piddling kind of work, and so gave them their money again. Yet for all this he married with the name of a good workman. The truth is, he has left his pencil upon it, and taken the spade, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro de Lobo's son has taken orders, and shaved his crown, meaning to be a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Salvato's grand-daughter, heard of it, and sues him upon a promise of marriage. Ill tongues do not stick to say she has been with child by him,

but he stiffly denies it. We have no olives this year, nor is there a drop of vinegar to be got for love or money. A company of soldiers went through this place, and carried along with them three wenches out of the town : I do not tell thee their names, for mayhaps they will come back, and there will not want some that will marry them for better for worse. Sanchica makes bone-lace, and gets her threehalfpence a-day clear, which she saves in a box with a slit, to go towards buying household stuff. But now she is a governor's daughter, she has no need to work, for thou wilt give her a portion. The fountain in the market is dried up. A thunderbolt lately fell upon the pillory : there may they all light. I expect thy answer to this, and thy resolution concerning my going to court. So Heaven send thee long to live, longer than myself, or rather as long ; for I would not willingly leave thee behind me in this world.

“ Thy wife,

“ TERESA PANZA.”

These letters were admired, and caused a great deal of laughter and diversion ; and, to complete the mirth, at the same time the express returned that brought Sancho's answer to



Don Quixote, which was likewise publicly read, and startled all the hearers, who took the governor for a fool. Afterwards the duchess withdrew, to know of the page what he had to relate of Sancho's village; of which he gave her a full account, without omitting the least particular. He also brought her the acorns, and a cheese which Teresa had given him for a very good one, and better than those of Troncheon, and which the duchess gratefully accepted. Now let us leave her, to tell the end of the government of great Sancho Panza, the flower and mirror of all island governors.

## CHAPTER LIII.

THE TOILSOME END AND CONCLUSION OF SANCHO  
PANZA'S GOVERNMENT.

To think the affairs of this life are always to remain in the same state, is an erroneous fancy. The face of things rather seems continually to change and roll with circular motion; summer succeeds the spring, autumn the summer, winter the autumn, and then spring again. So time proceeds in this perpetual round; only the life of man is ever hastening to its end, swifter than time itself, without hopes to be renewed, unless in the next, that is unlimited and infinite. This says Cid Hamet, the Mahometan philosopher. For even by the light of nature, and without that of faith, many have discovered the swiftness and instability of this present being, and the duration of the eternal life which is expected. But this moral reflection of our author is not here to be supposed as meant by him in its full extent; for he intended it only to show the uncertainty of Sancho's fortune, how soon it vanished like a

dream, and how from his high preferment he returned to his former low station.

It was now but the seventh night, after so many days of his government, when the careful governor had betaken himself to his repose, sated not with bread and wine, but cloyed with hearing causes, pronouncing sentences, making statutes, and putting out orders and proclamations. Scarce was sleep, in spite of wakeful hunger, beginning to close his eyes, when, of a sudden, he heard a great noise of bells, and most dreadful outcries, as if the whole island had been sinking. Presently he started, and sat up in bed, and listened with great attention, to try if he could learn how far this uproar might concern him. But, while he was thus hearkening in the dark, a great number of drums and trumpets were heard, and that sound being added to the noise of the bells and the cries, gave so dreadful an alarm, that his fear and terror increased, and he was in a sad consternation. Up he leaped out of his bed, and put on his slippers, the ground being damp, and without anything else on but his shirt, ran and opened his chamber-door, and saw about twenty men come running along the galleries with lighted links in one hand, and drawn swords in the other, all crying out, "Arm! my

lord governor, arm! a world of enemies are got into the island, and we are undone, unless your valour and conduct relieve us." Thus bawling and running with great fury and disorder, they got to the door where Sancho stood quite scared out of his senses. "Arm, arm this moment, my lord," cried one of them, "if you have not a mind to be lost with the whole island."—"What would you have me arm for?" quoth Sancho; "Do I know any thing of arms or fighting, think you? why do you not rather send for Don Quixote, my master? he will dispatch your enemies in a trice. Alas! as I am a sinner to Heaven, I understand nothing of this hasty service."—"For shame, my lord governor," said another; "what a faint-heartedness is this? See, we bring you here arms offensive and defensive; arm yourself, and march to the market-place; be our leader and captain as you ought, and shew yourself a governor."—"Why, then, arm me, and good luck attend me," quoth Sancho. With that, they brought him two large shields, which they had provided, and, without letting him put on his other clothes, clapped them over his shirt, and tied the one behind upon his back, and the other before upon his breast, having got his arms through some holes made

on purpose. Now the shields being fastened to his body, as hard as cords could bind them, the poor governor was cased up and immured as straight as an arrow, without being able so much as to bend his knees or stir a step. Then, having put a lance into his hand for him to lean upon, and keep himself up, they desired him to march, and lead them on, and put life into them all, telling him, that they did not doubt of victory, since they had him for their commander. "March!" quoth Sancho, "how do you think I am able to do it, squeezed as I am? These boards stick so plaguy close to me, I cannot so much as bend the joints of my knees; you must even carry me in your arms, and lay me across or set me upright before some passage, and I will make good that spot of ground, either with this lance or my body."—"Fie, my lord governor," said another, "it is more your fear than your armour that stiffens your legs, and hinders you from moving. Move, move, march on, it is high time, the enemy grows stronger, and the danger presses." The poor governor thus urged and upbraided, endeavoured to go forwards, but the first motion he made threw him to the ground at the full length, so heavily, that he gave over all his bones for broken; and there he lay like a huge tortoise

in his shell, or a fitch of bacon clapped between two boards, or like a boat overturned upon a flat, with the keel upwards. Nor had those drolling companions the least compassion upon him as he lay; quite contrary, having put out their lights, they made a terrible noise, and clattered with their swords, and trampled too and again upon the poor governor's body, and laid on furiously with their swords upon his shields, insomuch, that if he had not shrunk his head into them for shelter, he had been in a woful condition. Squeezed up in his narrow shell, he was in a grievous fright, and a terrible sweat, praying from the bottom of his heart for deliverance from the cursed trade of governing islands. Some kicked him, some stumbled and fell upon him, and one, among the rest, jumped full upon him, and there stood for some time as on a watch-tower, like a general encouraging his soldiers, and giving orders, crying out, "There, boys, there! the enemies charge most on that side: make good that breach, secure that gate, down with those scaling ladders, fetch fire-balls, more grenadoes, burning pitch, rosin, and kettles of scalding oil. Intrench yourselves, get beds, quilts, cushions, and barricade the streets;" in short, he called for all the instruments of death, and all the

engines used for the defence of a city that is besieged and stormed. Sancho lay snug, though sadly bruised; and while he endured all quietly, "Oh that it would please the Lord," quoth he to himself, "that this island were but taken, or that I were fairly dead, or out of this peck of troubles!" At last, Heaven heard his prayers; and, when he least expected it, he heard them cry, "Victory! victory! the enemy is routed. Now, my lord governor, rise, come and enjoy the fruits of conquest, and divide the spoils taken from the enemy, by the valour of your invincible arms."—"Help me up," cried poor Sancho, in a doleful tone; and when they had set him on his legs, "Let all the enemy I have routed," quoth he, "be nailed to my forehead: I will divide no spoils of enemies: but if I have one friend here, I only beg he would give me a draught of wine to comfort me, and help to dry up the sweat that I am in, for I am all over water." Thereupon they wiped him, gave him wine, and took off his shields. After that, as he sat upon his bed, what with his fright, and what with the toil he had endured, he fell into a swoon, insomuch, that those who acted this scene began to repent they had carried it so far. But Sancho, recovering from his fit in a little time, they also recovered

from their uneasiness. Being come to himself, he asked what it was o'clock. They answered, it was now break of day. He said nothing, but without any word, began to put on his clothes. While this was doing, and he continued seriously silent, all the eyes of the company were fixed upon him, wondering what could be the meaning of his being in such haste to put on his clothes. At last he made an end of dressing himself, and, creeping along softly (for he was too much bruised to go along very fast), he got to the stable, followed by all the company, and, coming to Dapple, he embraced the quiet animal, gave him a loving kiss on the forehead, and, with tears in his eyes, "Come hither," said he, "my friend; thou faithful companion, and fellow-sharer in my travels and miseries; when thee and I consorted together, and all my cares were but to mend thy furniture, and feed thy little carcase, then happy were my days, my months, and years. But since I forsook thee, and clambered up the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand woes, a thousand torments, and four thousand tribulations, have haunted and worried my soul." While he was talking thus, he fitted on his pack-saddle, nobody offering to say anything to him. This done, with a great deal of







difficulty he mounted his ass, and then addressing himself to the steward, the secretary, the gentleman-waiter, and Doctor Pedro Rezio, and many others that stood by,—“Make way, gentlemen,” said he, “and let me return to my former liberty. Let me go, that I may seek my old course of life, and rise again from that death that buries me here alive. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands nor cities from enemies that break in upon them. I know better what belongs to ploughing, delving, pruning, and planting of vineyards than how to make laws, and defend countries and kingdoms. St Peter is very well at Rome; which is as much as to say, let every one stick to the calling he was born to. A spade does better in my hand than a governor’s truncheon; and I had rather fill my belly with a mess of plain porridge,\* than lie at the mercy of a coxcomby physic-monger, that starves me to death. I had rather solace myself under the shade of an oak in summer, and wrap up my corpse in a double sheep-skin in the winter, at my liberty, than lay me down, with the slavery of a government, in fine Holland sheets, and case my hide in furs and

\* *Gaspacho*.—It is made of oil, vinegar, water, salt, and spice, with toasted bread. A sort of *soup maigre*, says Stevens’s Dictionary.

richest sables. Heaven be with you, gentlefolks; and pray, tell my lord duke from me, that naked I was born, and naked I am at present. I have neither won nor lost; which is as much as to say, without a penny I came to this government, and without a penny I leave it—quite contrary to what other governors of islands used to do, when they leave them. Clear the way, then, I beseech you, and let me pass; I must get myself wrapped up all over in cerecloth; for I do not think I have a sound rib left, thanks to the enemies that have walked over me all night long.”—“This must not be, my lord governor,” said Dr Rezio, “for I will give your honour a balsamic drink, that is a specific against falls, dislocations, contusions, and all manner of bruises, and that will presently restore you to your former health and strength. And then, for your diet, I promise to take a new course with you, and to let you eat abundantly of whatsoever you please.”—“It is too late, Mr Doctor,” answered Sancho; “you should as soon make me turn Turk, as hinder me from going. No, no, these tricks shall not pass upon me again; you shall as soon make me fly to heaven without wings, as get me to stay here, or ever catch me nibbling at a government again, though it were served

up to me in a covered dish. I am of the blood of the Panzas, and we are all wilful and positive. If once we cry odd, it shall be odd, in spite of all mankind, though it be even. Go to, then; let the pismire leave behind him, in this stable, those wings that lifted him up in the air, to be a prey to martlets and sparrows. Fair and softly. Let me now tread again on plain ground; though I may not wear pinked cordovan leather pumps, I shall not want a pair of sandals \* to my feet. Every sheep to her mate. Let not the cobbler go beyond his last; and so, let me go, for it is late.”—“My lord governor,” said the steward, “though it grieves us to part with your honour, your sense and Christian behaviour engaging us to covet your company, yet we would not presume to stop you against your inclination; but you know, that every governor, before he leaves the place he has governed, is bound to give an account of his administration. Be pleased, therefore, to do so for the ten days † you have been among us, and then, peace be

\* A sort of flat sandal or shoe, made of hemp or of bulrushes, artfully plaited, and fitted to the foot; worn by the poor people in Spain and Italy.

† How comes the steward to say ten days, when it is plain Sancho governed only seven days? It is, says Jarvis, either owing to forgetfulness in the author, or perhaps is a new joke of the steward's, imagining Sancho to be as ignorant of reckoning as of writing. And, in effect, Sancho, by not denying it, allows the ten days.

with you.”—“No man has power to call me to an account,” replied Sancho, “unless it be my lord duke’s appointment. Now, to him it is that I am going, and to him I will give a fair and square account. And indeed, going away so bare as I do, there needs no greater signs that I have governed like an angel.”—“In truth,” said Dr Rezio, “the great Sancho is in the right; and I am of opinion we ought to let him go; for certainly the duke will be very glad to see him.” Thereupon, they all agreed to let him pass, offering first to attend him, and supply him with whatever he might want in his journey, either for entertainment or convenience. Sancho told them, that all he desired was a little corn for his ass, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself, having occasion for no other provisions in so short a journey. With that, they all embraced him, and he embraced them all, not without tears in his eyes, leaving them in admiration of the good sense which he discovered, both in his discourse and unalterable resolution.

## CHAPTER LIV.

WHICH TREATS OF MATTERS THAT RELATE TO THIS  
HISTORY, AND NO OTHER.

THE duke and duchess resolved that Don Quixote's challenge against their vassal should not be ineffectual; and the young man being fled into Flanders, to avoid having Donna Rodriguez to his mother-in-law, they made choice of a Gascoin lackey, named Tosilos, to supply his place, and gave him instructions how to act his part. Two days after, the duke acquainted Don Quixote, that within four days his antagonist would meet him in the lists, armed at all points like a knight, to maintain that the damsel lied through the throat, and through the beard, to say that he had ever promised her marriage. Don Quixote was mightily pleased with this news, promising himself to do wonders on this occasion, and esteeming it an extraordinary happiness to have such an opportunity to shew, before such noble spectators, how extensive were his valour and his strength. Cheered and elevated with

these hopes, he waited for the end of these four days, which his eager impatience made him think so many ages.

Well, now letting them pass, as we do other matters, let us a while attend Sancho, who, divided betwixt joy and sorrow, was now on his Dapple, making the best of his way to his master, whose company he valued more than the government of all the islands in the world. He had not gone far from his island, or city, or town (or whatever you will please to call it, for he never troubled himself to examine what it was), before he met upon the road six pilgrims, with their walking staves, foreigners as they proved, and such as used to beg alms, singing. As they drew near him, they placed themselves in a row, and fell a-singing all together, in their language, something that Sancho could not understand, unless it were one word, which plainly signified alms; by which he guessed that charity was the burthen and intent of their song. Being exceeding charitable, as Cid Hamet reports him, he opened his wallet, and, having taken out the half loaf and half cheese, gave them these, making signs withal, that he had nothing else to give them. They took the dole with a good will, but yet not satisfied, they cried, "Guelte, guelte."\*—"Good people,"

\* Guelte, in Dutch, is money.



quoth Sancho, "I do not understand what you would have." With that, one of them pulled out a purse that was in his bosom, and shewed it to Sancho, by which he understood that it was money they wanted. But he, putting his thumb to his mouth, and wagging his hand with his four fingers upwards, made a sign that he had not a cross; and so clapping his heels to Dapple's sides, he began to make way through the pilgrims; but, at the same time, one of them, who had been looking on him very earnestly, laid hold on him, and throwing his arms about his middle, "Bless me!" cried he, in very good Spanish, "what do I see? Is it possible? Do I hold in my arms my dear friend, my good neighbour Sancho Panza? Yes, sure it must be he, for I am neither drunk nor dreaming." Sancho, wondering to hear himself called by his name, and to see himself so lovingly hugged by the pilgrim, stared upon him without speaking a word; but, though he looked seriously in his face a good while, he could not guess who he was. The pilgrim observing his amazement, "What," said he, "friend Sancho, do not you know your old acquaintance, your neighbour Ricote the Morisco, that kept a shop in your town?" Then Sancho looking wistfully on him again,

began to call him to mind; at last, he knew him again perfectly, and clasping him about the neck, without alighting, "Ricote," cried he, "who the devil could ever have known thee transmogrified in this mumming dress! Pr'ythee, who has franchified thee at this rate? And how durst thou offer to come again into Spain? Shouldst thou come to be known, adad I would not be in thy coat for all the world." —"If thou dost not betray me," said the pilgrim, "I am safe enough, Sancho; for nobody can know me in this disguise. But let us get out of the road, and make to yonder elm-grove; my comrades and I have agreed to take a little refreshment there, and thou shalt dine with us. They are honest souls, I will assure thee. There I shall have an opportunity to tell thee how I have passed my time, since I was forced to leave the town in obedience to the king's edict, which, as thou knowest, so severely threatens those of our unfortunate nation."

Sancho consented, and Ricote having spoken to the rest of the pilgrims, they went all together to the grove, at a good distance from the road. There they laid by their staves, and, taking off their pilgrims' weeds, remained in jackets; all of them young handsome fellows,

except Ricote, who was somewhat stricken in years. Every one carried his wallet, which seemed well furnished, at least with savoury and high-seasoned bits, the provocative to the turning down good liquor. They sat down on the ground, and making the green grass their table-cloth, presently there was a comfortable appearance of bread, salt, knives, nuts, cheese, and some bacon bones, on which there were still some good pickings left, or which at least might be sucked. They also had a kind of black meat called *caveer*, made of the roes of fish, a certain charm to keep thirst awake. They also had good store of olives, though none of the moistest; but the chief glory of the feast was six leathern bottles of wine, every pilgrim exhibiting one for his share; even honest Ricote himself was now transformed from a Morisco to a German, and clubbed his bottle, his quota making as good a figure as the rest. They began to eat like men that liked mighty well their savoury fare; and as it was very relishing, they went leisurely to work, to continue the longer, taking but a little of every one at a time on the point of a knife. Then all at once they lifted up their arms, and applying their own mouths to the mouths of the bottles, and turning up their bottoms in the air, with their eyes

fixed on heaven, like men in an ecstasy, they remained in that posture a good while, transfusing the blood and spirit of the vessels into their stomachs, and shaking their heads, as in rapture, to express the pleasure they received. Sancho admired all this extremely; he could not find the least fault with it; quite contrary, he was for making good the old proverb, When thou art at Rome, do as they do at Rome; so he desired Ricote to lend him his bottle, and taking his aim as well as the rest, and with no less satisfaction, shewed them he wanted neither method nor breath. Four times they caressed the bottles in that manner, but there was no doing it the fifth, for they were quite exhausted, and the life and soul of them departed, which turned their mirth into sorrow. But while the wine lasted all was well. Now and then one or other of the pilgrims would take Sancho by the right hand, Spaniard and German all one now, and cried, "*Bon campagno.*"—"Well said, i'faith," answered Sancho; "*Bon campagno, perdie.*" And then he would burst out a-laughing for half an hour together, without the least concern for all his late misfortunes, or the loss of his government; for anxieties use to have but little power over the time that men spend in eating or drinking. In short, as their

bellies were full, their bones desired to be at rest, and so five of them dropt asleep; only Sancho and Ricote, who had indeed eaten more, but drank less, remained awake, and removed under the covert of a beech at a small distance, where, while the others slept, Ricote, in good Spanish, spoke to Sancho to this purpose.

“Thou well knowest, friend Sancho Panza, how the late edict, that enjoined all those of our nation to depart the kingdom, alarmed us all; at least, me it did; insomuch, that the time limited for our going was not yet expired, but I thought the law was ready to be executed upon me and my children. Accordingly, I resolved to provide betimes for their security and mine, as a man does that knows his habitation will be taken away from him, and so secures another before he is obliged to remove. So I left our town by myself, and went to seek some place beforehand, where I might convey my family, without exposing myself to the inconvenience of a hurry, like the rest that went; for the wisest among us were justly apprehensive, that the proclamations issued out for the banishment of our Moorish race were not only threats, as some flattered themselves, but would certainly take effect at

the expiration of the limited time. I was the rather inclined to believe this, being conscious that our people had very dangerous designs ; so that I could not but think that the king was inspired from Heaven to take so brave a resolution, and expel those snakes out of the bosom of the kingdom : Not that we were all guilty, for there were some sound and real Christians among us ; but their number was so small, that they could not be opposed to those that were otherwise, and it was not safe to keep enemies within doors. In short, it was necessary we should be banished ; but though some might think it a mild and pleasant fate, to us it seems the most dreadful thing that could befall us : Wherever we are, we bemoan with tears our banishment from Spain ; for, after all, there we were born, and it is our native country. We find nowhere the entertainment our misfortune requires ; and even in Barbary, and all other parts of Africa, where we expected to have met with the best reception and relief, we find the greatest inhumanity, and the worst usage. We did not know our happiness till we had lost it ; and the desire which most of us have to return to Spain is such, that the greatest part of those that speak the tongue as I do, who are many, come back

hither, and leave their wives and children there in a forlorn condition; so strong is their love for their native place; and now I know by experience the truth of the saying, Sweet is the love of one's own country. For my part, having left our town, I went into France, and though I was very well received there, yet I had a mind to see other countries; and so passing through it, I travelled into Italy, and from thence into Germany, where methought one might live with more freedom, the inhabitants being a good-humoured, sociable people, that love to live easy with one another, and everybody follows his own way; for there is liberty of conscience allowed in the greatest part of the country. There, after I had taken a dwelling in a village near Augsburg, I struck into the company of these pilgrims, and got to be one of their number, finding they were some of those who make it their custom to go to Spain, many of them every year, to visit the places of devotion, which they look upon as their Indies, their best market, and surest means to get money. They travel almost the whole kingdom over; nor is there a village where they are not sure to get meat and drink, and sixpence at least in money. And they manage matters so well, that at the end of their

pilgrimage they commonly go off with about a hundred crowns clear gain, which they change into gold, and hide either in the hollow of their staves, or patches of their clothes, and either thus, or some other private way, convey it usually into their own country, in spite of all searches at their going out of the kingdom. Now, Sancho, my design in returning hither, is, to fetch the treasure that I left buried when I went away, which I may do with the less inconveniency, by reason it lies in a place quite out of the town. That done, I intend to write or go over myself from Valencia to my wife and daughter, who I know are in Algiers, and find one way or other to get them over to some port in France, and from thence bring them over into Germany, where we will stay, and see how Providence will dispose of us: For I am sure my wife Francisca and my daughter are good Catholic Christians; and though I cannot say I am as much a believer as they are, yet I have more of the Christian than of the Mahometan, and make it my constant prayer to the Almighty, to open the eyes of my understanding, and let me know how to serve him. What I wonder at, is, that my wife and daughter should rather choose to go for Barbary than



for France, where they might have lived like Christians.”

“Look you, Ricote,” answered Sancho, “mayhaps that was none of their fault; for, to my knowledge, John Tiopieyo, thy wife’s brother, took them along with him, and he, belike, being a rank Moor, would go where he thought best. And I must tell thee further, friend, that I doubt thou wilt lose thy labour in going to look after thy hidden treasure; for the report was hot among us, that thy brother-in-law and thy wife had a great many pearls, and a deal of gold, taken away from them, which should have been interred.”—“That may be,” replied Ricote; “but I am sure, friend of mine, they have not met with my hoard, for I never would tell them where I had hidden it, for fear of the worst; and therefore, if thou wilt go along with me, and help me to carry off this money, I will give thee two hundred crowns, to make thee easier in the world. Thou knowest I can tell it is but low with thee.”—“I would do it,” answered Sancho, “but I am not at all covetous. Were I in the least given to it, this morning I quitted an employment, which had I but kept, I might have got enough to have made the walls of my house of beaten gold, and, before six months had been at an end, I might

have eaten my victuals in plate. So that, as well for this reason, as because I fancy it would be a piece of treason to the king, in abetting his enemies, I would not go with thee, though thou wouldst lay me down twice as much.”—“And pr’ythee,” said Ricote, “what sort of employment is it thou hast left?”—“Why,” quoth Sancho, “I have left the government of an island, and such an island as, i’faith, you will scarce meet with the like in haste, within a mile of an oak.”—“And where is this island?” said Ricote.—“Where!” quoth Sancho, “why, some two leagues off, and is called the island of Barataria.”—“Pr’ythee, do not talk so,” replied Ricote; “islands lie a great way off in the sea; there are none of them in the main land.”—“Why not?” quoth Sancho; “I tell thee, friend Ricote, I came from thence but this morning; and yesterday I was there governing it at my will and pleasure, like any dragon; yet, for all that, I even left it; for this same place of a governor seemed to me but a ticklish and perilous kind of an office.”—“And what didst thou get by thy government?” asked Ricote.—“Why,” answered Sancho, “I have got so much knowledge as to understand, that I am not fit to govern anything, unless it be a herd of cattle; and that the wealth that

is got in these kinds of governments costs a man a deal of labour and toil, watching, and hunger; for in your islands, governors must eat next to nothing, especially if they have physicians to look after their health.”—“I can make neither head nor tail of all this,” said Ricote; “it seems to me all madness; for who would be such a simpleton as to give thee islands to govern? Was the world quite bare of abler men, that they could pick out nobody else for a governor? Pr’ythee, say no more, man, but come to thy senses, and consider whether thou wilt go along with me, and help me to carry off my hidden wealth—my treasure, for I may well give it that name, considering how much there is of it, and I will make a man of thee, as I have told thee.”—“Hark you me, Ricote,” answered Sancho, “I have already told thee my mind. Let it suffice that I will not betray thee, and so, in God’s name, go thy way, and let me go mine; for full well I wot, that what is honestly got may be lost, but what is ill got will perish, and the owner too.”—“Well, Sancho,” said Ricote, “I will press thee no further. Only, pr’ythee, tell me, wert thou in the town when my wife and daughter went away with my brother-in-law?”—“Ay, marry was I,” quoth Sancho, “by the same token

thy daughter looked so woundy handsome, that there was old crowding to see her, and everybody said she was the finest creature on God's earth. She wept bitterly all the way, poor thing, and embraced all her she-friends and acquaintance, and begged of all those that flocked about her to pray for her, and that in so earnest and piteous a manner, that she even made me shed tears, though I am none of the greatest blubberers. Faith and troth, many there had a good mind to have got her away from her uncle upon the road, and have hidden her ; but the thoughts of the king's proclamation kept them in awe. But he that shewed himself the most concerned was Don Pedro de Gregorio, that young rich heir that you know. They say he was up to the ears in love with her, and has never been seen in the town since she went. We all thought he was gone after her, to steal her away, but hitherto we have heard no more of the matter."—"I have all along had a jealousy," said Ricote, "that this gentleman loved my daughter: But I always had too good an opinion of my Ricote's virtue, to be uneasy with his passion ; for thou knowest, Sancho, very few, and hardly any of our women of Moorish race, ever married with the old Christians on the account of love ; and so I

hope that my daughter, who, I believe, minds more the duties of religion than anything of love, will but little regard this young heir's courtship."—"Heaven grant she may," quoth Sancho, "for else it would be the worse for them both. And now, honest neighbour, I must bid thee good bye, for I have a mind to be with my master Don Quixote this evening."—"Then Heaven be with thee, Sancho," said Ricote: "I find my comrades have fetched out their naps, and it is time we should make the best of our way." With that, after a kind embrace, Sancho mounted his Dapple, Ricote took his pilgrim's staff; and so they parted.

## CHAPTER LV.

WHAT HAPPENED TO SANCHO BY THE WAY, WITH  
OTHER MATTERS WHICH YOU WILL HAVE NO  
MORE TO DO THAN TO SEE.

SANCHO staid so long with Ricote, that the night overtook him within half a league of the duke's castle. It grew dark. However, as it was summer-time, he was not much uneasy, and chose to go out of the road, with a design to stay there till the morning. But, as ill-luck would have it, while he was seeking some place where he might rest himself, he and Dapple tumbled of a sudden into a very deep hole, which was among the ruins of some old buildings. As he was falling, he prayed with all his heart, fancying himself all the while sinking down into the bottomless pit; but he was in no such danger, for by that time he had descended somewhat lower than eighteen feet, Dapple made a full stop at the bottom, and his rider found himself still on his back, without the least hurt in the world. Presently Sancho began to consider the condition of his bones,

held his breath, and felt all about him, and finding himself sound, wind and limb, and in a whole skin, he thought he could never give Heaven sufficient thanks for his wondrous preservation; for at first he gave himself over for lost, and broken into a thousand pieces. He groped with both hands about the walls of the pit, to try if it were possible to get out without help; but he found them all so plain and so steep, that there was not the least hold or footing to get up. This grieved him to the soul; and, to increase his sorrow, Dapple began to raise his voice in a very piteous and doleful manner, which pierced his master's very heart: nor did the poor beast make such moan without reason, for, to say the truth, he was but in a woful condition. "Woe's me," cried Sancho, "what sudden and unthought-of mischances every foot befall us poor wretches that live in this miserable world! Who would have thought, that he who but yesterday saw himself seated on the throne of an island-governor, and had servants and vassals at his beck, should to-day find himself buried in a pit, without the least soul to help him, or come to his relief! Here we are likely to perish with deadly hunger, I and my ass, if we do not die before, he of his bruises, and I

of grief and anguish. At least, I shall not be so lucky as was my master Don Quixote, when he went down into the cave of the enchanter Montesinos. He found better fare there than he could have at his own house; the cloth was laid, and his bed made, and he saw nothing but pleasant visions; but I am like to see nothing here but toads and snakes. Unhappy creature that I am! What have my foolish designs and whimsies brought me to? If ever it is Heaven's blessed will that my bones be found, they will be taken out of this dismal place, bare, white, and smooth, and those of my poor Dapple with them; by which, perhaps, it will be known whose they are, at least by those who shall have taken notice, that Sancho Panza never stirred from his ass, nor his ass from Sancho Panza. Unhappy creatures that we are, I say again! Had we died at home among our friends, though we had missed of relief, we should not have wanted pity, and some to close our eyes at the last gasp.—Oh! my dear companion and friend," said he to his ass, "how ill have I requited thy faithful services! Forgive me, and pray to fortune the best thou canst to deliver us out of this plunge, and I here promise thee to set a crown of laurel on thy



head, that thou mayest be taken for no less than a poet-laureate, and thy allowance of provender shall be doubled." Thus Sancho bewailed his misfortune, and his ass hearkened to what he said, but answered not a word, so great was the grief and anguish which the poor creature endured at the same time.

At length, after a whole night's lamenting and complaining at a miserable rate, the day came on; and its light having confirmed Sancho in his doubts of the impossibility of getting out of that place without help, he set up his throat again, and made a vigorous outcry, to try whether any body might not hear him. But alas! all his calling was in vain;\* for all around, there was nobody within hearing; and then he gave himself over for dead and buried. He cast his eyes on Dapple, and seeing him extended on the ground, and sadly down in the mouth, he went to him, and tried to get him on his legs, which, with much ado, by means of his assistance, the poor beast did at last, being hardly able to stand. Then he took a luncheon of bread out of his wallet, that had run the same fortune with them, and

\* In the original, "All his cries were in the desert," *i.e.* thrown away; alluding, perhaps, to the Scripture character of John Baptist, that he was *Vox clamantis in deserto*, "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, or desert."

giving it to the ass, who took it not at all amiss, and made no bones of it, "Here," said Sancho, as if the beast had understood him, "a fat sorrow is better than a lean." At length, he perceived one side of the pit a great hole, wide enough for a man to creep through stooping. He drew to it, and having crawled through on all fours, found that it led into a vault, that enlarged itself the further it extended, which he could easily perceive, the sun shining in towards the top of the concavity. Having made this discovery, he went back to his ass, and, like one that knew what belonged to digging, with a stone he began to remove the earth that was about the hole, and laboured so effectually, that he soon made a passage for his companion. Then taking him by the halter, he led him along fair and softly through the cave, to try if he could not find a way to get out on the other side. Sometimes he went in the dark, and sometimes without light, but never without fear. "Heaven defend me," said he to himself, "what a heart of a chicken have I! This now, which to me is a sad disaster, to my master Don Quixote would be a rare adventure. He would look upon these caves and dungeons as lovely gardens and glorious palaces, and hope to be

led out of these dark narrow cells into some fine meadow ; while I, luckless, helpless, heartless wretch that I am, every step I take, expect to sink into some deeper pit than this, and go down I do not know whither. Welcome ill luck, when it comes alone." Thus he went on, lamenting and despairing, and thought he had gone somewhat more than half a league, when, at last, he perceived a kind of confused light, like that of day, break in at some open place, but which, to poor Sancho, seemed a prospect of a passage into another world.

But here Cid Hamet Benengeli leaves him a while, and returns to Don Quixote, who entertained and pleased himself with the hopes of a speedy combat between him and the dishonourer of Donna Rodriguez's daughter, whose wrongs he designed to see redressed on the appointed day.

It happened one morning, as he was riding out to prepare and exercise against the time of battle, as he was practising with Rozinante, the horse, in the middle of his manage, pitched his feet near the brink of a deep cave ; inso-much, that if Don Quixote had not used the best of his skill, he must infallibly have tumbled into it. Having escaped that danger,

he was tempted to look into the cave without alighting, and wheeling about, rode up to it. Now, while he was satisfying his curiosity, and seriously musing, he thought he heard a noise within, and thereupon listening, he could distinguish these words, which in a doleful tone, arose out of the cavern, "Ho! above there! is there no good christian that hears me, no charitable knight or gentleman, that will take pity of a sinner buried alive, a poor governor without a government!" Don Quixote fancied he heard Sancho's voice, which did not a little surprise him; and for his better satisfaction, raising his voice as much as he could, "Who is that below?" cried he; "Who is that complains?"—"Who should it be to his sorrow," cried Sancho, "but the most wretched Sancho Panza, governor, for his sins and for his unlucky errantry, of the island of Baratania, formerly squire to the famous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha?" These words redoubled Don Quixote's admiration, and increased his amazement; for he presently imagined that Sancho was dead, and that his soul was there doing penance. Possessed with that fancy, "I conjure thee," said he, "by all that can conjure thee, as I am a catholic christian, to tell me who

thou art? And, if thou art a soul in pain, let me know what thou wouldst have me to do for thee? For since my profession is to assist and succour all that are afflicted in this world, it shall also be so to relieve and help those who stand in need of it in the other, and who cannot help themselves.”—“Surely, sir,” answered he from below, “you that speak to me should be my master Don Quixote: By the tone of your voice it can be no man else.”—“My name is Don Quixote,” replied the knight, “and I think it my duty to assist not only the living but the dead in their necessities. Tell me then who thou art, for thou fillest me with astonishment: And if thou art my squire Sancho Panza, and dead, if the devil have not got thee, and through Heaven’s mercy thou art in purgatory, our holy mother, the Roman Catholic church, has sufficient suffrages to redeem thee from the pains thou endurest, and I myself will solicit her on thy behalf, as far as my estate will go; therefore proceed, and tell me quickly who thou art?”—“Why then,” replied the voice, “by whatever you will have me swear by, I make oath that I am Sancho Panza your squire, and that I never was dead yet in my life. But only having left my government, for reasons and causes

which I have not leisure yet to tell you, last night unluckily I fell into this cave, where I am still, and Dapple with me, that will not let me tell a lie; for, as a farther proof of what I say, he is here." Now, what is strange, immediately, as if the ass had understood what his master said, to back his evidence, he fell a-braying so obstreperously, that he made the whole cave ring again. "A worthy witness," cried Don Quixote; "I know his bray, as if I were the parent of him; and I know thy voice too, my Sancho. I find thou art my real squire; stay therefore till I go to the castle, which is hard by, and fetch more company to help thee out of the pit into which thy sins, doubtless, have thrown thee."—"Make haste, I beseech you, sir," quoth Sancho, "and, for heaven's sake, come again as fast as you can, for I can no longer endure to be here buried alive, and I am even dying with fear."

Don Quixote went with all speed to the castle, and gave the duke and duchess an account of Sancho's accident, whilst they did not a little wonder at it, though they conceived he might easily enough fall in at the mouth of the cave, which had been there time out of mind. But they were mightily surprised to hear he had abdicated his govern-

ment before they had an account of his coming away.

In short, they sent ropes and other conveniences by their servants to draw him out, and at last, with much trouble and labour, both he and his Dapple were restored from that gloomy pit to the full enjoyment of the light of the sun. At the same time, a certain scholar standing by, and seeing him hoisted up, "Just so," said he, "should all bad governors come out of their governments; just as this wretch is dragged out of this profound abyss, pale, half-starved, famished, and, as I fancy, without a cross in his pocket."—"Hark you, good Slander," replied Sancho, "it is now eight or ten days since I began to govern the island that was given me, and in all that time I never had my bellyful but once; physicians have persecuted me, enemies have trampled over me, and bruised my bones, and I have had neither leisure to take bribes, nor to receive my just dues. Now, all this considered, in my opinion I did not deserve to come out in this fashion. But man appoints, and God disappoints. Heaven knows best what is best for us all. We must take time as it comes, and our lot as it falls. Let no man say, I will drink no more of this water. Many count

their chickens before they are hatched; and where they expect bacon, meet with broken bones. Heaven knows my mind, and I say no more, though I might."—"Never trouble thyself, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "nor mind what some will say, for then thou wilt never have done. So thy conscience be clear, let the world talk at random, as it uses to do. One may as soon tie up the winds, as the tongues of slanderers. If a governor returns rich from his government, they say he has fleeced and robbed the people; if poor, then they call him an idle fool, and ill husband."—"Nothing so sure then," quoth Sancho, "but this bout they will call me a shallow fool; but for a fleecer or a robber, I scorn their words, I defy all the world." Thus discoursing as they went, with a rabble of boys and idle people about them, they at last got to the castle, where the duke and duchess waited in the gallery for the knight and squire. As for Sancho, he would not go up to see the duke, till he had seen his ass in the stable, and provided for him; for he said the poor beast had but sorry entertainment in his last night's lodging. This done, away he went to wait on his lord and lady; and, throwing himself on his knees, "My lord and lady," said he,







“I went to govern your island of Baratania, such being your will and pleasure, though it was your goodness more than my desert. Naked I entered into it, and naked I came away. I neither won nor lost. Whether I governed well or ill, there are those not far off can tell; and let them tell, if they please, that can tell better than I. I have resolved doubtful cases, determined law-suits, and all the while ready to die for hunger; such was the pleasure of Doctor Pedro Rezio of Tirteafuera, that physician in ordinary to island governors. Enemies set upon us in the night, and after they had put us in great danger, the people of the island say they were delivered, and had the victory by the strength of my arm; and may Heaven prosper them as they speak truth, say I. In short, in that time, I experienced all the cares and burdens this trade of governing brings along with it, and I found them too heavy for my shoulders. I was never cut out for a ruler, and I am too clumsy to meddle with edge tools; and so, before the government left me, I even resolved to leave the government. And, accordingly, yesterday morning I quitted the island as I found it, with the same streets, the same houses, and the same roofs to them, as when

I came to it. I have asked for nothing by way of loan, and have made no hoard against a rainy day. I designed, indeed, to have issued out several wholesome orders, but did not, for fear they should not be kept; in which case, it signifies no more to make them than if one made them not. So, as I said before, I came away from the island without any company but my Dapple; I fell into a cave, and went a good way through it, till this morning, by the light of the sun, I spied my way out; yet not so easy, but had not Heaven sent my master, Don Quixote, to help me, there I might have staid till doomsday. And now, my lord duke, and my lady duchess, here is your governor Sancho Panza again, who, by a ten days government, has only picked up so much experience as to know he would not give a straw to be a governor, not only of an island, but of the versal world. This being allowed, kissing your honours' hands, and doing like the boys, when they play at trusse or saille, who cry, 'Leap you, and then let me leap;' so I leap from the government to my old master's service again. For, after all, though with him I often eat my bread with bodily fear, yet still I fill my belly; and, for my part, so I have but that well stuffed, no

matter whether it be with carrots or with partridges.”

Thus Sancho concluded his long speech, and Don Quixote, who all the while dreaded he would have said a thousand impertinences, thanked Heaven in his heart, finding him end with so few. The duke embraced Sancho, and told him he was very sorry he had quitted his government so soon; but that he would give him some other employment that should be less troublesome, and more profitable. The duchess was no less kind, giving order he should want for nothing, for he seemed sadly bruised and out of order.

## CHAPTER LVI.

OF THE EXTRAORDINARY AND UNACCOUNTABLE  
COMBAT BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE DE LA  
MANCHA AND THE LACKEY TOSILOS, IN VINDI-  
CATION OF THE MATRON DONNA RODRIGUEZ'S  
DAUGHTER.

THE duke and duchess were not sorry that the interlude of Sancho's government had been played, especially when the steward, who came that very day, gave them a full and distinct account of every thing the governor had done and said, during his administration, using his very expressions, and repeating almost every word he had spoken, concluding with a description of the storming of the island, and Sancho's fear and abdication, which proved no unacceptable entertainment.

And now the history relates, that the day appointed for the combat was come, nor had the duke forgotten to give his lackey, Tosilos, all requisite instructions how to vanquish Don Quixote, and yet neither kill nor wound him; to which purpose he gave orders that the spears,

or steel heads of their lances, should be taken off, making Don Quixote sensible that Christianity, for which he had so great a veneration, did not admit that such conflicts should so much endanger the lives of the combatants, and that it was enough he granted him free lists in his territories, though it was against the decree of the holy council, which forbids such challenges; for which reason he desired them not to push the thing to the utmost rigour. Don Quixote replied, that his grace had the sole disposal of all things, and it was only his duty to obey.

And now, the dreadful day being come, the duke caused a spacious scaffold to be erected for the judges of the field of battle, and for the matron and her daughter, the plaintiffs.

An infinite number of people flocked from all the neighbouring towns and villages, to behold the wonderful new kind of combat, the like to which had never been seen, or so much as heard of, in these parts, either by the living or the dead. The first that made his entrance at the barriers, was the marshal of the field, who came to survey the ground, and rode all over it, that there might be no foul play, nor private holes, nor contrivance to make one

stumble or fall. After that, entered the matron and her daughter, who seated themselves in their places, all in deep mourning, their veils close to their eyes, and over their breasts, with no small demonstration of sorrow. Presently, at one end of the listed field, appeared the peerless champion, Don Quixote de la Mancha; a while after, at the other, entered the grand lackey, Tosilos, attended with a great number of trumpets, and mounted on a mighty steed, that shook the very earth. The vizard of his helmet was down, and he was armed *cap-a-pee* in shining armour of proof. His courser was a flea-bitten horse, that seemed of Friesland breed; and had a quantity of wool about each of his fetlocks. The valorous combatant came on, well tutored by the duke, his master, how to behave himself towards the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, being warned to spare his life by all means; and therefore to avoid a shock in his first career, that might otherwise prove fatal, should he encounter him directly, Tosilos fetched a compass about the barrier, and at last made a stop right against the two women, casting a leering eye upon her that had demanded him in marriage. Then the marshal of the field called to Don Quixote, and, in presence of Tosilos, asked the mother and the



daughter, whether they consented that Don Quixote de la Mancha should vindicate their right, and whether they would stand or fall by the fortune of their champion? They said they did, and allowed of whatever he should do in their behalf, as good and valid. The duke and duchess, by this time, were seated in a gallery that was over the barriers, which were surrounded by a vast throng of spectators, all waiting to see the vigorous and never-before-seen conflict. The conditions of the combat were these, That if Don Quixote were the conqueror, his opponent should marry Donna Rodriguez's daughter; but if the knight were overcome, then the victor should be discharged from his promise, and not bound to give her any other satisfaction. Then the marshal of the field placed each of them on the spot whence he should start, dividing equally between them the advantage of the ground, that neither of them might have the sun in his eyes. And now the drums beat, and the clangour of the trumpets resounded through the air; the earth shook under them, and the hearts of the numerous spectators were in suspense,—some fearing, others expecting, the good or bad issue of the battle. Don Quixote, recommending himself with all his soul to Heaven, and his

Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, stood expecting when the precise signal for the onset should be given.—But our lackey's mind was otherwise employed, and all his thoughts were upon what I am going to tell you.

It seems, as he stood looking on his female enemy, she appeared to him the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his whole life ; which being perceived by the little blind archer, to whom the world gives the name of Love, he took his advantage, and, fond of improving his triumphs, though it were but over the soul of a lackey,\* he came up to him softly, and, without being perceived by any one, he shot an arrow two yards long into the poor footman's side, so smartly, that his heart was pierced through and through—a thing which the mischievous boy could easily do ; for love is invisible, and has free ingress or egress where he pleases, at a most unaccountable rate. You must know then, that when the signal for the onset was given, our lackey was in an ecstasy, transported with the thoughts of the beauty of his lovely enemy, insomuch, that he took no manner of notice of the trumpet's sound ; quite contrary to Don Quixote, who no sooner heard it, than, clap-

\* *Lacayuna*, a lackean soul. A word made for the purpose.

ping spurs to his horse, he began to make towards the enemy with Rozinante's best speed. At the same time, his good squire Sancho Panza, seeing him start, "Heaven be thy guide," cried he aloud, "thou cream and flower of chivalry-errant! Heaven give thee the victory, since thou hast right on thy side." Tosilos saw Don Quixote come towards him; yet, instead of taking his career to encounter him, without leaving the place, he called as loud as he could to the marshal of the field, who thereupon rode up to him to see what he would have. "Sir," said Tosilos, "is not this duel to be fought, that I may marry yonder young lady, or let it alone?"—"Yes," answered the marshal. "Why, then," said the lackey, "I feel a burden upon my conscience, and am sensible I should have a great deal to answer for, should I proceed any farther in this combat; and therefore I yield myself vanquished, and desire I may marry the lady this moment." The marshal of the field was surprised; and, as he was privy to the duke's contrivance of that business, the lackey's unexpected submission put him to such a non-plus, that he knew not what to answer. On the other side, Don Quixote stopped in the middle of his career, seeing his adversary did

not put himself in a posture of defence. The duke could not imagine why the business of the field was at a stand; but the marshal having informed him, he was amazed, and in a great passion. In the meantime, Tosilos, approaching Donna Rodriguez, "Madam," cried he, "I am willing to marry your daughter; there is no need of law-suits nor of combats in the matter; I had rather make an end of it peaceably, and without the hazard of body and soul."—"Why then," said the valorous Don Quixote, hearing this, "since it is so, I am discharged of my promise; let them even marry in God's name, and Heaven bless them, and give them joy." At the same time, the duke, coming down within the lists, and applying himself to Tosilos, "Tell me, knight," said he, "is it true that you yield without fighting, and that, at the instigation of your timorous conscience, you are resolved to marry this damsel?"—"Yes, if it please your grace," answered Tosilos.—"Marry, and I think it the wisest course," quoth Sancho; "for what says the proverb? What the mouse would get give the cat, and keep thyself out of trouble." In the meanwhile, Tosilos began to unlace his helmet, and called out that somebody might help him off with it quickly, as being so

choked with his armour, that he was scarce able to breathe. With that they took off his helmet with all speed, and then the lackey's face was plainly discovered. Donna Rodriguez and her daughter, perceiving it presently, "A cheat! a cheat!" cried they; "they have got Tosilos, my lord duke's lackey, to counterfeit my lawful husband; justice of Heaven and the king! This is a piece of malice and treachery not to be endured."—"Ladies," said Don Quixote, "do not vex yourselves; there is neither malice nor treachery in the case; or, if there be, the duke is not in the fault. No, these evil-minded necromancers, that persecute me, are the traitors, who envying the glory I should have got by this combat, have transformed the face of my adversary into this, which you see is the duke's lackey. But take my advice, madam," added he to the daughter, "and in spite of the baseness of my enemies, marry him; for I dare engage it is the very man you claim as your husband." The duke, hearing this, angry as he was, could hardly forbear losing all his indignation in laughter. "Truly," said he, "so many extraordinary accidents every day befall the great Don Quixote, that I am inclinable to believe this is not my lackey, though he appears to be so.

But, for our better satisfaction, let us defer the marriage but a fortnight, and, in the meanwhile, keep in close custody this person that has put us into this confusion; perhaps by that time he may resume his former looks; for doubtless the malice of those mischievous magicians against the noble Don Quixote cannot last so long, especially when they find all these tricks and transformations of so little avail."—"Alack-a-day! sir," quoth Sancho, "those plaguy imps of the devil are not so soon tired as you think: for where my master is concerned, they used to form and deform, and chop and change this into that and that into the other. It is but a little while ago that they transmogrified the Knight of the Mirrors, whom he had overcome, into a special acquaintance of ours, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco of our village; and as for the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, our mistress, they have bewitched and bedevilled her into the shape of a mere country blouze; and so I verily think this saucy fellow here is like to die a footman, and will live a footman all the days of his life."—"Well," cried the daughter, "let him be what he will, if he will have me I will have him. I ought to thank him, for I had rather be a lackey's wife, than a

gentleman's cast-off mistress; besides, he that deluded me is no gentleman neither." To be short, the sum of the matter was, that Tosilos should be confined, to see what his transformation would come to. Don Quixote was proclaimed victor, by general consent; and the people went away, most of them very much out of humour, because the combatants had not cut one another to pieces to make them sport, according to the custom of the young rabble, to be sorry, when, after they have staid in hopes to see a man hanged, he happens to be pardoned, either by the party he has wronged, or the magistrate. The crowd being dispersed, the duke and duchess returned with Don Quixote into the castle; Tosilos was secured, and kept close. As for Donna Rodriguez and her daughter, they were very well pleased to see, one way or another, that the business would end in marriage; and Tosilos flattered himself with the like expectation.

## CHAPTER LVII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE TOOK HIS LEAVE OF THE DUKE,  
AND WHAT PASSED BETWEEN HIM AND THE  
WITTY, WANTON, ALTISIDORA, THE DUCHESS'S  
DAMSEL.

DON QUIXOTE thought it now time to leave the idle life he had led in the castle, believing it a mighty fault thus to shut himself up, and indulge his sensual appetite among the tempting varieties of dainties and delights, which the lord and lady of the place provided for his entertainment as a knight-errant; and he thought he was to give a strict account to Heaven for a course of life so opposite to his active profession. Accordingly, one day he acquainted the duke and duchess with his sentiments, and begged their leave to depart. They both seemed very unwilling to part with him, but yet at last yielded to his entreaties. The duchess gave Sancho his wife's letters, which he could not hear read without weeping. "Who would have thought," cried he, "that all the mighty hopes with which my wife



swelled herself up at the news of my preferment, should come to this at last, and how I should be reduced again to trot after my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, in search of hunger and broken bones! However, I am glad to see my Teresa was like herself, in sending the duchess the acorns, which, if she had not done, she had shewed herself a dirty ungrateful sow, and I should have been confounded mad with her. My comfort is, that no man can say the present was a bribe, for I had my government before she sent it; and it is fit those who have a kindness done them should shew themselves grateful, though it be with a small matter. In short, naked I came into the government, and naked I went out of it; and so I may say, for my comfort, with a safe conscience, naked I came into the world, and naked I am still: I neither won nor lost; that is no easy matter, as times go, let me tell you." These were Sancho's sentiments at his departure.

Don Quixote, having taken his solemn leave of the duke and duchess over night, left his apartment the next morning, and appeared in his armour in the court-yard, the galleries all round about being filled at the same time, with the people of the house; the duke and duchess being also got thither to see him. Sancho was

## THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF

upon his Dapple, with his cloak-bag, his wallet, and his provision, very brisk and cheerful ; for the steward that acted the part of Trifaldi had given him a purse, with two hundred crowns in gold, to defray expenses, which was more than Don Quixote knew at that time. And now, when every body looked to see them set forward, on a sudden, the arch and witty Altisidora started from the rest of the duchess's damsels and attendants, that stood by among the rest, and, in a doleful tone, addressed herself to him in the following doggerel rhymes.

### THE MOCK FAREWELL.

#### I.

“ Stay, cruel Don,  
Do not be gone,  
Nor give thy horse the rowels ;  
For every jag  
Thou giv'st thy nag,  
Does prick me to the bowels.

“ Thou dost not shun  
Some butter'd bun,  
Or drab without a rag on :  
Alas ! I am  
A very lamb,  
Yet love like any dragon.

“ Thou didst deceive,  
And now dost leave  
A lass, as tight as any  
That ever stood  
In hill or wood,  
Near Venus and Diana.

“ Since thou, false fiend,  
 When nymph’s thy friend,  
 Æneas-like dost bob her,  
 Go, rot and die,  
 Boil, roast, or fry,  
 With Barrabas the robber.

## II.

“ Thou tak’st thy flight,  
 Like ravenous kite,  
 That holds within his pounces  
 A tender bit,  
 A poor tom-tit,  
 Then whist! away he flounces.

“ The heart of me,  
 And night-coifs three,  
 With garters twain you plunder,  
 From legs of hue,  
 White, black, and blue,  
 So marbled o’er, you’d wonder.

“ Two thousand groans,  
 And warm ahones,  
 Are stuff’d within thy pillion,  
 The least of which,  
 Like flaming pitch,  
 Might have burned down old Ilion.

“ Since thou, false fiend,  
 When nymph’s thy friend,  
 Æneas-like dost bob her,  
 Go, rot and die,  
 Boil, roast, or fry,  
 With Barrabas the robber.

## III.

“ As sour as crab,  
 Against thy drab,  
 May be thy Sancho’s gizzard :  
 And he ne’er thrum  
 His brawny bum,  
 To free her from the wizard.

“ May all thy flouts,  
 And sullen doubts,  
 Be scored upon thy dowdy ;  
 And she ne'er freed,  
 For thy misdeed,  
 From rusty phiz, and cloudy.

“ May fortune's curse,  
 From bad to worse,  
 Turn all thy best adventures ;  
 Thy joys to dumps,  
 Thy brags to thumps,  
 And thy best hopes to banTERS.

“ Since thou, false fiend,  
 When nymph's thy friend  
 Æneas-like dost bob her,  
 Go, rot and die,  
 Boil, roast, or fry,  
 With Barrabas the robber.

## IV.

“ May'st thou incog,  
 Sneak like a dog,  
 And o'er the mountains trudge it ;  
 From Spain to Cales,\*  
 From Usk to Wales,  
 Without a cross in budget.

“ If thou'rt so brisk  
 To play at whisk,  
 In hopes of winning riches ;  
 For want of strump  
 Stir even thy rump,  
 And lose thy very breeches.

“ May thy corns ache,  
 Then pen-knife take,  
 And cut thee to the raw-bone :  
 With tooth-ache mad,  
 No ease be had,  
 Though quacks pull out thy jaw-bone.

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\* Good Spanish geography.

“ Since thou, false fiend,  
When nymph’s thy friend,  
Æneas-like dost bob her ;  
Go, rot and die,  
Boil, roast, or fry,  
With Barrabas the robber.”

Thus Altisidora expressed her resentments, and Don Quixote, who looked on her seriously all the while, would not answer a word ; but, turning to Sancho, “ Dear Sancho,” said he, “ by the memory of thy fore-fathers, I conjure thee to tell me one truth : say, hast thou any night-coifs, or garters, that belong to this love-sick damsel ? ” — “ The three night-coifs I have,” quoth Sancho ; “ but, as for the garters, I know no more of them than the man in the moon.” The duchess being wholly a stranger to this part of Altisidora’s frolic, was amazed to see her proceed so far in it, though she knew her to be of an arch and merry disposition. But the duke, being pleased with the humour, resolved to carry it on. Thereupon, addressing himself to Don Quixote, “ Truly, Sir Knight,” said he, “ I do not take it kindly, that, after such civil entertainment as you have had here in my castle, you should offer to carry away three night-coifs, if not a pair of garters besides, the proper goods and chattels of this damsel here present. This was not done like a gentleman,

and does not make good the character you would maintain in the world ; therefore, restore her garters, or I challenge you to a mortal combat, without being afraid that your evil-minded enchanters should alter my face, as they did my footman's."—"Heaven forbid," said Don Quixote, "that I should draw my sword against your most illustrious person, to whom I stand indebted for so many favours. No, my lord ; as for the night-coifs, I will cause them to be restored, for Sancho tells me he has them ; but, as for the garters, it is impossible, for neither he nor I ever had them ; and, if this damsel of yours will look carefully among her things, I dare say she will find them. I never was a pilferer, my lord ; and, while Heaven forsakes me not, I never shall be guilty of such baseness. But this damsel, as you may perceive, talks like one that is in love, and accuses me of that whereof I am innocent ; so that, not regarding her little revenge, I have no need to ask pardon either of her or your grace. I only beg you will be pleased to entertain a better opinion of me, and once more permit me to depart."—"Farewell, noble Don Quixote," said the duchess, "may Providence so direct your course, that we may always be blessed with the good news of your exploits ; and so

Heaven be with you, for, the longer you stay, the more you increase the flames in the hearts of the damsels that gaze on you. As for this young, indiscreet creature, I will take her to task so severely, she shall not misbehave herself so much as in a word or look for the future.” —“One word more, I beseech you, O valorous Don Quixote!” cried Altisidora; “I beg your pardon for saying you had stolen my garters, for, on my conscience, I have them on: But my thoughts ran a wool-gathering; and I did like the countryman, who looked for his ass while he was mounted on his back.” —“Marry come up,” cried Sancho, “whom did they take me for, trow? a concealer of stolen goods? No, indeed, had I been given that way, I might have had opportunities enough in my government.”

Then Don Quixote bowed his head, and, after he had made a low obeisance to the duke, the duchess, and all the company, he turned about with Rozinante; and Sancho following him on Dapple, they left the castle, and took the road for Saragossa.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

HOW ADVENTURES CROWDED SO THICK AND THREE-FOLD ON DON QUIXOTE, THAT THEY TROD UPON ONE ANOTHER'S HEELS.

DON QUIXOTE no sooner breathed the air in the open field, free from Altisidora's amorous importunities, than he fancied himself in his own element; he thought he felt the spirit of knight-errantry reviving in his breast; and turning to Sancho, "Liberty," said he, "friend Sancho, is one of the most valuable blessings that Heaven has bestowed upon mankind. Not all the treasures concealed in the bowels of the earth, nor those in the bosom of the sea, can be compared with it. For liberty a man may, nay ought, to hazard even his life, as well as for honour, accounting captivity the greatest misery he can endure. I tell thee this, my Sancho, because thou wert a witness of the good cheer and plenty which we met with in the castle; yet, in the midst of those delicious feasts, among those tempting dishes, and those liquors cooled with snow, methought



I suffered the extremity of hunger, because I did not enjoy them with that freedom as if they had been my own; for, the obligations that lie upon us to make suitable returns for kindnesses received, are ties that will not let a generous mind be free. Happy the man whom Heaven has blessed with bread, for which he is obliged to thank kind Heaven alone!"—"For all these fine words," quoth Sancho, "it is not proper for us to be unthankful for two good hundred crowns in gold, which the duke's steward gave me in a little purse, which I have here, and cherish in my bosom, as a relic against necessity, and a comforting cordial, next my heart, against all accidents; for we are not like always to meet with castles where we shall be made much of. A peascods on it! We are more likely to meet with damned inns, where we shall be rib-roasted."

As the wandering knight and squire went discoursing of this and other matters, they had not ridden much more than a league ere they espied about a dozen men, who looked like country-fellows sitting at their victuals, with their cloaks under them, on the green grass, in the middle of a meadow. Near them they saw several white cloths or sheets, spread out

and laid close to one another, that seemed to cover something. Don Quixote rode up to the people, and, after he had civilly saluted them, asked what they had got under that linen? "Sir," answered one of the company, "they are some carved images that are to be set up at an altar we are erecting in our town. We cover them lest they should be sullied, and carry them on our shoulders for fear they should be broken."—"If you please," said Don Quixote, "I should be glad to see them; for, considering the care you take of them, they should be pieces of value."—"Ay, marry are they," quoth another, "or else we are damnably cheated; for there is never an image among them that does not stand us more than fifty ducats; and, that you may know I am no liar, do but stay and you shall see with your own eyes." With that, getting up on his legs, and leaving his victuals, he went and took off the cover from one of the figures, that happened to be St George on horseback, and under his feet a serpent coiled up, his throat transfix'd with a lance, with the fierceness that is commonly represented in the piece; and all, as they use to say, spick and span new, and shining like beaten gold. Don Quixote having seen the image, "This," said

he, "was one of the best knights-errant the divine warfare or church-militant ever had; his name was Don St George, and he was an extraordinary protector of damsels. What is the next?" The fellow having uncovered it, it proved to be St Martin on horseback. "This knight, too," said Don Quixote at the first sight, "was one of the Christian adventurers, and I am apt to think he was more liberal than valiant; and thou mayst perceive it, Sancho, by his dividing his cloak with a poor man; he gave him half, and doubtless it was winter-time, or else he would have given it him whole, he was so charitable."—"Not so neither, I fancy," quoth Sancho; "but I guess he stuck to the proverb, To give and keep what is fit, requires a share of wit." Don Quixote smiled, and desired the men to shew him the next image, which appeared to be that of the Patron of Spain on horseback, with his sword bloody, trampling down Moors, and treading over heads. "Ay, this is a knight indeed," cried Don Quixote when he saw it, "one of those that fought in the squadrons of the Saviour of the world; he is called Don St Jago Mata Moros, or Don St James the Moor-killer, and may be reckoned one of the most valorous saints and professors

of chivalry that the earth then enjoyed, and Heaven now possesses." Then they uncovered another piece, which shewed St Paul falling from his horse, with all the circumstances usually expressed in the story of his conversion, and represented so to the life, that he looked as if he had been answering the voice that spoke to him from Heaven. "This," said Don Quixote, "was the greatest enemy the church-militant had once, and proved afterwards the greatest defender it will ever have. In his life a true knight-errant, and in death a stedfast saint; an indefatigable labourer in the vineyard of the Lord, a teacher of the Gentiles, who had Heaven for his school, and Christ himself for his master and instructor." Then Don Quixote, perceiving there were no more images, desired the men to cover those he had seen: "And now, my good friends," said he to them, "I cannot but esteem the sight that I have had of these images as a happy omen; for these saints and knights were of the same profession that I follow, which is that of arms: The difference only lies in this point, that they were saints, and fought according to the rules of holy discipline; and I am a sinner, and fight after the manner of men. They conquered Heaven by force, for

Heaven is taken by violence ; but I, alas ! cannot yet tell what I gain by the force of my labours : Yet, were my Dulcinea del Toboso but free from her troubles, by a happy change in my fortune, and an improvement in my understanding, I might perhaps take a better course than I do.”—“Heaven grant it,” quoth Sancho, “and let the devil do his worst.”

All this while the men wondered at Don Quixote’s figure, as well as his discourse, but could not understand one half of what he meant. So that, after they had made an end of their dinner, they got up their images, took their leave of Don Quixote, and continued their journey.

Sancho remained full of admiration, as if he had never known his master ; he wondered how he should come to know all these things ; and fancied there was not that history or adventure in the world but he had at his fingers’ ends. “Faith and troth, master of mine,” quoth he, “if what has happened to us to-day may be called an adventure, it is one of the sweetest and most pleasant we ever met with in all our rambles ; for we are come off without a dry basting, or the least bodily fear. We have not so much as laid our hands upon our weapons, nor have we beaten the earth with

our carcasses; but here we be safe and sound, neither a-dry nor a-hungry. Heaven be praised that I have seen all this with my own eyes!"—"Thou sayest well, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "but I must tell thee, that seasons and times are not always the same, but often take a different course; and, what the vulgar call forebodings and omens, for which there are no rational grounds in nature, ought only to be esteemed happy encounters by the wise. One of these superstitious fools, going out of his house betimes in the morning, meets a friar of the blessed order of St Francis, and starts as if he had met a griffin, turns back, and runs home again. Another wiseacre happens to throw down the salt on the table-cloth, and thereupon is sadly cast down himself, as if nature were obliged to give tokens of ensuing disasters by such slight and inconsiderable accidents as these. A wise and truly religious man ought never to pry into the secrets of Heaven. Scipio, landing in Africa, stumbled and fell down as he leaped a-shore: Presently his soldiers took this for an ill omen; but he, embracing the earth, cried, 'I have thee fast, Africa; thou shalt not escape me.' In this manner, Sancho, I think it a very happy accident that I met these images."—"I think

so, too," quoth Sancho; "but I would fain know why the Spaniards call upon that same St James, the destroyer of Moors; just when they are going to give battle, they cry, St Jago, and close Spain. Pray, is Spain open, that it wants to be closed up? What do you make of that ceremony?"—"Thou art a very simple fellow, Sancho," answered Don Quixote. "Thou must know, that Heaven gave to Spain this mighty champion of the Red Cross for its patron and protector, especially in the desperate engagements which the Spaniards had with the Moors; and therefore they invoke him, in all their martial encounters, as their protector; and many times he has been personally seen cutting and slaying, overthrowing, trampling, and destroying the Hagarene\* squadrons; of which I could give thee many examples, deduced from authentic Spanish histories."

Here Sancho changing the discourse, "Sir," quoth he, "I cannot but marvel at the impudence of Altisidora, the duchess's damsel. I warrant you that same mischief-monger they call Love has plaguily mauled her, and run her through without mercy. They say he is a

\* Hagarene squadrons, *i.e.* Moorish, because they have a tradition that the Moors are descended from Hagar.

little blind urchin, and yet the dark youth, with no more eye-sight than a beetle, will hit you a heart as sure as a gun, and bore it through and through with his dart, if he undertakes to shoot at it. However, I have heard say, that the shafts of love are blunted and beaten back by the modest and sober carriage of young maidens. But, upon this Altisidora, their edge seems rather to be whetted than made blunt.” —“ You must observe, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ that Love is void of consideration, and disclaims the rules of reason in his proceedings. He is like death, and equally assaults the lofty palaces of kings, and the lowly cottages of shepherds. Wherever he takes entire possession of a soul, the first thing he does, is to banish thence all bashfulness and shame. So, these being banished from Altisidora’s breast, she confidently discovered her loose desires, which, alas! rather filled me with confusion than pity.” —“ If so,” quoth Sancho, “ you are confoundedly cruel: How could you be so hard-hearted and ungrateful? Had the poor thing but made love to me, I dare say I should have come to at the first word, and have been at her service. Beshrew my midriff, what a heart of marble, bowels of brass, and soul of plaster you have! But I cannot for the blood



of me imagine what the poor creature saw in your worship, to make her dote on you, and play the fool at this rate! Where the devil was the sparkling appearance, the briskness, the fine carriage, the sweet face, that bewitched her? Indeed, and indeed, I often survey your worship, from the tip of your toe to the topmost hair on your crown; and, not to flatter you, I can see nothing in you, but what is more likely to scare one, than to make one fall in love. I have heard that beauty is the first and chief thing that begets love; now, you not having any, if it like your worship, I cannot guess what the poor soul was smitten with.”—

“Take notice, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “that there are two sorts of beauty; the one of the soul, and the other of the body. That of the soul lies and displays itself in the understanding, in principles of honour and virtue, in a handsome behaviour, in generosity and good breeding; all which qualities may be found in a person not so accomplished in outward features. And when this beauty, and not that of the body, is the object of love, then the assaults of that passion are much more fierce, more surprising and effectual. Now, Sancho, though I am sensible I am not handsome, I know at the same time I am not deformed;

and provided an honest man be possessed of the endowments of the mind which I mentioned, and nothing appear monstrous in him, it is enough to entitle him to the love of a reasonable creature."

Thus discoursing, they got into a wood quite out of the road; and on a sudden Don Quixote, before he knew where he was, found himself entangled in some nets of green thread, that were spread across among the trees. Not being able to imagine what it was, "Certainly, Sancho," cried he, "this adventure of the nets must be one of the most unaccountable that can be imagined. Let me die now if this be not a stratagem of the evil-minded necromancers that haunt me, to entangle me so that I may not proceed, purely to revenge my contempt of Altisidora's addresses. But let them know, that though these nets were adamantine chains, as they are only made of green thread, and though they were stronger than those in which the jealous god of blacksmiths caught Venus and Mars, I would break them with as much ease as if they were weak rushes, or fine cotton-yarn." With that the knight put briskly forwards, resolving to break through, and make his words good; but in the very moment there sprung from behind the trees





two most beautiful shepherdesses, at least they appeared to be so by their habits, only with this difference, that they were richly dressed in gold brocade. Their flowing hair hung down about their shoulders in curls, as charming as the sun's golden rays, and circled on their brows with garlands of green baize and red-flower-gentle interwoven. As for their age, it seemed not less than fifteen, nor more than eighteen years. This unexpected vision dazzled and amazed Sancho, surprised Don Quixote, made even the gazing sun stop short in his career, and held the surprised parties a while in the same suspense and silence; till at last one of the shepherdesses opening her coral lips, "Hold, sir," she cried; "pray do not tear those nets which we have spread here, not to offend you, but to divert ourselves; and because it is likely you will inquire why they are spread here, and who we are, I shall tell you in few words.

"About two leagues from this place lies a village, where there are many people of quality and good estates; among these several have made up a company, all of friends, neighbours, and relations, to come and take their diversion in this place, which is one of the most delightful in these parts. To this purpose we design

to set up a new Arcadia. The young men have put on the habit of shepherds, and ladies the dress of shepherdesses. We have got two eclogues by heart; one out of the famous Garcilasso, and the other out of Camoens, the most excellent Portuguese poet; though the truth is, we have not yet repeated them, for yesterday was but the first day of our coming hither. We have pitched some tents among the trees, near the banks of a large brook that waters all these meadows. And last night we spread these nets, to catch such simple birds as our calls should allure into the snare. Now, sir, if you please to afford us your company, you shall be made very welcome and handsomely entertained; for we are all disposed to pass the time agreeably, and, for a while, banish melancholy from this place."—"Truly, fair lady," answered Don Quixote, "Actæon could not be more lost in admiration and amazement, at the sight of Diana bathing herself, than I have been at the appearance of your beauty. I applaud the design of your entertainment, and return you thanks for your obliging offers; assuring you, that if it lies in my power to serve you, you may depend on my obedience to your commands; for my profession is the very reverse of ingratitude, and aims at

doing good to all persons, especially those of your merit and condition; so that were these nets spread over the surface of the whole earth, I would seek out a passage throughout new worlds, rather than I would break the smallest thread that conduces to your pastime: And that you may give some credit to this seeming exaggeration, know, that he who makes this promise is no less than Don Quixote de la Mancha, if ever such a name has reached your ears.”—“Oh, my dear,” cried the other shepherdess, “what good fortune is this! You see this gentleman before us: I must tell you, he is the most valiant, the most amorous, and the most complaisant person in the world, if the history of his exploits, already in print, does not deceive us. I have read it, my dear, and I hold a wager, that honest fellow there by him is one Sancho Panza, his squire, the most comical creature that ever was.”—“You have nicked it,” quoth Sancho, “I am that comical creature, and that very squire you wot of; and there is my lord and master, the self-same historified, and aforesaid Don Quixote de la Mancha.”—“Oh pray, my dear,” said the other, “let us entreat him to stay: our father and our brothers will be mighty glad of it; I have heard of his valour and his merit, as

much as you now tell me ; and what is more, they say he is the most constant and faithful lover in the world ; and that his mistress, whom they call Dulcinea del Toboso, bears the prize from all the beauties in Spain.”—“ It is not without justice,” said Don Quixote, “ if your peerless charms do not dispute her that glory. But, ladies, I beseech you do not endeavour to detain me ; for the indispensable duties of my profession will not suffer me to rest in one place.”

At the same time came the brother of one of the shepherdesses, clad like a shepherd, but in a dress as splendid and gay as those of the young ladies. They told him that the gentleman, whom he saw with them, was the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and that other, Sancho Panza, his squire, of whom he had read the history. The gallant shepherd having saluted him, begged of him so earnestly to grant them his company to their tents, that Don Quixote was forced to comply, and go with them.

About the same time the nets were drawn and filled with divers little birds, who being deceived by the colour of the snare, fell into the danger they would have avoided. Above thirty persons, all gaily dressed like shepherds



and shepherdesses, got together there, and being informed who Don Quixote and his squire were, they were not a little pleased, for they were already no strangers to his history. In short, they carried them to their tents, where they found a clean, sumptuous, and plentiful entertainment ready. They obliged the knight to take the place of honour; and while they sat at table, there was not one that did not gaze on him, and wonder at so strange a figure.

At last, the cloth being removed, Don Quixote, with a great deal of gravity, lifting up his voice, "Of all the sins that men commit," said he, "none, in my opinion, is so great as ingratitude, though some think pride a greater; and I ground my assertion on this, that hell is said to be full of the ungrateful. Ever since I had the use of reason, I have employed my utmost endeavours to avoid this crime; and if I am not able to repay the benefits I receive in their kind, at least I am not wanting in real intentions of making suitable returns; and if that be not sufficient, I make my acknowledgments as public as I can; for he that proclaims the kindnesses he has received, shows his disposition to repay them if he could; and those that receive are generally inferior to those that

give. The Supreme Being, that is infinitely above all things, bestows his blessings on us so much beyond the capacity of all other benefactors, that all the acknowledgments we can make can never hold proportion with his goodness. However, a thankful mind in some measure supplies its want of power, with hearty desires and unfeigned expressions of a sense of gratitude and respect. I am in this condition, as to the civilities I have been treated with here; for I am unable to make an acknowledgment equal to the kindnesses I have received. I shall, therefore, only offer you what is within the narrow limits of my own abilities, which is, to maintain, for two whole days together, in the middle of the road that leads to Saragossa, that these ladies here, disguised in the habits of shepherdesses, are the fairest and most courteous damsels in the world, excepting only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of my thoughts; without offence to all that hear me, be it spoken."

Here Sancho, who had, with an uncommon attention, all the while given ear to his master's compliment, thought fit to put in a word or two. "Now, in the name of wonder," quoth he, "can there be any body in the world so impudent as to offer to swear, or but to say,

this master of mine is a madman? Pray, tell me, ye gentlemen shepherds, did you ever know any of your country parsons, though never so wise, or so good schollards, that could deliver themselves so finely? Or, is there any of your knights-errant, though never so famed for prowess, that can make such an offer as he has here done?"

Don Quixote turned towards Sancho, and, beholding him with eyes full of fiery indignation, "Can there be any body in the world," cried he, "that can say thou art not an incorrigible blockhead, Sancho, a compound of folly and knavery, wherein malice also is no small ingredient? Who bids thee meddle with my concerns, fellow, or busy thyself with my folly or discretion? Hold your saucy tongue, scoundrel! Make no reply, but go and saddle Rozinante, if he is unsaddled, that I may immediately perform what I have offered; for, in so noble and so just a cause, thou mayest reckon all those who shall presume to oppose me, subdued and overthrown." This said, up he started, in a dreadful fury, and with marks of anger in his looks, to the amazement of all the company, who were at a loss whether they should esteem him a madman or a man of sense. They endeavoured to prevail with him

to lay aside his challenges, telling him, they were sufficiently assured of his grateful nature, without exposing him to the danger of such demonstrations; and as for his valour, they were so well informed by the history of his numerous achievements, that there was no need of any new instance to convince them of it. But all these representations could not dissuade him from his purpose; and therefore, having mounted Rozinante, braced his shield, and grasped his lance, he went and posted himself in the middle of the highway, not far from the verdant meadow, followed by Sancho on his Dapple, and all the pastoral society, who were desirous to see the event of that arrogant and unaccountable resolution.

And now the champion, having taken his ground, made the neighbouring air ring with the following challenge:—"O ye, whoever you are, knights, squires, on foot or on horseback, that now pass, or shall pass this road within these two days, know, that Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, stays here, to assert and maintain, that the nymphs who inhabit these groves and meadows, surpass, in beauty and courteous disposition, all those in the universe, setting aside the sovereign of my soul, the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. And he that dares up-

hold the contrary, let him appear, for here I expect his coming."

Twice he repeated these lofty words, and twice they were repeated in vain, not being heard by any adventurer. But his old friend Fortune, that had a strange hand at managing his concerns, and always mended upon it, shewed him a jolly sight; for by and by he discovered on the road a great number of people on horseback, many of them with lances in their hands, all trooping together very fast. The company that watched Don Quixote's motions, no sooner spied such a squadron, driving the dust before them, than they got out of harm's way, not judging it safe to be so near danger; and as for Sancho, he sheltered himself behind Rozinante's crupper; only Don Quixote stood fixed with an undaunted courage. When the horsemen came near, one of the foremost, bawling to the champion, "So hey!" cried he, "get out of the way, and be hanged. The devil is in the fellow! stand off, or the bulls will tread thee to pieces."—"Go to, you scoundrels," answered Don Quixote, "none of your bulls are any thing to me, though the fiercest that ever were fed on the banks of Xarama.\* Acknowledge, hang-dogs, all in a

\* The bulls of Xarama are accounted the fiercest in Spain.

body, what I have proclaimed here to be truth, or else stand combat with me." But the herdsman had not time to answer, neither had Don Quixote any to get out of the way, if he had been inclined to it; for the herd of wild bulls were presently upon him, as they poured along, with several tame cows,\* and a huge company of drivers and people, that were going to a town where they were to be baited the next day. So, bearing all down before them, knight and squire, horse and man, they trampled them under foot at an unmerciful rate. There lay Sancho mauled, Don Quixote stunned, Dapple bruised, and Rozinante in very indifferent circumstances. But for all this, after the whole route of men and beasts were gone by, up started Don Quixote, ere he was thoroughly come to himself, and staggering and stumbling, falling and getting up again, as fast as he could, he began to run after them. "Stop, scoundrels, stop," cried he aloud; "stay, it is a single knight defies you all, one who scorns the humour of making a golden bridge for a flying enemy." But the hasty travellers did not stop, nor slacken their speed, for all his loud defiance; and minded it no more than the last year's snow.

\* *Mansus Cabestros*. According to the Royal Dictionary, they are the old tame oxen, with bells about their necks.

At last, weariness stopped Don Quixote; so that, with all his anger, and no prospect of revenge, he was forced to sit down on the road, till Sancho came up to him with Rozinante and Dapple. Then the master and man made a shift to remount; and, ashamed of their bad success, hastened their journey, without taking leave of their friends of the new Arcadia.

## CHAPTER LIX.

OF AN EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT THAT HAPPENED  
TO DON QUIXOTE, WHICH MAY WELL PASS FOR  
AN ADVENTURE.

A CLEAR fountain, which Don Quixote and Sancho found among some verdant trees, served to refresh them, besmeared with dust, and tired as they were, after the rude encounter of the bulls. There, by the brink, leaving Rozinante and Dapple, unbridled and unhaltered, to their own liberty, the two forlorn adventurers sat down. Sancho washed his mouth, and Don Quixote his face. The squire then went to his old cupboard, the wallet, and having taken out of it what he used to call belly-timber, laid it before the knight. But Don Quixote would eat nothing for pure vexation, and Sancho durst not begin for pure good manners, expecting that he would first shew him the way. However, finding him so wrapped in his imaginations, as to have no thoughts of lifting his hand up to his mouth, the squire, without letting one



word come out of his, laid aside all kind of good breeding, and began to stuff his hungry maw with what bread and cheese he had before him. "Eat, friend Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "repair the decays of nature, and sustain life, which thou hast more reason to cherish than I; leave me to die, abandoned to my sorrows, and the violence of my misfortunes. I was born, Sancho, to live dying, and thou to die eating. And, that thou mayest be convinced I tell thee truth, do but reflect upon me, famous in histories, dignified with the honour of the press, renowned for feats of arms, courteous in behaviour, respected by princes, beloved and importuned by damsels; yet after all this, when I at last flattered myself with hopes of laurels, triumphs, and crowns, the reward merited by my valorous achievements, behold me trod under foot; trampled like the highway dirt, kicked and bruised by the hoofs of vile and filthy beasts. The thought dulls the edge of my teeth and my appetite, unhinges my jaws, benumbs my hands, and stupifies my senses; and, fearing more to live than to die, I am resolved almost to starve myself, though to die with hunger be the most cruel of all deaths."

"So that, belike," quoth Sancho, without

losing any time in chewing, "you will not make good the saying, It is good to die with a full belly? For my part, I am not so simple yet as to kill myself. No, I am like the cobbler that stretches his leather with his teeth: I am for lengthening my life by eating; and I will stretch it with my grinders as far as Heaven will let it run. Faith and troth, master, there is no greater folly in the world than for a man to despair, and throw the helve after the hatchet. Therefore, take my advice, fall to, and eat as I do, and when you have done, lie down and take a nap; the fresh grass here will do as well as a feather-bed. I daresay by the time you awake you will find yourself better in body and mind."

Don Quixote followed Sancho's counsel, for he was convinced the squire spoke good natural philosophy at that time. However, in the meanwhile, a thought coming into his mind, "Ah! Sancho," said he, "if thou wouldst but do something that I am now going to desire thee, my cares would sit more easy on me, and my comfort would be more certain. It is only this: while, according to thy advice, I try to compose my thoughts with sleep, do but step aside a little, and, exposing thy back parts bare in the open air, take the

reins of Rozinante's bridle, and give thyself some three or four hundred smart lashes, in part of the three thousand and odd thou art to receive to disenchant Dulcinea; for, in truth, it is a shame, and a very great pity, that poor lady should remain enchanted all this while, through thy carelessness and neglect."—"There is a great deal to be said as to that," quoth Sancho, "but that will keep cold; first let us go to sleep, and then come what will come. Heaven knows what will be done. Do you think, sir, it is nothing for a man to flog himself in cold blood? I would have you to know, it is a cruel thing, especially when the lashes must light upon a body so weak, and so horribly lined within as mine is. Let my lady Dulcinea have a little patience; one of these days, when she least dreams of it, she shall see my skin pinked and jagged, like a slashed doublet, with lashes. There is nothing lost that comes at last; while there is life there is hope; which is as good as to say, I live with an intent to make good my promise." Don Quixote gave him thanks, ate a little, and Sancho a great deal; and then both betook themselves to their rest, leaving those constant friends and companions, Rozinante and Dapple, to their own discretion, to repose

or feed at random on the pasture that abounded in that meadow.

The day was now far gone, when the knight and the squire waked. They mounted, and held on their journey, making the best of their way to an inn, that seemed to be about a league distant. I call it an inn, because Don Quixote himself called it so, contrary to his custom, it being a common thing with him to take inns for castles.

Being got thither, they asked the innkeeper whether he had got any lodgings. "Yes," answered he, "and as good accommodation as you could expect to find even in the city of Saragossa." They alighted, and Sancho put up his baggage in a chamber, of which the landlord gave him the key; and, after he had seen Rozinante and Dapple well provided for in the stable, he went to wait on his master, whom he found sitting upon a seat made in the wall—the squire blessing himself more than once that the knight had not taken the inn for a castle. Supper-time approaching, Don Quixote retired to his apartment, and Sancho, staying with his host, asked him what he had to give them for supper. "What you will," answered he; "you may pick and choose—fish or flesh, butchers' meat or poultry,

wild-fowl, and what not; whatever land, sea, and air afford for food, it is but ask and have; every thing is to be had in this inn.”—“There is no need of all this,” quoth Sancho; “a couple of roasted chickens will do our business; for my master has a nice stomach, and eats but little; and as for me, I am none of your unreasonable trenchermen.”—“As for chickens,” replied the innkeeper, truly we have none, for the kites have devoured them.”—“Why then,” quoth Sancho, “roast us a good handsome pullet, with eggs, so it be young and tender.”—“A pullet, master!” answered the host; “faith and troth, I sent above fifty yesterday to the city to sell; but, setting aside pullets, you may have any thing else.”—“Why, then,” quoth Sancho, “even give us a good joint of veal or kid.”—“Cry you mercy!” replied the innkeeper; “now I remember me, we have none left in the house; the last company that went cleared me quite; but by next week we shall have enough, and to spare.”—“We are finely helped up,” quoth Sancho. “Now will I hold a good wager, all these defects must be made up with a dish of eggs and bacon.”—“Hey day!” cried the host, “my guest has a rare knack at guessing, i’faith: I told him I had no hens nor pullets

in the house, and yet he would have me to have eggs! Think on something else, I beseech you, and let us talk no more of that.”—“Body of me,” cried Sancho, “let us come to something; tell me what thou hast, good Mr Landlord, and do not put me to trouble my brains any longer.”—“Why, then, do you see,” quoth the host, “to deal plainly with you, I have a delicate pair of cow-heels, that look like calves’ feet, or a pair of calves’ feet that look like cow-heels, dressed with onions, pease, and bacon—a dish for a prince; they are just ready to be taken off, and by this time they cry, ‘Come, eat me, come, eat me.’”—“Cow-heels!” cried Sancho; “I set my mark on them; let nobody touch them. I will give more for them than any other shall. There is nothing I love better.”—“Nobody else shall have them,” answered the host; “you need not fear, for all the guests I have in the house, besides yourselves, are persons of quality, that carry their steward, their cook, and their provisions along with them.”—“As for quality,” quoth Sancho, “my master is a person of as good quality as the proudest he of them all, if you go to that, but his profession allows of no larders nor butteries. We commonly clap us down in the midst of a field, and fill our

bellies with acorns or medlars." This was the discourse that passed betwixt Sancho and the innkeeper; for, as to the host's interrogatories concerning his master's profession, Sancho was not then at leisure to make him any answer.

In short, supper-time came, Don Quixote went to his room, the host brought the dish of cow-heels, such as it was, and set him down fairly to supper. But at the same time, in the next room, which was divided from that where they were by a slender partition, the knight overheard somebody talking. "Dear Don Jeronimo," said the unseen person, "I beseech you, till supper is brought in, let us read another chapter of the Second Part of Don Quixote. The champion no sooner heard himself named, than up he started, and listened, with attentive ears, to what was said of him; and then he heard that Don Jeronimo answer, "Why would you have us read nonsense, Signor Don John? Methinks, any one that has read the First Part of Don Quixote should take but little delight in reading the second." — "That may be," replied Don John; "however, it may not be amiss to read it; for there is no book so bad as not to have something that is good in it. What displeases me most

in this Part is, that it represents Don Quixote no longer in love with Dulcinea del Toboso." Upon these words, Don Quixote, burning with anger and indignation, cried out, "Whoever says that Don Quixote de la Mancha has forgotten, or can forget, Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him know, with equal arms, that he departs wholly from the truth; for the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso cannot be forgotten, nor can Don Quixote be guilty of forgetfulness. *Constancy* is his motto; and, to preserve his fidelity with pleasure, and without the least constraint, is his profession."—"Who is he that answers us?" cries one of those in the next room. "Who should it be?" quoth Sancho, "but Don Quixote de la Mancha his own self, the same that will make good all he has said, and all he has to say, take my word for it; for a good paymaster never grudges to give security."

Sancho had no sooner made that answer, than in came the two gentlemen, (for they appeared to be no less,) and one of them, throwing his arms about Don Quixote's neck, "Your presence, sir knight," said he, "does not belie your reputation, nor can your reputation fail to raise a respect for your presence. You are certainly the true Don Quixote de la



Mancha, the north-star and luminary of chivalry-errant, in despite of him that has attempted to usurp your name, and annihilate your achievements, as the\* author of this book, which I here deliver into your hands, has presumed to do." With that he took the book from his friend, and gave it to Don Quixote. The knight took it, and, without saying a word, began to turn over the leaves; and then, returning it a while after, "In the little I have seen," said he, "I have found three things in this author that deserve reprehension. First, I find fault with some words in his preface. In the second place, his language is Arragonian, for sometimes he writes without articles. And the third thing I have observed, which betrays most his ignorance, is, he is out of the way in one of the principal parts of the history; for there he says, that the wife of my squire, Sancho Panza, is called Mary Gutierrez, which is not true, for her name is Teresa Panza; and he that errs in so considerable a passage, may well be suspected to have committed many gross errors through the whole history."—"A

\* An Arragonian published a book, which he called the Second Part of Don Quixote, before our author had printed this. See the Preface of this Second Part, and the account of the life of Cervantes, who brings this in by way of invective against that Arragonian.

pretty impudent fellow is this same history-writer!" cried Sancho. "Sure he knows much what belongs to our concerns, to call my wife Teresa Panza, Mary Gutierrez! Pray, take the book again, if it like your worship, and see whether he says any thing of me, and whether he has not changed my name too."—"Sure, by what you have said, honest man," said Don Jeronimo, "you should be Sancho Panza, squire to Signor Don Quixote?"—"So I am," quoth Sancho, "and I am proud of the office."—"Well," said the gentleman, "to tell you the truth, the last author does not treat you so civilly as you seem to deserve. He represents you as a glutton and a fool, without the least grain of wit or humour, and very different from the Sancho we have in the first part of your master's history."—"Heaven forgive him," quoth Sancho; "he might have left me where I was, without offering to meddle with me. Every man's nose will not make a shoeing horn. Let us leave the world as it is. St Peter is very well at Rome." Presently the two gentlemen invited Don Quixote to sup with them in their chamber, for they knew there was nothing to be got in the inn fit for his entertainment. Don Quixote, who was always very complaisant, could not deny their

request, and went with them. Sancho staid behind with the flesh-pot, *cum mero mixto imperio* ;\* he placed himself at the upper end of the table, with the innkeeper for his mess-mate ; for he was no less a lover of cow-heels than the squire.

While Don Quixote was at supper with the gentlemen, Don John asked him when he heard of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso—whether she were married—whether she had any children, or were with child or no—or whether, continuing still in her maiden state, and preserving her honour and reputation unstained, she had a grateful sense of the love and constancy of Signor Don Quixote.—“Dulcinea is still a virgin,” answered Don Quixote, “and my amorous thoughts more fixed than ever ; our correspondence after the old rate, not frequent, but her beauty transformed into the homely appearance of a female rustic.” And with that he told the gentlemen the whole story of her being enchanted, what had befallen him in the cave of Montesinos, and the means that the sage Merlin had prescribed to free her from enchantment,

\* That is, with a deputed or subordinate power. *Merum imperium*, according to the Civilians, is that residing in the sovereign. *Merum mixtum imperium*, is that delegated to vassals or magistrates, in causes civil or criminal.

which was Sancho's penance of three thousand three hundred lashes. The gentlemen were extremely pleased to hear from Don Quixote's own mouth the strange passages of his history; equally wondering at the nature of his extravagances, and his elegant manner of relating them. One minute they looked upon him to be in his senses, and the next, they thought he had lost them all; so that they could not resolve what degree to assign him between madness and sound judgment.

By this time Sancho having eaten his supper, and left his landlord, moved to the room where his master was with the two strangers; and as he bolted in, "Hang me," quoth he, "gentlemen, if he that made the book your worships have got, could have a mind that he and I should ever take a loving cup together: I wish, as he calls me greedy-gut, he does not set me out for a drunkard too."—"Nay," said Don Jeronimo, "he does not use you better as to that point, though I cannot well remember his expressions. Only this I know, they are scandalous and false, as I perceive by the physiognomy of sober Sancho here present."—"Take my word for it, gentlemen," quoth the squire, "the Sancho and the Don Quixote in your book, I do not know who they be, but

they are not the same men as those in Cid Hamet Benengeli's history, for we two are they, just such as Benengeli makes us; my master valiant, discreet, and in love; and I a plain, merry-conceited fellow, but neither a glutton nor a drunkard."—"I believe you," said Don John, "and I could wish, were such a thing possible, that all other writers whatsoever were forbidden to record the deeds of the great Don Quixote, except Cid Hamet, his first author; as Alexander forbade all other painters to draw his picture, except Apelles."—"Let any one draw mine, if he pleases," said Don Quixote; "but let him not abuse the original; for when patience is loaded with injuries, many times it sinks under its burden."—"No injury," replied Don John, "can be offered to Signor Don Quixote, but what he is able to revenge, or at least ward off with the shield of his patience, which, in my opinion, is very great and powerful."

In such discourse they spent a good part of the night; and though Don John endeavoured to persuade Don Quixote to read more of the book, to see how the author had handled his subject, he could by no means prevail with him; the knight giving him to understand he had enough of it, and as much as if he had read it

throughout, concluding it to be all of a piece, and nonsense all over; and that he would not encourage the scribbler's vanity so far as to let him think he had read it, should it ever come to his ears that the book had fallen into his hands; well knowing we ought to avoid defiling our thoughts, and much more our eyes, with vile and obscene matters.

They asked him, which way he was travelling? He told them he was going for Saragossa, to make one at the tournaments held in that city once a-year, for the prize of armour. Don John acquainted him, that the pretended Second Part of his History gave an account how Don Quixote, whoever he was, had been at Saragossa, at a public running at the ring, the description of which was wretched, and defective in the contrivance, mean and low in the style and expression, and miserably poor in devices, all made up of foolish idle stuff. "For that reason," said Don Quixote, "I will not set a foot in Saragossa; and so the world shall see what a notorious lie this new historian is guilty of! and all mankind shall perceive I am not the Don Quixote he speaks of."—"You do very well," said Don Jeronimo; "besides, there is another tournament at Barcelona, where you may signalize your valour."—"I

design to do so," replied Don Quixote: "and so, gentlemen, give me leave to bid you good night, and permit me to go to bed, for it is time; and pray place me in the number of your best friends, and most faithful servants." — "And me too," quoth Sancho; "for mayhap you may find me good for something."

Having taken leave of one another, Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their chamber, leaving the two strangers in admiration, to think what a medley the knight had made of good sense and extravagance; but fully satisfied, however, that these two persons were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, and not those obtruded upon the public by the Arragonian author.

Early in the morning Don Quixote got up, and knocking at a thin wall that parted his chamber from that of the gentlemen, he took his leave of them. Sancho paid the host nobly, but advised him either to keep better provisions in his inn, or to commend it less.

## CHAPTER LX.

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE GOING TO  
BARCELONA.

THE morning was cool, and seemed to promise a temperate day, when Don Quixote left the inn, having first informed himself which was the readiest way to Barcelona; for he was resolved he would not so much as see Saragossa, that he might prove that new author a liar, who, as he was told, had so misrepresented him in the pretended Second Part of his History. For the space of six days he travelled without meeting any adventure worthy of memory; but the seventh, having lost his way, and being overtaken by the night, he was obliged to stop in a thicket, either of oaks or cork-trees; for in this Cid Hamet does not observe the same punctuality he has kept in other matters. There both master and man dismounted, and laying themselves down at the foot of the trees, Sancho, who had handsomely filled his belly that day, easily resigned himself into the arms of sleep. But



Don Quixote, whom his chimeras kept awake much more than hunger, could not so much as close his eyes; his working thoughts being hurried to a thousand several places. This time he fancied himself in Montesinos's cave; fancied he saw his Dulcinea, perverted as she was into a country hoyden, jump at a single leap upon her ass colt. The next moment he thought he heard the sage Merlin's voice, heard him in awful words relate the means required to effect her disenchantment. Presently a fit of despair seized him; he was stark mad to think on Sancho's remissness and want of charity, the squire having not given him above five lashes, a small and inconsiderable number, in proportion to the quantity of the penance still behind. This reflection so nettled him, and so aggravated his vexation, that he could not forbear thinking on some extraordinary methods. If Alexander the Great, thought he, when he could not untie the Gordian knot, said, it is the same thing to cut or to undo, and so slashed it asunder, and yet became the sovereign of the world, why may not I free Dulcinea from enchantment by whipping Sancho myself, whether he will or no? For, if the condition of this remedy consists in Sancho's receiving three thousand and odd

lashes, what does it signify to me whether he gives himself those blows, or another gives them him, since the stress lies upon his receiving them, by what means soever they are given? Full of that conceit, he came up to Sancho, having first taken the reins of Rozinante's bridle, and fitted them to his purpose of lashing him with them. He then began to untruss Sancho's points; and it is a received opinion that he had but one that was used before, which held up his breeches; but he no sooner fell to work, than Sancho started out of his sleep, and was thoroughly awake in an instant. "What is here?" cried he; "who is it that fumbles about me, and untrusses my points?"—"It is I," answered Don Quixote; "I am come to repair thy negligence, and to seek the remedy of my torments: I am come to whip thee, Sancho, and to discharge, in part at least, that debt for which thou standest engaged. Dulcinea perishes, while thou livest careless of her fate, and I die with desire. Untruss, therefore, freely and willingly; for I am resolved, while we are here alone in this recess, to give thee at least two thousand stripes."—"Hold you there," quoth Sancho; "pray be quiet, will you?—Body of me, let me alone, or I protest deaf men shall hear us!





The jirks I am bound to give myself are to be voluntary, not forced; and at this time I have no mind to be whipped at all: Let it suffice that I promise you to firk and scourge myself when the humour takes me." -- "No," said Don Quixote, "there is no standing to thy courtesy, Sancho; for thou art hard-hearted; and, though a clown, yet thou art tender of thy flesh;" and so saying, he strove with all his force to untie the squire's points; which, when Sancho perceived, he started up on his legs, and setting upon his master, closed with him, tripped up his heels, threw him fairly upon his back, and then set his knee upon his breast, and held his hands fast, so that he could hardly stir, or fetch his breath. Don Quixote, overpowered thus, cried, "How now, traitor! what, rebel against thy master, against thy natural lord, against him that gives thee bread!" \* -- "I neither mar king nor make king," quoth Sancho; "I do but defend myself, that am naturally my own lord. If your worship will promise to let me alone, and give over the thoughts of whipping me at this time, I will

\* Henry the Bastard, afterwards king of Castile, being about to murder Pedro, the lawful king, as they struggled, he fell under him, when Bertram Claquin, a Frenchman that served Henry, coming to his assistance, turned him a-top of Pedro, speaking at the same time those words that Sancho repeats.

let you rise, and will leave you at liberty; if not, here thou diest, traitor to Donna Sancho.” Don Quixote gave his parole of honour, and swore by the life of his best thoughts not to touch so much as a hair of Sancho’s coat,\* but entirely leave it to his discretion to whip himself when he thought fit. With that Sancho got up from him, and removed his quarters to another place at a good distance; but as he went to lean against a tree, he perceived something bobbing at his head; and, lifting up his hands, found it to be a man’s feet, with shoes and stockings on. Quaking for fear, he moved off to another tree, where the like impending horror dangled over his head. Straight he called out to Don Quixote for help. Don Quixote came, and inquired into the occasion of his fright; Sancho answered, that all those trees were full of men’s feet and legs. Don Quixote began to search and grope about, and falling presently into the account of the business, “Fear nothing, Sancho,” said he, “there is no danger at all; for what thou feelest in the dark are certainly the feet and

\* *Ropa*, in the original; which signifies all that belongs to a man’s clothing. Stevens translates it *hair of his head*. The French translator has it right, *poil de la robe*. How Jarvis has it I know not; but I make no doubt of its being right, as having been supervised by the learned and polite Dr O——d and Mr P——.

legs of some banditti and robbers that have been hanged upon those trees, for here the officers of justice hang them up by twenties and thirties in clusters, by which I suppose we cannot be far from Barcelona;" and indeed he guessed right.

And now day breaking, they lifted up their eyes, and saw the bodies of the highwaymen hanging on the trees: But if the dead surprised them, how much more were they disturbed at the appearance of above forty live banditti, who poured upon them, and surrounded them in a sudden, charging them in the Catalan tongue, to stand till their captain came.

Don Quixote found himself on foot, his horse unbridled, his lance against a tree at some distance, and, in short, void of all defence; and, therefore, he was forced to put his arms across, hold down his head, and shrug up his shoulders, reserving himself for a better opportunity. The robbers presently fell to work, and began to rifle Dapple, leaving on his back nothing of what he carried, either in the wallet or the cloak-bag; and it was very well for Sancho that the duke's pieces of gold, and those he brought from home, were hidden in a girdle about his waist; though, for all that, those honest gentlemen would certainly have

taken the pains to have searched and surveyed him all over, and would have had the gold, though they had stripped him of his skin to come at it; but by good fortune their captain came in the interim. He seemed about four-and-thirty years of age, his body robust, his stature tall, his visage austere, and his complexion swarthy. He was mounted on a strong horse, wore a coat of mail, and no less than two pistols on each side. Perceiving that his squires (for so they call men of that profession in those parts,) were going to strip Sancho, he ordered them to forbear, and was instantly obeyed; by which means the girdle escaped. He wondered to see a lance reared up against a tree, a shield on the ground, and Don Quixote in armour, and pensive, with the saddest, most melancholy countenance that despair itself could frame. Coming up to him, "Be not so sad, honest man," said he; "you have not fallen into the hands of some cruel Busiris, but into those of Roque Guinart, a man rather compassionate than severe."—"I am not sad," answered Don Quixote, "for having fallen into thy power, valorous Roque, whose boundless fame spreads through the universe, but for having been so remiss, as to be surprised by thy soldiers with my horse unbridled; whereas,



according to the order of chivalry-errant, which I profess, I am obliged to live always upon my guard, and at all hours be my own sentinel; for, let me tell thee, great Roque, had they met me mounted on my steed, armed with my shield and lance, they would have found it no easy task to make me yield; for know, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the same whose exploits are celebrated through all the habitable globe."

Roque Guinart found out immediately Don Quixote's blind side, and judged there was more madness than valour in the case. Now, though he had several times heard him mentioned in discourse, he could never believe what was related of him to be true, nor could he be persuaded that such a humour should reign in any man; for which reason, he was very glad to have met him, that experience might convince him of the truth. Therefore, addressing himself to him, "Valorous knight," said he, "vex not yourself, nor tax fortune with unkindness; for it may happen, that what you look upon now as a sad accident, may redound to your advantage: For Heaven, by strange and unaccountable ways, beyond the reach of human imagination, uses to raise up those that are fallen, and fill the poor with riches." Don Quixote was going to return

him thanks, when from behind them they heard a noise like the trampling of several horses, though it was occasioned but by one; on which came, full speed, a person that looked like a gentleman, about twenty years of age. He was clad in green damask, edged with gold galloon, suitable to his waistcoat, and a hat turned up behind, strait wax-leather boots, his spurs, sword, and dagger, gilt, a light bird-piece in his hand, and a case of pistols before him. Roque, having turned his head to the noise, discovered the handsome apparition; which, approaching nearer, spoke to him in this manner: "You are the gentleman I looked for, valiant Roque; for with you I may perhaps find some comfort, though not a remedy in my affliction. In short, not to hold you in suspense, (for I am sensible you do not know me,) I will tell you who I am. My name is Claudia Jeronima; I am the daughter of your particular friend Simon Forte, sworn foe to Clauquel Torrelas, who is also your enemy, being one of your adverse faction. You already know this Torrelas had a son, whom they called Don Vincente Torrelas, at least he was called so within these two hours. That son of his, to be short in my sad story, I will tell you in four words what sorrow he has brought me

to. He saw me, courted me, was heard, and was beloved. Our amour was carried on with so much secrecy, that my father knew nothing of it; for there is no woman, though ever so retired and closely looked to, but can find time enough to compass and fulfil her unruly desires. In short, he made me a promise of marriage, and I the like to him, but without proceeding any further. Now, yesterday I understood, that forgetting his engagements to me, he was going to wed another, and that they were to be married this morning; a piece of news that quite distracted me, and made me lose all patience. Therefore, my father being out of town, I took the opportunity of equipping myself as you see, and, by the speed of this horse, overtook Don Vincente about a league hence, where, without urging my wrongs, or staying to hear his excuses, I fired at him, not only with this piece, but with both my pistols, and, as I believe, shot him through the body; thus, with his heart's blood, washing away the stains of my honour. This done, there I left him to his servants, who neither dared, nor could prevent the sudden execution; and came to seek your protection, that, by your means, I may be conducted into France, where I have relations to entertain me; and withal to beg of you to

defend my father from Don Vincente's party, who might otherwise revenge his death upon our family."

Roque admiring at once the resolution, agreeable deportment, and handsome figure of the beautiful Claudia, "Come, madam," said he, "let us first be assured of your enemy's death, and then consider what is to be done for you."—"Hold," cried Don Quixote, who had hearkened with great attention to all this discourse, "none of you need trouble yourselves with this affair, the defence of the lady is my province. Give me my horse and arms, and stay for me here: I will go and find out this knight, and, dead or alive, force him to perform his obligations to so great a beauty."—"Ay, ay," quoth Sancho, "you may take his word for it, my master has a rare stroke at making matches: it is but the other day he made a young rogue yield to marry a maid whom he would have left in the lurch, after he was promised to her; and had it not been for the enchanters, that plague his worship, who transmogrified the bridegroom into a footman, and broke off the match, the said maid had been none by this time."

Roque was so much taken up with the thoughts of Claudia's adventure, that he little

minded either master or man; but ordering his squires to restore what they had taken from Dapple to Sancho, and to retire to the place where they had quartered the night before, he went off upon the spur with Claudia to find the expiring Don Vincente. They got to the place where Claudia met him, and found nothing but the marks of blood newly spilt; but, looking round about them, they discovered a company of people at a distance on the side of a hill, and presently judged them to be Don Vincente carried by his servants, either to his cure or burial. They hastened to overtake them, which they soon effected, the others going but slowly; and they found the young gentleman in the arms of his servants, desiring them, with a spent and fainting voice, to let him die in that place, his wounds paining him so that he could not bear going any farther. Claudia and Roque dismounting, hastily came up to him. The servants were startled at the appearance of Roque, and Claudia was troubled at the sight of Don Vincente; and, divided between anger and compassion, "Had you given me this, and made good your promise," said she to him, laying hold of his hand, "you had never brought this misfortune upon yourself." The wounded gentleman, lifting up

his languishing eyes, and knowing Claudia, "Now do I see," said he, "my fair deluded mistress, it is you that has given me the fatal blow, a punishment never deserved by the innocent, unfortunate Vincente, whose actions and desires had no other end but that of serving his Claudia."—"What, sir," answered she presently, "can you deny that you went this morning to marry Leonora, the daughter of wealthy Belvastro?"—"It is all a false report," answered he, "raised by my evil stars to spur up your jealousy to take my life, which, since I leave in your fair hands, I reckon well disposed of; and, to confirm this truth, give me your hand, and receive mine, the last pledge of love and life, and take me for your husband: It is the only satisfaction I have to give for the imaginary wrong you suspect I have committed." Claudia pressed his hand, and being pierced at once to the very heart, dropped on his bloody breast into a swoon, and Don Vincente fainted away in a deadly trance.

Roque's concern struck him senseless, and the servants ran for water to throw on the faces of the unhappy couple; by which at last Claudia came to herself again, but Don Vincente never waked from his trance, but breathed out the last remainder of his life. When Claudia

perceived this, and could no longer doubt but that her dear husband was irrecoverably dead, she burst the air with her sighs, and wounded the heavens with her complaints. She tore her hair, scattered it in the wind, and with her merciless hands, disfigured her face, shewing all the lively marks of grief that the first sallies of despair can discover. "O cruel and inconsiderate woman!" cried she, "how easily wast thou set on this barbarous execution! Oh, madding sting of jealousy, how desperate are thy motions, and how tragic the effects! Oh, my unfortunate husband, whose sincere love and fidelity to me have thus, for his nuptial bed, brought him to the cold grave!" Thus the poor lady went on, in so sad and moving a strain, that even Roque's rugged temper now melted into tears, which on all occasions had still been strangers to his eyes. The servants wept and lamented; Claudia relapsed into her swooning as fast as they found means to bring her to life again; and the whole appearance was a most moving scene of sorrow. At last Roque Guinart bid Don Vincente's servants carry his body to his father's house, which was not far distant, in order to have it buried. Claudia communicated to Roque her resolution of retiring into a monastery, where an aunt of

hers was abbess, there to spend the rest of her life, wedded to a better and an immortal bridegroom. He commended her pious resolution, offering to conduct her whither she pleased, and to protect her father and family from all assaults and practices of the most dangerous enemies. Claudia made a modest excuse for declining his company, and took leave of him weeping. Don Vincente's servants carried off the dead body, and Roque returned to his men. Thus ended Claudia Jeronima's amour, brought to so lamentable a catastrophe by the prevailing force of a cruel and desperate jealousy.

Roque Guinart found his crew where he had appointed, and Don Quixote in the middle of them, mounted on Rozinante, and declaiming very copiously against their way of living, at once dangerous to their bodies, and destructive to their souls; but his auditory being chiefly composed of Gascoigners, a wild unruly kind of people, all his morality was thrown away upon them. Roque, upon his arrival, asked Sancho, if they had restored him all his things. "Every thing, sir," answered Sancho, "but three night-caps, that are worth a king's ransom."—"What says the fellow?" cried one of the robbers; "here they be, and they are not worth three reals."—"As to the intrinsic



value," replied Don Quixote, "they may be worth no more; but it is the merit of the person that gave them me, that raises their value to that price."

Roque ordered them to be restored immediately; and, commanding his men to draw up in a line, he caused all the clothes, jewels, money, and all the other booty they had got since the last distribution, to be brought before him; then, readily appraising every particular, and reducing into money what could not be divided, he cast up the account of the whole, and then made a just dividend into parts, paying to every man his exact and due proportion with so much prudence and equity, that he failed not in the least point of distributive justice. The booty thus shared to the general satisfaction, "If it were not for this punctual management," said Roque, turning to Don Quixote, "there would be no living among us."—"Well," quoth Sancho, "justice must needs be a good thing, and the old proverb still holds good, Thieves are never rogues among themselves." One of the banditti, overhearing him, cocked his gun, and would certainly have shot him through the head, had not the captain commanded him to hold. Poor Sancho was struck as mute as a fish, and resolved not to

open his lips once more, till he got into better company.

By this time came one or two of their scouts that were posted on the road, and informed their captain, that they had discovered a great company of travellers on the way to Barcelona. "Are they such as we look for," asked Roque, "or such as look for us?"—"Such as we look for, sir," answered the fellow. "Away then," cried Roque, "all of you, my boys, and bring them me hither straight, let none escape." The squires presently obeyed the word of command, and left Don Quixote, Roque, and Sancho, to wait their return. In the mean time, Roque entertained the knight with some remarks on his way of living. "I should not wonder," said he, "Signor Don Quixote, that our life should appear to you a restless complication of hazards and disquiets; for it is no more than what daily experience has made me sensible of. You must know, that this barbarity and austere behaviour which I affect to shew is a pure force upon my nature, being urged to this extremity by the resentment of some severe injuries, which I could not put up with without a satisfactory revenge, and now I am in, I must go through; one sin draws on another, in spite of my better designs; and I am now involved

in such a chain of wrongs, factions, abettors, and engagements, that no less than the divine power of providence can free me from this maze of confusion: Nevertheless, I despair not still of a successful end of my misfortunes.

Don Quixote, being surprised to hear such sound sense and sober reflection come from one whose disorderly profession was so opposite to discretion and politeness; "Signor Roque," said he, "it is a great step to health, for a man to understand his distemper, and the compliance of the patient to the rules of physic is reckoned half the cure. You appear sensible of the malady, and therefore may reasonably expect a remedy, though your disease, being fixed by a long inveteracy, must subject you (I am afraid) to a tedious course. The Almighty Physician will apply effectual medicines; therefore be of good heart, and do your part towards the recovery of your sick conscience. If you have a mind to take the shortest road to happiness, immediately abandon the fatal profession you now follow, and come under my tuition, to be instructed in the rules of knight-errantry, which will soon expiate your offences, and entitle you to honour and true felicity." Roque smiled to hear Don Quixote's serious advice, and, changing the discourse,

gave him an account of Claudia Jeronima's tragical adventure, which grieved Sancho to the heart; for the beauty, life, and spirit of the young damsel, had not a little wrought upon his affections.

By this time Roque's party had brought in their prize, consisting of two gentlemen on horseback, and two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, attended by some half dozen servants on foot and on horseback, besides two muleteers that belonged to the two gentlemen. They were all conducted in solemn order, surrounded by the victors, both they and the vanquished being silent, and expecting the definitive sentence of the grand Roque. He first asked the gentlemen who they were? Whither bound? And what money they had about them? They answered that they were both captains of Spanish foot, and their companies were at Naples; and they designed to embark on the four galleys which they heard were bound for Sicily, and their whole stock amounted to two or three hundred crowns, which they thought a pretty sum of money for men of their profession, who seldom use to hoard up riches. The pilgrims, being examined in like manner, said, they intended to embark for Rome, and had about

some threescore reals between them both. Upon examining the coach, he was informed by one of the servants, that my lady Donna Guiomar de Quinonnes, wife to a judge of Naples, with her little daughter, a chambermaid, and an old duenna, together with six other servants, had among them all about six hundred crowns. "So then," said Roque, "we have got here in all nine hundred crowns and sixty reals. I think I have got about threescore soldiers here with me. Now, among so many men, how much will fall to each particular share? Let me see, for I am none of the best accountants. Cast it up gentlemen." The highwaymen, hearing this, cried, "Long live Roque Guinart, and damn the dogs that seek his ruin!" The officers looked simply, the lady was sadly dejected, and the pilgrims were no less cast down, thinking this a very odd confiscation of their little stock. Roque held them a while in suspense, to observe their humours, which he found all very plainly to agree in that point, of being melancholy for the loss of their money: Then turning to the officers, "Do me the favour, captains," said he, "to lend me threescore crowns; and you, madam, if your ladyship pleases, shall oblige me with fourscore, to

gratify these honest gentlemen of my squadron: It is our whole estate and fortune; and you know, the abbot dines on what he sings for. Therefore I hope you will excuse our demands, which will free you from any more disturbance of this nature, being secured by a pass, which I shall give you, directed to the rest of my squadrons that are posted in these parts, and who, by virtue of my order, will let you go unmolested; for I scorn to wrong a soldier, and I must not fail in my respects, madam, to the fair sex, especially to ladies of your quality."

The captains, with all the grace they could, thanked him for his great civility and liberality, for so they esteemed his letting them keep their own money. The lady would have thrown herself out of the coach at his feet, but Roque would not suffer it, rather excusing the presumption of his demands, which he was forced to, in pure compliance with the necessity of his fortune. The lady then ordered her servant to pay the fourscore crowns; the officers disbursed their quota, and the pilgrims made an oblation of their mite; but Roque ordering them to wait a little, and turning to his men, "Gentlemen," said he, "here are two crowns a-piece for each of you, and twenty

over and above. Now let us bestow ten of them on these poor pilgrims, and the other ten on this honest squire, that he may give us a good word in his travels." So, calling for pen, ink, and paper, of which he always went provided, he wrote a passport for them, directed to the commanders of his several parties, and taking his leave, dismissed them; all wondering at his greatness of soul, that spoke rather an Alexander than a professed highwayman. One of his men began to mutter in his Catalan language, "This captain of ours is plaguy charitable; he would make a better friar than a pad; come, come, if he has a mind to be so liberal, forsooth, let his own pocket, not ours, pay for it." The wretch spoke not so low, but he was overheard by Roque, who, whipping out his sword, with one stroke almost cleft his skull in two. "Thus it is I punish mutiny," said he. All the rest stood motionless, and durst not mutter one word, so great was the awe they bore him. Roque then withdrew a little, and wrote a letter to a friend of his in Barcelona, to let him know, that the famous knight-errant, Don Quixote, of whom so many strange things were reported, was with him, that he might be sure to find him on Midsummer-day on the

great quay of that city, armed at all points, mounted on Rozinante, and his squire on an ass; that he was a most pleasant ingenious person, and would give great satisfaction to him and his friends the Niarros, for which reason he gave them this notice of the Don's coming; adding, that he should by no means let the Cadells, his enemies, partake of this pleasure, as being unworthy of it: But how was it possible to conceal from them, or any body else, the folly and discretion of Don Quixote, and the buffoonery of Sancho Panza! He delivered the letter to one of his men, who, changing his highway clothes to a countryman's habit, went to Barcelona, and gave it as directed.



## CHAPTER LXI.

DON QUIXOTE'S ENTRY INTO BARCELONA, WITH  
OTHER ACCIDENTS THAT HAVE LESS INGENUITY  
THAN TRUTH IN THEM.

DON QUIXOTE staid three days and three nights with Roque, and had he tarried as many hundred years, he might have found subject enough for admiration in that kind of life. They slept in one place, and ate in another, sometimes fearing they knew not what, then lying in wait for they knew not whom. Sometimes forced to steal a nap standing, never enjoying a sound sleep. Now in this side the country, then presently in another quarter; always upon the watch, spies hearkening, scouts listening, carbines presenting; though of such heavy guns they had but few, being armed generally with pistols. Roque himself slept apart from the rest, making no man privy to his lodgings; for so many were the proclamations against him from the viceroy of Barcelona, and such were his disquiets and fears of being betrayed by some of his men, for

the price of his head, that he durst trust nobody. A life most miserable and uneasy.

At length, by cross-roads and bye-ways, Roque, Don Quixote, and Sancho, attended by six other squires, got to the strand of Barcelona on Midsummer-eve, at night; where Roque, having embraced Don Quixote, and presented Sancho with the ten crowns he had promised him, took his leave of them both, after many compliments on both sides. Roque returned to his company, and Don Quixote staid there, waiting the approach of day, mounted as Roque left him. Not long after, the fair Aurora began to peep through the balconies of the east, cheering the flowery fields, while at the same time a melodious sound of haut-boys and kettle-drums cheered the ears, and presently was joined with jingling of morrice-bells, and the trampling and cries of horsemen coming out of the city. Now Aurora ushered up the jolly sun, who looked big on the verge of the horizon, with his broad face as ample as a target. Don Quixote and Sancho, casting their looks abroad, discovered the sea, which they had never seen before. To them it made a noble and spacious appearance, far bigger than the lake Ruydera, which they saw in La Mancha. The galleys in the port, taking in

their awnings, made a pleasant sight with their flags and streamers, that waved in the air, and sometimes kissed and swept the water. The trumpets, hautboys, and other warlike instruments that resounded from on board, filled the air all round with reviving and martial harmony. A while after, the galleys moving, began to join on the calm sea in a counterfeit engagement; and at the same time a vast number of gentlemen marched out of the city, nobly equipped with rich liveries, and gallantly mounted, and, in like manner, did their part on the land, to complete the warlike entertainment. The marines discharged numerous volleys from the galleys, which were answered by the great guns from the battlements of the walls and forts about the city, and the mighty noise echoed from the galleys again by a discharge of the long pieces of ordnance on their forecastles. The sea smiled and danced, the land was gay, and the sky serene in every quarter, but where the clouds of smoke dimmed it a while: Fresh joy sat smiling in the looks of men, and gladness and pomp were displayed in their glory. Sancho was mightily puzzled though, to discover how these huge bulky things that moved on the sea could have so many feet.

By this time the gentlemen that maintained the sports on the shore, galloping up to Don Quixote with loud acclamations, the knight was not a little astonished: One of them amongst the rest, who was the person to whom Roque had written, cried aloud, "Welcome, the mirror, the light, the north-star of knight-errantry! Welcome, I say, valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha; not the counterfeit and apocryphal, shewn us lately in false histories, but the true, legitimate, and identic he, described by Cid Hamet, the flower of historiographers!" Don Quixote made no answer, nor did the gentleman stay for any; but wheeling about with the rest of his companions, all prancing round him in token of joy, they encompassed the knight and squire. Don Quixote, turning about to Sancho, "It seems," said he, "these gentlemen know us well. I dare engage they have read our history, and that which the Arragonian lately published." The gentleman that spoke to the knight, returning, "Noble Don Quixote," said he, "we entreat you to come along with the company, being all your humble servants, and friends of Roque Guinart."—"Sir," answered Don Quixote, "your courtesy bears such a likeness to the great Roque's generosity, that

could civility beget civility, I should take yours for the daughter or near relation of his: I shall wait on you where you please to command, for I am wholly at your devotion."—

The gentleman returned his compliment; and so all of them inclosing him in the middle of their brigade, they conducted him towards the city, drums beating, and hautboys playing before them all the way. But, as the devil and ill-luck would have it, or the boys, who are more unlucky than the devil himself, two mischievous young bastards made a shift to get through the crowd of horsemen, and one of them lifting up Rozinante's tail, and the other that of Dapple, they thrust a handful of briars under each of them. The poor animals feeling such unusual spurs applied to their posteriors, clapped their tails close, which increased their pain, and began to wince and flounce, and kick so furiously, that at last they threw their riders, and laid both master and man sprawling in the street. Don Quixote, out of countenance, and nettled at his disgrace, went to disengage his horse from his new plumage, and Sancho did as much for Dapple, while the gentlemen turned to chastise the boys for their rudeness. But the young rogues were safe enough, being presently lost among a huge rabble that

followed. The knight and squire then mounted again, and the music and procession went on, till they arrived at their conductor's house, which, by its largeness and beauty, bespoke the owner master of a great estate; where we leave him for the present, because it is Cid Hamet's will and pleasure it should be so.

## CHAPTER LXII.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED HEAD, WITH  
OTHER IMPERTINENCES NOT TO BE OMITTED.

THE person who entertained Don Quixote was called Don Antonio Moreno, a gentleman of good parts, and plentiful fortune, loving all those diversions that may innocently be obtained without prejudice to his neighbours, and not of the humour of those, who would rather lose their friend than their jest. He therefore resolved to make his advantage of Don Quixote's follies, without detriment to his person.

In order to this, he persuaded the knight to take off his armour, and, in his strait-laced chamois clothes, (as we have already shewn him,) to stand in a balcony that looked into one of the principal streets of the city, where he stood exposed to the rabble that were got together, especially the boys, who gaped and stared on him, as if he had been some overgrown baboon. The several brigades and cavaliers in their liveries began afresh to fetch

their careers about him, as if the ceremony were rather performed in honour of Don Quixote, than any solemnity of the festival. Sancho was highly pleased, fancying he had chopped upon another Camacho's wedding, or another house like that of Don Diego de Miranda, or some castle like the duke's.

Several of Don Antonio's friends dined with him that day; and all of them honouring and respecting Don Quixote as a knight-errant, they puffed up his vanity to such a degree, that he could scarce conceal the pleasure he took in their adulation. As for Sancho, he made such sport to the servants of the house, and all that heard him, that they watched every word that came from his mouth. Being all very merry at table, "Honest Sancho," said Don Antonio, "I am told you admire capons and sausages so much, that you cannot be satisfied with a bellyful, and when you can eat no more, you cram the rest into your breeches against the next morning."—"No, sir, if it like you," answered Sancho, "it is all a story; I am more cleanly than greedy, I would have you to know; here is my master can tell you, that many times he and I use to live for a week together upon a handful of acorns and walnuts. The truth is, I am not over nice; in such a



place as this, I eat what is given me; for a gift-horse should not be looked in the mouth. But whosoever told you I was a greedy-gut and a sloven, has told you a fib; and, were it not for respect to the company, I would tell him more of my mind, so I would."—"Verily," said Don Quixote, "the manner of Sancho's feeding ought to be delivered to succeeding ages on brazen monuments, as a future memorial of his abstinence, and cleanliness, and an example to posterity. It is true, when he satisfies the call of hunger, he seems to do it somewhat ravenously; indeed he swallows apace, uses his grinders very notably, and chews with both jaws at once. But, in spite of the charge of slovenliness now laid upon him, I must declare he is so nice an observer of neatness, that he ever makes a clear conveyance of his food. When he was governor, his nicety in eating was remarkable, for he would eat grapes, and even pomegranate seeds, with the point of his fork."—"How," cried Antonio, "has Sancho been a governor?"—"Ay, marry has he," answered Sancho, "governor of the island of Baratania! Ten days I governed, and who but I! but I was so broken of my rest all the time, that all I got by it was to learn to hate the trade of governing

from the bottom of my soul. So that I made such haste to leave it, I fell into a deep hole, where I was buried alive, and should have lain till now, had not Providence pulled me out of it." Don Quixote then related the circumstances of Sancho's government; and the cloth being taken away, Don Antonio took the knight by the hand, and carried him into a private chamber, wherein there was no kind of furniture, but a table that seemed to be of jasper, supported by feet of the same, with a brazen head set upon it, from the breast upwards, like the effigies of one of the Roman emperors. Don Antonio having walked with Don Quixote several turns about the room, "Signor Don Quixote," said he, "being assured that we are very private, the door fast, and nobody listening, I shall communicate to you one of the most strange and wonderful adventures that ever was known, provided you treasure it up, as a secret, in the closest apartment of your breast."—"I shall be as secret as the grave," answered the knight, "and will clap a tomb-stone over your secret, for farther security; besides, assure yourself, Don Antonio," continued he, for by this time he had learned the gentleman's name, "you converse with a person whose ears are open to receive what his

tongue never betrays. So that whatever you commit to my trust, shall be buried in the depth of bottomless silence, and lie as secure as in your own breast.”—“In confidence of your honour,” said Don Antonio, “I doubt not to raise your astonishment, and disburden my own breast of a secret, which has long lain upon my thoughts, having never found hitherto any person worthy to be made a confidant in matters to be concealed.”—This cautious proceeding raised Don Quixote’s curiosity strangely; after which Don Antonio led him to the table and made him feel and examine all over the brazen head, the table, and jasper supporters. “Now, sir,” said he, “know that this head was made by one of the greatest enchanters or necromancers in the world. If I am not mistaken, he was a Polander by birth, and the disciple of the celebrated Escotillo,\* of whom so many prodigies are related. This wonderful person was here in my house, and by the intercession of a thousand crowns, was wrought upon to frame me this head, which has the wonderful property of answering in

\* Or, Little Scot. Cervantes means Michael Scotus, who, being more knowing in natural and experimental philosophy than was common in the dark ages of ignorance, passed for a magician; as Friar Bacon and Albert the Great did; of the first of whom (Friar Bacon) a like story of a brazen head is told.

your ear to all questions. After long study, erecting of schemes, casting of figures, consultations with the stars, and other mathematical operations, this head was brought to the aforesaid perfection; and to-morrow, (for on Fridays it never speaks,) it shall give you proof of its knowledge; till when, you may consider of your most puzzling and important doubts, which will have a full and satisfactory solution."

Don Quixote was amazed at this strange virtue of the head, and could hardly credit Don Antonio's account; but, considering the shortness of the time that deferred his full satisfaction in the point, he was content to suspend his opinion till next day; and only thanked the gentleman for making him so great a discovery. So out of the chamber they went; and Don Antonio having locked the door very carefully, they returned into the room, where the rest of the company were diverted by Sancho's relating to them some of his master's adventures.

That afternoon they carried Don Quixote abroad without his armour, mounted, not on Rozinante, but on a large easy mule, with genteel furniture, and himself dressed after the city fashion, with a long coat of tawny-coloured cloth, which, with the present heat of the

season, was enough to put frost itself into a sweat. They gave private orders that Sancho should be entertained within doors all that day, lest he should spoil their sport by going out. The knight being mounted, they pinned to his back, without his knowledge, a piece of parchment, with these words, written in large letters, "This is Don Quixote de la Mancha." As soon as they began their walk, the sight of the parchment drew the eyes of everybody to read the inscription; so that the knight, hearing so many people repeat the words, "This is Don Quixote de la Mancha," wondered to hear himself named and known by every one that saw him. Thereupon, turning to Don Antonio, that rode by his side, "How great," said he, "is this single prerogative of knight-errantry, by which its professors are known and distinguished through all the confines of the universe! Do not you hear, sir," continued he, "how the very boys in the street, who have never seen me before, know me?"—"It is very true, sir," answered Don Antonio; "like fire, that always discovers itself by its own light, so virtue has that lustre that never fails to display itself, especially that renown which is acquired by the profession of arms."

During this procession of the knight and his applauding followers, a certain Castilian, reading the scroll at Don Quixote's back, cried out aloud, "Now, the devil take thee for Don Quixote de la Mancha! Who would have thought to have found thee here, and still alive, after so many hearty drubbings that have been laid about thy shoulders? Cannot you be mad in private, and among your friends, with a pox to you, but you must run about the world at this rate, and make every body that keeps you company as arrant coxcombs as yourself? Get you home to your wife and children, blockhead; look after your house, and leave off playing the fool, and distracting thy senses at this rate with a parcel of nonsensical whimsies."—"Friend," said Don Antonio, "go about your business, and keep your advice for them that want it. Signor Don Quixote is a man of too much sense not to be above your counsel, and we know our business without your intermeddling. We only pay the respect due to virtue. So, in the name of ill-luck, go your ways, and do not meddle where you have no business."—"Truly, now," said the Castilian, "you are in the right; for it is but striving against the stream to give him advice, though it grieves me to think this whim of

knight-errantry should spoil all the good parts which they say this madman has. But ill-luck light on me, as you would have it, and all my generation, if ever you catch me advising him or any one else again, though I were desired, and were to live the years of Methusalem." So saying, the adviser went his ways, and the cavalcade continued; but the rabble pressed so very thick to read the inscription, that Don Antonio was forced to pull it off, under pretence of doing something else.

Upon the approach of night, they returned home, where Don Antonio's wife, a lady of quality, and every way accomplished, had invited several of her friends to a ball, to honour her guest, and share in the diversion his extravagances afforded. After a noble supper, the dancing began about ten o'clock at night. Among others, were two ladies, of an airy waggish disposition, such as, though virtuous enough at the bottom, would not stick to strain a point of modesty for the diversion of good company. These two made their court chiefly to Don Quixote, and plied him so with dancing, one after another, that they tired not only his body, but his very soul. But the best was to see what an unaccountable figure the grave Don made, as he hopped and stalked

about, a long, sway-backed, starved-looking, thin-flanked, two-legged thing, wainscot-complexioned, stuck up in his close doublet, awkward enough a-conscience, and certainly none of the lightest at a saraband. The ladies gave him several private hints of their inclination to his person, and he was not behind-hand in intimating to them as secretly, that they were very indifferent to him; till at last, being almost teased to death, "*Fugite, partes adversæ,*" cried he aloud, "and avaunt temptation! Pray, ladies, play your amorous pranks with somebody else; leave me to the enjoyment of my own thoughts, which are employed and taken up with the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole queen of my affections;" and, so saying, he sat himself down on the ground, in the midst of the hall, to rest his wearied bones. Don Antonio gave order that he should be taken up and carried to bed; and the first who was ready to lend a helping hand was Sancho; and, as he was lifting him up, "By Our Lady, sir master of mine, you have shook your heels most facetiously! Do you think we, who are stout and valiant, must be caperers, and that every knight-errant must be a snapper of castanets? If you do, you are woundily deceived, let me tell you. Gadzookers, I know



those who would sooner cut a giant's windpipe than a caper. Had you been for the shoe-jig,\* I had been your man, for I slap it away like any jer-faulcon; but, as for regular dancing, I cannot work a stitch at it." This made diversion for the company, till Sancho led out his master, in order to put him to bed, where he left him covered over head and ears, that he might sweat out the cold he had caught by dancing.

The next day, Don Antonio, resolving to make his intended experiment on the Enchanted Head, conducted Don Quixote into the room where it stood, together with Sancho, a couple of his friends, and the two ladies that had so teased the knight at the ball, and who had staid all night with his wife; and having carefully locked the door, and enjoined them secrecy, he told them the virtue of the head, and that this was the first time he ever made proof of it; and, except his two friends, nobody did know the trick of the enchantment, and, had not they been told of it before, they had been drawn into the same error with the rest; for the contrivance of the machine was so artful, and so cunningly managed, that it was

\* Shoe-jig, in which the dancers slap the sole of their shoe with the palm of their hand, in time and measure.

impossible to discover the cheat. Don Antonio himself was the first that made his application to the ear of the head, close to which, speaking in a voice just loud enough to be heard by the company, "Tell me, O head," said he, "by that mysterious virtue wherewith thou art endued, what are my thoughts at present?" The head, in a distinct and intelligible voice, though without moving the lips, answered, "I am no judge of thoughts." They were all astonished at the voice, being sensible nobody was in the room to answer. "How many of us are there in the room?" said Don Antonio again. The voice answered, in the same key, "Thou, and thy wife, two of thy friends, and two of hers, a famous knight, called Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his squire, Sancho Panza by name." Now their astonishment was greater than before; now they wondered indeed, and the hair of some of them stood on end with amazement. "It is enough," said Don Antonio, stepping aside from the head, "I am convinced it was no impostor sold thee to me, sage head, discoursing head, oraculous, miraculous head! Now, let somebody else try their fortunes." As women are generally most curious and inquisitive, one of the dancing ladies, venturing up to it, "Tell me, head,"

said she, "what shall I do to be truly beautiful?"—"Be honest," answered the head.—"I have done," replied the lady. Her companion then came on, and, with the same curiosity, "I would know," said she, "whether my husband loves me or no." The head answered, "Observe his usage, and that will tell thee."—"Truly," said the married lady to herself, as she withdrew, "that question was needless; for, indeed, a man's actions are the surest tokens of the dispositions of his mind."—Next came up one of Don Antonio's friends, and asked, "Who am I?" The answer was, "Thou knowest."—"That is from the question," replied the gentleman; "I would have thee tell me whether thou knowest me."—"I do," answered the head; "thou art Don Pedro Norris."—"It is enough, O head," said the gentleman, "thou hast convinced me that thou knowest all things." So, making room for somebody else, his friend advanced, and asked the head what his eldest son and heir desired. "I have already told thee," said the head, "that I was no judge of thoughts; however, I will tell thee, that what thy heir desires is to bury thee."—"It is so," replied the gentleman; "what I see with my eye I mark with my finger; I know enough."

Don Antonio's lady asked the next question. "I do not well know what to ask thee," said she to the head; "only tell me whether I shall long enjoy my dear husband."—"Thou shalt," answered the head; "for his healthy constitution and temperance promise length of days, while those who live too fast are not like to live long." Next came Don Quixote. "Tell me, thou oracle," said he, "was what I reported of my adventures in Montesinos' cave a dream or reality? will Sancho my squire fulfil his promise, and scourge himself effectually? and shall Dulcinea be disenchanted?"—"As for the adventures in the cave," answered the head, "there is much to be said; they have something of both; Sancho's whipping shall go on but leisurely; however, Dulcinea shall at last be really freed from enchantment."—"That is all I desire to know," said Don Quixote, "for the whole stress of my good fortune depends on Dulcinea's disenchantment." Then Sancho made the last application. "If it please you, Mr Head," quoth he, "shall I chance to have another government? shall I ever get clear of this starving squire-erranting? and shall I ever see my own fire-side again?" The head answered, "Thou shalt be a governor in thine own house; if thou goest home thou

mayest see thy own fire-side again, and if thou leavest off thy service, thou shalt get clear of thy squireship." — "Gadzookers!" cried Sancho, "that is a very good one, I vow! A horse-head might have told all this; I could have prophesied thus much myself." — "How now, brute," said Don Quixote, "what answers wouldst thou have but what are pertinent to thy questions?" — "Nay," quoth Sancho, "since you will have it so, it shall be so; I only wish Mr Head would have told me a little more concerning the matter.

Thus, the questions proposed, and the answers returned, were brought to a period; but the amazement continued among all the company, except Don Antonio's two friends, who understood the mystery, which Benengeli is resolved now to discover, that the world should be no longer amazed with an erroneous opinion of any magic or witchcraft operating in the head. He therefore tells you, that Don Antonio Moreno, to divert himself, and surprise the ignorant, had this made, in imitation of such another device which he had seen contrived by a statuary at Madrid.

The manner of it was thus: the table, and the frame on which it stood, the feet of which resembled four eagles' claws, were of wood,

painted and varnished like jasper. The head, which looked like the bust of a Roman emperor, and of a brass colour, was all hollow, and so were the feet of the table, which answered exactly to the neck and breast of the head; the whole so artificially fixed, that it seemed to be all of a piece; through this cavity ran a tin pipe, conveyed into it by a passage through the ceiling of the room under the table. He that was to answer, set his mouth to the end of the pipe in the chamber underneath, and by the hollowness of the trunk, received their questions, and delivered his answers, in clear and articulate words, so that the imposture could scarcely be discovered. The oracle was managed by a young, ingenious gentleman, Don Antonio's nephew, who, having his instructions beforehand from his uncle, was able to answer, readily and directly, to the first questions, and, by conjectures or evasions, make a return handsomely to the rest, with the help of his ingenuity. Cid Hamet informs us further, that, during ten or twelve days after this, the wonderful machine continued in mighty repute; but, at last, the noise of Don Antonio's having an enchanted head in his house, that gave answers to all questions, began to fly about the city; and, as he feared this would reach the

ears of the watchful sentinels of our faith, he thought fit to give an account of the whole matter to the reverend inquisitors, who ordered him to break it to pieces, lest it should give occasion of scandal among the ignorant vulgar. But still the head passed for an oracle, and a piece of enchantment, with Don Quixote and Sancho ; though, the truth is, the knight was much better satisfied in the matter than the squire.

The gentry of the city, in complaisance to Don Antonio, and for Don Quixote's more splendid entertainment, or, rather, to make his madness a more public diversion, appointed a running at the ring about six days after ; but this was broken off upon an occasion that afterwards happened.

Don Quixote had a mind to take a turn in the city on foot, that he might avoid the crowd of boys that followed him when he rode. He went out with Sancho, and two of Don Antonio's servants, that attended him by their master's order ; and, passing through a certain street, Don Quixote looked up, and spied, written over a door, in great letters, these words, "Here is a printing-house." This discovery pleased the knight extremely, having now an opportunity of seeing a printing-press

—a thing he had never seen before; and, therefore, to satisfy his curiosity, in he went, with all his train. There he saw some working off the sheets, others correcting the forms, some in one place, picking of letters out of the cases, in another, some looking over a proof; in short, all the variety that is to be seen in great printing-houses. He went from one workman to another, and was very inquisitive to know what everybody had in hand, and they were not backward to satisfy his curiosity. At length, coming to one of the compositors, and asking him what he was about, “Sir,” said the printer, “this gentleman here,” shewing a likely sort of a man, something grave, and not young, “has translated a book out of Italian into Spanish, and I am setting some of it here for the press.”—“What is the name of it, pray?” said Don Quixote. “Sir,” answered the author, “the title of it in Italian is *Le Bagatele*.”—“And pray, sir,” asked Don Quixote, “what is the meaning of that word in Spanish?”—“Sir,” answered the gentleman, “*Le Bagatele* is as much as to say, *Trifles*; but though the title promises so little, yet the contents are matters of importance.”—“I am a little conversant in the Italian,” said the knight, “and value myself upon singing some



stanzas of Ariosto; therefore, sir, without any offence, and not doubting of your skill, but merely to satisfy my curiosity, pray, tell me, have ever you met with such a word as *pignata* in Italian?"—"Yes, very often, sir," answered the author. "And how do you render it, pray, sir?" said Don Quixote. "How should I render it, sir," replied the translator, "but by the word *porridge-pot*?"—"Body of me!" cried Don Quixote, "you are master of the Italian idiom. I dare hold a good wager, that, where the Italian says *piace* you translate it *please*; where it says *piu* you render it *more*; *su*, *above*, and *giu*, *beneath*."—"Most certainly, sir," answered the other, "for such are their proper significations."—"What rare parts," said Don Quixote, "are lost to mankind, for want of their being exerted and known! I dare swear, sir, that the world is backward in encouraging your merit. But it is the fate of all ingenious men. How many of them are cramped up and discountenanced by a narrow fortune! and how many, in spite of the most laborious industry, discouraged! Though, by the way, sir, I think this kind of version from one language to another, except it be from the noblest of tongues, the Greek and Latin, is like viewing a piece of Flemish tapestry on the

wrong side, where, though the figures are distinguishable, yet there are so many ends and threads, that the beauty and exactness of the work is obscured, and not so advantageously discerned as on the right side of the hangings. Neither can this barren employment of translating out of easy languages, shew either wit or mastery of style, no more than copying a piece of writing by a precedent; though, still, the business of translating wants not its commendations, since men very often may be worse employed. As a further proof of its merits, we have Doctor Christoval de Figuero's translation of Pastor Fido, and Don Juan de Xaurigui's *Aminta*—pieces so excellently well done, that they have made them purely their own, and left the reader in doubt which was the translation, and which the original. But tell me, pray, sir, do you print your book at your own charge, or have you sold the copy to a bookseller?"

"Why, truly, sir," answered the translator, "I publish it upon my own account, and I hope to clear at least a thousand crowns by this first edition; for I design to print off two thousand books, and they will go off at six reals a-piece in a trice."—"I am afraid you will come short of your reckoning," said Don

Quixote; "it is a sign you are still a stranger to the tricks of these booksellers and printers, and the juggling that is among them. I dare engage you will find two thousand books lie heavy upon your hands, especially if the piece be somewhat tedious, and wants spirit."—"What, sir!" replied the author, "would you have me sell the profit of my labour to a bookseller, for three marvedis a-sheet? for that is the most they will bid, nay, and expect, too, I should thank them for the offer. No, no, sir; I print not my works to get fame in the world; my name is up already; profit, sir, is my end, and without it, what signifies reputation?"—"Well, sir, go on and prosper," said Don Quixote; and, with that, moving to another part of the room, he saw a man correcting a sheet of a book called *The Light of the Soul*. "Ay, now this is something," cried the knight; "these are the books that ought to be printed, though there are a great many of that kind; for the number of sinners is prodigious in this age, and there is need of an infinite quantity of lights for so many dark souls as we have among us." Then passing on, and inquiring the title of a book, of which another man was correcting a sheet, they told him it was the *Second Part* of that ingenious gentleman, Don

Quixote de la Mancha, written by a certain person, a native of Tordesillas. "I have heard of that book before," said Don Quixote, "and really thought it had been burnt, and reduced to ashes, for a foolish, impertinent libel; but all in good time. Execution-day will come at last.\* For made stories are only so far good and agreeable, as they are profitable, and bear the resemblance of truth, and true history the more valuable the farther it keeps from the fabulous." And so saying, he flung out of the printing-house in a huff.

That very day, Don Antonio would needs shew Don Quixote the galleys in the road, much to Sancho's satisfaction, because he had never seen any in his life. Don Antonio, therefore, gave notice to the commander of the galleys, that in the afternoon he would bring his guest, Don Quixote de la Mancha, to see them; the commander, and all the people of the town, being, by this time, no stranger to the knight's character. But what happened in the galleys must be the subject of the next chapter.

\* Martinmas, or about the feast of St Martin, is the time for making bacon for winter. Hence the Spanish proverb.

## CHAPTER LXIII.

OF SANCHO'S MISFORTUNES ON BOARD THE GALLEYS,  
WITH THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF THE  
BEAUTIFUL MORISCA (MOORISH LADY).

MANY and serious were Don Quixote's reflections on the answer of the enchanted head, though none hit on the deceit, but centred all in the promise of Dulcinea's disenchantment; and, expecting it would speedily be effected, he rested joyfully satisfied. As for Sancho, though he hated the trouble of being a governor, yet still he had an itching ambition to rule, to be obeyed, and appear great; for even fools love authority.

In short, that afternoon, Don Antonio, his two friends, Don Quixote, and Sancho, set out for the galleys. The commander, being advertised of their coming, upon their appearance on the quay, ordered all the galleys to strike sail; the music played, and a pinnace, spread with rich carpets, and crimson velvet cushions, was presently hoisted out, and sent to fetch them on board. As soon as Don Quixote set

his foot into it, the admiral's galley discharged her forecastle piece, and the rest of the galleys did the like. When Don Quixote got over the gunnel of the galley, on the starboard side, the whole crew of slaves, according to their custom of saluting persons of quality, welcomed him with three hu, hu, huz, or huzzas. The general, (for so we must call him,) by birth a Valencian, and a man of quality, gave him his hand, and embraced him. "This day," said he, "will I mark as one of the happiest I can expect to see in all my life, since I have the honour now to see Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha; this day, I say, that sets before my eyes the summary of wandering chivalry collected in one person." Don Quixote returned his compliment with no less civility, and appeared overjoyed to see himself so treated like a grandee. Presently they all went into the state-room, which was handsomely adorned, and there they took their places. The boatswain went to the forecastle, and, with his whistle, or call, gave the sign to the slaves to strip, which was obeyed in a moment. Sancho was scared to see so many fellows in their naked skins, but, most of all, when he saw them hoist up the sails so incredibly fast, as he thought could never have been done but by so

many devils. He had placed himself a-mid-ship, next the aftmost rower on the starboard side, who, being instructed what to do, caught hold of him, and, giving him a hoist, handed him to the next man, who tossed him to a third; and so the whole crew of slaves, beginning on the starboard side, made him fly so fast from bench to bench, that poor Sancho lost the very sight of his eyes, and verily believed all the devils in hell were carrying him away to-rights. Nor did the slaves give over bandying him about, till they had handed him in the same manner over all the larboard side; and then they set him down where they had taken him up, but strangely disordered, out of breath, in a cold sweat, and not truly sensible what it was that had happened to him.

Don Quixote, seeing his squire fly at this rate without wings, asked the general if that were a ceremony used to all strangers aboard the galleys? for, if it were, he must let him know, that, as he did not design to take up his residence there, he did not like such entertainment; and vowed to Heaven, that if any of them came to lay hold on him, to toss him at that rate, he would spurn their souls out of their bodies; and with this, starting up, he lays his hand on his sword.

At the same time they lowered their sails, and, with a dreadful noise, let down the main-yard, which so frightened Sancho, who thought the sky was falling off its hinges, and falling upon him, that he ducked, and thrust his head between his legs for fear. Don Quixote was a little out of sorts too; he began to shiver, and shrug up his shoulders, and changed colour. The slaves hoisted the main-yard again with the same force and noise that they had lowered it withal. But all this with such silence on their parts, as if they had neither voice nor breath. The boatswain then gave the word to weigh anchor, and, leaping a-top of the fore-castle among the crew, with his whip or bull's pizzle, he began to dust and fly-flap their shoulders, and, by little and little, to put off to sea.

When Sancho saw so many coloured feet moving at once, (for he took the oars to be such,) "Beshrew my heart," quoth he, "here is enchantment in good earnest; all our adventures and witchcrafts have been nothing to this. What have these poor wretches done, that their hides must be curried at this rate? And how dares this plaguy fellow go whistling about here by himself, and maul thus so many people? Well, I say, this is hell, or purgatory at least."



Don Quixote, observing how earnestly Sancho looked on these passages, "Ah, dear Sancho!" said he, "what an easy matter now were it for you to strip to the waist, and clap yourself among these gentlemen, and so complete Dulcinea's disenchantment; among so many companions in affliction, you would not be so sensible of the smart; and, besides, the sage Merlin, perhaps, might take every one of these lashes, being so well laid on, for ten of those which you must certainly one day inflict on yourself." The general of the galleys was going to ask what he meant by these lashes, and Dulcinea's disenchantment, when a mariner cried out, "They make signs to us from Monjoui,\* that there is a vessel standing under the shore to the westward." With that the general, leaping upon the coursey, cried, "Pull away, my hearts, let her not escape us; this brigantine is an Algerine, I warrant her." Presently the three other galleys came up with the admiral to receive orders, and he commanded two of them to stand out to sea, while he, with the other, would keep along the shore, that so they might be sure of their prize.

\* Monjoui is a high tower at Barcelona, on which always stands a sentinel, who, by sigus, gives notice what vessels he discovers at sea.

The rowers tugged so hard, that the galleys scudded away like lightning, and those that stood to sea discovered, about two miles off, a vessel with fourteen or fifteen oars, which, upon sight of the galleys, made the best of her way off, hoping, by her lightness, to make her escape; but all in vain, for the admiral's galley, being one of the swiftest vessels in those seas, gained so much way upon her, that the master of the brigantine, seeing his danger, was willing the crew should quit their oars, and yield, for fear of exasperating their general. But fate ordered it otherwise; for, upon the admiral's coming up with the brigantine so near as to hail her, and bid them strike, two Toraquis, that is, two drunken Turks, among twelve others that were on board the vessel, discharged a couple of musquets, and killed two soldiers that were upon the prow of the galley. The general, seeing this, vowed he would not leave a man of them alive; and coming up with great fury to grapple with her, she slipped away under the oars of the galley. The galley ran ahead a good way, and the little vessel finding herself clear for the present, though without hopes to get off, crowded all the sail she could, and, with oars and sails, began to make the best of their

way, while the galley tacked about. But all their diligence did not do them so much good as their presumption did them harm ; for the admiral coming up with her, after a short chase, clapped his oars in the vessel, and so took her, and every man in her alive.

By this time the other galleys were come up, and all four returned with their prize into the harbour, where great numbers of people stood waiting, to know what prize they had taken. The general came to an anchor near the land, and perceiving the viceroy was on the shore, he manned his pinnace to fetch him aboard, and gave orders to lower the main-yard, to hang up the master of the brigantine, with the rest of the crew, which consisted of about six and thirty persons, all proper lusty fellows, and most of them Turkish musqueteers. The general asked who commanded the vessel ; whereupon one of the prisoners, who was afterwards known to be a Spaniard, and a renegado, answered him in Spanish, "This was our master, my lord," said he, shewing him a young man, not twenty years of age, and one of the handsomest persons that could be imagined. "You inconsiderate dog," said the general, "what made you kill my men, when

you saw it was not possible for you to escape? Is this the respect due to an admiral? Do not you know that rashness is no courage? While there is any hope, we are allowed to be bold, but not to be desperate." The master was offering to reply, but the general could not stay to hear his answer, being obliged to go and entertain the viceroy, who was just come on board with his retinue, and others of the town. "You have had a lucky chase, my lord," said the viceroy; "what have you got?"—"Your excellency shall see presently," answered the general; "I will shew them you immediately hanging at the main-yard arm."—"How so?" replied the viceroy.—"Because," said he, "they have killed, contrary to all law of arms, reason, and custom of the sea, two of the best soldiers I had on board; for which I am sworn to hang them every mother's son; especially this young rogue, the master." Saying this he shewed him a person with his hands already bound, and the halter about his neck, expecting nothing but death. His youth, beauty, and resignation began to plead much in his behalf with the viceroy, and made him inclinable to save him: "Tell me, captain," said he, "art thou born a Turk, or a Moor, or art thou a renegado?"—"None of all these,"

answered the youth, in good Spanish.—“What then?” said the viceroy.—“A Christian woman,” replied the youth; “a woman, and a Christian, though in these clothes, and in such a post; but it is a thing rather to be wondered at than believed. I humbly beseech you, my lords,” continued the youth, “to defer my execution till I give you the history of my life; and I can assure you, the delay of your revenge will be but short.” This request was urged so piteously, that nobody could deny it; whereupon the general bade him proceed, assuring him, nevertheless, that there were no hopes of pardon for an offence so great as that of which he was guilty. Then the youth began:—

“I am one of that unhappy and imprudent nation, whose miseries are fresh in your memories. My parents being of the Morisco race, the current of their misfortunes, with the obstinacy of two uncles, hurried me out of Spain into Barbary. In vain I professed myself a Christian, being really one, and not such a secret Mahometan as too many of us were; this could neither prevail with my uncles to leave me in my native country, nor with the severity of those officers that had orders to make us evacuate Spain, to believe that it was not a

pretence. My mother was a Christian; my father, a man of discretion, professed the same belief; and I sucked the Catholic faith with my milk. I was handsomely educated, and never betrayed the least mark of the Morisco breed, either in language or behaviour. With these endowments, as I grew up, that little beauty I had, if ever I had any, began to increase, and for all my retired life, and the restraint upon my appearing abroad, a young gentleman, called Don Gasper Gregorio, got a sight of me: He was son and heir to a knight that lived in the next town. It were tedious to relate how he got an opportunity to converse with me, fell desperately in love, and affected me with a sense of his passion. I must be short, lest this halter cut me off in the middle of my story. I shall only tell you, that he would needs bear me company in my banishment; and accordingly by the help of the Morisco language, of which he was a perfect master, he mingled with the exiles, and getting acquainted with my two uncles that conducted me, we all went together to Barbary, and took up our residence at Algiers, or rather hell itself.

“My father, in the mean time, had very prudently, upon the first news of the proclamation to banish us, withdrawn to seek a

place of refuge for us in some foreign country, leaving a considerable stock of money and jewels hidden in a private place, which he discovered to nobody but me, with orders not to move it till his return.

“The King of Algiers, understanding I had some beauty, and also that I was rich, which afterwards turned to my advantage, sent for me, and was very inquisitive about my country, and what jewels and gold I had got. I satisfied him as to the place of my nativity, and gave him to understand, that my riches were buried in a certain place, where I might easily recover them, were I permitted to return where they lay.

“This I told him, that in hopes of sharing in my fortune, his covetousness should divert him from injuring my person. In the midst of these questions, the king was informed that a certain youth, the handsomest and loveliest in the world, had come over in company with us. I was presently conscious that Don Gregorio was the person, his beauty answering so exactly their description. The sense of the young gentleman’s danger was now more grievous to me than my own misfortunes, having been told that those barbarous Turks are much fonder of a handsome youth, than the most

beautiful woman. The king gave immediate orders he should be brought into his presence, asking me whether the youth deserved the commendations they gave him? I told him, inspired by some good angel, that the person they so much commended, was no man, but of my own sex, and withal begged his permission to have her dressed in a female habit, that her beauty might shine in its natural lustre, and so prevent her blushes, if she should appear before his majesty in that unbecoming habit. He consented, promising withal to give orders next morning for my return to Spain, to recover my treasure. I spoke with Don Gasper, represented to him the danger of appearing a man, and prevailed with him to wait on the king that evening, in the habit of a Moorish woman. The king was so much pleased with his beauty, that he resolved to reserve him as a present for the Grand Seignior ; and, fearing the malice of his wives in the seraglio, and the solicitations of his own desires, he gave her in charge to some of the principal ladies of the city, to whose house she was immediately conducted.

“ This separation was grievous to us both, for I cannot deny that I love him. Those who have ever felt the pangs of a parting love, can best imagine the affliction of our souls. Next



morning, by the king's order, I embarked for Spain in this vessel, accompanied by these two Turks that killed your men, and this Spanish renegado that first spoke to you, who is a Christian in his heart, and came along with me with a greater desire to return to Spain than go back to Barbary. The rest are all Moors and Turks, who serve for rowers. Their orders were to set me on shore with this renegado, in the habits of Christians, on the first Spanish ground we should discover; but these two covetous and insolent Turks would needs, contrary to their order, first cruise upon the coast, in hopes of taking some prize; being afraid, that if they should first set us ashore, some accident might happen to us, and make us discover that the brigantine was not far off at sea, and so expose them to the danger of being taken, if there were galleys upon the coast. In the night we made this land, not mistrusting any galleys lying so near, and so we fell into your hands.

“To conclude, Don Gregorio remains in women's habit among the Moors, nor can the deceit long protect him from destruction; and here I stand, expecting, or rather fearing my fate, which yet cannot prove unwelcome, I being now weary of living. Thus, gentlemen,

you have heard the unhappy passages of my life; I have told you nothing but what is true; and all I have to beg is, that I may die as a Christian, since I am innocent of the crimes of which my unhappy nation is accused." Here she stopped, and, with her story and her tears, melted the hearts of many of the company.

The viceroy, being moved with a tender compassion, was the first to unbind the cords that manacled her fair hands, when an ancient pilgrim, who came on board with the viceroy's attendants, having, with a fixed attention, minded the damsel during her relation, came suddenly, and, throwing himself at her feet, "Oh! Anna Felix," cried he, "my dear unfortunate daughter! Behold thy father Ricote, that returned to seek thee, being unable to live without thee, who art the joy and support of my age."—Upon this, Sancho, who had all this while been sullenly musing, vexed with the usage he had met with so lately, lifting up his head, and staring the pilgrim in the face, knew him to be the same Ricote he had met on the road the day he left his government, and was likewise fully persuaded that this was his daughter, who, being now unbound, embraced her father, and joined with him in his joy and grief. "My lords," said the old

pilgrim, "this is my daughter, Anna Felix, more unhappy in fortune than in name, and famed as much for her beauty as for her father's riches. I left my country to seek a sanctuary for my age, and, having fixed upon a residence in Germany, returned in this habit, with other pilgrims, to dig up and regain my wealth, which I have effectually done; but I little thought thus unexpectedly to have found my greatest treasure, my dearest daughter. My lords, if it can consist with the integrity of your justice, to pardon our small offence, I join my prayers and tears with hers, to implore your mercy on our behalf, since we never designed you any injury, and are innocent of those crimes for which our nation has justly been banished."—"Ay, ay," cried Sancho, putting in, "I know Ricote as well as the beggar knows his dish; and so far as concerns Anna Felix's being his daughter, I know that is true too; but for all the story of his goings-out and comings-in, and his intentions, whether they were good or whether they were bad, I will neither meddle nor make—not I."

So uncommon an accident filled all the company with admiration; so that the general, turning to the fair captive, "Your tears," said he, "are so prevailing, madam, that they

compel me now to be forsworn. Live, lovely Anna Felix—live as many years as Heaven has decreed you; and let those rash and insolent slaves, who alone committed the crimes, bear the punishment of it.” With that, he gave orders to have the two delinquent Turks hanged up at the yard-arm; but at the intercession of the viceroy, their fault shewing rather madness than design, the fatal sentence was revoked; the general considering, at the same time, that their punishment in cold blood would look more like cruelty than justice.

Then they began to consider how they might retrieve Don Gasper Gregorio from the danger he was in; to which purpose Ricote offered to the value of above a thousand ducats, which he had about him in jewels, to purchase his ransom. But the readiest expedient was thought to be the proposal of the Spanish renegado, who offered, with a small bark and half-a-dozen oars, manned by Christians, to return to Algiers and set him at liberty, as best knowing when and where to land, and being acquainted with the place of his confinement. The general and the viceroy demurred to this motion, through a distrust of the renegado’s fidelity, since he might perhaps betray the Christians that were to go along

with him. But Anna Felix engaging for his truth, and Ricote obliging himself to ransom the Christians, if they were taken, the design was resolved upon.

The viceroy went ashore, committing the Morisca and her father to Don Antonio Moreno's care, desiring him at the same time to command his house for any thing that might conduce to their entertainment; such sentiments of kindness and good-nature had the beauty of Anna Felix infused into his breast.

## CHAPTER LXIV.

OF AN UNLUCKY ADVENTURE, WHICH DON QUIXOTE  
LAID MOST TO HEART OF ANY THAT HAD  
YET BEFALLEN HIM.

DON ANTONIO'S lady was extremely pleased with the company of the fair Morisca, whose sense being as exquisite as her beauty, drew all the most considerable persons in the city to visit her. Don Quixote told Don Antonio, that he could by no means approve the method they had taken to release Don Gregorio, it being full of danger, with little or no probability of success; but that their surest way would have been to set him ashore in Barbary, with his horse and arms, and leave it to him to deliver the gentleman, in spite of all the Moorish power, as Don Gayferos had formerly rescued his wife Melisandra. "Good, your worship," quoth Sancho, hearing this, "look before you leap. Don Gayferos had nothing but a fair face for it on dry land, when he carried her to France. But here, if it please you, though we should deliver Don Gregorio, how the devil

shall we bring him over to Spain, across the broad sea?"—"There is a remedy for all things but death," answered Don Quixote; "it is but having a bark ready by the sea-side, and then let me see what can hinder our getting into it."—"Ah! master, master," quoth Sancho, "there is more to be done than a dish to wash. Saying is one thing, and doing is another; and, for my part, I like the renegado very well; he seems to me a good honest fellow, and cut out for the business."—"Well," said Don Antonio, "if the renegado fails, then the great Don Quixote shall embark for Barbary."

In two days the renegado was dispatched away in a fleet cruiser of six oars on each side, manned with brisk lusty fellows; and two days after that, the galleys, with the general, left the port, and steered their course eastward; the general having first engaged the viceroy to give him an account of Don Gregorio's and Anna Felix's fortune.

Now it happened one morning that Don Quixote going abroad to take the air upon the sea-shore, armed at all points, according to his custom, his arms, as he said, being his best attire, as combat was his refreshment, he spied a knight riding towards him, armed like himself from head to foot, with a bright moon blazoned

on his shield, who coming within hearing, called out to him, " Illustrious, and never-sufficiently extolled Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, whose incredible achievements perhaps have reached thy ears. Lo! I am come to enter into combat with thee, and to compel thee, by dint of sword, to own and acknowledge my mistress, by whatever name and dignity she be distinguished, to be, without any degree of comparison, more beautiful than thy Dulcinea del Toboso. Now, if thou wilt fairly confess this truth, thou freest thyself from certain death, and me from the trouble of taking or giving thee thy life. If not, the conditions of our combat are these : If victory be on my side, thou shalt be obliged immediately to forsake thy arms, and the quest of adventures, and to return to thy own house, where thou shalt engage to live, quietly and peaceably, for the space of one whole year, without laying hand on thy sword, to the improvement of thy estate, and the salvation of thy soul. But, if thou comest off conqueror, my life is at thy mercy, my horse and arms shall be thy trophy, and the fame of all my former exploits, by the lineal descent of conquest, be vested in thee as victor. Consider what thou hast to do, and let thy answer



be quick, for my dispatch is limited to this very day."

Don Quixote was amazed and surprised, as much at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon's challenge, as at the subject of it; so, with a solemn and austere address, "Knight of the White Moon," said he, "whose achievements have as yet been kept from my knowledge, it is more than probable that you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for, had you ever viewed her perfections, you had there found arguments enough to convince you, that no beauty, past, present, or to come, can parallel hers; and, therefore, without giving you directly the lie, I only tell thee, knight, thou art mistaken; and this position I will maintain, by accepting your challenge, on your conditions, except that article of your exploits descending to me; for, not knowing what character your actions bear, I shall rest satisfied with the fame of my own, by which, such as they are, I am willing to abide. And, since your time is so limited, choose your ground, and begin your career as soon as you will, and expect to be met with. A fair field, and no favour: To whom God shall give her,\* St Peter give his blessing."

\* Meaning victory. These are words used at the marriage ceremony.

While these two knights were thus adjusting the preliminaries of combat, the viceroy, who had been informed of the Knight of the White Moon's appearance near the city walls, and his parleying with Don Quixote, hastened to the scene of battle, not suspecting it to be any thing but some new device of Don Antonio Moreno, or somebody else. Several gentlemen, and Don Antonio among the rest, accompanied him thither. They arrived just as Don Quixote was wheeling Rozinante to fetch his career, and seeing them both ready for the onset, he interposed, desiring to know the cause of the sudden combat. The Knight of the White Moon told him there was a lady in the case, and briefly repeated to his excellency what had passed between him and Don Quixote. The viceroy whispered Don Antonio, and asked him whether he knew that Knight of the White Moon, and whether their combat was not some jocular device to impose upon Don Quixote? Don Antonio answered positively, that he neither knew the knight, nor whether the combat were in jest or earnest. This put the viceroy to some doubt whether he should not prevent their engagement; but, being at last persuaded that it must be a jest at the bottom, he withdrew. "Valorous knights," said he, "if there





be no medium between confession and death, but Don Quixote be still resolved to deny, and you, the Knight of the White Moon, as obstinately to urge, I have no more to say; the field is free, and the Lord have mercy on you."

The knights made their compliments to the viceroy for his gracious consent; and Don Quixote, making some short ejaculations to Heaven and his mistress, as he always used upon these occasions, began his career, without either sound of trumpet or any other signal. His adversary was no less forward; for setting spurs to his horse, which was much the swifter, he met Don Quixote before he had run half his career, so forcibly, that without making use of his lance, which it is thought he lifted up on purpose, he overthrew the Knight of la Mancha and Rozinante, both coming to the ground with a terrible fall.

The Knight of the White Moon got immediately upon him, and clapping the point of his lance to his face, "Knight," cried he, "you are vanquished, and a dead man, unless you immediately fulfil the conditions of your combat." Don Quixote, bruised and stunned with his fall, without lifting up his beaver, answered in a faint hollow voice, as if he had

spoken out of a tomb, "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight upon the earth. It were unjust that such perfection should suffer through my weakness. No, pierce my body with thy lance, knight, and let my life expire with my honour."—"Not so rigorous neither," replied the conqueror; "let the fame of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso remain entire and unblemished; provided the great Don Quixote return home for a year, as we agreed before the combat, I am satisfied." The viceroy and Don Antonio, with many other gentlemen, were witnesses to all these passages, and particularly to this proposal; to which Don Quixote answered, that, upon condition he should be enjoined nothing to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would, upon the faith of a true knight, be punctual in the performance of every thing else. This acknowledgment being made, the Knight of the White Moon turned about his horse, and saluting the viceroy, rode at a hand gallop into the city, whither Don Antonio followed him, at the viceroy's request, to find who he was, if possible.

Don Quixote was lifted up, and upon taking off his helmet, they found him pale, and in a cold sweat. As for Rozinante, he was in so

sad a plight, that he could not stir for the present. Then, as for Sancho, he was in so heavy a taking, that he knew not what to do nor what to say: he was sometimes persuaded he was in a dream, sometimes he fancied this rueful adventure was all witchcraft and enchantment. In short, he found his master discomfited in the face of the world, and bound to good behaviour, and to lay aside his arms for a whole year. Now he thought his glory eclipsed, his hopes of greatness vanished into smoke, and his master's promises, like his bones, put out of joint by that cursed fall, which he was afraid had at once crippled Rozinante and his master. At last, the vanquished knight was put into a chair, which the viceroy had sent for that purpose, and they carried him into town, accompanied likewise by the viceroy, who had a great curiosity to know who this Knight of the White Moon was, that had left Don Quixote in so sad a condition.

## CHAPTER LXV.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON,  
DON GREGORIO'S ENLARGEMENT, AND OTHER  
PASSAGES.

DON ANTONIO MORENO followed the Knight of the White Moon to his inn, whither he was attended by a troublesome rabble of boys. The knight being got to his chamber, where his squire waited to take off his armour, Don Antonio came in, declaring he would not be shook off till he had discovered who he was. The knight finding that the gentleman would not leave him, "Sir," said he, "since I lie under no obligation of concealing myself, if you please, while my man disarms me, you you shall hear the whole truth of the story.

"You must know, sir, I am called the Bachelor Carrasco: I live in the same town with this Don Quixote, whose unaccountable phrenzy has moved all his neighbours, and me among the rest, to endeavour, by some means, to cure his madness; in order to which, believing that rest and ease would prove the surest



remedy, I bethought myself of this present stratagem, and, about three months ago, in all the equipage of a knight-errant, under the title of the Knight of the Mirrors, I met him on the road, fixed a quarrel upon him, and the conditions of our combat were as you have heard already. But fortune then declared for him, for he unhorsed and vanquished me, and so I was disappointed: He prosecuted his adventures, and I returned home shamefully, very much hurt with my fall. But, willing to retrieve my credit, I made this second attempt, and now have succeeded; for I know him to be so nicely punctual in whatever his word and honour is engaged for, that he will undoubtedly perform his promise. This, sir, is the sum of the whole story; and I beg the favour of you to conceal me from Don Quixote, that my project may not be ruined the second time, and that the honest gentleman, who is naturally a man of good parts, may recover his understanding."—"Oh! sir," replied Don Antonio, "what have you to answer for, in robbing the world of the most diverting folly that ever was exposed among mankind? Consider, sir, that his cure can never benefit the public half so much as his distemper. But I am apt to believe, Sir Bachelor, that

his madness is too firmly fixed for your art to remove; and, Heaven forgive me, I cannot forbear wishing it may be so; for, by Don Quixote's cure, we not only lose his good company, but the drolleries and comical humours of Sancho Panza too, which are enough to cure melancholy itself of the spleen. However, I promise to say nothing of the matter, though I confidently believe, sir, your pains will be to no purpose." Carrasco told him, that, having succeeded so far, he was obliged to cherish better hopes; and, asking Don Antonio if he had any farther service to command him, he took his leave, and, packing up his armour on a carriage-mule, presently mounted his charging horse, and, leaving the city that very day, posted homewards, meeting no adventure on the road worthy a place in this faithful history.

Don Antonio gave an account of the discourse he had had with Carrasco to the viceroy, who was vexed to think that so much pleasant diversion was like to be lost to all those that were acquainted with the Don's follies.

Six days did Don Quixote keep his bed, very dejected, sullen, and out of humour, and full of severe and black reflections on his fatal overthrow. Sancho was his comforter, and, among other his crumbs of comfort, "My dear master,"

quoth he, "cheer up; come, pluck up a good heart, and be thankful for coming off no worse. Why, a man has broken his neck with a less fall, and you have not so much as a broken rib. Consider, sir, that they that game sometimes must lose; we must not always look for bacon where we see the hooks. Come, sir, cry a fig for the doctor, since you will not need him this bout; let us jog home fair and softly, without thinking any more of sauntering up and down, nobody knows whither, in quest of adventures and bloody noses. Why, sir, I am the greatest loser, if you go to that, though it is you that are in the worst pickle. It is true, I was weary of being a governor, and gave over all thoughts that way; but yet I never parted with my inclination of being an earl; and now, if you miss being a king, by casting off your knight-errantry, poor I may go whistle for my earldom."—"No more of that, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "I shall only retire for a year, and then reassume my honourable profession, which will undoubtedly secure me a kingdom, and thee an earldom."—"Heaven grant it may," quoth Sancho, "and no mischief betide us; hope well and have well, says the proverb."

Don Antonio coming in, broke off the dis-

course, and, with great signs of joy, calling to Don Quixote, "Reward me, sir," cried he, "for my good news; Don Gregorio and the renegado are safe arrived: they are now at the viceroy's palace, and will be here this moment." The knight was a little revived at this news: "Truly, sir," said he to Don Antonio, "I could almost be sorry for his good fortune, since he has forestalled the glory I should have acquired in releasing, by the strength of my arm, not only him, but all the Christian slaves in Barbary. But whither am I transported, wretch that I am! Am I not miserably conquered, shamefully overthrown! forbidden the paths of glory for a whole long tedious year! What should I boast, who am fitter for a distaff than a sword!"—"No more of that," quoth Sancho; "better my hog dirty at home, than no hog at all; let the hen live, though she have the pip. To-day for thee, and to-morrow for me. Never lay this ill fortune to heart; he that is down to-day may be up to-morrow, unless he has a mind to lie a-bed. Hang bruises; so rouse, sir, and bid Don Gregorio welcome to Spain; for, by the hurry in the house, I believe he is come." And so it happened; for Don Gregorio, having paid his duty to the viceroy, and given him an account of his delivery, was

just arrived at Don Antonio's with the renegado, very impatient to see Anna Felix. He had changed the female habit he wore when he was freed, for one suitable to his sex, which he had from a captive who came along with him in the vessel, and appeared a very amiable and handsome gentleman, though not above eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter went out to meet him, the father with tears, and the daughter with a joyful modesty. Their salutation was reserved, without an embrace, their love being too refined for any loose behaviour; but their beauties surprised everybody. Silence was emphatical in their joys, and their eyes spoke more loves than their tongues could express. The renegado gave a short account of the success of his voyage, and Don Gregorio briefly related the shifts he was put to among the women in his confinement, which shewed his wit and discretion to be much above his years. Ricote gratified the ship's crew very nobly, and particularly the renegado, who was once more received into the bosom of the church, having, with due penance and sincere repentance, purified himself from all his former uncleanness.

Some few days after, the viceroy, in concert with Don Antonio, took such measures as were

expedient to get the banishment of Ricote and his daughter repealed, judging it no inconvenience to the nation that so just and orthodox persons should remain among them. Don Antonio, being obliged to go to court about some other matters, offered to solicit in their behalf, hinting to him, that, through the intercession of friends, and more powerful bribes, many difficult matters were brought about there, to the satisfaction of the parties. "There is no relying upon favour and bribes in our business," said Ricote, who was by; "for the great Don Bernardo de Velasco, Count de Salazar, to whom the king gave the charge of our expulsion, is a person of too strict and rigid justice to be moved either by money, favour, or affection; and though I cannot deny him the character of a merciful judge in other matters, yet his piercing and diligent policy finds the body of our Moriscan race to be so corrupted, that amputation is the only cure. He is an Argus in his ministry, and, by his watchful eyes, has discovered the most secret springs of their machinations; and resolving to prevent the danger which the whole kingdom was in, from such a powerful multitude of inbred foes, he took the most effectual means; for, after all, lopping off the branches may only prune the

tree, and make the poisonous fruit spring faster; but to overthrow it from the root, proves a sure deliverance. Nor can the great Philip the Third be too much extolled; first, for his heroic resolution in so nice and weighty an affair, and then for his wisdom in entrusting Don Bernardo de Velasco with the execution of this design.”—“Well, when I come to court,” said Don Antonio to Ricote, “I will, however, use the most advisable means, and leave the rest to Providence. Don Gregorio shall go with me to comfort his parents, that have long mourned for his absence. Anna Felix shall stay here with my wife, or in some monastery; and as for honest Ricote, I dare engage the viceroy will be satisfied to let him remain under his protection till he see how I succeed.” The viceroy consented to all this, but Don Gregorio, fearing the worst, was unwilling to leave his fair mistress; however, considering that he might return to her after he had seen his parents, he yielded to the proposal, and so Anna Felix remained with Don Antonio’s lady, and Ricote with the viceroy.

Two days after, Don Quixote being somewhat recovered, took his leave of Don Antonio, and, having caused his armour to be laid on

Dapple, he set forwards on his journey home, Sancho thus being forced to trudge after him on foot. On the other side, Don Gregorio bid adieu to Anna Felix, and their separation, though but for a while, was attended with floods of tears, and all the excess of passionate sorrow. Ricote offered him a thousand crowns, but he refused them, and only borrowed five of Don Antonio, to repay him at court.



## CHAPTER LXVI.

WHICH TREATS OF THAT WHICH SHALL BE SEEN BY  
HIM THAT READS IT, AND HEARD BY HIM THAT  
LISTENS WHEN IT IS READ.

DON QUIXOTE, as he went out of Barcelona, cast his eyes on the spot of ground where he was overthrown. "Here once Troy stood," said he; "here my unhappy fate, and not my cowardice, deprived me of all the glories I had purchased. Here fortune, by an unexpected reverse, made me sensible of her inconstancy and fickleness. Here my exploits suffered a total eclipse; and, in short, here fell my happiness, never to rise again."—Sancho, hearing his master thus dolefully paraphrasing on his misfortunes, "Good sir," quoth he, "it is as much the part of great spirits to have patience when the world frowns upon them, as to be joyful when all goes well; and I judge of it by myself; for if when I was governor I was merry, now I am but a poor squire a-foot, I am not sad. And indeed I have heard say, that this same she thing they call Fortune, is a whimsical, freakish, drunken

quean, and blind into the bargain; so that she neither sees what she does, nor knows whom she raises, nor whom she casts down." — "Thou art very much a philosopher, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "thou talkest very sensibly. I wonder how thou camest by all this; but I must tell thee there is no such thing as fortune in the world, nor does any thing that happens here below of good or ill come by chance, but by the particular providence of Heaven; and this makes good the proverb, that every man may thank himself for his own fortune. For my part, I have been the maker of mine; but for want of using the discretion I ought to have used, all my presumptuous edifice sunk, and tumbled down at once. I might well have considered that Rozinante was too weak and feeble to withstand the Knight of the White Moon's huge and strong-built horse. However, I would needs adventure: I did the best I could, and was overcome. Yet, though it has cost me my honour, I have not lost, nor can I lose, my integrity, to perform my promise. When I was a knight-errant, valiant and bold, the strength of my hands and my actions gave a reputation to my deeds; and now I am no more than a dismounted squire, the performance of my promise shall

give a reputation to my words. Trudge on then, friend Sancho, and let us get home, to pass the year of our probation. In that retirement we shall recover new vigour, to return to that which is never to be forgotten by me, I mean the profession of arms.”—“Sir,” quoth Sancho, “it is no such pleasure to beat the hoof, as I do, that I should be for large marches. Let us hang up this armour of yours upon some tree, in the room of one of those highwaymen that hang hereabouts in clusters, and when I am got upon Dapple’s back, we will ride as fast as you please; for, to think I can mend my pace, and foot it all the way, is what you must excuse me in.”—“Thou hast spoken to purpose, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “let my arms be hung for a trophy, and underneath, or about them, we will carve on the bark of the trees the same inscription which was written near the trophy of Orlando’s arms:—

‘Let none but he these arms displace,  
Who dares Orlando’s fury face.’”

“Why, this is as I would have it,” quoth Sancho; “and were it not that we shall want Rozinante upon the road, it were not amiss to leave him hanging too.”—“Now I think better on it,” said Don Quixote, “neither the armour

nor the horse shall be served so, It shall never be said of me, 'For good service bad reward.'"—"Why, that is well said," quoth Sancho; "for indeed it is a saying among wise men, that the fault of the ass must not be laid on the packsaddle; and therefore, since in this last job you yourself were in fault, even punish yourself, and let not your fury wreak itself upon your poor armour, bruised and battered with doing you service, nor upon the tameness of Rozinante, that good-conditioned beast, nor yet upon the tenderness of my feet, requiring them to travel more than they ought."

They passed that day and four more after that, in such kind of discourse, without meeting anything that might interrupt their journey; but on the fifth day, as they entered into a country town, they saw a great company of people at an inn door, being got together for pastime, as being a holiday. As soon as Don Quixote drew near, he heard one of the countrymen cry to the rest, "Look ye now, we will leave it to one of these two gentlemen that are coming this way; they know neither of the parties; let either of them decide the matter."—"That I will with all my heart," said Don Quixote, "and with all the equity imaginable,

if you will but state the case right to me.”—  
“Why, sir,” said the countryman, “the business is this: one of our neighbours here in this town, so fat and so heavy, that he weighs eleven arrobas,\* or eleven quarters of an hundred, (for that is the same thing,) has challenged another man of this town, that weighs not half so much, to run with him a hundred paces, with equal weight. Now he that gave the challenge, being asked how they should make equal weight, demands that the other, who weighs but five quarters of a hundred, should carry an hundred and an half of iron, and so the weight, he says, will be equal.”—“Hold, sir,” cried Sancho, before Don Quixote could answer, “this business belongs to me, that came so lately from being a governor and judge, as all the world knows; I ought to give judgment in this doubtful case.”—“Do then, with all my heart, friend Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “for I am not fit to give crumbs to a cat,† my brain is so disturbed, and out of order.” Sancho having thus got leave, and all the countrymen standing about him, gaping to hear him give sentence, “Brothers,” quoth he, “I must tell you, that

\* An arroba is a quarter of an hundred weight.

† Alluding to the custom in Spain, of an old or disabled soldier's carrying offals of tripe or liver about the streets, to feed the cats.

the fat man is in the wrong box—there is no matter of reason in what he asks; for if, as I always heard say, he that is challenged may choose his weapons, there is no reason that he should choose such as may encumber him, and hinder him from getting the better of him that defied him. Therefore it is my judgment, that he who gave the challenge, and is so big and so fat, shall cut, pare, slice, or shave off a hundred and fifty pounds of his flesh, here and there, as he thinks fit, and then, being reduced to the weight of the other, both parties may run their race upon equal terms.”—“Before George,” quoth one of the country people, that had heard the sentence, “this gentleman has spoken like one of the saints in heaven; he has given judgment like a casuist; but I warrant, the fat squab loves his flesh too well to part with the least sliver of it, much less will he part with an hundred and an half.”—“Why then,” quoth another fellow, “the best way will be not to let them run at all; for then, Lean need not venture to sprain his back by running with such a load, and Fat need not cut out his pampered sides into collops. So, let half the wager be spent in wine, and let us take these gentlemen to the tavern that has the best, and lay the cloak upon me when it rains.”—“I

return you thanks, gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "but I cannot stay a moment; for dismal thoughts and disasters force me to appear unmannerly, and to travel at an uncommon rate;" and, so saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and moved forwards, leaving the people to descant on his strange figure, and the rare parts of his groom, for such they took Sancho to be. "If the man be so wise," quoth another of the country fellows to the rest, "bless us! what shall we think of the master? I will hold a wager, if they be going to study at Salamanca, they will come to be lord chief justices in a trice; for there is nothing more easy; it is but studying and studying again, and having a little favour and good luck; and when a man least dreams of it, slap he shall find himself with a judge's gown upon his back, or a bishop's mitre upon his head."

That night the master and the man took up their lodging in the middle of a field, under the roof of the open sky; and the next day, as they were on their journey, they saw coming towards them a man a-foot, with a wallet about his neck, and a javelin or dart in his hand, just like a foot-post. The man mended his pace when he came near Don Quixote, and, almost

running, came with a great deal of joy in his looks, and embraced Don Quixote's right thigh, for he could reach no higher. "My Lord Don Quixote de la Mancha," cried he, "oh! how heartily glad my lord duke will be when he understands you are coming again to his castle, for there he is still with my lady duchess."—"I do not know you, friend," answered Don Quixote; "nor can I imagine who you should be, unless you tell me yourself."—"My name is Tosilos, if it please your honour; I am my lord duke's footman, the same who would not fight with you about Donna Rodriguez's daughter."—"Bless me!" cried Don Quixote, "is it possible you should be the man, whom those enemies of mine, the magicians, transformed into a lackey, to deprive me of the honour of that combat?"—"Softly, good sir," replied the footman; "there was neither enchantment nor transformation in the case. I was as much a footman when I entered the lists as when I came out; and it was because I had a mind to marry the young gentlewoman that I refused to fight. But I was sadly disappointed; for, when you were gone, my lord duke had me soundly banged for not doing as he ordered me in that matter; and the upshot was this, Donna Rodriguez is packed



away to seek her fortune, and the daughter is shut up in a nunnery. As for me, I am going to Barcelona with a parcel of letters from my lord to the viceroy. However, sir, if you please to take a sip, I have here a calabash full of the best. It is a little hot, I must own, but it is neat, and I have some excellent cheese, that will make it go down, I warrant you.”— “I take you at your word,” quoth Sancho; “I am no proud man, leave ceremonies to the church; and so let us drink, honest Tosilos, in spite of all the enchanters in the Indies.”— “Well, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “thou art certainly the veriest glutton that ever was, and the silliest blockhead in the world, else thou wouldst consider that this man thou seest here is enchanted, and a sham lackey. Then stay with him, if thou thinkest fit, and gratify thy voracious appetite; for my part, I will ride softly on before.” Tosilos smiled, and, laying his bottle and his cheese upon the grass, he and Sancho sat down there, and, like sociable messmates, never stirred till they had quite cleared the wallet of all that was in it fit for the belly, and this with such an appetite, that when all was consumed, they licked the very packet of letters, because it smelt of cheese.

While they were thus employed, “Hang

me," quoth Tosilos, "if I know what to make of this master of yours; doubtless he ought to be reckoned a madman."—"Why ought?"\* replied Sancho; "he owes nothing to any body, for he pays for every thing, especially where madness is current; there he might be the richest man in the kingdom, he has such a stock of it. I see it full well, and full well I tell him of it; but what boots it, especially now that he is all in the dumps, for having been worsted by the Knight of the White Moon?" Tosilos begged of Sancho to tell him that story; but Sancho said it would not be handsome to let his master stay for him, but that, next time they met, he would tell him the whole matter. With that they got up, and, after the squire had brushed his clothes, and shaken off the crumbs from his beard, he drove Dapple along, and, with a good-by-to-ye, left Tosilos in order to overtake his master, who staid for him under the cover of a tree.

\* A double entendre upon the word *deve*, which is put for *must*, the sign of a mood, or for owing a debt.

## CHAPTER LXVII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE RESOLVED TO TURN SHEPHERD,  
AND LEAD A RURAL LIFE FOR THE YEAR'S  
TIME HE WAS OBLIGED NOT TO BEAR ARMS;  
WITH OTHER PASSAGES TRULY GOOD AND  
DIVERTING.

IF Don Quixote was much disturbed in mind before his overthrow, he was much more disquieted after it. While he staid for his squire under the tree, a thousand thoughts crowded into his head, like flies in a honey-pot; sometimes he pondered on the means to free Dulcinea from enchantment; and, at others, on the life he was to lead during his involuntary retirement. In this brown study Sancho came up to him, crying up Tosilos as the honestest fellow, and the most gentleman-like footman in the world. "Is it possible, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou shouldst still take that man for a real lackey? Hast thou forgotten how thou saw'st Dulcinea converted and transformed into the resemblance of a rustic wench, and the Knight of the Mirrors into the

bachelor Carrasco; and all this by the necromantic arts of those evil-minded magicians that persecute me? But, laying this aside, pr'ythee, tell me, didst thou not ask Tosilos what became of Altisidora? whither she be-moaned my absence, or dismissed from her breast those amorous sentiments that disturbed her when I was near her?"—"Faith and troth," quoth Sancho, "my head ran on something else, and I was too well employed to think on such foolish stuff. Body of me, sir! are you now in a mood to ask about other folk's thoughts, especially their love-thoughts too?"

"Look you," said Don Quixote, "there is a great deal of difference between those actions that proceed from love, and those that are the effect of gratitude. It is possible a gentleman should not be at all amorous; but, strictly speaking, he cannot be ungrateful. It is very likely that Altisidora loved me well; she presented me, as thou know'st, with three night-caps; she wept and took on when I went away; cursed me, abused me, and, in spite of modesty, gave a loose to her passion: All tokens that she was deeply in love with me; for the anger of lovers commonly vents itself in curses. It was not in my power to give her

any hopes, nor had I any costly present to bestow on her; for all I have is reserved for Dulcinea; and the treasures of a knight-errant are but fairy gold, and a delusive good: So all I can do, is only to remember the unfortunate fair, without prejudice, however, to the rights of my Dulcinea, whom thou greatly injurest, Sancho, by delaying the accomplishment of the penance that must free the poor lady from misery. And, since thou art so ungenerously sparing of that pampered hide of thine, may I see it devoured by wolves, rather than see it kept so charily for the worms."—"Sir," quoth Sancho, "to deal plainly with you, it cannot, for the blood of me, enter into my head, that jerking my backside will signify a straw to the disenchanting of the enchanted. Sir, it is as if we should say if your head aches, anoint your shins. At least, I dare be sworn, that, in all the stories of knight-errantry you have thumbed over, you never knew flogging unbewitched any body. However, when I can find myself in the humour, do you see, I will about it; when time serves, I will chastise myself, never fear."—"I wish thou wouldst," answered Don Quixote; "and may Heaven give thee grace at least to understand how much it is thy duty to relieve thy mistress; for, as she is mine, by

consequence she is thine, since thou belongest to me."

Thus they went on talking, till they came near the place where the bulls had run over them; and Don Quixote knowing it again, "Sancho," said he, "yonder is that meadow where we met the fine shepherdesses, and the gallant shepherds, who had a mind to renew or imitate the pastoral Arcadia. It was certainly a new and ingenious conceit. If thou thinkest well of it we will follow their example, and turn shepherds too, at least for the time I am to lay aside the profession of arms. I will buy a flock of sheep, and every thing that is fit for a pastoral life; and so, calling myself the shepherd Quixotis, and thee the shepherd Pansino, we will range the woods, the hills, and meadows, singing and versifying. We will drink the liquid crystal, sometimes out of the fountains, and sometimes from the purling brooks, and swift-gliding streams. The oaks, the cork-trees, and chestnut trees, will afford us both lodging and diet, the willows will yield us their shade, the roses present us their inoffensive sweets, and the spacious meads will be our carpets, diversified with colours of all sorts; blessed with the purest air, and unconfined alike, we shall breathe that and freedom. The

moon and stars, our tapers of the night, shall light our evening walks. Light hearts will make us merry, and mirth will make us sing. Love will inspire us with a theme and wit, and Apollo with harmonious lays. So shall we become famous, not only while we live, but make our loves eternal as our songs."

"As I live," quoth Sancho, "this sort of life nicks me to a hair; \* and I fancy, that, if the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas, have but once a glimpse of it, they will even turn shepherds too; nay, it is well if the curate does not put in for one among the rest, for he is a notable joker, and merrily inclined."—"That was well thought on," said Don Quixote; "and then, if the bachelor will make one among us, as I doubt not but he will, he may call himself the shepherd Samsonino, or Carrascon; and Master Nicholas, Niculoso, as formerly old Boscan called himself Nemoroso.† For the curate, I do not well know what name we shall give him, unless we should call him the shepherd Curiambro. As for the shepherdesses, with whom we must

\* This kind of life squares and corners with me exactly, *Quadrado y esquinado*; alluding to the corner-stone of a building, which answers both ways.

† In plain English as if Mr Wood (for so *Bosque* signifies) should call himself Mr Grove, so *Nemus* signifies in Latin.

fall in love, we cannot be at a loss to find them names, there are enough for us to pick and choose; and, since my mistress's name is not improper for a shepherdess, any more than for a princess, I will not trouble myself to get a better; thou mayest call thine as thou pleasest." —"For my part," quoth Sancho, "I do not think of any other name for mine than Teresona; that will fit her fat sides full well, and is taken from her christian name too. So, when I come to mention her in my verses, every body will know her to be my wife, and commend my honesty, as being one that is not for picking another man's lock. As for the curate, he must be contented without a shepherdess, for good example's sake. As for the bachelor, let him take his own choice, if he means to have one."—"Bless me!" said Don Quixote, "what a life shall we lead! What a melody of oaten reeds, and Zamora\* bagpipes, shall we have resounding in the air! what intermixture of tabors, morrice-bells, and fiddles! And if to all the different instruments, we add the albogues, we shall have all manner of pastoral music."—"What are the albogues?" quoth Sancho; "for I do not

\* Zamora is a city in Spain, famous for that sort of music, as Lancashire is in England for the bagpipe.



remember I have seen or ever heard of them in my life."

"They are," said Don Quixote, "a sort of instruments made of brass plates, rounded like candlesticks: The one shutting into the other, there arises, through the holes or stops, and the trunk or hollow, an odd sound, which, if not very grateful or harmonious, is, however, not altogether disagreeable, but does well enough with the rusticity of the bagpipe and tabor. You must know the word is Moorish, as indeed are all those in our Spanish that begin with Al, as Almoasa, Almorsar, Alhombra, Alguasil, Alucema, Almacen, Alcanzia, and the like, which are not very many. And we have also but three Moorish words in our tongue that end in I; and they are, Borcequi, Zaquicami, and Maravedi; for, as to Alheli and Alfaqui, they are as well known to be Arabic by their beginning with Al, as their ending in I. I could not forbear telling thee so much by the bye, thy query about Albogue having brought it into my head. There is one thing more, that will go a great way towards making us complete in our new kind of life, and that is poetry. Thou knowest I am somewhat given that way, and the bachelor Carrasco is a most accomplished poet, to say

nothing of the curate; though, I will hold a wager, he is a dabbler in it too; and so is Master Nicholas, I dare say; for all your barbers are notable scrapers and songsters. For my part, I will complain of absence; thou shalt celebrate thy own loyalty and constancy; the shepherd Carrascon shall expostulate on his shepherdess's disdain; and the pastor Curiambro choose what subject he likes best; and so all will be managed to our heart's content."

"Alas!" quoth Sancho, "I am so unlucky, that I fear me, I shall never live to see these blessed days. How shall I lick up the curds and cream! I will never be without a wooden spoon in my pocket! Oh, how many of them will I make! What garlands, and what pretty pastoral fancies will I contrive! which, though they may not recommend me for wisdom, will make me pass at least for an ingenious fellow. My daughter Sanchica shall bring us our dinner a-field. But hold, have a care of that! She is a young likely wench, and some shepherds are more knaves than fools; and I would not have my girl to go out for wool, and come home shorn; for love and wicked doings are to be found in the fields as well as in cities, and in a shepherd's cot as well as in

a king's palace. Take away the cause, and the effect ceases; what the eye never sees, the heart never rues; one pair of heels is worth two pair of hands; and we must watch as well as pray."

"No more proverbs, good Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "any one of these is sufficient to make us know thy meaning. I have told thee often enough not to be so lavish of thy proverbs; but it is all lost upon thee; I preach in a desert; my mother whips me, and I whip the top."—"Faith and troth," quoth Sancho, "this is just as the saying is,—the porridge-pot calls the kettle black-a—e. You chide me for speaking proverbs, and yet you bring them out two at a time."—"Look you, Sancho, those I spoke are to the purpose; but thou fetchest thine in by head and shoulders, to their utter disgrace, and thy own. But no more at this time—it grows late—let us leave the road a little, and take up our quarters yonder in the fields; to-morrow will be a new day." They did accordingly, and made a slender meal, as little to Sancho's liking as his hard lodging; which brought the hardships of knight-erranting fresh into his thoughts, and made him wish for the better entertainment he had sometimes found, as at Don Diego's,

Camacho's and Don Antonio's houses. But he considered after all, that it could not be always fair weather, nor was it always foul; so he betook himself to his rest till morning, and his master to the usual exercise of his roving imaginations.

## CHAPTER LXVIII.

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE HOGS.

THE night was pretty dark, though the moon still kept her place in the sky; but it was in such a part as obliged her to be invisible to us; for now and then Madam Diana takes a turn to the Antipodes, and then the mountains in black, and the valleys in darkness, mourn her ladyship's absence. Don Quixote, after his first sleep, thought nature sufficiently refreshed, and would not yield to the temptations of a second. Sancho, indeed, did not enjoy a second, but from a different reason. For he usually made but one nap of the whole night; which was owing to the soundness of his constitution, and his inexperience of cares, that lay so heavy upon Don Quixote.

“Sancho,” said the knight, after he had pulled the squire till he had waked him too, “I am amazed at the insensibility of thy temper. Thou art certainly made of marble or solid brass, thou liest so without either motion or feeling. Thou sleepest while I wake;

thou singest while I mourn ; and while I am ready to faint for want of sustenance, thou art lazy and unwieldy with mere gluttony. It is the part of a good servant, to share in the afflictions of his master. Observe the stillness of the night, and the solitary place we are in. It is a pity such an opportunity should be lost in sloth and inactive rest ; rouse for shame, step a little aside, and, with a good grace, and a cheerful heart, score me up some three or four hundred lashes upon thy back, towards the disenchanting of Dulcinea. This I make my earnest request, being resolved never to be rough with thee again upon this account ; for I must confess thou canst lay a heavy hand on a man upon occasion. When that performance is over, we will pass the remainder of the night in chaunting, I of absence, and thou of constancy, and so begin those pastoral exercises which are to be our employment at home."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "do you take me for a monk or friar, that I should start up in the middle of the night, and discipline myself at this rate? Or, do you think it such an easy matter to scourge and clapperclaw my back one moment, and fall a singing the next? Look you, sir, say not a word more of this whipping ; for as I love my flesh, you will put

me upon making some rash oath or other, that you will not like; and then, if the bare brushing of my coat would do you any good, you should not have it, much less the currying of my hide; and so let me go to sleep again.” —“Oh, obdurate heart!” cried Don Quixote; “Oh, impious squire! Oh, nourishment and favours ill bestowed! Is this my reward for having got thee a government, and my good intentions to get thee an earldom, or an equivalent at least, which I dare engage to do when this year of our obscurity is elapsed? for, in short, *post tenebras spero lucem.*” —“That I do not understand,” quoth Sancho; “but this I very well know, that while I am asleep, I feel neither hope nor despair; I am free from pain, and insensible of glory. Now, blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap; and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, even. There is only one thing, which somebody once put into my head, that I dislike in sleep; it is, that it resembles death; there is very little difference between

a man in his first sleep, and a man in his last sleep.”—“Most elegantly spoken!” said Don Quixote. “Thou hast much outdone any thing I ever heard thee say before, which confirms me in the truth of one of thy own proverbs, Birth is much, but breeding more.”—“Cod’s me, master of mine!” cried Sancho; “I am not the only he now that threads proverbs; for you tack them together faster than I do, I think. I see no difference, but that yours come in season, mine out of season; but for all that, they are all but proverbs.”

Thus they were employed, when their ears were alarmed with a kind of a hoarse and grunting noise, that spread itself over all the adjacent valleys. Presently Don Quixote started up on his legs, and laid his hand on his sword. As for Sancho, he immediately set up some entrenchments about him, clapping the bundle of armour on one side, and fortifying the other with the ass’s pack-saddle; and then, gathering himself up of a heap, squatted down under Dapple’s belly, where he lay panting, as full of fears as his master of surprise, while every moment the noise grew louder, as the cause of it approached, to the terror of the one, at least; for, as for the other, it is sufficiently known what his valour was.



Now, the occasion was this: some fellows were driving a herd of above six hundred swine to a certain fair; and, with their grunting and squeaking, the filthy beasts made such a horrible noise, that Don Quixote and Sancho were almost stunned with it, and could not imagine whence it proceeded. But at length, the knight and squire standing in their way, the rude bristly animals came thronging up all in a body, and, without any respect of persons, some running between the knight's legs, and some between the squire's, threw down both master and man, having not only insulted Sancho's entrenchments, but also thrown down Rozinante. And having thus broken in upon them, on they went, and bore down all before them, overthrowing pack-saddle, armour, knight, squire, horse, and all; crowding, treading, and trampling over them all at a horrid rate.

Sancho was the first that made a shift to recover his legs; and, having by this time found out what the matter was, he called to his master to lend him his sword, and swore he would stick at least half a dozen of those rude porkers immediately. — “No, no, my friend,” said Don Quixote, “let them even go; Heaven inflicts this disgrace upon my guilty

head: for it is but a just punishment that dogs should devour, hornets sting, and vile hogs trample on, a vanquished knight-errant.”—“And belike,” quoth Sancho, “that Heaven sends the flies to sting, the lice to bite, and hunger to famish us poor squires, for keeping these vanquished knights company. If we squires were the sons of those knights, or anyways related to them, why, then something might be said for our bearing a share of their punishment, though it were to the third and fourth generation. But what have the Panzas to do with the Quixotes? Well, let us to our old places again, and sleep out the little that is left of the night. To-morrow is a new day.”—“Sleep, Sancho,” cried Don Quixote, “sleep, for thou wert born to sleep; but I, who was designed to be still waking, intend, before Aurora ushers in the sun, to give a loose to my thoughts and vent my conceptions in a madrigal that I made last night unknown to thee.”—“Methinks,” quoth Sancho, “a man cannot be in great affliction, when he can turn his brain to the making of verses. Therefore, you may versify on as long as you please, and I will sleep it out as much as I can.” This said, he laid himself down on the ground, as he thought best, and, hunching himself close together, fell

fast asleep, without any disturbance from any debts, suretyships, or any care whatsoever. On the other side, Don Quixote, leaning against the trunk of a beech, or a cork tree, (for it is not determined by Cid Hamet which it was,) sung, in concert with his sighs, the following composition :

## A SONG TO LOVE.

“WHENE’ER I think what mighty pain  
The slave must bear who drags thy chain,  
O Love, for ease to death I go—  
The cure of thee, the cure of life and woe.

“But when, alas ! I think I’m sure  
Of that which must by killing cure,  
The pleasure that I feel in death,  
Proves a strong cordial to restore my breath.

“Thus life each moment makes me die,  
And death itself new life can give ;  
I hopeless and tormented lie,  
And neither truly die nor live.”

The many tears as well as sighs that accompanied this musical complaint, were a sign that the knight had deeply laid to heart his late defeat, and the absence of his Dulcinea.

Now day came on, and the sun, darting his beams on Sancho’s face, at last awaked him : Whereupon, rubbing his eyes, and yawning and stretching his drowsy limbs, he perceived

the havock that the hogs had made in his baggage, which made him wish not only the herd, but somebody else too, at the devil for company. In short, the knight and squire both set forward on their journey, and about the close of the evening they discovered some half a score horsemen, and four or five fellows on foot, making directly towards them. Don Quixote, at the sight, felt a strange emotion in his breast, Sancho fell a shivering from head to foot; for they perceived that these strangers were provided with spears and shields, and other warlike instruments: Whereupon the knight turning to the squire, "Ah! Sancho," said he, "were it lawful for me at this time to bear arms, and had I my hands at liberty, and not tied up by my promise, what a joyful sight should I esteem this squadron that approaches! But perhaps, notwithstanding my present apprehensions, things may fall out better than we expect."

By this time the horsemen, with their lances advanced, came close up to them without speaking a word, and encompassing Don Quixote in a menacing manner, with their points levelled to his back and breast, one of the footmen, by laying his finger upon his mouth, signified to Don Quixote that he must

be mute; then taking Rozinante by the bridle, he led him out of the road, while the rest of the footmen secured Sancho and Dapple, and drove them silently after Don Quixote, who attempted twice or thrice to ask the cause of this usage; but he no sooner began to open, than they were ready to run the heads of their spears down his throat. Poor Sancho fared worse yet; for, as he offered to speak, one of the foot-guards gave him a jagg with a goad, and served Dapple as bad, though the poor beast had no thought of saying a word.

As it grew night, they mended their pace, and then the darkness increased the fears of the captive knight and squire, especially when every minute their ears were tormented with these or such-like words: "On, on, ye Troglodytes; silence, ye Barbarian slaves; vengeance, ye Anthropophagi; grumble not, ye Scythians; be blind, ye murdering Polyphemes, ye devouring lions."—"Bless us," thought Sancho, "what names do they call us here! Trollopites, Barber's slaves, and Andrew Hodge-poge, City-cans and Burframes: I do not like the sound of them. Here is one mischief on the neck of another. When a man is down, down with him: I would compound for a good dry beating, and glad to escape so

too." Don Quixote was no less perplexed not being able to imagine the reason either of their hard usage or scurrilous language, which, hitherto promised but little good. At last, after they had ridden about an hour in the dark, they came to the gates of the castle, which Don Quixote presently knowing to be the duke's where he had so lately been, "Heaven bless me," cried he, "what do I see! Was not this the mansion of civility and humanity? But thus the vanquished are doomed to see everything frown upon them." With that the two prisoners were led into the great court of the castle, and found such strange preparations made there, as increased at once their fear and their amazement; as we shall find in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER LXIX.

OF THE MOST SINGULAR AND STRANGE ADVENTURE  
THAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE IN THE WHOLE  
COURSE OF THIS FAMOUS HISTORY.

ALL the horsemen alighted, and the footmen snatching up Don Quixote and Sancho in their arms, hurried them into the court-yard, that was illuminated with above a hundred torches, fixed in huge candlesticks; and about all the galleries round the court, were placed above five hundred lights, insomuch that all was day in the midst of the darkness of the night. In the middle of the court there was a tomb, raised some two yards from the ground, with a large pall of black velvet over it, and round about it a hundred tapers of virgin-wax stood burning in silver candlesticks. Upon the tomb lay the body of a young damsel, who, though to all appearance dead, was yet so beautiful, that death itself seemed lovely in her face. Her head was crowned with a garland of fragrant flowers, and supported by a pillow of cloth of gold; and in her hands,

that were laid across her breast, was seen a branch of that yellow palm, that used of old to adorn the triumphs of conquerors. On one side of the court there was a kind of a theatre erected, on which two personages sat in chairs, who, by the crowns upon their heads, and sceptres in their hands, were, or at least appeared to be, kings. By the side of the theatre, at the foot of the steps by which the kings ascended, two other chairs were placed, and thither Don Quixote and Sancho were led, and caused to sit down; the guards that conducted them continuing silent all the while, and making their prisoners understand, by awful signs, that they must also be silent. But there was no great occasion for that caution; for their surprise was so great, that it had tied up their tongues without it.

At the same time two other persons of note ascended the stage with a numerous retinue, and seated themselves on two stately chairs by the two theatrical kings. These Don Quixote presently knew to be the duke and duchess, at whose palace he had been so nobly entertained. But what he discovered as the greatest wonder, was, that the corpse upon the tomb was the body of the fair Altisidora.

As soon as the duke and duchess had as-



cended, Don Quixote and Sancho made them a profound obeisance, which they returned with a short inclining of their heads. Upon this a certain officer entered the court, and, coming up to Sancho, he clapped over him a black buckram frock, all figured over with flames of fire, and, taking off his cap, he put on his head a kind of mitre, such as is worn by those who undergo public penance by the Inquisition; whispering him in the ear at the same time, that if he did but offer to open his lips, they would put a gag in his mouth, or murder him outright. Sancho viewed himself over from head to foot, and was a little startled to see himself all over in fire and flames; but yet since he did not feel himself burn, he cared not a farthing. He pulled off his mitre, and found it pictured over with devils; but he put it on again, and bethought himself, that since neither the flames burned him, nor the devils ran away with him, it was well enough. Don Quixote also stedfastly surveyed him, and, in the midst of all his apprehensions, could not forbear smiling to see what a strange figure he made. And now in the midst of that profound silence, while every thing was mute, and expectation most attentive, a soft and charming symphony of flutes, that seemed to issue from

the hollow of the tomb, agreeably filled their ears. Then there appeared, at the head of the monument, a young man extremely handsome, and dressed in a Roman habit, who, to the music of a harp, touched by himself, sung the following stanzas with an excellent voice:—

ALTISIDORA'S DIRGE.

While slain, the fair Altisidora lies  
 A victim to Don Quixote's cold disdain :  
 Here all things mourn, all pleasure with her dies,  
 And weeds of woe disguise the graces' train.

I'll sing the beauties of her face and mind,  
 Her hopeless passion, her unhappy fate ;  
 Not Orpheus' self, in numbers more refin'd,  
 Her charms, her love, her suff'rings could relate.

Nor shall the fair alone in life be sung,  
 Her boundless praise is my immortal choice ;  
 In the cold grave, when death benumbs my tongue,  
 For thee, bright maid, my soul shall find a voice.

When from this narrow cell my spirit's free, <sup>1</sup>  
 And wanders grieving with the shades below,  
 Even o'er oblivion's waves I'll sing to thee ;  
 And hell itself shall sympathize in woe.

“Enough,” cried one of the two kings ; “no more, divine musician ; it were an endless task to enumerate the perfections of Altisidora, or give us the story of her fate. Nor is she dead, as the ignorant vulgar surmises ; no, in the mouth of fame she lives, and once more shall

revive, as soon as Sancho has undergone the penance that is decreed to restore her to the world. Therefore, O Rhadamanthus! thou who sittest in joint commission with me in the opacous shades of Dis, tremendous judge of hell! thou to whom the decrees of fate, inscrutable to mortals, are revealed; in order to restore this damsel to life, open and declare them immediately, nor delay the promised felicity of her return to comfort the drooping world!"

Scarce had Minos finished his charge, when Rhadamanthus started up. "Proceed," said he, "ye ministers and officers of the household, superior and inferior, high and low; proceed one after another, and mark me Sancho's chin with twenty-four twitches, give him twelve pinches, and run six pins into his arms and back-side; for Altisidora's restoration depends on the performance of this ceremony." Sancho, hearing this, could hold out no longer, but bawling out, "Body of me," cried he, "I will as soon turn Turk as give you leave to do all this. You shall put no chin or countenance of mine upon any such mortification. What the devil can the spoiling of my face signify to the restoring of the damsel? I may as soon

turn up my broad end, and awaken her with a gun. Dulcinea is bewitched, and I forsooth must flog myself, to free her from witchcraft! and here is Altisidora too drops off of one distemper or other, and presently poor Sancho must be pulled by the handle of his face, his skin filled with oiled holes, and his arms pinched black and blue, to save her from the worms! No, no; you must not think to put tricks upon travellers! An old dog understands trap."\*—"Relent," cried Rhadamanthus aloud, "thou tiger; submit, proud Nimrod; suffer and be silent, or thou diest: No impossibility is required from thee; and therefore pretend not to expostulate on the severity of thy doom. Thy face shall receive the twitches, thy skin shall be pinched, and thou shalt groan under the penance.—Begin, I say, ye ministers of justice, execute my sentence, or, as I am an honest man, ye shall curse the hour ye were born." At the same time six old duennas, or waiting-women, appeared in the court, marching in a formal procession one after another, four of them wearing spectacles, and all with their right hands held aloft, and their wrists, according to the fashion, about four inches bare, to make their hands seem the longer. Sancho

\* *Tus, tus*, in the original. See this explained elsewhere.

no sooner spied them, than, roaring out like a bull, "Do with me what you please," cried he; "let a sackful of mad cats lay their claws on me, as they did on my master in this castle, drill me through with sharp daggers, tear the flesh from my bones with red hot pincers, I will bear it with patience, and serve your worships; but the devil shall run away with me at once, before I will suffer old waiting-women to lay a finger upon me." Don Quixote, upon this, broke silence: "Have patience, my son," cried he, "and resign thyself to those potentates, with thanks to heaven, for having endowed thy person with such a gift, as to release the enchanted, and raise the dead from the grave."

By this time the waiting-women were advanced up to Sancho, who, after much persuasion, was at last wrought upon to settle himself in his seat, and submit his face and beard to the female executioners. The first that approached him gave him a clever twitch, and then dropped him a courtesy. "Less courtesy, and less sauce, good Mrs Governante," cried Sancho; "for, by the life of Pharaoh, your fingers stink of vinegar." In short, all the waiting-women, and most of the servants, came and twitched and pinched him decently,

and he bore it all with unspeakable patience. But when they came to prick him with pins, he could contain no longer; but starting up in a pelting chafe, snatched up one of the torches that stood near, and swinging it round, put all the women and the rest of his tormentors to their heels. "Avaunt," cried he, "ye imps of the devil! do ye think my backside is made of brass, or that I intend to be your master's martyr, with a pox to ye?"

At the same time Altisidora, who could not but be tired with lying so long upon her back, began to turn herself on one side, which was no sooner perceived by the spectators, than they all set up the cry, "She lives, she lives! Altisidora lives!" And then Rhadamanthus, addressing himself to Sancho, desired him to be pacified, for now the wonderful recovery was effected. On the other side, Don Quixote, seeing Altisidora stir, went and threw himself on his knees before Sancho. "My dear Son," cried he, "for now I will not call thee squire, now is the hour for thee to receive some of the lashes that are encumbent upon thee for the disenchanting of Dulcinea. This, I say, is the auspicious time, when the virtue of thy skin is most mature and efficacious for working the wonders that are ex-

pected from it.”—“Out of the frying pan into the fire,” quoth Sancho; “I have brought my hogs to a fair market truly; after I have been twinged and tweaked by the nose and everywhere, and my buttocks stuck all over and made a pin-cushion of, I must now be whipped like a top, must I? If you have a mind to be rid of me, cannot you as well tie a good stone about my neck, and tip me into a well? Better make an end of me at once, than have me loaded so every foot like a pack-horse with other folk’s burdens. Look ye, say but one word more to me of any such thing, and on my soul all the fat shall be in the fire.”

By this time Altisidora sat on the tomb, and presently the music struck up, all the instruments being joined with the voices of the spectators, who cried aloud, “Live, live, Altisidora, live!” The duke and duchess got up, and with Minos and Rhadamanthus, accompanied by Don Quixote and Sancho, went all in a body to receive Altisidora, and hand her down from the tomb. She pretended to faint, bowed to the duke and duchess, and also to the two kings; but, after looking askew upon Don Quixote, “Heaven forgive that hard-hearted lovely

knight," said she, "whose barbarity has made me an inhabitant of the other world for aught I know a thousand years.—But to thee," said she, turning to Sancho, "to thee, the most compassionate squire that the world contains, I return my thanks for my change from death to life, in acknowledgment of which, six of the best smocks I have shall be changed into shirts for thee; and if they are not spick and span new, yet they are all as clean as a penny." Sancho pulled off his mitre, put his knee to the ground, and kissed her hand. The duke commanded that they should return him his cap, and, instead of his flaming frock, to give him his gaberdine; but Sancho begged of his grace that he might keep the frock and mitre, to carry into his own country, as a relic of that wonderful adventure. The duchess said he should have them, for he knew she was always one of the best of his friends. Then the duke ordered the company to clear the court, and retired to their respective lodgings; and that Don Quixote and Sancho should be conducted to their apartments.



## CHAPTER LXX.

WHICH COMES AFTER THE SIXTY-NINTH, AND  
CONTAINS SEVERAL PARTICULARS, NECESSARY  
FOR THE ILLUSTRATION OF THIS HISTORY.

THAT night, Sancho lay in a truckle-bed in Don Quixote's chamber, a lodging not greatly to the squire's liking, being very sensible that his master would disturb him with impertinent chat all night long. And this entertainment he found himself not rightly disposed for, his late penance having taken him quite off the talking-pin; and a hovel, with good sound sleep, had been more agreeable to his circumstances, than the most stately apartments in such troublesome company. And indeed, his apprehensions proved so right, that his master was scarcely laid when he began to open.

“Sancho,” said he, “what is your opinion of the night's adventure? Great and mighty is the force of love, when heightened by disdain, as the testimony of your own eyes may convince you in the death of Altisidora. It was neither a dart, a dagger, nor any poison

that brought her to her end, but she expired through the mere sense of my disdain of her affection.”—“I had not cared a pin,” answered Sancho, “though she had died of the pip, so she had but let me alone; I never courted her nor slighted her in my born days; and, for my part, I must still think it strange, that the life and well-doing of Altisidora, a whimsical, maggoty gentlewoman, should depend upon the plaguing of Sancho Panza. But there are such things as enchanters and witchcrafts, that is certain, from which good Heaven deliver me! for it is more than I can do myself. But now sir, let me sleep, I beseech you; for, if you trouble me with any more questions, I am resolved to leap out of the window.”—“I will not disturb thee, honest Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “sleep, if the smart of thy late torture will let thee.”—“No pain,” answered Sancho, “can be compared to the abuse my face suffered, because it is done by the worst of ill-natured creatures,—I mean old waiting-women; the devil take them, say I, and so good night; I want a good nap to set me to rights; and so once again, pray let me sleep.”—“Do so,” said Don Quixote, “and Heaven be with thee!” Thereupon they both fell asleep, and while they are asleep Cid Hamet takes the opportunity to

tell us the motives that put the duke and duchess upon this odd compound of extravagances, that has been last related. He says that the Bachelor Carrasco, meditating revenge for having been defeated by Don Quixote, when he went by the title of the Knight of the Mirrors, resolved to make another attempt, in hopes of better fortune; and therefore, having understood where Don Quixote was, by the page that brought the letters and present to Sancho's wife, he furnished himself with a fresh horse and arms, and had a white moon painted on his shield; his accoutrements were all packed upon a mule, and, lest Thomas Cecil, his former attendant, should be known by Don Quixote or Sancho, he got a country-fellow to wait on him as a squire. Coming to the duke's castle, he was informed that the knight was gone to the tournament at Saragossa; the duke giving the bachelor an account also how pleasantly they had imposed upon him, with the contrivance for Dulcinea's disenchantment, to be effected at the expense of Sancho's posteriors. Finally, he told him how Sancho had made his master believe that Dulcinea was transformed into a country wench by the power of magic; and how the duchess had persuaded Sancho that he was deluded himself, and Dulcinea enchanted in good

earnest. The bachelor, though he could not forbear laughing, was nevertheless struck with wonder at this mixture of cunning and simplicity in the squire, and the uncommon madness of the master. The duke then made it his request, that if he met with the knight, he should call at the castle as he returned, and give him an account of his success, whether he vanquished him or not. The bachelor promised to obey his commands; and, departing in search of Don Quixote, he found him not at Saragossa, but travelling farther, met him at last, and had his revenge as we have told you. Then taking the duke's castle in his way home, he gave him an account of the circumstances and conditions of the combat, and how Don Quixote was repairing homewards, to fulfil his engagement of returning to, and remaining in his village for a year, as it was incumbent on the honour of chivalry to perform: and in this space, the bachelor said, he hoped the poor gentleman might recover his senses; declaring withal, that the concern he had upon him, to see a man of his parts in such a distracted condition, was the only motive that could put him upon such an attempt. Upon this he returned home, there to expect Don Quixote, who was coming after

him. This information engaged the duke, who was never to be tired with the humours of the knight and the squire, to take this occasion to make more sport with them; he ordered all the roads thereabouts, especially those that Don Quixote was most likely to take, to be watched by a great many of his servants, who had orders to bring him to the castle, right or wrong.

They met him accordingly, and sent their master an account of it; whereupon all things being prepared against his coming, the duke caused the torches and tapers to be all lighted round the court, and Altisidora's tragi-comical interlude was acted, with the humours of Sancho Panza, the whole so to the life, that the counterfeit was hardly discernible. Cid Hamet adds, that he believed those that played all these tricks were as mad as those they were imposed upon: And that the duke and duchess were within a hair's breadth of being thought fools themselves, for taking so much pains to make sport with the weakness of two poor silly wretches.

To return to our two adventurers; the morning found one of them fast asleep, and the other broad awake, transported with his wild imaginations. They thought it time to rise,

especially the Don; for the bed of sloth was never agreeable to him, whether vanquished or victorious.

Altisidora, whom Don Quixote supposed to have been raised from the dead, did that day (to humour her lord and lady) deck her head with the same garland she wore upon the tomb, and in a loose gown of white taffety, flowered with gold, her dishevelled locks flowing negligently on her shoulders, she entered Don Quixote's chamber, supporting herself with an ebony staff.

The knight was so surprised and amazed at this unexpected apparition, that he was struck dumb; and, not knowing how to behave himself, he slunk down under the bed-clothes, and covered himself over head and ears. However, Altisidora placed herself in a chair close by his bed's head, and, after a profound sigh, "To what an extremity of misfortune and distress," said she, in a soft and languishing voice, "are young ladies of my virtue and quality reduced, when they thus trample upon the rules of modesty, and, without regard to virgin decency, are forced to give their tongues a loose, and betray the secrets of their hearts! Alas! noble Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am one of those unhappy persons over-ruled by my passion, but

yet so reserved and patient in my sufferings, that silence broke my heart, and my heart broke in silence. It is now two days, most inexorable and marble-hearted man, since the sense of your severe usage and cruelty brought me to my death, or something so like it, that every one that saw me judged me to be dead. And, had not love been compassionate, and assigned my recovery on the sufferings of this kind squire, I had ever remained in the other world.”—“Truly,” quoth Sancho, “love might even as well have made choice of my ass for that service, and he would have obliged me a great deal more. But pray, good mistress, tell me one thing now, and so heaven provide you a better-natured sweetheart than my master, What did you see in the other world? What sort of folks are there in hell? For there, I suppose, you have been; for those that die of despair must needs go to that summer-house.”—“To tell you the truth,” replied Altisidora, “I fancy I could not be dead outright, because I was not got so far as hell; for, had I been once in, I am sure I should never have been allowed to have got out again. I got to the gates, indeed, where I found a round dozen of devils, in their breeches and waistcoats, playing at tennis with flaming rackets; they wore flat bands, with

scolloped Flanders lace and ruffles of the same ; four inches of their wrists bare, to make their hands look the longer, in which they held rackets of fire. But what I most wondered at was, that, instead of tennis-balls, they made use of books that were every whit as light, and stuffed with wind and flocks, or such kind of trumpery. This was, indeed, most strange and wonderful ; but, what still amazed me more, I found, that, contrary to the custom of gamesters, among whom the winning party at least is in good humour, and the losers only angry, these hellish tossers of books, of both sides, did nothing but fret, fume, stamp, curse, and swear most horribly, as if they had been all losers.”—“That is no wonder at all,” quoth Sancho ; “for your devils, whether they play or no, win or lose, they can never be contented.”—“That may be,” said Altisidora ; “but, another thing that I admire, (I then admired, I would say) was, that the ball would not bear a second blow, but, at every stroke, they were obliged to change books, some of them new, some old, which I thought very strange. And one accident, that happened upon this, I cannot forget : They tossed up a new book, fairly bound, and gave it such a smart stroke, that the very guts flew out of it,



and all the leaves were scattered about. Then cried one of the devils to another, 'Look, look, what book is that?'—'It is the Second Part of the History of Don Quixote,' said the other; 'not that which was composed by Cid Hamet, the author of the First, but by a certain Arragonian, who professes himself a native of Tordesillas.'—'Away with it,' cried the first devil; 'down with it, plunge it to the lowest pit of hell, where I may never see it more.'—'Why, is it such sad stuff?' said the other. 'Such intolerable stuff,' cried the first devil, 'that if I, and all the devils in hell, should set their heads together to make it worse, it were past our skill.' The devils continued their game, and shattered a world of other books; but the name of Don Quixote, that I so passionately adored, confined my thoughts only to that part of the vision which I have told you."—"It could be nothing but a vision, to be sure," said Don Quixote; "for I am the only person of the name now in the universe; and that very book is tossed about here at the very same rate, never resting in a place, for every body has a fling at it. Nor am I concerned that any phantom assuming my name should wander in the shades of darkness, or in the light of this world, since I am not the

person of whom that story treats. If it be well written, faithful, and authentic, it will live ages; but, if it be bad, it will have a quick journey from its birth to the grave of oblivion."

Altisidora was then going to renew her expostulations and complaints against Don Quixote, had he not thus interrupted her: "I have often cautioned you, madam," said he, "of fixing your affections upon a man who is absolutely incapable of making a suitable return. It grieves me to have a heart obtruded upon me, when I have no better entertainment to give it than bare, cold thanks. I was only born for Dulcinea del Toboso; and to her alone the Destinies (if such there be) have devoted my affection! So, it is presumption for any other beauty to imagine she can displace her, or but share the possession she holds in my soul. This, I hope, may suffice to take away all foundation from your hopes, to recal your modesty, and reinstate it in its proper bounds; for impossibilities are not to be expected from any creature upon earth."

At hearing of this, "Death of my life!" cried Altisidora, putting on a violent passion, "thou lump of lead, who hast a soul of mortar, and a heart as little and as hard as the stone of an olive, more stubborn than a common plough-

jobber, or a carrier's horse, that will never go out of his road, I have a good mind to tear your eyes out, as deep as they are in your head. Why, thou beaten swash-buckler, thou rib-roasted knight of the cudgel, hast thou the impudence to think that I died for love of thy lantern-jaws? No, no, Sir Tiffany, all that you have seen this night has been counterfeit, for I would not suffer the pain of a flea-bite, much less that of dying, for such a dromedary as thou art."—"Troth, lass, I believe thee," quoth Sancho; "for all these stories of people dying for love are mere tales of a roasted horse. They tell you they will die for love, but the devil a bit. Trust to that, and be laughed at."

Their discourse was interrupted by the coming in of the harper, singer, and composer of the stanzas that were performed in the court the night before. "Sir Knight," said he to Don Quixote, making a profound obeisance, "let me beg the favour of being numbered among your most humble servants; it is an honour which I have long been ambitious to receive, in regard of your great renown, and the value of your achievements."—"Pray, sir," said Don Quixote, "let me know who you are, that I may proportion my respects to

your merits." The spark gave him to understand, he was the person that made and sung the verses he heard the last night. "Truly, sir," said Don Quixote, "you have an excellent voice; but I think your poetry was little to the purpose; for, what relation, pray, have the stanzas of Garcilasso to this lady's death?"—"Oh, sir, never wonder at that," replied the musician; "I do but as other brothers of the quill: All the upstart poets of the age do the same, and every one writes what he pleases, how he pleases, and steals from whom he pleases, whether it be to the purpose or no; for, let them write and set to music what they will, though never so impertinent and absurd, there is a thing, called poetical licence, that is our warrant, and a safeguard and refuge for nonsense, among all the men of jingle and metre."

Don Quixote was going to answer, but was interrupted by the coming in of the duke and duchess, who, improving the conversation, made it very pleasant for some hours; and Sancho was so full of his odd conceits and arch wibes, that the duke and duchess were at a stand which to admire most, his wit or his simplicity. After that, Don Quixote begged leave for his departure that very day,

alleging, that knights, in his unhappy circumstances, were rather fitter to inhabit a humble cottage, than a kingly palace. They freely complied with his request; and the duchess desired to know if Altisidora had yet attained to any share of his favour. "Madam," answered Don Quixote, "I must freely tell your grace, that I am confident all this damsel's disease proceeds from nothing else in the world but idleness; so nothing in nature can be better physic for her distemper, than to be continually employed in some innocent and decent things. She has been pleased to inform me, that bone-lace is much worn in hell; and since, without doubt, she knows how to make it, let that be her task; and I will engage, the tumbling of her bobbins to and again will soon toss her love out of her head. Now, this is my opinion, madam, and my advice."—"And mine, too," quoth Sancho, "for I never knew any of your bone-lace-makers die for love, nor any other young wench that had any thing else to do. I know it by myself: When I am hard at work, with a spade in my hand, I no more think of pig'snyes (my own dear wife I mean) than I do of my dead cow, though I love her as the apple of my eye."—"You say well, Sancho," answered the

duchess; "and I will take care that Altisidora shall not want employment for the future; she understands her needle, and I am resolved she shall make use of it."—"Madam," said Altisidora, "I shall have no occasion for any remedy of that nature; for the sense of the severity and ill-usage that I have met with from that vagabond monster, will, without any other means, soon raze him out of my memory. In the mean time, I beg your grace's leave to retire, that I may no longer behold, I will not say his woeful figure, but his ugly and abominable countenance."—"These words," said the duke, "put me in mind of the proverb, After railing comes forgiving." Altisidora, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, as it were to dry her tears, and then making her honours to the duke and duchess, went out of the room. "Alack-a-day! poor girl," cried Sancho, "I know what will be the end of thee, since thou art fallen into the hands of that sad soul, that merciless master of mine, with a crab-tree heart, as tough as any oak. Woe be to thee, a-faith! hadst thou fallen in love with this sweet face of mine, body of me! thou hadst met with a cock of the game." The discourse ended here. Don Quixote dressed, dined with the duke and duchess, and departed that afternoon.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE  
ON THEIR WAY HOME.

THE vanquished knight-errant continued his journey, equally divided between grief and joy; the thought of his overthrow sometimes sunk his spirits, but then the assurance he had of the virtue lodged in Sancho, by Altisidora's resurrection, raised them up again; and yet, after all, he had much ado to persuade himself that the amorous damsel was really dead. As for Sancho, his thoughts were not at all of the pleasing kind; on the contrary, he was mightily upon the sullen, because Altisidora had bilked him of the smocks she promised him; and his head running upon that, "Faith and troth, sir," quoth he, "I have the worst luck of any physician under the cope of heaven; other doctors kill their patients, and are paid for it too, and yet they are at no further trouble than scrawling two or three cramp words for some physical slip-slop, which the apothecaries are at all the pains to make

up. Now here am I, that save people from the grave, at the expense of my own hide, pinched, clapper-clawed, run through with pins, and whipped like a top, and yet the devil a cross I get by the bargain. But if ever they catch me a-curing any body in this fashion, unless I have my fee before-hand, may I be served as I have been, for nothing. Ods-diggers ! they shall pay sauce for it; no money, no cure; the monk lives by his singing; and I cannot think heaven would make me a doctor, without allowing me my fees."—"You are in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and Altisidora has done unworthily, in disappointing you of the smocks. Though you must own, that the virtue by which thou workest these wonders was a free gift, and cost thee nothing to learn, but the art of patience. For my part, had you demanded your fees for disenchanting Dulcinea, you should have received them already; but I am afraid there can be no gratuity proportionable to the greatness of the cure; and therefore I would not have the remedy depend upon a reward; for who knows whether my proffering it, or thy acceptance of it, might hinder the effect of the penance? However, since we have gone so far, we will put it to a trial; Come, Sancho, name your



price, and down with your breeches. First pay your hide, then pay yourself out of the money of mine that you have in your custody." Sancho, opening his eyes and ears above a foot wide at this fair offer, leaped presently at the proposal. "Ay, ay, sir, now, now you say something," quoth he; "I will do it with a jerk now, since you speak so feelingly: I have a wife and children to maintain, sir, and I must mind the main chance. Come, then, how much will you give me by the lash?"—"Were your payment," said Don Quixote, "to be answerable to the greatness and merits of the cure, not all the wealth of Venice, nor the Indian mines, were sufficient to reward thee. But see what cash you have of mine in your hands, and set what price you will on every stripe."—"The lashes," quoth Sancho, "are in all three thousand three hundred and odd, of which I have had five; the rest are to come. Let these five go for the odd ones, and let us come to the three thousand three hundred. At a quartillo, or three-half-pence a-piece, (and I will not bate a farthing, if it were to my brother,) they will make three thousand three hundred three-halfpences. Three thousand three-halfpences make fifteen hundred three-pences, which amounts to seven hundred and fifty reals or sixpences. Now

the three hundred remaining three-halfpences make an hundred and fifty three-pences, and threescore and fifteen sixpences; put that together, and it comes just to eight hundred and twenty-five reals, or sixpences, to a farthing. This money, sir, if you please, I will deduct from yours that I have in my hands, and then I will reckon myself well paid for my jerking, and go home well pleased, though well whipped: But that is nothing, something has some savour; he must not think to catch fish who is afraid to wet his feet. I need say no more.”—  
“Now blessings on thy heart, my dearest Sancho!” cried Don Quixote; “Oh! my friend, how shall Dulcinea and I be bound to pray for thee, and serve thee while it shall please Heaven to continue us on earth! If she recover her former shape and beauty, as now she infallibly must, her misfortune will turn to her felicity, and I shall triumph in my defeat. Speak, dear Sancho; when wilt thou enter upon thy task, and a hundred reals more shall be at thy service, as a gratuity for thy being expeditious?”—“I will begin this very night,” answered Sancho; “do you but order it so, that we may lie in the fields, and you shall see how I will lay about me; I shall not be sparing of my flesh, I will assure you.”

Don Quixote longed for night so impatiently, that, like all eager expecting lovers, he fancied Phœbus had broken his chariot wheels, which made the day of so unusual a length; but at last it grew dark, and they went out of the road into a shady wood, where they both alighted, and, being sat down upon the grass, they went to supper upon such provisions as Sancho's wallet afforded.

And now having satisfied himself, he thought it time to satisfy his master, and earn his money. To which purpose he made himself a whip of Dapple's halter, and having stripped himself to the waist, retired farther up into the wood at a small distance from his master. Don Quixote, observing his readiness and resolution, could not forbear calling after him, "Dear Sancho," cried he, "be not too cruel to thyself neither: Have a care, do not hack thyself to pieces: Make no more haste than good speed; go more gently to work, soft and fair goes farthest; I mean, I would not have thee kill thyself before thou gettest to the end of the tally; and that the reckoning may be fair on both sides, I will stand at a distance and keep an account of the strokes by the help of my beads; and so Heaven prosper thy pious undertaking."—"He is an honest man," quoth

Sancho, "who pays to a farthing; I only mean to give myself a handsome whipping, for, do not think I need kill myself to work miracles." With that he began to exercise the instrument of penance, and Don Quixote to tell the strokes. But by the time Sancho had applied seven or eight lashes on his bare back, he felt the jest bite him so smartly, that he began to repent him of his bargain: Whereupon, after a short pause, he called to his master, and told him, that he would be off with him; for such lashes as these, laid on with such a confounded lick-back, were modestly worth three-pence a-piece of any man's money; and truly he could not afford to go on at three-halfpence a lash. "Go on, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "take courage and proceed; I will double thy pay, if that be all."—"Say you so?" quoth Sancho; "then have at all. I will lay it on thick and threefold. Do but listen." With that, slap went the scourge; but the cunning knave left persecuting his own skin and fell foul of the trees, fetching such dismal groans every now and then, that one would have thought he had been giving up the ghost. Don Quixote, who was naturally tender-hearted, fearing he might make an end of himself before he could finish his penance, and so

disappoint the happy effects of it, "Hold," cried he, "hold, my friend; as thou lovest thy life, hold, I conjure thee, no more at this time. This seems to be a very sharp sort of physic. Therefore, pray do not take it all at once, make two doses of it. Come, come, all in good time, Rome was not built in a day. If I have told right, thou hast given thyself above a thousand stripes; that is enough for one beating; for, to use a homely phrase, the ass will carry his load, but not a double load; ride not a free horse to death."—"No, no," quoth Sancho, "it shall never be said of me, the eaten bread is forgotten, or that I thought it working for a dead horse, because I am paid before-hand. Therefore stand off, I beseech you; get out of the reach of my whip, and let me lay on the other thousand, and then the heart of the work will be broken: Such another flogging-bout, and the job will be over."—"Since thou art in the humour," replied Don Quixote, "I will withdraw, and Heaven strengthen and reward thee." With that Sancho fell to work afresh, and, beginning upon a new score, he lashed the trees at so unconscionable a rate, that he fetched off their skins most unmercifully. At length, raising his voice, seemingly resolved to give

himself a sparing blow, he lets drive at a beech tree with might and main: "There!" cried he, "down with thee, Samson, and all that are about thee!" This dismal cry, with the sound of the dreadful strokes that attended it, made Don Quixote run presently to his squire, and, laying fast hold on the halter, which Sancho had twisted about and managed like a bull's pizzle, "Hold," cried he, "friend Sancho, stay the fury of thy arm: dost thou think I will have thy death, and the ruin of thy wife and children to be laid at my door? Forbid it, Fate! Let Dulcinea stay a while, till a better opportunity offer itself. I myself will be contented to live in hopes, that when thou hast recovered new strength, the business may be accomplished to every body's satisfaction."—"Well, sir," quoth Sancho, "if it be your worship's will and pleasure it should be so, so let it be, quoth I. But, for goodness sake, do so much as throw your cloak over my shoulders; for I am all in a muck sweat, and I have no mind to catch cold; we novices are somewhat in danger of that when we first undergo the discipline of flogging." With that Don Quixote took off his cloak from his own shoulders, and, putting it over those of Sancho, chose

to remain in cuerpo; and the crafty squire, being lapped up warm, fell fast asleep, and never stirred till the sun waked him.

In the morning, they went on their journey, and after three hours riding, alighted at an inn, for it was allowed by Don Quixote himself to be an inn, and not a castle, with moats, towers, portcullices, and draw-bridges, as he commonly fancied; for now the knight was mightily off the romantic pin, to what he used to be, as shall be shewn presently at large. He was lodged in a ground-room, which, instead of tapestry, was hung with a coarse painted stuff, such as is often seen in villages. One of the pieces had the story of Helen of Troy, when Paris stole her away from her husband Menelaus, but scrawled out after a bungling rate by some wretched dauber or other. Another had the story of Dido and Æneas, the lady on the top of a turret, waving a sheet to her fugitive guest, who was in a ship at sea, crowding all the sail he could to get from her. Don Quixote made this observation upon the two stories, that Helen was not at all displeased at the force put upon her, but rather leered and smiled upon her lover: Whereas, on the other side, the fair Dido shewed her grief by her

tears; which, because they should be seen, the painter had made as big as walnuts. "How unfortunate," said Don Quixote, "were these two ladies, that they lived not in this age, or rather how much more unhappy am I, for not having lived in theirs! I would have met and stopped those gentlemen, and saved both Troy and Carthage from destruction; nay, by the death of Paris alone, all these miseries had been prevented."—"I will lay you a wager," quoth Sancho, "that before we be much older, there will not be an inn, a hedge tavern, a blind victualling-house, nor a barber's shop in the country, but will have the story of our lives and deeds pasted and painted along the walls. But I could wish with all my heart though, that they may be done by a better hand than the bungling son of a whore that drew these."—"Thou art in the right, Sancho; for the fellow that drew these, puts me in mind of Orbaneja, the painter of Uveda, who, as he sat at work, being asked what he was about? made answer, any thing that comes uppermost; and if he chanced to draw a cock, he underwrote, This is a cock, lest the people should take it for a fox. Just such a one was he that painted, or that wrote (for they are much the same)



the history of this new Don Quixote, that has lately peeped out, and ventured to go a-strolling; for his painting or writing is all at random, and any thing that comes uppermost. I fancy he is also not much unlike one Mauleon, a certain poet, who was at court some years ago, and pretended to give answers extempore to any manner of questions: Somebody asked what was the meaning of *Deum de Deo*? Whereupon my gentleman answered very pertly in Spanish, *De donde diere*, that is, *Habnab at a venture*.

“But to come to our own affairs. Hast thou an inclination to have the other brush to-night? What think you of a warm house? would it not do better for that service than the open air?”—“Why truly,” quoth Sancho, “a whipping is but a whipping either abroad or within doors, and I could like a close warm place well enough, so it were among trees; for I love trees hugely, do you see; methinks they bear me company, and have a sort of fellow-feeling of my sufferings.”—“Now I think on it,” said Don Quixote, “it shall not be to-night, honest Sancho, you shall have more time to recover, and we will let the rest alone till we get home; it will not be above two days at most.”—“Even as your

worship pleases," answered Sancho; "but if I might have my will, it were best making an end of the job, now my hand is in, and my blood up. There is nothing like striking while the iron is hot, for delay breeds danger: It is best grinding at the mill before the water is past: Ever take while you may have it: A bird in hand is worth two in the bush."—"For Heaven's sake, good Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "let alone thy proverbs; if once thou goest back to *Sicut erat*, or, as it was in the beginning, I must give thee over. Canst thou not speak as other folks do, and not after such a tedious round-about manner? How often have I told thee of this? Mind what I tell you; I am sure you will be the better for it."—"It is an unlucky trick I have got," replied Sancho; "I cannot bring you in three words to the purpose, without a proverb, nor bring you any proverb but what I think to the purpose; but I will mend if I can." And so, for this time, their conversation broke off.

## CHAPTER LXXII.

## HOW DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO GOT HOME.

THAT whole day Don Quixote and Sancho continued in the inn, expecting the return of night, the one to have an opportunity to make an end of his penance in the fields, and the other to see it fully performed, as being the most material preliminary to the accomplishment of his desires.

In the meantime, a gentleman, with three or four servants, came riding up to the inn, and one of them calling him that appeared to be the master, by the name of Don Alvaro Tarfe, "Your worship," said he, "had as good stop here till the heat of the day be over. In my opinion the house looks cool and cleanly." Don Quixote overhearing the name of Tarfe, and presently turning to his squire, "Sancho," said he, "I am much mistaken if I had not a glimpse of this very name of Don Alvaro Tarfe, in turning over that pretended second part of my history."—"As likely as not," quoth Sancho; "but first let him alight,

and then we will question him about the matter.”

The gentleman alighted, and was shewn by the landlady into a ground room that faced Don Quixote's apartment, and was hung with the same sort of coarse painted stuff. A while after the stranger had undressed for coolness, he came out to take a turn, and walked into the porch of the house, that was large and airy; there he found Don Quixote, to whom addressing himself, “Pray, sir,” said he, “which way do you travel?”—“To a country town, not far off,” answered Don Quixote, “the place of my nativity. And pray, sir, which way are you bound?”—“To Grenada, sir,” said the knight, “the country where I was born.”—“And a fine country it is,” replied Don Quixote. “But pray, sir, may I beg the favour to know your name; for the information I am persuaded will be of more consequence to my affairs than I can well tell you.”—“They call me Don Alvaro Tarfe,” answered the gentleman.—“Then, without dispute,” said Don Quixote, “you are the same Don Alvaro Tarfe, whose name fills a place in the Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha's History, that was lately published by a new author?”—“The very man,” answered the knight; “and that

very Don Quixote, who is the principal subject of that book, was my intimate acquaintance. I am the person that enticed him from his habitation, so far at least, that he had never seen the tournament at Saragossa, had it not been through my persuasions, and in my company; and indeed, as it happened, I proved the best friend he had, and did him a singular piece of service; for had I not stood by him, his intolerable impudence had brought him to some shameful punishment.”—“But pray, sir,” said Don Quixote, “be pleased to tell me one thing—am I any thing like that Don Quixote of yours?”—“The farthest from it in the world, sir,” replied the other.—“And had he,” said our knight, “one Sancho Panza for his squire?”—“Yes,” said Don Alvaro, “but I was the most deceived in him that could be; for, by common report, that same squire was a comical witty fellow; but I found him a very great blockhead.”—“I thought no less,” quoth Sancho; “for it is not in every body’s power to crack a jest, or say pleasant things; and that Sancho you talk of, must be some paltry ragamuffin, some gutlin mumper, or pilfering crack-rope, I warrant him. For it is I that am the true Sancho Panza, it is I that am the merry-conceited squire, that have always a

tinker's budget full of wit and waggery, that will make gravity grin in spite of its teeth. If you will not believe me, do but try me; keep my company for a twelvemonth or so, you will find what a shower of jokes and notable things drop from me every foot. Adad! I set every body a-laughing many times, and yet I wish I may be hanged, if I designed it in the least. And then for the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, here you have him before you. The staunch, the famous, the valiant, the wise, the loving Don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of wrongs, the punisher of wickedness, the father to the fatherless, the bully-rock of widows, the murderer\* of damsels and maidens; he whose only dear and sweetheart is the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; here he is, and here am I his squire. All other Don Quixotes, and all Sancho Panzas, besides us two, are but shams, and tales of a tub."—"Now, by the sword of St Jago, honest friend," said Don Alvaro, "I believe as much; for the little thou hast uttered now, has more of the humour than all I ever heard come from the other. The blockhead seemed to carry all his brains in his guts, there is nothing a jest with him but

\* In the original, *el Matador de las Donellas*. A blunder of Sancho's; murderer of damsels, instead of maintainer.

filling his belly, and the rogue is too heavy to be diverting. For my part, I believe the enchanters that persecute the good Don Quixote, sent the bad one to persecute me too. I cannot tell what to make of this matter; for though I can take my oath I left one Don Quixote under the surgeon's hands at the nuncio's house in Toledo, yet here starts up another Don Quixote quite different from mine."—"For my part," said our knight, "I dare not avow myself the good, but I may venture to say I am not the bad one; and, as a proof of it, sir, be assured that in the whole course of my life I never saw the city of Saragossa; and, so far from it, that hearing this usurper of my name had appeared there at the tournament, I declined coming near it, being resolved to convince the world that he was an impostor. I directed my course to Barcelona, the seat of urbanity, the sanctuary of strangers, the refuge of the distressed, the mother of men of valour, the redresser of the injured, the residence of true friendship, and the first city in the world for beauty and situation. And though some accidents that befell me there are so far from being grateful to my thoughts, that they are a sensible mortification to me, yet, in my reflection of having seen that city, I find pleasure enough

to alleviate my misfortune. In short, Don Alvaro, I am that Don Quixote de la Mancha whom fame has celebrated, and not the pitiful wretch who has usurped my name, and would arrogate to himself the honour of my designs. Sir, you are a gentleman, and I hope will not deny me the favour to depose before the magistrate of this place, that you never saw me in all your life till this day, and that I am not the Don Quixote mentioned in that Second Part, nor was this Sancho Panza, my squire, the person you knew formerly.”—“With all my heart,” said Don Alvaro, “though I must own myself not a little confounded to find at the same time two Don Quixotes, and two Sancho Panzas, as different in their behaviour as they are alike in name; for my part, I do not know what to think of it; and I am sometimes apt to fancy my senses have been imposed upon.”\*—“Ay, ay,” quoth Sancho, “there has been foul play, to be sure. The same trick that served to bewitch my lady Dulcinea del Toboso has been played you; and if three thousand and odd lashes laid on by me on the hind part of my belly, would disenchant your worship as well as her, they should be at your service with

\* In the original, it is, I am now assured that I have not seen what I have seen, nor, in respect to me, has that happened which has happened.



all my heart; and what is more, they should not cost you a farthing."—"I do not understand what you mean by those lashes," said Don Alvaro.—"Thereby hangs a tale," quoth Sancho, "but that is too long to relate at a minute's warning; but if it be our luck to be fellow-travellers, you may chance to hear more of the matter."

Dinner-time being come, Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together; and the mayor, or bailiff of the town, happening to come into the inn with a public notary, Don Quixote desired him to take the deposition which Don Alvaro Tarfe there present was ready to give, confessing and declaring, that the said deponent had not any knowledge of the Don Quixote there present, and that the said Don Quixote was not the same person that he, this deponent, had seen mentioned in a certain printed history, entitled or called, the Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. In short, the notary drew up and engrossed the affidavit in due form; and the testimonial wanted nothing to make it answer all the intentions of Don Quixote and Sancho, who were as much pleased as if it had been a matter of the last consequence, and that their words and behaviour

had not been enough to make the distinction apparent between the two Don Quixotes and the two Sanchos.

The compliments and offers of service that passed after that between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote were not a few; and our Knight of La Mancha behaved himself therein with so much discretion, that Don Alvaro was convinced he was mistaken; for he thought there was some enchantment in the case, since he had thus met with two knights and two squires of the same names and professions, and yet so very different.

They set out towards the evening, and about half a league from the town, the road parted into two; one way led to Don Quixote's habitation, and the other to that which Don Alvaro was to take. Don Quixote in that little time let him understand the misfortune of his defeat, with Dulcinea's enchantment, and the remedy prescribed by Merlin; all which was new matter of wonder to Don Alvaro, who, having embraced Don Quixote and Sancho, left them on their way, and he followed his own.

Don Quixote passed that night among the trees, to give Sancho a fair occasion to make an end of his discipline, when the cunning knave put it in practice just after the same

manner as the night before. The bark of the trees paid for all, and Sancho took such care of his back, that a fly might have rested there without any disturbance.

All the while his abused master was very punctual in telling the strokes, and reckoned, that, with those of the foregoing night, they amounted just to the sum of three thousand and twenty-nine. The sun, that seemed to have made more than ordinary haste to rise and see this human sacrifice, gave them light however to continue their journey; and as they went on they descanted at large upon Don Alvaro's mistake, and their own prudence, in relation to the certificate before the magistrate, in so full and authentic a form.

Their travels all that day, and the ensuing night, afforded no occurrence worth mentioning, except that Sancho that night put the last hand to his whipping-work, to the inexpressible joy of Don Quixote, who waited for the day with as great impatience, in hopes he might light on his Lady Dulcinea in her disenchanted state; and all the way he went he made up to every woman he spied, to see whether she was Dulcinea del Toboso or not; for he so firmly relied on Merlin's promises, that he did not doubt of the performance.

He was altogether taken up with these hopes and fancies, when they got to the top of a hill, that gave them a prospect of their village. Sancho had no sooner blessed his eyes with the sight, than down he fell on his knees. "O my long-wished-for home!" cried he, "open thy eyes, and here behold thy child Sancho Panza come back to thee again, if not very full of money, yet very full of whipping: Open thy arms, and receive thy son Don Quixote too, who, though he got the worst of it with another, he nevertheless got the better of himself, and that is the best kind of victory one can wish for; I have his own word for it. However, though I have been swingingly flogged, yet I have not lost all by the bargain, for I have whipped some money into my pocket."—"Forbear thy impertinence," said Don Quixote, "and let us now, in a decent manner, make our entry into the place of our nativity, where we will give a loose to our imaginations, and lay down the plan that is to be followed in our intended pastoral life." With these words they came down the hill, and went directly to their village.

## CHAPTER LXXIII.

OF THE OMINOUS ACCIDENTS THAT CROSSED DON QUIXOTE AS HE ENTERED HIS VILLAGE, WITH OTHER TRANSACTIONS THAT ILLUSTRATE AND ADORN THIS MEMORABLE HISTORY.

WHEN they were entering into the village, as Cid Hamet relates, Don Quixote observed two little boys contesting together, in an adjoining field; and says one to the other, "Never fret thy gizzard about it, for thou shalt never see her whilst thou hast breath in thy body." Don Quixote overhearing this, "Sancho," said he, "did you mind the boy's words, Thou shalt never see her while thou hast breath in thy body."—"Well," answered Sancho, "and what is the great business though the boy did say so?"—"How!" replied Don Quixote, "dost thou not perceive, that, applying the words to my affairs, they plainly imply, that I shall never see my Dulcinea?" Sancho was about to answer again, but was hindered by a full cry of hounds and horsemen pursuing a hare, which was put so hard to her shifts, that

she came and squatted down for shelter just between Dapple's feet. Immediately Sancho laid hold of her without difficulty, and presented her to Don Quixote; but he, with a dejected look, refusing the present, cried out aloud, "*Malum signum, malum signum!* an ill omen, an ill omen; a hare runs away, hounds pursue her, and Dulcinea is not started."—"You are a strange man," quoth Sancho; "cannot we suppose now, that poor puss here is Dulcinea, the grey-hounds that followed her are those dogs the enchanters, that made her a country lass; she scours away, I catch her by the scut, and give her safe and sound into your worship's hands? And pray make much of her now you have her; for my part, I cannot for the blood of me see any harm, nor any ill-luck in this matter."

By this time the two boys that had fallen out came up to see the hare; and Sancho having asked the cause of their quarrel, he was answered by the boy that spoke the ominous words, that he had snatched from his play-fellow a little cage full of crickets, which he would not let him have again. Upon that Sancho put his hand into his pocket, and gave the boy a three-penny piece for his cage; and, giving it to Don Quixote, "There, sir," quoth

he, " here are all the signs of ill-luck come to nothing. You have them in your own hands ; and, though I am but a dunderhead, I dare swear these things are no more to us than the rain that falls at Christmas. I am much mistaken if I have not heard the parson of our parish advise all sober catholics against heeding such fooleries ; and I have heard you yourself, my dear master, say, that all such Christians as troubled their heads with these fortune-telling follies, were neither better nor worse than downright numskulls ; so let us even leave things as we found them, and get home as fast as we can."

By this time the sportsmen were come up, and, demanding their game, Don Quixote delivered them their hare. They passed on, and, just at their coming into the town, they perceived the curate and the bachelor Carrasco at their devotions in a small field adjoining. But we must observe, by the way, that Sancho Panza, to cover his master's armour, had, by way of a sumpter-cloth, laid over Dapple's back the buckram-frock, figured with flames of fire, which he wore at the duke's the night that Altisidora rose from the dead ; and he had no less judiciously clapped the mitre on the head of the ass ; which made so odd and

whimsical a figure, that it might be said, never four-footed ass was so bedizened before. The curate and the bachelor, presently knowing their old friends, ran to meet them with open arms; and, while Don Quixote alighted, and returned their embraces, the boys, who are ever so quick-sighted that nothing can escape their eyes, presently spying the mitred ass, came running and flocking about them: "Oh la!" cried they to one another, "look you there, boys! here is Gaffer Sancho Panza's ass as fine as a lady! and Don Quixote's beast leaner than ever." With that they ran whooping and hollowing about them through the town, while the two adventurers, attended by the curate and the bachelor, moved towards Don Quixote's house, where they were received at the door by his housekeeper and his niece, that had already got notice of their arrival. The news having also reached Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, she came running, half naked, with her hair about her ears, to see him; leading by the hand, all the way, her daughter Sanchica, who hardly wanted to be tugged along. But, when she found that her husband looked a little short of the state of a governor,—“Mercy on me,” quoth she, “what is the meaning of this, husband! You look



as though you had come all the way on foot, and tired off your legs, too! Why, you come liker a shark than a governor.”—“Mum, Teresa,” quoth Sancho, “it is not all gold that glisters; and every man was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. First let us go home, and then I will tell thee wonders. I have taken care of the main chance. Money I have, old girl, and I came honestly by it, without wronging any body.”—“Hast got money, old boy? Nay, then, it is well enough, no matter which way; let it come by hook or by crook, it is but what your betters have done before you.” At the same time, Sanchica, hugging her father, asked him what he had brought her home, for she had gaped for him as the flowers do for the dew in May. Thus Sancho, leading Dapple by the halter on one side, his wife taking him by the arm on the other, and his daughter fastening upon the waist-band of his breeches, away they went together to his cottage, leaving Don Quixote at his own house, under the care of his niece and housekeeper, with the curate and bachelor to keep him company.

That very moment Don Quixote took the two last aside, and without mincing the matter, gave them a short account of his defeat, and

the obligation he lay under of being confined to his village for a year, which, like a true knight-errant, he was resolved punctually to observe. He added, that he intended to pass that interval of time in the innocent functions of a pastoral life; and, therefore, he would immediately commence shepherd, and entertain his amorous passion solitarily in fields and woods; and begged, if business of greater importance were not an obstruction, that they would both please to be his companions; assuring them he would furnish them with such a number of sheep as might entitle them to such a profession. He also told them, that he had already in a manner fitted them for the undertaking; for he had provided them all with names the most pastoral in the world. The curate being desirous to know the names, Don Quixote told him he would himself be called the shepherd Quixotis; that the bachelor should be called the shepherd Carrascone; the curate, pastor Curiambro; and Sancho Panza, Panzino the shepherd.

They were struck with amazement at this new strain of folly; but, considering this might be a means of keeping him at home, and hoping, at the same time, that, within the year, he might be cured of his mad knight-errantry,

they came into his pastoral folly, and, with great applause to his project, freely offered their company in the design. "We shall live the most pleasant life imaginable," said Sampson Carrasco; "for, as every body knows, I am a most celebrated poet, and I will write pastorals in abundance. Sometimes, too, I may raise my strain, as occasion offers, to divert us, as we range the groves and plains. But one thing, gentlemen, we must not forget; it is absolutely necessary that each of us choose a name for the shepherdess he means to celebrate in his lays; nor must we forget the ceremony used by the amorous shepherds, of writing, carving, notching, or engraving, on every tree, the names of such shepherdesses, though the bark be ever so hard."—"You are very much in the right," replied Don Quixote; "though, for my part, I need not be at the trouble of devising a name for any imaginary shepherdess, being already captivated by the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the nymph of these streams, the ornament of these meads, the primrose of beauty, the cream of gracefulness, and, in short, the subject that can merit all the praises that hyperbolical eloquence can bestow."—"We grant all this," said the curate; "but we, who cannot pretend to such perfections, must make it our business

to find out some shepherdesses of a lower form, that will be good-natured, and meet a man half way upon occasion.”—“We shall find enough, I will warrant you,” replied Carrasco; “and though we meet with none, yet will we give those very names we find in books, such as Phyllis, Amaryllis, Diana, Florinda, Galatea, Belisarda, and a thousand more, which are to be disposed of publicly in the open market, and when we have purchased them, they are our own. Besides, if my mistress (my shepherdess I should have said) be called Anne, I will name her in my verses Anarda; if Frances, I will call her Francenia; and if Lucy be her name, then Lucinda shall be my shepherdess, and so forth. And, if Sancho Panza will make one of our fraternity, he may celebrate his wife Teresa by the name of Teresania.” Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the turn given to that name. The curate again applauded his laudable resolution, and repeated his offer of bearing him company all the time that his other employment would allow him; and then they took their leave, giving him all the good advice that they thought might conduce to his health and welfare.

No sooner were the curate and bachelor gone, than the housekeeper and niece, who,

according to custom, had been listening to all their discourse, came both upon Don Quixote. "Bless me, uncle," cried the niece, "what is here to do! What new maggot is got into your head! When we thought you were come to stay at home, and live like a sober, honest gentleman in your own house, are you hankering after new inventions, and running a wool-gathering after sheep, forsooth? By my troth, sir, you are somewhat of the latest. The corn is too old to make oaten pipes of."—"Lord, sir," quoth the housekeeper, "how will your worship be able to endure the summer's sun, and the winter's frost in the open fields? And then the howlings of the wolves, Heaven bless us! Pray, good sir, do not think of it; it is a business fit for nobody but those that are bred and born to it, and as strong as horses. Let the worst come to the worst; better be a knight-errant still, than a keeper of sheep. Troth, master, take my advice; I am neither drunk nor mad, but fresh and fasting from everything but sin, and I have fifty years over my head. Be ruled by me; stay at home, look after your concerns, go often to confession, do good to the poor; and, if aught goes ill with you, let it lie at my door."—"Good girls," said Don Quixote, "hold your prating: I know best

what I have to do: Only help to get me to bed, for I find myself somewhat out of order. However, do not trouble your heads; whether I be a knight-errant or an errant-shepherd, you shall always find that I will provide for you." The niece and maid, who, without doubt, were good-natured creatures, undressed him, put him to bed, brought him something to eat, and tended him with all imaginable care.

## CHAPTER LXXIV.

HOW DON QUIXOTE FELL SICK, MADE HIS LAST WILL  
AND DIED.

As all human things, especially the lives of men, are transitory, their very beginnings being but steps to their dissolution; so Don Quixote, who was no way exempted from the common fate, was snatched away by death, when he least expected it. Whether his sickness was the effect of his melancholy reflections, or whether it was so preordained by Heaven, most certain it is, he was seized with a violent fever that confined him to his bed six days.

All that time his good friends, the curate, bachelor, and barber, came often to see him, and his trusty squire Sancho Panza never stirred from his bedside.

They conjectured that his sickness proceeded from the regret of his defeat, and his being disappointed of Dulcinea's disenchantment; and accordingly they left nothing unessayed to divert him. The bachelor begged him to pluck up a good heart, and rise, that they might be-

gin their pastoral life ; telling him, that he had already written an eclogue to that purpose, not inferior to those of Sanazaro, and that he had bought, with his own money, of a shepherd of Quintanar, two tearing dogs to watch their flock, the one called Barcino, and the other Butron ; but this had no effect on Don Quixote, for he still continued dejected. A physician was sent for, who, upon feeling his pulse, did not very well like it ; and therefore desired him of all things to provide for his soul's health, for that of his body was in a dangerous condition. Don Quixote heard this with much more temper than those about him ; for his niece, his housekeeper, and his squire, fell aweeping as bitterly as if he had been laid out already. The physician was of opinion, that mere melancholy and vexation had brought him to his approaching end. Don Quixote desired them to leave him a little, because he found himself inclinable to rest ; they retired, and he had a hearty sleep of about six hours, which the maid and niece were afraid had been his last.

At length he awaked, and, with a loud voice, "Blessed be the Almighty," cried he, "for this great benefit he has vouchsafed to do me ! Infinite are his mercies ; they are greater, and more in number, than the sins of men." The niece







hearkening very attentively to these words of her uncle, and finding more sense in them than there was in his usual talk, at least since he had fallen ill; "What do you say, sir," said she, "has anything extraordinary happened? What mercies are these you mention?"—"Mercies," answered he, "that Heaven has this moment vouchsafed to shew me, in spite of all my iniquities. My judgment is returned clear and undisturbed, and that cloud of ignorance is now removed, which the continual reading of those damnable books of knight-errantry had cast over my understanding. Now I perceive their nonsense and impertinence, and am only sorry the discovery happens so late, when I want time to make amends, by those studies that should enlighten my soul, and prepare me for futurity. I find, niece, my end approaches; but I would have it such, that though my life has got me the character of a madman, I may deserve a better at my death. Dear child," continued he, "send for my honest friend the curate, the bachelor Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber, for I intend to make my confession and my will." His niece was saved the trouble of sending, for presently they all three came in; which Don Quixote perceiving, "My good friends," said he, "I have happy news to tell

you ; I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonzo Quixano, the same whom the world, for his fair behaviour, has been formerly pleased to call *the Good*. I now declare myself an enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and his whole generation ; all profane stories of knight-errantry, all romances, I detest. I have a true sense of the danger of reading them, and of all my past follies ; and, through Heaven's mercy, and my own experience, I abhor them." His three friends were not a little surprised to hear him talk at this rate, and concluded some new frenzy had possessed him. " What now ?" said Sampson to him : " What is all this to the purpose, Signor Don Quixote ? We have just had the news that the Lady Dulcinea is disenchanted ; and now we are upon the point of turning shepherds, to sing, and live like princes, you are dwindled down to a hermit !"

" No more of that, I beseech you," replied Don Quixote ; " all the use I shall make of these follies at present, is to heighten my repentance ; and though they have hitherto proved prejudicial, yet, by the assistance of Heaven, they may turn to my advantage at my death : I find it comes fast upon me ; therefore, pray, gentlemen, let us be serious. I want a priest to receive my confession, and a scrivener

to draw up my will. There is no trifling at a time like this; I must take care of my soul; and therefore, pray let the scrivener be sent for, while Mr Curate prepares me by confession."

Don Quixote's words put them all into such admiration, that they stood gazing upon one another; they thought they had reason to doubt of the return of his understanding, and yet they could not help believing him. They were also apprehensive he was near the point of death, considering the sudden recovery of his intellects; and he delivered himself after that with so much sense, discretion, and piety, and shewed himself so resigned to the will of Heaven, that they made no scruple to believe him restored to his perfect judgment at last. The curate thereupon cleared the room of all the company but himself and Don Quixote, and then confessed him. In the meantime, the bachelor ran for the scrivener, and presently brought him with him; and Sancho Panza, being informed by the bachelor, how ill his master was, and finding his niece and housekeeper all in tears, began to make wry faces and fall acrying. The curate, having heard the sick person's confession, came out and told them, that the good Alonzo Quixano

was very near his end, and certainly in his senses; and therefore they had best go in, that he might make his will. These dismal tidings opened the sluices of the housekeeper's, the niece's, and the good squire's swollen eyes, so that a whole inundation of tears burst out of those flood-gates, and a thousand sighs from their hearts; for indeed, either as Alonzo Quixano, or as Don Quixote de la Mancha, as it has been observed, the sick gentleman had always shewed himself such a good-natured man, and of so agreeable a behaviour, that he was not only beloved by his family, but by every one that knew him.

The scrivener, with the rest of the company, then went into the chamber; and the preamble and former part of the will being drawn, and the testator having recommended his soul to Heaven, and bequeathed his body to the earth, according to custom, he came to the legacies, as follows:—

“Item, I give and bequeath to Sancho Panza, whom in my madness I made my squire, whatever money he has or may have of mine in his hands: And, whereas there are reckonings and accounts to be adjusted between us, for what he has received and disbursed, my will and pleasure is, that whatever may

remain due to me, which can be but small, be enjoyed by him as my free gift, without any let or molestation, and much good may it do him. And as, when I was mad, he was through my means made governor of an island, I would now, in my right senses, give him the government of a kingdom, were it in my power, in consideration of his integrity and faithfulness.—And now, my friend,” said he, turning to Sancho, “pardon me that I have brought upon thee, as well as myself, the scandal of madness, by drawing thee into my own errors, and persuading thee that there have been and still are knights-errant in the world.”—“Woe’s me, my dear master’s worship!” cried Sancho, all in tears, “do not die this bout, but even take my counsel, and live on a many years; it is the maddest trick a man can ever play in his whole life, to let his breath sneak out of his body without any more ado, and without so much as a rap over the pate, or a kick in the guts; to go out like the snuff of a farthing-candle, and die merely of the mulligrubs or the sullens. For shame, sir, do not give way to sluggishness, but get out of your doleful dumps, and rise. Is this a time to lie honing and groaning a-bed, when we should be in the fields in our

shepherd's clothing, as we had resolved? Ten to one but behind some bush, or under some hedge, we may find the Lady Madam Dulcinea, stript of her enchanted rags, and as fine as a queen. Mayhaps you take it to heart, that you were unhorsed, and a little crupper-scratched the other day; but if that be all, lay the blame upon me, and say it was my fault in not girting Rozinante tight enough. You know too, there is nothing more common in your errantry-books, than for the knights to be every foot jostled out of the saddle. There is nothing but ups and downs in this world; and he that is cast down to-day, may be a cock-a-hoop to-morrow."—"Even so," said Sampson, "honest Sancho has a right notion of the matter."—"Soft and fair, gentlemen," replied Don Quixote, "never look for birds of this year in the nests of the last: I was mad, but now I am in my right senses; I was once Don Quixote de la Mancha, but I am now (as I said before) the plain Alonzo Quixano; and I hope the sincerity of my words, and my repentance, may restore me to the same esteem you have had for me before; and so, Mr Scrivener, pray go on."

"Item, I constitute and appoint Antonia Quixano, my niece here present, sole heiress



of all my estate real and personal, after all my just debts and legacies, bequeathed by these presents, shall have been paid, satisfied, and deducted, out of the best of my goods and chattels; and the first of that kind to be discharged shall be the salary due to my house-keeper, together with twenty ducats over and above her wages; which said sum I leave and bequeath her to buy her mourning.

“Item, I appoint Mr Curate, and Mr Sampson Carrasco, the bachelor, here present, to be the executors of this my last will and testament.

“Item, it is my will, that if my niece Antonia Quixano be inclinable to marry, it be with none but a person, who, upon strict inquiry, shall be found never to have read a book of knight-errantry in his life; and in case it appears that he has been conversant in such books, and that she persists in her resolution to marry him, she is then to forfeit all right and title to my bequest, which, in such a case, my executors are hereby empowered to dispose of to pious uses, as they shall think most proper.

“Item, I entreat the said executors, that if at any time they happen to meet with the author of a book now extant, entitled, The

Second Part of the Achievements of Don Quixote de la Mancha, they would from me most heartily beg his pardon, for my being undesignedly the occasion of his writing such a parcel of impertinences as is contained in that book; for it is the greatest burthen to my departing soul, that ever I was the cause of his making such a thing public."

Having finished the will, he fell into a swooning fit, and extended his body to the full length in the bed. All the company were troubled and alarmed, and ran to his assistance: However he came to himself at last: But relapsed into the like fits almost every hour, for the space of three days that he lived after he had made his will.

The whole family was in grief and confusion; and yet, after all, the niece continued to eat, the housekeeper drank, and washed down sorrow; and Sancho Panza made much of himself: For there is a strange charm in the thoughts of a good legacy, or the hopes of an estate, which wondrously removes, or at least alleviates, the sorrow that men would otherwise feel for the death of friends.

In short, Don Quixote's last day came, after he had made those preparations for death which good Christians ought to do; and by

many fresh and weighty arguments, shewed his abhorrence of books of knight-errantry. The scrivener, who was by, protested he had never read in any books of that kind of any knight-errant who ever died in his bed so quietly, and like a good Christian, as Don Quixote did. In short, amidst the tears and lamentations of his friends, he gave up the ghost, or, to speak more plainly, died; which, when the curate perceived, he desired the scrivener to give him a certificate, how Alonzo Quixano, commonly called *the Good*, and sometimes known by the name of Don Quixote de la Mancha, was departed out of this life into another, and died a natural death. This he desired, lest any other author but Cid Hamet Benengeli should take occasion to raise him from the dead, and presume to write endless histories of his pretended adventures.

Thus died that ingenious gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose native place Cid Hamet has not thought fit directly to mention, with design that all the towns and villages in La Mancha should contend for the honour of giving him birth, as the seven cities of Greece did for Homer. We shall omit Sancho's lamentations, and those of the niece and the housekeeper, as also several epitaphs that were

made for his tomb, and will only give you this, which the bachelor Carrasco caused to be put over it.

DON QUIXOTE'S EPITAPH.

The body of a knight lies here,  
 So brave, that, to his latest breath,  
 Immortal glory was his care,  
 And made him triumph over death.

His looks spread terror every hour ;  
 He strove oppression to control ;  
 Nor could all hell's united power  
 Subdue or daunt his mighty soul.

Nor has his death the world deceived  
 Less than his wondrous life surprised ;  
 For if he like a madman lived,  
 At least he like a wise one died.

Here the sagacious Cid Hamet, addressing himself to his pen, " O thou, my slender pen ! " says he, " thou of whose nib, whether well or ill cut, I dare not speak my thoughts ! Suspended by this brass wire, remain upon this spit-rack where I lodge thee ! There mayest thou claim a being many ages, unless presumptuous and wicked historians take thee down to profane thee ! But, ere they lay their heavy hands upon thee, bid them beware, and, as well as thou canst, in their own style, tell them,

Avaunt, ye scoundrels, all and some ! \*  
 I'm kept for no such thing :

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\* *Tate, tate, sollonzicos*, &c., words borrowed from an old romance, says Don Gregorio, in the author's *Life*.

Defile me not ; but hang yourselves ;  
And so, God save the king.

“For me alone was the great Quixote born, and I alone for him. Deeds were his task, and to record them mine. We two, like tallies for each other struck, are nothing when apart. In vain the spurious scribe of Tordesillas dared, with his blunt and bungling ostrich-quill, invade the deeds of my most valorous knight ; his shoulders are unequal to the attempt ; the task is superior to his frozen genius.

“And thou, reader, if ever thou canst find him out in his obscurity, I beseech thee advise him likewise to let the wearied bones of Don Quixote rest quiet in the earth that covers them. Let him not expose them in Old Castile, against the sanctions of death, impiously raking him out of the vault where he really lies stretched out beyond a possibility of taking a third ramble through the world. The two sallies that he has made already (which are the subject of these volumes, and have met with such universal applause in this and other kingdoms), are sufficient to ridicule the pretended adventures of knights-errant. Thus advising him for the best, thou shalt discharge the duty of a Christian, and do good to him that wishes thee evil. As for me, I must esteem myself

happy to have been the first that rendered those fabulous nonsensical stories of knight-errantry the object of the public aversion. They are already going down, and I do not doubt but they will drop and fall all together in good earnest, never to rise again. *Adieu.*"

## NOTES ON DON QUIXOTE.

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### NOTES TO VOLUME THIRD.

Note 1 to Preface, Part ii., Page 1.

The first part of Don Quixote appeared in the year 1605 ; the sequel of the story (to which we are now come) was not published till 1615, the year before the death of Cervantes. In the year 1614, while Cervantes was preparing his second part for the press, there appeared at Tarragona a continuation of the Don's adventures, from the pen of a slavish imitator and base plagiarist, who assumed the name of Alonzo Fernandes de Avellanada, and designated himself a native of Tordesillas. There can be little doubt that this man had procured access to the MS. of Cervantes, or at least, that he had conversed with some one who had perused it ; for the only parts of his book in which he does not betray very gross imitation of the first part, are those in which he introduces adventures that actually do appear in the second part of Cervantes' own work. The whole scheme of Sancho's government, and the character of Don Alvaro de Tarfo—who administers food and encouragement to all the madness of Don Quixote, exactly as the Duke does in Cervantes' second part—are of themselves instances of a coincidence that could by no means have been fortuitous. It appears that this work did not reach the hands of Cervantes till he had composed, if not printed, a considerable part of his sequel, for the allusions to Avellanada commence of a sudden, and are thenceforward continually repeated. The work of the imitator is every way inferior to that of Cervantes, yet it is by no means destitute of merit. But the vulgarity and obscenity, which Cervantes himself reprehends in the text, are altogether offensive ; and few, I should imagine, can feel any great curiosity to peruse the composition of a man who was capable of attempting to turn into ridicule a great genius and a gallant soldier, by telling him that his hairs were grey, and that he had lost a limb at the battle of Lepanto.

## Note 2 to Preface, Part ii., Page 5.

Shelton translates this better:—"Betaking myself to the famous interlude of Perendenga, I answer him,

"Let the old man, my master, live,  
And Christ be with us all."

## Note 1, Chap. ii., Page 35.

The affectation of the lower gentry in Spain forms, in all the old stories of the *Gusto picaresco*, the Lazarillo, the Guzman d'Alfarache, &c., a subject of ridicule not less fruitful than the indolence and trickery of the vulgar. CLENARDUS, a great Dutch scholar, who travelled in Spain in the middle of the 16th century, in quest of Arabic MSS., gives, in his Epistles, a very quaint and graphic description of the same personages.

## Note 1, Chap. iii., Page 42.

In the Roman Catholic Church the clergymen, *minorum ordinum*, are the Ostiarius, the Lector, the Exorcista, and the Acolytus.

## Note 2, Chap. iii., Page 44.

I should have mentioned at another place that the Spanish wind-mills are much smaller than those of this country. Mr Matthews, in his ingenious "Diary of an Invalid," says, that, at a little distance, a group of Spanish wind-mills "had really very much the appearance of a few decent giants of ten feet in height."

## Note 3, Chap. iii., Page 54.

The custom of taking the *siesta*, or mid-day nap, prevails all over the south of Europe, and is universal in Eastern countries.

## Note 1, Chap. v., Page 70.

Moliere has borrowed a great part of this exquisite dialogue in his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Monsieur and Madame Jourdain have a dispute exactly on the same subject.

## Note 2, Chap. v., Page 74.

In treating of the murder of King Sancho of Castille I have already had occasion to mention the name of this celebrated princess. Her father had made his will, dividing his kingdom among his three sons. The forgotten Infanta is introduced complaining (in the words of the ballad),



“A mi porque soy muger dexays me desheridada  
Yrme yo por estas tierras como un muger errada.”

She sets out accordingly on her travels ; but is at length somewhat appeased by having the town of Zamora given her for her portion. As soon as her father was dead she was besieged in this new possession by the new king, Don Sancho, and the Cid. Sancho was assassinated by Vellido d'Olfos, and the Cid had the honour of reducing Zamora and its romantic lady to obedience.

Note 1, Chap. viii., Page 113.

In 1605, King Philip II., his son the unfortunate Don Carlos, and the Archduke Rodolph, afterwards emperor, received, in great pomp, the body of St. Eugenius, at the great gate of the Cathedral of Toledo. Rebadaneira says, “La mas insigne cosa fue de ver al Catolico Rey llevar sobre sus ombros el arca en que yva el cuerpo.”

Note 2, Chap. viii., Page 113.

The old French traveller Moriconys (1628) says, “En la salle des armes on vous fait voir Durandal, l'espee de Roland.”—Tom. iii. p. 38.

Note 3, Chap. viii., Page 114.

“Las religiones de cavalleria, e militares, embio Dios a su Iglesia defenderla con las armas.”—RIBADANEIRA. *Vida de Ign. Loyola*, L. 2, C. 18.

Note 1, Chap. ix., Page 116.

This chapter begins with the first line of the old Spanish ballad of Count Claros of Montalban, in which is described a love-adventure of that knight with one of Charlemagne's daughters (exactly similar to the authentic one of the Secretary Eginhart),

“*Media noche era por hilo,*” &c.,

“It was midnight by the thread, and the cocks began to crow,  
All were asleep but Claros, him waking held his woe,” &c.

Note 2, Chap. ix., Page 120.

The original has nothing either of “doleful ditty,” or of “the

defeat of the French." Cervantes says simply, "*Venia el labrador cantando aquel romance que dice,*

" *Mala la hubistes Franceses  
En esa de Roncesvalles.*"

This is the well-known ballad of the Admiral Guarinos, which was for ages the most popular of all among the country people of Spain.

Note 3, Chap. ix., Page 120.

The passage ought to be translated, "he might just as well sing *Calainos*." Sancho refers to a popular ditty, which all the critics seem to be agreed in considering as *the most ancient* of all the Spanish ballads.

Note 1, Chap. xi., Page 143.

In the preface to Cervantes' eight comedies, there is to be found by far the most authentic and particular account of the early drama of Spain. Among other matters he describes, with a great deal of humour, the whole *apparatus theatricus* of a troop of strolling players, such as that introduced in the text, and mentions the very man Angulo, whose name occurs in the next page, as being a player of a very extraordinary genius—equalled by few, and surpassed by none of those, who fifty years afterwards performed in the pieces of Lope de Vega and Cervantes himself. It was the custom for these old strollers to go from town to town, above all, from convent to convent, on Corpus Christi day, and other high festivals of the church. The Devil, Goliah, the Dragon, &c., mentioned as having been the most common personages introduced in their performances, may afford sufficient light as to the nature of the *Autos sacramentales* of Spain, which were in truth exactly of the same species with our own "mysteries." The Morisco dance, the bells and bladders of the Fools, &c., shew how much the Spaniards, and through them, our own ancestors, had borrowed from the Moors.

Note 1, Chap. xii., Page 156.

The verses, quoted in the text, are from one of the ballads of the *Guerras Civiles de Grenada*, in which there is described a fray between the Zegrís and the Abencerrages. The young cavaliers of Grenada had all been engaged in their favourite sport of throwing the cane, which still forms the chief amusement of the Turkish

horsemen. A trivial circumstance served to bring out the latent enmities of the two rival clans; and then says the ballad,—

“No hay amigo para amigo,  
Las cānas se vuelven lanzas”—

literally, “it is no longer friend against friend; the canes are turned into lances.”

Note 2, Chap. xii., Page 159.

Amadis of Gaul (Book II. c. 46) meets with an adventure of the same sort in a wood where he is spending the night in lamenting over the rigours of his Orania. Patin, brother to the Emperor of Rome, is heard by him uttering some words, which he considers as “blasphemies against the peerless”—he challenges him—they defer the battle till dawn—Amadis then kills the horse of his antagonist, makes him recant his blasphemies, &c. Vandalia, the word used for Andalusia, by the bachelor, was the name given to that district, at the period of its occupation by the Gothic conquerors.

Note 1, Chap. xvii., Page 224.

I have already had occasion to notice the adventure of Don Manuel Ponce de Leon with the Lion and the Glove. It is, however, to be held in remembrance, that the hint of Don Quixote's behaviour in this chapter was more probably taken from a passage in the history of his great exemplar, Amadis de Gaul. Perion, father of that hero, going a-hunting one day, was, we are informed, so fortunate as to meet “a lion in his path.” His horse reared and snorted in such a manner that Perion found it necessary to engage the King of the woods on foot. “Placing his shield on his arm, and grasping his spear, at the lion he went, and the lion, in like manner, at him, so soon as he was aware of him. They joined; and the lion overthrew Perion, and was on the point of slaying him, when the king, not losing his great courage, smote him in the belly with the point of his sword, so making him to fall dead above his body!”—*Amad.* C. 1.

Note 2, Chap. xvii., Page 225.

The original has it *con sola una espada y no de las de Perillo*: This *Perillo*, or *little stone*, was the mark by which Julian del Rey, a famous armourer of Toledo (and also of Zaragoza), was accustomed to authenticate the swords of his manufacture. One Palomares published, at Toledo, in 1762, a book containing the

list of all the celebrated Toledo sword-makers, with engravings of their devices. From this work Dillon, Bowles, and Pellicer have copied freely. Bowles says, in his Introduction to Natural History, that the Perillo swords of Toledo and Zaragoza were all made of the steel produced from the mines of Mondragon, and adds, that the famous swords which Catherine of Arragon gave to Henry VIII. on his wedding-day were all "de las de Perillo." The old Toledo blades had always some inscription: The most common may be translated, *Draw me not without reason—sheathe me not without honour.*

Note 3, Chap. xvii., Page 231.

The original has it *Pasar la Tela*. The ancient Tela of Madrid was an open space of ground beyond the gate of Segovia. It still bears its old name; but, even before the days of jousting were over, the *Prado* had usurped its rights as a place of fashionable resort.

Note 1, Chap. xviii., Page 237.

It may be worth while to compare this with the corresponding passage in Shelton, which I think much more faithful to the original.—"So, that now he had nothing on but his breeches, and a chamois doublet all smudged with the filth of his armour: about his neck wore he a little scholastical band (a lo Estudiantil), unstarched, and without lace; his buskins were date-coloured, and his shoes close on each side." Motteux has, "On his feet a pair of wax-leather shoes;" but I imagine Shelton judged right in preferring the reading of *encerradas* to that of *enceradas*. In the sequel of the description, he preserves a true and picturesque circumstance, which Motteux loses, in "those dismal *black* curds that made his face so *white*." The belt of wolves' skin has its name of *Tahali* from the Moors. It hangs over the shoulder, and was adopted by those who had the infirmity alluded to in the text, as being more easy than the belt round the waist, then in common use.

Note 2, Chap. xviii., Page 241.

The proposition of Don Quixote is still more extravagant than this; for the original says, *como decen que nadaba el Pexe Nicholas O Nicholao*. This is the person usually known by the name of Pescecola, whose exploits in swimming are celebrated in every biographical dictionary, although even Don Quixote seems to hesitate about vouching for their authenticity. The story is, that the man was a native of Sicily (in the fifteenth century), and had the power of living as well in the sea as on shore; that he would

make nothing of swimming from Messina to Naples, &c., &c., and was at last drowned in the pool of Charybdis, into which he was tempted to dive twice in the same day by the king. The first descent was more than sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of Nicholas concerning the horrors and wonders of the classical whirlpool; but he could not withstand the chance of fishing up a golden cup tossed in by King Frederick—plunged after the glittering bait, and never rose again.

Note 1, Chap. xix., Page 252.

The second of these words is said by Pellicer to be of oriental derivation, and used to denote the jargon of the gypsies in Spain. Bowles, on the other hand, seems to think *Griego* and *Gerigonza* are but different words for the same thing.

Note 2, Chap. xix., Page 253.

The *danza de espada* is described at length in Guzman d'Alfarache, and seems to have come near to the old military dance of Greece—still retained among the Ionian islanders.

“ You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?  
Of two such lessons why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one ? ”

*Don Juan.*

The whole of the description of this rustic wedding is highly interesting as illustrative of Spanish manners.

Note 3, Chap. xix., Page 258.

Neither Motteux nor Shelton renders this passage correctly. The original is, “ No pay para que obliger al Sayagues, a que pable como el Toledano.” Pellicer says, that Sayago is the name of a certain small district in the territory of Zamora, the inhabitants of which are singularly rough both in apparel and in dialect. He adds, that ballads, &c., have been composed in the Sayaguese dialect by one Don Pedro Ortiz Sahagun.

Note 1, Chap. xx., Page 275.

“ *El rey es mi Gallo, a Camacho mi tengo.* ” Shelton's—“ The king is my cock, to Camacho I hold me, ” is quite literal; but Motteux was probably no cock-fighter.

Note 1, Chap. xxii., Page 294.

This phrase is an interpolation, which, to the school-boys of the

last age, could have required no comment. The famous history of the Seven Wise Masters is now, however, driven from the nursery, where it used formerly to lie by the side of the Pilgrim's Progress.

Note 2, Chap. xxii., Page 297.

We have already noticed the Giralda of Seville. The Bulls of Guisando are five great statues of extreme antiquity, said to mark the scene of one of Julius Cæsar's victories over the younger Pompey. The other proper names in this sentence are those of various fountains, chiefly in the city of Madrid.

Note 3, Chap. xxii., Page 297.

Polydore Virgil was born at Urbino, and came into England in the suite of Cardinal Cornete, the Pope's legate. Henry VIII. gave him the archdeaconry of Wells; but he was obliged to quit England, in consequence of some difference with Cardinal Wolsey. He died in Italy in 1555. Besides his History of England, he wrote a Treatise of Prodigies, which was very celebrated in its time, and the book alluded to in the text, *De Juventoribus Rerum*; for further information, I refer the reader to Bayle.

Note 4, Chap. xxii., Page 302.

This was a miraculous image of the Virgin, which was found by the way-side between Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo, so lately as the year 1409. A convent of Dominicans was erected on the favoured spot of the discovery. See *Mariana*, l. xix. c. 19.

Note 5, Chap. xxii., Page 304.

This adventure of the cave of Montesinos is justly esteemed one of the most exquisite of all the inventions of Cervantes. The English reader, nevertheless, would probably feel but little interest in the great mass of documents collected by the Spanish commentators for the purpose of illustrating it. It may be quite sufficient to observe, that the singular appearances of nature in the region where the river Guadiana takes its rise, had, even so early as the time of the Roman conquests, been connected in the imagination of the inhabitants with many wild and wonderful superstitions. The dreams of which Pliny takes notice, had, in the course of the middle ages, been gradually supplanted by those of which Cervantes so happily avails himself.

## Note 1, Chap. xxiv., Page 328.

It is not difficult to understand that the persons who professed to lead the lives of holy hermits in Spain, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, were, for the most part, very indifferent representatives of the simple anchorets of the primitive ages of Christianity. But it may perhaps be quite new to the English reader, to know, that about that period the Spanish hermits were very much suspected of being, principally, neither more nor less than—GYPSIES. The various companies of that strange race, who wandered, pilfered, and robbed among the wilds of Castile and Arragon, seem to have appreciated the advantages of having a secure place, both of deposit for their booty, and of occasional retreat for themselves. The gang of gypsies was, therefore, not unfrequently provided with its Hermit—who, of course, played the same sort of part attributed to Friar Tuck, in the history of Robin Hood. For this fact, Pellicer quotes the *Vida de S. Ginez de la Xara*, p. 75. Hermitages are still (or, at least, were till very lately) very common appendages of the Spanish monasteries. In particular, the great establishment of Montserrat, near Barcelona, gives (or gave) shelter to about fifty such retirements, scattered over the mountain on which that monastery is built.

Shelton translates the passage more literally. "*Besides the Hermitage*, he hath a little house which he hath built at his own charge; yet though it be little, it is fit to receive guests."

## Note 1, Chap. xxv., Page 342.

The story of Gayfer de Bourdeaux, which affords the groundwork for this inimitable scene, is to be found at great length both in the romantic chronicle of Charlemagne, and in the Spanish *Cancioneros*. On the ballads, Master Peter appears principally to have relied—as in them may be found the *ipsissima verba*, which he attributes to the different personages of his drama. The story is sufficiently intelligible from the text itself.

## Note 1, Chap. xxviii., Page 388.

In the former part of *Don Quixote*, the name of this personage is Bartholomeo Carrasco. Pellicer seems to think Cervantes might have designed, by this changing of the name, to express the oblivious nature of Sancho Panza; but it is no part of Sancho's character to be forgetful or inaccurate about the personages or events of his own village. The change only proves that Cervantes wrote rapidly, and had forgotten, when he was composing the

Second Part of his romance, what particular Christian name he had bestowed on Carrasco in the First. And a still more striking instance of this occurs in the changing of the name of Sancho's own wife—who is Maria in the one part, and Theresa in the other.

Note 1, Chap. xxix., Page 393.

The remark of Don Quixote, that "this is quite according to the method in the books of chivalry," is perfectly correct. Amadis of Gaul is walking one day by the sea-side, when he perceives a little bark slowly drifting to the coast. He embarks without hesitation, and soon finds himself called upon to vindicate the Lady Gabrioletta, Governess of Brittany, from the oppression and cruelty of Balan, "the bravest and strongest of all the giants of all the islands."—*AMADIS*, Book IV. Ch. 129. In like manner, his descendant, Amadis of Greece, was walking by a lake, when "behold! by the side of the lake there was fastened a little bark, and in the midst of the great lake there appeared a mighty tower. Amadis of Grecia, without any dread or fearfulness, entered into the little bark, and steered it swiftly towards the tower."—*Amad. de Grecia*, B. II. C. 47. A similar bark is observed and entered by Olivante (Book II. C. 1.); and Barahona attributes another adventure *ejusdem generis*, to Mandiccardo.

———"Assi Mandiccardo

Un pequeno barco en la Ribera  
De un rio del norte frio  
Hallo, y metiole en el, y al mar navega  
Ni sabe donde va ni a do camina  
En el profundo pielago metido."

C. I. 70, 1.

Note 1, Chap. xxx., Page 406.

The Spanish word is *alteneria*, which was used to signify, not the ordinary hawking of partridges and the like, but that higher species, of which the heron was the favourite victim. "This kind of chace," says an old Spanish lexicographer, "is reserved for princes only and great lords."

Note 2, Chap. xxx., Page 409.

The best of the Spanish annotators on Don Quixote occupies no less than ten or twelve pages, in the attempt to prove that Cervantes meant to represent in the Duke and Duchess, who play



so many tricks upon his poor Knight of the Woeful Countenance, two real personages of the Spanish court. He is at great pains to prove, that Don Carlos de Borja, Count de Ficallo, had married, very shortly before the knight's adventures are supposed to take place, Donna Maria de Aragon, Duchess of Villahermora, in whose right he was possessed of extensive estates upon the banks of the Ebro; and, among others, of the Signory of Pedrola, on which was an elegant country-seat called *Buenavia*, situated very much as Cervantes describes the Castle of his Duke and Duchess. But all this is a matter in which the English reader would not, it is probable, take much interest.

Note 1, Chap. xxxi., Page 415.

An instance of the extent to which this southern luxury was sometimes carried, occurs in the old narrative of the procession to the Capitol on the day when Petrarch was invested with the laurel crown. "Tutti i *Spagnuoli* e tutti gli *Napolitani* tante acque rosate, lamphe, con molte altre sorte d'odori in un anno non consumono quante furone gettate via quel giorno."—*Il Solenne Triunfo*, &c., *Pad.* 1549.

Note 2, Chap. xxxi., Page 421.

This cap, which can never be mentioned without recalling the memory of Corporal Trim, derived its name from the *monteros* (mountaineers) *d'Espinoza*, who formed, in ancient times, the interior guard of the palaces of the Spanish kings. It is said, that Sanchica, wife of Don Sancho Garcia, one of the early Counts of Castile, had entered into a plot for poisoning her husband; that one of the mountaineers of the district of Espinoza, who had gained knowledge of the Countess' design, saved the Count's life by revealing it; and that ever after the sovereigns of Castile recruited their body-guard in the country of which this man was a native.

Note 3, Chap. xxxi., Page 421.

Pellicer says, that at first sight this number of pages may appear excessive; but that, nevertheless, Cervantes gives a very accurate representation of the state of the great Spanish lords of his time. He says, that, in the households of the *grandees* of this period, there were always two classes of pages—those of the *hall*, and those of the *chamber*. The pages of the hall never entered the room where their master dressed; and when he dined or supped

elsewhere than in the great hall, they carried the dishes no farther than the door of the apartment, where the pages of the chamber received them, and placed them on the table. The pages of the hall were armed; they of the chamber, who were in constant attendance on the person of the grandee, were never permitted to wear either dagger or sword. The *maestrosala* (translated by Motteux, *gentleman-sewer*), and corresponding to that fine personage of our old English song,

— “the gentleman-usher, whose carriage is complete,”

was one of the principal officers of the household. The whole of the pages were under his command. It was his business to instruct them in all page-like accomplishments—“in the method of service—in all the ceremonies of their frequent reverences and genuflexions—in the rules of good behaviour and genteel conversation—exercising over them an absolute dominion, even to whip them if it were necessary.” The art of carving formed, of course, one of their principal studies; or, as it was called in those days, the “*Arte del Cuchillo*”—*Art of the Knife*.

Note 4, Chap. xxxi., Page 424.

The story which Sancho tells here is a true one, and all the persons he names, it is probable, real. Don Alonzo de Maranon himself was one of the many Spanish gentlemen who accompanied Don Juan of Austria in his expedition to the island of Herradura, in the year 1562, for the purpose of relieving Oran and Mazalquivier, besieged by Hassan Aga, and son of the celebrated corsair Barbarossa. *Tomblique* is the name of a town and very rich district in La Mancha.

Note 1, Chap. xxxii., Page 453.

It appears, that Cervantes took the hint of this trick from one which was really played off, not long before, upon a certain Portuguese ambassador, in the house of Don Rodrigo Pimentel, Count of Benevente. The story is told by Zapata in these words: “The Count of Benevente had for his guest a Portuguese ambassador. Now it is the custom of many great lords, when any distinguished stranger comes to visit them, to place no limit to their courtesies, in order that he may magnify their praises thereafter. But the gentlemen, who were about the Count, were not a little disgusted with observing the extravagant attention bestowed by such a man as the Count on this Portuguese Hidalgo; and two of the young pages, in particular, took this method of

avenging themselves : The one took a silver basin, and the other towels and soap, and they fell to scrubbing his beard, one day as he sat after dinner ; all which he, being ignorant of the customs of the Castillians, very patiently endured. Until waxing bolder in their impudence, they went so far as to soap his eyes and nostrils, which caused him to make a thousand ugly faces, and at length to suspect some villainy, which perceiving, the Count commanded them to treat himself in the same manner. The Portuguese gentleman, when he saw the Count so treated, was much ashamed of himself for the suspicions that had entered into his mind ; and went his way, rejoicing and extolling the great courtesy of that household. But the pages, although the Count laughed heartily after the Portuguese was gone, were very severely chastised for the trick they had ventured to play."

Note 2, Chap. xxxii., Page 453.

This was a favourite cosmetic of the Spanish belles, much used for perfuming gloves, letters, &c., as well as for washing the hair and teeth. It was a distillation from white and red roses, trefoil, lavender, &c., &c.

Note 3, Chap. xxxii., Page 453.

Pellicer remarks, that the use of the word *hola* on this occasion shews what great airs Don Quixote had come to give himself, on seeing how the Duke and Duchess received him. It was a word never used but by masters to their dependents, or by people of very high rank to their inferiors.

Note 1, Chap. xxxiii., Page 467.

This Michael Verino was the son of Ugolino Verino, a native of Minorca, who obtained reputation by writing poetry in the Tuscan language, and from this circumstance is frequently mentioned as if he had been by birth a Florentine. The son, Michael Verino (for so he was commonly called, although the family name was properly Veri), lived chiefly in Spain, and there composed the celebrated *De Puerorum Moribus Disticha*, long familiar to the youth of every country in Europe, and still used as a text book in some of the English Schools. He died early, at Salamanca. The Duchess quotes in the text part of his epitaph, writ by Politian. It begins,

" Michael Verinus florentibus occidit annis,  
Moribus ambiguum major an ingenio,  
Disticha composuit docto miranda parenti,  
Quæ claudunt gyro grandia sensa brevi."

In Cervantes' days, many of the Spanish ladies of high rank were, like their contemporaries in our own island, well skilled in classical learning—so that there is neither affectation nor pedantry in the Duchess's Latin quotation. Don Quixote, for instance, was written just about the time when the Spanish *Academia domestica de buenas Letras* received its formation and its statutes from the Countesses of Eril and Guimera.

Note 1, Chap. xxxiv., Page 472.

This species of courtesy must be familiar to all the readers of romance. Thus, in *Amadis of Gaul* (c. 121), we read, that “after the emperor and all the other lords had saluted the queen, they placed her on a palfrey, and the emperor led her palfrey by the rein, and would not suffer that she should dismount, otherwise than into his arms.” Mariana mentions, that “when the Infanta Donna Ysabel went forth to ride in the streets of the city of Segovia, the king, her brother (Henry IV.), *himself held the palfrey by the rein, the more to honour her.*” See Book 24, Chap. 1, where he is treating of the year 1474.

Note 2, Chap. xxxiv., Page 475.

The following is the account of “Favila's sad fate,” in the *Chronica Antiqua de España*:—“Now the history relateth that the king, Don Favila, was a man most obstinate of purpose; and he was more than any other man a lover of the chase; and one day going furiously hunting on the mountain, it happened to him to perceive a huge wild boar in his lair; whereupon he turned him to those that rode with him, and commanded them that they should stand still, and leave to him alone the boar that he had discovered; and trusting and relying on his own great strength, he went on to contend with the beast, body against body; and it was so, that for his misfortune he was there slain by the boar.”—P. 121.

Note 3, Chap. xxxiv., Page 478.

In the original the Duchess says, “Sancho's proverbs are as numerous as those of *the Greek commentator.*” She alludes to a large collection of Castillian proverbs, formed by the learned and jocose Fernan Nunez de Guzman, who derived his title of *the Greek commentator*, from the celebrity of his philological lectures, delivered in the university of Salamanca. His collection was not published till after his death, which happened in 1503. It forms the basis of all subsequent books of the same class in Spain—which, as might be supposed, are not few in number.

## NOTES TO VOLUME FOURTH.

## Note 1, Chap. xxxviii., Page 11.

Torquemada, in his Garden of Flowers, frequently mentions these islands as receiving damsels and others, exiled for their offences. I suppose they are as real as the personages whom he represents as inhabiting them.

## Note 2, Chap. xxxviii., Page 21.

The name of a figure of speech seems to be as much entitled to figure in a romance as many others we find there; for example, *Sir Kyrie-Eleison*. It is, nevertheless, a little strange, that Don Quixote should not have been startled by its sound; especially as, a page or two after, we find him talking so familiarly about the knight-errant being an emperor *in potentia*.

## Note 1, Chap. xl., Page 23.

These are the hero and heroine of a romance, originally written in French, but translated into Spanish before the middle of the sixteenth century. The personages are entirely fictitious. The Comte de Tressan published a *Rifacciamento* of it in the *Bibliothèque de Romans*, in 1779; and there is also a new and amusing edition of it in verse, in the *Bibliothèque Bleue*. The chief incidents, of any interest, are all connected with the flying wooden horse which was framed by Merlin, and had come into the possession of the fortunate Peter of Provence. I have already referred the reader, who is fond of wooden horses, to Chaucer and the Arabian Nights.

## Note 1, Chap. xli., Page 42.

Eugenio de Torralba was a physician by profession. After having studied in Italy, he returned to his native country of Spain, and resided for some time in the court of Charles V. In 1528, at which period Torralba was considerably advanced in life, his devotion to the pursuits of astrology and divination began to excite suspicion, and he was summoned before the Inquisition, where he made a full confession of all his dealings with the devil; exactly as Major Weir, and many other crazy magicians of our own country, did under similar circumstances, and at a period much less remote.

The most singular of all the stories told by Torralba, in presence of the Inquisitors, is that to which Don Quixote makes reference

in the text. Pellicer has printed the original words of the record, which may be translated as follows:

“Interrogated whether the said spirit, CEQUIEL, had ever corporally removed him from one place to another, and in what manner, he made answer in the affirmative; that being in Valladolid, in the month of May last (1527), the said Cequiuel had told him that Rome was sacked and entered the very hour that event happened, and that he had repeated what Cequiuel told him, and the emperor had heard of it; but he himself did not believe it; and the following night, Cequiuel perceiving that he would not believe it, persuaded him to go with him, and that he would carry himself to Rome, and bring him home again the same evening. And it was so; for at four o'clock they both went out of the gates of Valladolid, and being without the city, the said spirit said to him, ‘Have no fear; no ill shall befall you; take this in your hand; (*no haber paura; fidade de me; que yo te prometo que no tiendras ning un displacer; per tanto piglia aquesto in mano;*) and it appeared to him that the thing which was put into his hand was a knotty stick; and the spirit said, ‘Shut your eyes, Torralba’ (*cerria occhi*), and he did so; and when he opened his eyes again, he saw the sea as if it were so near that he could touch it with his hands; and when he opened them again, he perceived a great obscurity, as if it had been a cloud, and then again a great brightness, from which he was filled with dread and alarm, and the said spirit said to him, ‘Fear not, untutored beast’—(*noli timere, bestia fiera*), and he did so: And so they went on, and in about the space of half-an-hour, he found himself in Rome upon the street; and the spirit asked him where he thought he was (*dove pensate che state adesso?*), and that he told him. That he stood on the *Torre de Nona*, and heard the clock on the Castle of St Angelo strike five; and that they talked and walked together as far as the *Torre Sant Ginian*, where he saw the Bishop Copis, a German; and that they saw many houses sacked and pillaged, and observed everything that was passing in Rome, and then came back in the same manner to Valladolid (from which he thought he might have been absent in all an hour and a half), and so he betook himself to his own lodging, which is near the monastery of St Benedict,” &c.

There appears to me to be something very striking in the way in which the deluded man tells his story. The strange jumble of languages he puts into the mouth of the spirit increases the effect very much; for it is as if all human tongues were known to the fiend, and as if he would not take the trouble to remember or use any one of them accurately. I think Goethe might not

have disdained to take a hint from this for his Mephistopheles, who, scornfully mixing and exposing together, as he does, all the contradictions of human opinion, might, perhaps, have inspired a feeling of something yet more unearthly in his scorn and indifference, by throwing out occasionally such *diajecta fragmenta* of human speech.

Note 1, Chap. xliv., Page 72.

The introduction of these two episodes, beautiful in themselves, but having nothing to do with the main fable, was not unjustly considered by the critics of the time as a blemish in the composition of the First Part of Don Quixote. The Man of the Hill, in Tom Jones, and the History of Lady Vane, in Peregrine Pickle, are defects of the same species. Yet who would wish such faults not to have been committed? Cervantes, however, most probably inserted his two stories not for the reason given in the text, but for the purpose of feeling the pulse of the Spanish *reading public*, previous to the publication of his *Novelas Ejemplares*; the greater part of which he is supposed to have written while he resided at Seville during the last years of the reign of Philip II. The most of these little novels are most probably grounded, like that of Viedma, on the narration of incidents which Cervantes himself had witnessed during his residences in Italy and Africa; and, as such, independently of their literary merit, they must always be highly interesting compositions.

Note 2, Chap. xliv., Page 76.

The oriental mode of riding with high stuffed saddles, and very short stirrups, had been borrowed universally from the Moors by the Spanish peasantry, and was indeed adopted by people of all ranks, in long journeys, &c.

Note 3, Chap. xliv., Page 81.

Cervantes alludes to Juan de Mena, commonly known by the name of *the Spanish Ennius*. He was born (of humble parents) at Cordova in 1412; therefore very shortly after that city had been wrested from the hands of the Moors. This poet owed his chief fame to his having been the first who introduced into Castilian verse some of the refinements of Italian taste. He had studied with enthusiasm Dante and Petrarch; and what he learned from them enabled him to elevate the general strain of metrical composition, without taking from it the terseness of the old ballad-poetry, which he was too good a Spaniard not to admire. His most celebrated work is the *Labarinto*, called also *Las Trecientas*;

the main idea of which has evidently been suggested by the *Divina Comedia*.

The lines alluded to in the text are in one of his ballads :

O vida segura la mansa pobreza  
Dadiva santa degradecida !—*Obras: Copla. 227.*

Note 1, Chap. xlv., Page 90.

Pellicer is at great pains to find out the true etymon of this word, which is, without doubt, given by Cervantes himself; *barato* meaning, in Spanish, *cheap*. Pellicer, who is determined to give to every incident in *Don Quixote* not only a name but a local habitation, finds *Barataria* in *Alcala de Ebro*, a village belonging to the Dukedom of Villa Hermosa.

Note 2, Chap. xlv., Page 92.

Don Juan Pellicer quotes a curious passage from an author who wrote on Spanish criminal law, in the beginning of the seventeenth century,—one Paton. “The cause of many of our increasing crimes and enormities may be found in the wicked custom of assuming the title of *DON*. There is hardly a son of the meanest functionary under government who does not think himself called upon to qualify himself so; and from this it results, that being prevented from following such humble occupations as are incompatible with the style of *Don*, and not having wherewithal to support existence otherwise than by labour, these men fall every day into enormous offences, of which this court has abundant experience.” It has already been remarked that Philip II. made many an ineffectual edict for restricting the assumption of the title *Don*. But “now-a-days,” says Pellicer, “the title has been so extended as to be no longer held incompatible with very mechanical employments.”

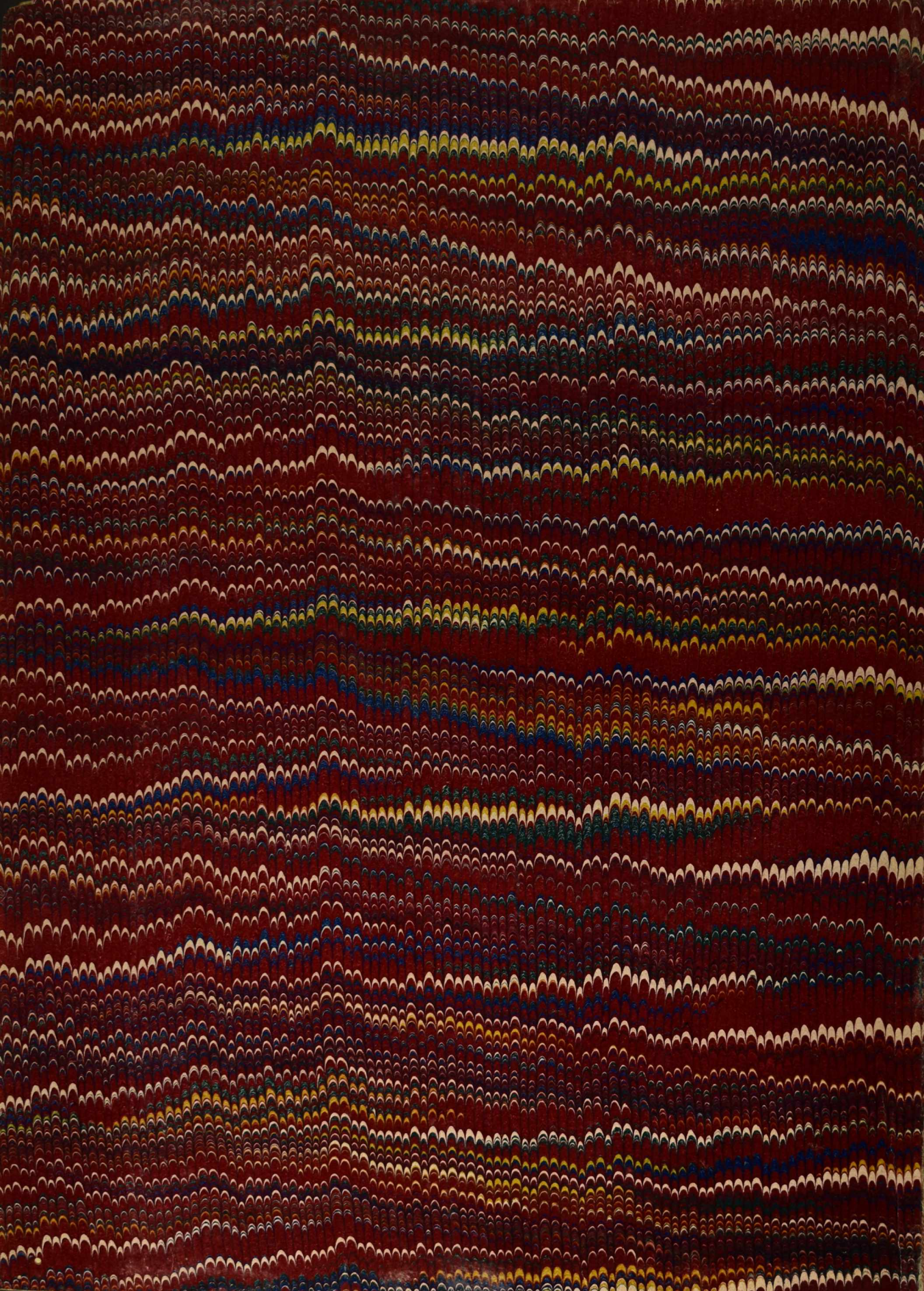
















DON QUIXOTE  
DE LA MANCHA

4



BARCELONA