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THE STORY
OF
DON QUIXOTE

AND
HIS SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA.

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BY

M. JONES, ✓

AUTHOR OF "THE BLACK PRINCE," AND "HISTORICAL TALES."



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PREFACE.



HOPE I have not spoiled the dear, delightful old Don, by cutting out some of the tediousness of his biographer. The rambling episodes of those days are wearisome in these; whilst some other little matters also required accommodating to modern notions, and to young readers, for whom what I have done is more specially designed. The central figure of the crack-brained, but high-minded, and, save for his madness, right-thinking Spanish gentleman, I have tried to bring out with an appreciative hand. Nor has honest Sancho been touched less reverentially. They are a brace of worthies whose intrinsic goodness can only be equalled by their exquisite follies. And so I leave the twain, to be laughed at and admired by all who can enjoy fun, and discern nobility of character, however disguised by oddity or eccentricity.

Jarvis's translation is the one that has been used for my purpose. And I have only to add that I have scrupulously retained the original, homely, vigorous diction of that best presentation to English readers, of the marvellous creation of Cervantes.

M. J.



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THE STORY OF DON QUIXOTE

AND

HIS SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA.



CHAPTER I.

*Don Quixote—Prepares for his adventures—Sets out—Is
dubbed knight.*



IN a village of La Mancha, in Spain, there once lived one of those gentlemen who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a grey-hound for coursing. A dish of boiled meat, consisting of somewhat more beef than mutton, the fragments served up cold on most nights, lentils on Fridays, bread and pull-it on Saturdays, with a small pigeon by way of addition on Sundays, consumed three fourths of his income. The rest was laid out in a surtout of fine black cloth, a pair of velvet breeches for holidays, with slippers of the same; and on week-days he prided himself on the very best of his own homespun cloth. His family consisted of a housekeeper, somewhat above forty, a niece not quite twenty, and a lad for the field and the market, who both saddled the horse and handled the pruning-hook. The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years. He was of a robust constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage; a very early riser, and a keen sportsman.

Now this gentleman, whose name was Alonza Quixana, had so muddled his brains by reading books of chivalry, stuffed full of stories of knights, and enchanters, and the like, that at last he imagined he was bound to turn knight-errant himself, and wander about the world in search of adventures. So, to prepare for this, the first thing he did was to scour up a suit of armour, which had been his great-great-grandfather's, and being mouldy and rust-eaten, had lain by, many long years, forgotten in a corner. This he cleaned and furbished up the best he could: but he perceived it had one grand defect, which was, that instead of a helmet, there was only a simple morrion or steel-cap! a want which he dexterously supplied by contriving a sort of visor of pasteboard, which, being fixed to the head-piece, gave it the appearance of a complete helmet. It is true, indeed, that, to try its strength, and whether it was proof against a cut, he drew his sword, and, giving it two strokes, undid in an instant what he had been a week in doing. But not altogether approving of his having broken it to pieces with so much ease, to secure himself from the like danger for the future he made it over again, fencing it with small bars of iron within, in such a manner, that he rested satisfied of its strength; and without caring to make a fresh experiment on it, he approved and looked upon it as a most excellent helmet.

He had a wretched horse, all skin and bone, but to his craziness it seemed the most admirable steed in the world; and after puzzling himself for four days to find a name for it, he fixed upon that of Rozinante, as being both expressive and stately. Eight days' more puzzling supplied him with a name for himself, that of Don Quixote de la Mancha—La Mancha being the name of his province.

His armour being now complete, and his steed, with himself, new named, nothing was wanting but some beautiful damsel, of noble birth, for the love of whom he might perform such wondrous deeds as knights-errant of old were wont; and a good-looking country girl, who lived hard by, was chosen for this, under the high-sounding title of Dulcinea del Toboso—Toboso being the village where she was born.

All being ready, he got up before daybreak one hot July morning, and, without saying a word to any one, armed himself from head to foot, managed to stick his helmet on his head, mounted Rozinante, braced on his shield, and, grasping his lance, let himself out of his back-yard into the open plain. But he had not gone far, when it suddenly occurred to him that before seeking out any adventures he ought to have been dubbed a knight, and also to wear plain, white armour, without device on the shield, until his own valour had gained him one. It was a terrible difficulty ; got over, however, by making up his mind to be dubbed, according to the usage of chivalry, by the first knight whom he met, and to scour his armour on the earliest opportunity, until it was as white as snow. Then giving his horse the rein, he jogged along leisurely until night-fall, when, seeing two young women standing at the door of an inn, which his crazed imagination took for a castle, all turrets and battlements, with drawbridge, moat, and everything else that belongs to a stronghold, he drew near, fancying them the ladies of the place. The girls were so frightened at seeing a man armed in that manner, with lance and buckler, that they ran off into the house. Upon this, Don Quixote, lifting up the pasteboard visor from his dusty, meagre face, courteously entreated them not to fly, as it was impossible for a knight to injure any one, much less ladies of their exalted rank. The girls laughed so at this, and the knight got so angry at their rudeness, that the landlord, hearing the fuss, came out ; and, with much ado to keep his countenance at the ridiculous figure before him, civilly said, " If your worship is in quest of a lodging, bating a bed (for in this inn there is none to be had), everything else will be found here in great abundance." Don Quixote, perceiving the humility of the governor of the fortress (for such to him appeared the inn-keeper and the inn), answered, " Anything will serve me, Signor Castellano, for arms are my ornaments, and fighting my repose." The host thought he called him Castellano because he took him for an honest Castilian, and therefore replied, " If it be so, your worship's beds are hard rocks, and your sleep the being always awake ; and since it is so, you may venture to alight, being sure of find-

ing in this poor hut sufficient cause for not sleeping a whole twelvemonth, much more one single night." So saying, he went and held Don Quixote's stirrup, who alighted with much difficulty and pains, for he had not broken his fast all that day. He presently requested of the host to take especial care of his steed, for he was the best piece of horse-flesh that ever ate bread in the world. The inn-keeper did not think him half so good as Don Quixote represented him to be, but, putting him up in the stable, returned to see what his guest would be pleased to order, whom the damsels were unarming (for they were already reconciled to him); and though they had taken off the back and breast pieces, they could not find out how to unlace his gorget, or take off the counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened in such a manner with green ribbons, that, there being no possibility of untying them, they must of necessity be cut, which he would by no means consent to. So he remained all that night with his helmet on; the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable.

Whilst the girls were taking off his armour, imagining them to be persons of the first quality, and ladies of that castle, he said to them, with great gaiety, "Never sure was knight so nobly served by ladies as was Don Quixote, after his departure from his village: damsels waited on his person, and princesses on his steed. O Rozinante! for that, dear ladies, is my horse's name, and Don Quixote de la Mancha is my own; for though I was not willing to discover myself, until the exploits done for your service and benefit should discover me, the time will come when your ladyships may command, and I obey; and the valour of my arm shall manifest the desire I have to serve you." The girls, who were not accustomed to such flourishes, answered not a word, but only asked whether he would be pleased to eat anything. "With all my heart," answered Don Quixote; "anything eatable would, I apprehend, come very seasonably." That day happened to be Friday, and there was nothing to be had in the inn excepting some miserable little dried trouts, which they offered him, saying they had nothing better. "So there be many troutlings," answered Don Quixote, "they may serve me in-

stead of one trout. But, be that as it will, let it come quickly ; for the toil and weight of arms cannot be supported without abundant food." They laid the cloth at the door of the inn, for the sake of the fresh breeze ; and the landlord brought him some of the ill-dried and worse-cooked fish, with a loaf of bread as black and mouldy as his armour : but it was matter of great laughter to see him eat ; for, having his helmet on, and the beaver up, he could not put anything into his mouth with his own hands, but somebody must do it for him ; and so one of the aforesaid ladies performed this office. To give him drink, however, would have been utterly impossible, if the host had not bored a reed, and, putting one end into his mouth, poured in the wine leisurely at the other ; all which he suffered patiently, rather than cut the lacings of his helmet.

In the meantime there came to the inn a cow-doctor, who, as soon as he arrived, sounded his whistle of reeds four or five times ; which entirely confirmed Don Quixote in the thought that he was in some famous castle, that they served him with music, and that the poor jack was trouts, the coarse loaf the finest white bread, the girls ladies, and the host governor of the castle ; and so he concluded his resolution to be well taken, and his sally attended with success. But what gave him the most disturbance was, that he was not yet dubbed a knight ; thinking he could not lawfully undertake any adventure, until he had first received the order of knighthood. So, finishing his supper in haste, he called the landlord, and, shutting himself up with him in the stable, fell upon his knees before him and said, " I will never rise from this place, valorous knight, until your courtesy vouchsafes me a boon I mean to beg of you ; which will redound to your own honour, and to the benefit of human kind." The host stared at him, and not knowing what to do or say, strove to raise him from the ground, but in vain, until he had promised to grant him the boon he requested. " I expected no less, sir, from your great magnificence," answered Don Quixote ; " and therefore know, the boon I would request, and has been vouchsafed me by your liberality, is, that you shall to-morrow morning dub me a knight. This night in the chapel of your

castle I will watch my armour : and to-morrow, as I have said, what I so earnestly desire shall be accomplished ; that I may be duly qualified to wander through the four quarters of the world, in quest of adventures, for the relief of the distressed, as is the duty of chivalry, and of knights-errant."

The host, who was an arch fellow, and had already entertained some suspicions of the madness of his guest, was now thoroughly convinced of it ; and, to make sport for the night, resolved to keep up the joke. So he told him a long rhodomontade about himself having been a knight-errant in his young days, adding, that there was no chapel in his castle, in which to watch his armour (for it had been pulled down in order to be rebuilt) ; but, in cases of necessity, it might be watched wherever he pleased, and that he might do it that night in a court of the castle : the next day he should be dubbed a knight so effectually, that no one in the world could be more so. He asked him also whether he had any money about him ? Don Quixote replied, he had not a farthing, having never read, in the histories of knights-errant, that they carried any. To this the host replied, that he was under a mistake, and advised him never to travel without money, clean shirts, and some other useful matters. This was taken in good part ; and order being presently given for performing the watch of the armour, in a large yard adjoining the inn, Don Quixote, gathering all the pieces of it together, laid them upon a cistern that stood close to a well ; then bracing on his buckler, and grasping his lance, with a solemn pace he began to walk backward and forward before the cistern, beginning his parade just as the day shut in.

The host told all that were in the inn of the fun that was going on. So they came out to have a look at our knight, and saw that, with a composed air, he sometimes continued his walk ; at other times, leaning upon his lance, he looked wistfully at his armour, in the bright moonlight, without taking off his eyes for a long time together.

While he was thus employed, one of the carriers, who put up there, had a mind to water his mules, and it was necessary first to remove Don Quixote's armour from off the cistern : who,

seeing him approach, called to him with a loud voice, "Ho! there, whoever thou art, rash knight, that approachest to touch the arms of the most valorous adventurer that ever girded sword, take heed what thou doest, and touch them not, unless thou wouldst leave thy life a forfeit for thy temerity." The carrier troubled not his head with these speeches (it had been better for him if he had), but, taking hold of the straps, tossed the armour a good distance from him; which Don Quixote perceiving, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts (as it seemed) on his mistress Dulcinea, said, "Assist me, dear lady, in this first affront offered to the breast enthralled to thee; let not thy favour and protection fail me in this first moment of danger." Uttering these and the like ejaculations, he let slip his target, and lifting up his lance with both hands, gave the carrier such a blow on the head, as laid him flat on the ground, in such piteous plight, that, had he seconded the blow, there would have been no need of a surgeon. This done, he gathered up his armour, and walked backward and forward with the same gravity as at first.

Soon after, another carrier, not knowing what had happened (for still the first lay stunned), came out with the same intention of watering his mules; and as he was going to clear the cistern, by removing the armour, Don Quixote, without speaking a word, or imploring anybody's protection, again let slip his target, and lifting up his lance, broke the second carrier's head in three or four places. All the people of the inn ran out together at the noise, the inn-keeper among the rest, and the comrades of those that were wounded began to let fly a shower of stones at Don Quixote; who sheltered himself the best he could under his shield, and durst not stir from the cistern, lest he should seem to abandon his armour. The host cried out to them to let him alone, for he had already told them he was mad, and that he would be acquitted as a madman though he should kill them all. Don Quixote also cried out louder, calling them cowards and traitors, and the lord of the castle a poltroon and a base-born knight, for suffering knights-errant to be treated in that manner; and that, if he had received the order of knight-

hood, he would make him smart for his treachery : “ But for you, rascally and base scoundrels,” said he, “ I do not value you a straw : draw near, come on, and do your worst ; you shall quickly see the reward you are like to receive of your folly and insolence.” This he uttered with so much vehemence and resolution, that he struck a terrible dréad into the hearts of the assailants ; and for this reason, together with the landlord’s persuasions, they forebore throwing any more stones ; so he permitted the wounded to be carried off, returning to the watch of his armour with the same tranquillity and sedateness as before.

The host now thought it high time to dub him knight before worse came of it ; so telling him he had already sufficiently watched his armour, and that knighthood might (in case of need) be as well conferred in the middle of a field, as in the chapel of a castle, he brought out the book in which he entered the accounts of the straw and barley he furnished to the carriers, and, with the two girls, a boy carrying an end of candle before them, he came where Don Quixote was, whom he commanded to kneel. Then, reading as if out of his book, in the midst of it he lifted up his hand, and gave him a good blow on the nape of the neck, and after that, with his own sword, a handsome thwack on the shoulder, still muttering in a low tone. This done, he ordered one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with the most obliging freedom, and discretion too, of which not a little was needful to keep them from bursting with laughter ; but indeed, the exploits they had already seen our new knight perform kept their mirth within bounds. At girding on the sword, the lady said, “ May you be a fortunate knight, and victorious in battle.” Don Quixote asked her name, that he might know to whom he was indebted for the favour received ; for he intended her a share of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his arm. She replied that she was called La Tolosa, and was a cobbler’s daughter of Toledo. Don Quixote then desired her, for his sake, thenceforward to add to her name the Donna, and to call herself Donna Tolosa ; which she promised to do. The other buckled on his spurs,

and was also entreated to make a lady of herself, by adding the Donna to her surname of Molenaria.

This done, the knight immediately mounted Rozinante, and, with a thousand thanks to the host for the favour he had conferred upon him, set forth in search of adventures.

CHAPTER II.

In search of adventures—His first redress of wrongs—Adventure with the merchants of Toledo—Brought home, battered and bruised—His friends burn his books of chivalry.



T was about break of day, when Don Quixote issued forth from the inn, so delighted to see himself knighted, that the joy thereof almost burst his horse's girths. But recollecting the advice of his host concerning the necessary provisions for his undertaking, especially the articles of money and clean shirts, he resolved to return home, and furnish himself accordingly, and also provide himself with a squire: purposing to take into his service a certain country-fellow of the neighbourhood, who was poor, and had children, yet was very fit for the squirely office of chivalry. With this thought, he turned Rozinante towards his village; but had not gone far, when, on his right hand, from a thicket hard by, he fancied he heard a weak voice, as of a person complaining. Scarcely had he heard it, when he said, "I thank heaven for the favour it does me, in laying before me so early an opportunity of complying with the duty of my profession, and of reaping the fruit of my honourable desires. These are, doubtless, the cries of some distressed person, who stands in need of my protection and assistance." And turning the reins, he put Rozinante forward towards the place from whence he thought the voice came. He had entered but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a lad to another, stripped from the waist upwards, who was the person that cried out; and not without cause, for a stout country-fellow was laying on him very severely with a belt, and accompanying

every lash with a reprimand and a word of advice ; for, said he, "The tongue slow and the eyes quick." The boy answered, "I will do so no more, dear sir ; indeed, I will never do so again ; and I promise for the future to take more care of the flock."

Now Don Quixote, seeing what passed, said in an angry tone, "Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to meddle with one who is not able to defend himself ; get upon thy horse, and take thy lance" (for he had also a lance leaning against the oak, to which the mare was fastened), "for I'll make thee know that it is cowardly to do what thou art doing." The countryman, seeing such a figure coming towards him, armed from head to foot, and brandishing his lance at his face, gave himself up for a dead man, and, with good words, answered, "Signor Cavalier, this lad, whom I am chastising, is a servant of mine ; I employ him to tend a flock of sheep which I have hereabouts, and he is so careless, that I lose one every day ; and because I correct him for his negligence or roguery, he says I do it out of covetousness, and for an excuse not to pay him his wages ; but, upon my word, he lies."—"Lies, in my presence ! pitiful rascal," said Don Quixote ; "by the sun that shines upon us, I have a good mind to run thee through and through with this lance : pay him immediately, without further reply ; if not, I vow I will despatch and annihilate thee in a moment ! Untie him instantly !" The countryman hung down his head, and without replying a word, untied the boy. Don Quixote asked the lad how much his master owed him, who answered, nine months' wages, at seven sixpences a month. Don Quixote reckoned it, and found that it amounted to sixty-three sixpences ; so he bade the countryman instantly disburse them, otherwise he must expect to die for it. The fellow in a fright cried out, that it was not so much ; for he must deduct the price of three pair of shoes he had given the lad upon account, and sixpence for physic when he was not well. "All this is very right," said Don Quixote ; "but set the shoes and the physic against the stripes you have given him undeservedly ; so that upon these accounts he owes you nothing."—"The mischief is, Signor Cavalier," said the

countryman, "that I have no money about me ; but let Andres go home with me, and I will pay him to the last penny."—"I go with him!" said the lad ; "not I ; for, when he has me alone, he will lace my jacket with a vengeance."—"He will not do so," replied Don Quixote ; "it is sufficient that I lay my commands upon him ; and upon condition he swears to me, by the order of knighthood which he has received, I will let him go free, and will be bound for the payment." And so saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and was soon a good way off.

The countryman followed him with all the eyes he had ; and when Don Quixote was out of sight, he turned to his man Andres, and said, "Come hither, child, I am resolved to pay thee what I owe thee, as that redresser of wrongs commanded me."—"So you shall," said Andres ; "and you will do well to perform what that honest gentleman has commanded, who, if you do not pay me, will certainly come back and execute what he has threatened."—"And so say I too," said the countryman ; "but to show thee how much I love thee, I am resolved to augment the debt to increase the payment !" And taking him by the arm, he tied him again to the tree, where he laid upon him smartly, with many threats of worse in store for him. Andres went away in a passion, vowing he would find out the valourous Don Quixote de la Mancha, tell him all that had passed, and his master should pay for it sevenfold.

The valourous Don Quixote was extremely well pleased with himself for this ; and coming presently to the centre of four roads, he stood still a while, after the manner of knights-errant, to consider which he should take. At last, he let go the reins, submitting to be guided by his horse, who took the direct road toward his stable. Having gone about two miles, Don Quixote discovered a company of people, who, as it afterwards appeared, were certain merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks in Murcia. There were six of them, and they came with their umbrellas, four servants on horseback, and three muleteers on foot. Scarce had Don Quixote espied them, when, imagining it some new adventure, he determined to imitate, as near as possibly he could, what he had read in his books. So he settled himself

firmly in his stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his target, and, posting himself in the midst of the highway, stood waiting the coming up of those knights-errant, for such he judged them to be. When they were come so near as to be seen and heard, raising his voice, he, with an arrogant air, cried out, "Let the whole world stand, if the whole world does not confess, that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than the empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso." The merchants stopped at these words, and by them, together with the strange figure of the knight, soon perceived the madness of the speaker; whereupon one of them, who was somewhat of a wag, said to him, "Signor Cavalier, we do not know who this lady you mention may be; let us but see her and, if she is of so great beauty as you intimate, we will, with all our hearts, confess that truth you demand from us."—"Should I show her to you," replied Don Quixote, "where would be the merit in confessing a truth so evident? the business is, that, without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; and if not, I challenge you all to battle, proud and monstrous as you are: and, whether you come on one by one (as the laws of chivalry require), or all together, as is the custom and wicked practice of those of your stamp, here I wait for you, confiding in the justice of my cause."—"Signor Cavalier," replied the merchant, "I beseech your worship, in the name of all the princes here present, in order that we may not lay a burden upon our consciences, by confessing a thing we never saw nor heard, that your worship would be pleased to show us some picture of this lady, though no bigger than a barley-corn; and herewith we shall rest satisfied, and your worship remain contented, for indeed we are already so inclined to side with your worship, that I verily believe, if her picture showed her as ugly as sin, we should, just to oblige you, protest she was as beautiful as an angel."—"Base scoundrels," answered the knight, in a rage, "the lady Dulcinea is perfection itself, and you shall pay dear for your monstrous ignorance of her transcendent beauty."

And so saying, with his lance couched, he ran with so much

fury at him who had spoken, that, if good fortune had not ordered it that Rozinante stumbled and fell, in the midst of his career, it had gone hard with the daring merchant. Rozinante fell, and his master lay rolling about the field a good while, endeavouring to rise, but in vain ; so encumbered was he with his lance, target, spurs, and helmet, and with the weight of his antique armour. While he was thus struggling to get up, he continued calling out, " Fly not, ye dastardly rabble ; stay, ye race of slaves ; for it is through my horse's fault, and not my own, that I lie here." A muleteer of the company, not over good-natured, hearing the poor fallen gentleman speak in this arrogant fashion, could not stand it, so, coming to him, took the lance, and, after he had broken it to pieces, with one of the splinters he so belaboured Don Quixote, that, in spite of his armour, he threshed him as though he were wheat. His masters cried out to leave him ; but the muleteer was provoked, and would not quit the game until he had quite spent the remainder of his rage. So, running for the other pieces of the lance, he finished the breaking them upon the poor fallen knight ; who, notwithstanding the tempest of blows that rained upon him, never shut his mouth, threatening heaven, and earth, and those assassins ; for such they seemed to him. At length the fellow was tired, and the merchants went on their way, leaving the poor belaboured knight, who, when he found himself alone, tried again to raise himself ; but if he could not do it when whole and well, how should he when bruised and almost battered to pieces ? Yet still he thought himself a happy man, looking upon this as a misfortune peculiar to knights-errant, and imputing the whole to his horse's fault. But certainly he was horribly bruised, and finding that he was not able to stir, he began to lament his fate in such sort as he thought a knight-errant ought to do. Just at that moment, there passed by a countryman of his own village, who had been carrying a load of wheat to the mill ; who, seeing a man lying stretched on the earth, came up and asked him who he was, and what ailed him. Don Quixote returned him no answer, but went on with his lamentation ; upon which the

man, who did not know what to make of it all, took off his visor, which was beaten to pieces, wiped his face, which was covered with dust; and the moment he had done wiping it, knew him, and said, "Ah, Signor Quixada, how came your worship in this condition?" To which the knight returned him nothing but rambling answers.

The good man seeing this, made a shift to take off his back and breast-piece, to see if he had received any wound; but he saw no sign of any hurt. Then he endeavoured to raise him from the ground, and with much ado set him upon his ass, as being the beast of easier carriage. He gathered together all the arms, not excepting the broken pieces of the lance, and tied them upon Rozinante; and so taking him by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, went on toward his village, utterly bewildered by the nonsense which Don Quixote, groaning amain, and so bruised and knocked about that he could scarce keep upon the ass, continued to pour out.

In this fashion they reached the village about sunset; but the peasant stayed until the night was a little advanced, that the people might not see the poor battered gentleman so scurvily mounted. When they arrived at Don Quixote's house, it was all in an uproar. The priest and the barber (who was also the doctor of the place), Don Quixote's great friends, happened to be there; and the housekeeper was saying to them, "What is your opinion, Signor Pero Perez" (for that was the priest's name), "of my master's misfortune? for neither he, nor his horse, nor the target, nor the lance, nor the armour, have been seen these six days past. Woe is me! I am verily persuaded that these books of knight-errantry, which he is so often reading, have turned his brain; and now I think of it, I have often heard him say, talking to himself, that he would turn knight-errant, and go about the world in quest of adventures. Out upon all such books that have thus spoiled the finest understanding in all La Mancha." The niece joined with her, and said, "Know, Mr Nicholas" (for that was the barber's name), "that it has often happened that my honoured uncle has continued pouring over these books of misadventures

two whole days and nights ; then throwing the book out of his hand, he would draw his sword, and fence with the walls ; and when he was heartily tired, he would say he had killed four giants as tall as so many steeples, and that the sweat, which ran from him, when weary, was the blood of the wounds he had received in the fight. Then he would presently drink off a large jug of cold water, and be as quiet and well as ever, telling us that water was a most precious liquor brought him by a great enchanter, who was his friend. But I take the blame of all this to myself, that I did not tell you, gentlemen, of my dear uncle's extravagances, before they had got so bad, that you might have prevented them, by burning all those books, of which he has so great store, and which justly deserve to be committed to the flames."—"I say the same," said the priest ; "and to-morrow shall not pass without overhauling them, and condemning them to the fire, that they may no more turn the head of my good friend."

All this the peasant and Don Quixote overheard, and the former called to them to open the door. At hearing this they all came out ; and, as some knew their friend, and others their master and uncle, they all ran to embrace him, who was not yet alighted from the ass, for indeed he could not. "Forbear, all of you !" he cried, "for I am sorely wounded through my horse's fault : carry me to my bed ; and, if it be possible, send for the sage Urganda, to search and heal my wounds."—"Look ye," said the housekeeper, immediately, "if my heart did not tell me right, on which leg my master halted. Get up-stairs ; for, without the help of that same Urganda, we shall find a way to cure you ourselves. Confounded, say I again, and a hundred times confounded, be those books of knight-errantry that have brought your worship to this pass." They carried him to his room, and searching for his wounds, found none at all : but he told them he was only bruised by a great fall he got with his horse Rozinante, as he was fighting with ten of the most prodigious and audacious giants that were to be found on the earth. "Ho, ho," says the priest, "what ! there are giants too, are there ? Well, I shall set fire to them



all before to-morrow night." They asked Don Quixote a thousand questions, and he would answer nothing, but only desired something to eat, and that they would let him sleep, which was what he stood most in need of.

Whilst he still slept on, the priest asked the niece for the keys of the chamber where the books were, those authors of the mischief; and she delivered them with a very good will. They all went in, and the housekeeper with them. There were above a hundred volumes in folio, very well bound, besides a great many small ones; and the priest ordered the barber to reach him the books one by one, that he might see what they were about; for, perhaps, they might find some that did not deserve to be burned. "No," said the niece, "there is no reason why any of them should be spared, for they have all been mischief-makers; it will be best to fling them out of the window into the court-yard, and make a pile of them, and set fire to it, or else carry them into the back-yard, and there make a bonfire of them, and the smoke will offend nobody." The housekeeper said the same; but the priest would not agree to that without first reading the titles at least.

Those books took a great deal of overhauling. The first, after examination, was spared. The second was condemned utterly, the priest bidding the housekeeper open the casement, and throw it into the yard as the beginning of the pile for their intended bonfire; and, nothing loth, she sent it flying. Another lot was sentenced, and, as there were great numbers of them, the housekeeper, to save herself the trouble of the stairs, threw them all, the shortest way, out of the window. At length the priest got tired of dipping first into one, and then into another volume; so ordered all that were left, whatever they might be, to be burned. But while they were thus busy, they suddenly heard Don Quixote calling out to valorous knights to exert their prowess; and, running to him, found him out of bed, raving and bawling, and laying furiously about him with his drawn sword, as broad awake as if he had never been asleep. They closed in with him, and laid him upon his bed by main force; when, after he was a little composed, turning himself to the priest, he

said, "Certainly, my lord archbishop, it is a great disgrace to us, who call ourselves the twelve peers, to let the knights-courtiers carry off the victory without more opposition, after we, the adventurers, had gained the prize in the three preceding days."—"Say no more," said the priest; "what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow; mind your health for the present, for I think you must needs be extremely fatigued, if not sorely wounded."—"Wounded! no," said Don Quixote; "but bruised and battered I am for certain; for that beast, Don Roldan, has pounded me to mash with the trunk of an oak, and all out of mere envy, because he sees that I am the sole rival of his prowess. But let me never more be called Rinaldo of Montauban, if, as soon as I am able to rise from this bed, I do not make him pay dear for it, in spite of all his enchantments; but at present bring me some breakfast, for I know nothing will do me so much good, and let me alone to revenge myself." They did so, gave him some victuals, and then he fell fast asleep again, leaving them in fresh wonder at his madness.

That night the housekeeper burned all the books that were in the yard, and in the house too. One of the remedies which the priest and barber prescribed for their friend's malady was, to wall up the room where the books had been, that when he got up he might not find them; in hopes that, the cause being removed, the effect might cease; and that they should pretend that an enchanter had carried them away, room and all; which was presently done accordingly. Within two days after, Don Quixote got up, and the first thing he did was to visit his books. Not finding the room where he left it, he went up and down looking for it. He came to the place where the door used to be, and he felt with his hands, and stared about every way without speaking a word; but after some time asked the housekeeper whereabouts the room stood where his books were? She, who was already well tutored what to answer, said to him, "What room, or what nothing, does your worship look for? There is neither room nor books in this house, for a witch has carried all away."—"It was not a witch," said the niece, "but an enchanter, who came one night upon a cloud, and, alighting

from a serpent on which he rode, entered into the room. I know not what he did there, but after some little time, out he came flying through the roof, leaving the house full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had been doing, we saw neither books nor room; only we very well remember, both I and mistress housekeeper here, that when the old thief went away, he said with a loud voice, that for a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books and of the room, he had done a mischief in this house which should soon be manifest; he told us also that he was called the sage Munniaton."—"Freston, he meant to say," replied Don Quixote.—"I know not," answered the housekeeper, "whether his name be Freston or Friton; all I know is, that it ended in 'ton.'"—"It doth so," said Don Quixote; "he is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me a grudge, because by his skill and learning he knows that, in process of time, I shall engage in single combat with a knight whom he favours, and shall vanquish him without his being able to prevent it: and for this cause he endeavours to do me all the diskindness he can."

In the meantime Don Quixote tampered with a labourer, a neighbour of his, and an honest man, but very shallow-brained. In short, he said so much, and promised him such great matters, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him, and serve him as his squire. Among other things, Don Quixote told him he ought to go with him willingly; for some time or other such an adventure might present, that an island might be won in the turn of a hand, and he be left governor thereof. With these and the like promises, Sancho Panza (for that was the labourer's name) left his wife and children, and hired himself for a squire to his neighbour. Don Quixote presently cast about how to raise money, and, by selling one thing, pawning another, and losing by all, he scraped together a tolerable sum. He fitted himself likewise with a buckler, which he borrowed of a friend, and, patching up his broken helmet the best he could, acquainted his squire Sancho of the day and hour he intended to set out, that he might provide himself with what he should find to be most needful: above all, he charged him not to forget a

wallet. Sancho said he would be sure to carry one, and that he intended also to take with him an ass he had, being a very good one, because he was not used to travel much on foot. As to the ass, Don Quixote paused a little, endeavouring to recollect whether any knight-errant had ever carried a squire mounted ass-wise: but no instance of the kind occurred to his memory. However, he consented that he should take his ass with him, purposing to accommodate him more honourably, the first opportunity, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet. He provided himself also with shirts, and what other things he could, according to the advice given him by the innkeeper.

CHAPTER III.

Sets out again with his squire Sancho Panza—Adventure with the windmill—With the monks and Biscainer—Entertained by the goatherds.



ALL being in readiness, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, without saying a word to any one, got quietly out of the village ; Sancho riding upon his ass, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a vehement desire to find himself governor of the island which his master had promised him. Don Quixote happened to take the same route he had done in his first expedition, through the plain of Montiel, which he passed over with less uneasiness than the time before ; for it was early in the morning, and the rays of the sun darting on them aslant gave them no disturbance. Now Sancho Panza said to his master, “ I beseech your worship, good sir knight-errant, that you forget not your promise concerning that same island ; for I shall know how to govern it, be it never so big.” To which Don Quixote answered, “ You must know, friend Sancho, that it was a custom much in use among the knights-errant of old, to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered ; and I am determined to follow so excellent a custom, and that right soon ; for if you live and I live, before six days are ended, I may probably win such a kingdom as may have others depending on it, fit for thee to be crowned king of one of them.”—“ So then,” answered Sancho Panza, “ if I were a king, Mary Gutierrez, my wife, would at least come to be queen, and my children infantas.”—“ Who doubts it ?” answered Don Quixote.—“ I doubt it,” replied Sancho

Panza ; “for I am verily persuaded, that if kingdoms were rained down upon the earth, none of them would fit well upon the head of Maria Gutierrez ; for you must know, sir, she is not worth two farthings for a queen. The title of countess would sit better upon her.”—“Let us leave that, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote ; “but do thou have a care not to debase thy mind so low, as to content thyself with being less than a lord-lieutenant.”—“Sir, I will not,” answered Sancho ; “especially having so great a man for my master as your worship, who will know how to give me whatever is most fitting for me.”

As they were thus talking, they perceived some thirty or forty windmills that were in that plain ; and Don Quixote seeing them, said to his squire, “Look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where you may discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, with whom I intend to fight, and take away all their lives ; with those spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves.”—“What giants ?” said Sancho Panza.—“Those you see yonder,” answered his master, “with those long arms ; for some of them are wont to have them almost two miles long.”—“Sir,” answered Sancho, “those are not giants, but windmills ; and what seem to be arms are the sails which, whirled about by the wind, make the mill stone go.”—“One may easily see,” answered Don Quixote, “that you do not understand adventures. I say they are giants ; and, if you are afraid, get out of the way, whilst I engage with them in a fierce and unequal combat.” And so saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, without minding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that those he went to assault were, without all doubt, windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully persuaded that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them ; but went on, crying out aloud, “Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs, for it is a single knight who assaults you.” Now the wind rose a little, and the great sails began to move ; which Don Quixote perceiving, said, “Well, though you should move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for it.”

So saying, and recommending himself devoutly to his lady

Dulcinea, beseeching her to succour him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler, and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him. Running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence, that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain, in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could carry him; but when he came up to him, found him not able to stir, so violent was the blow he and Rozinante had received in falling. "Goodness guide us!" said Sancho, "did I not warn you to have care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills? and nobody could mistake them but one that had the like in his head."—"Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual mutations. Now, I verily believe, and it is most certainly so, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me; but when he has done his worst, his wicked arts will avail but little against the godness of my sword." With that Sancho helped him to rise; and mounting him again upon Rozinante, they followed the road that led to a certain pass in the mountains, for there, Don Quixote said, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, it being a great thoroughfare. Yet he went on very melancholy for want of his lance; and, speaking of it to his squire, said, "I remember to have read that a certain Spanish knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in fight, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak, and performed such wonders with it that day, and dashed out the brains of so many Moors, that he was surnamed Machuca, that is, the Bruiser; and, from that day forward, he and his descendants bore the names of Vargas and Machuca. I tell you this, because from the first oak or crab-tree we meet I mean to tear such another limb; and I purpose and resolve to do such feats with it, that you shall deem yourself most fortunate in meriting to behold

them, and to be an eye-witness of things which can scarcely be believed." Quoth Sancho, "I believe all just as you say, sir; but, pray, set yourself upright in your saddle; for you seem to me to ride sideling, occasioned, doubtless, by your being so sorely bruised by the fall."—"It is certainly so," answered Don Quixote; "and, if I do not complain of pain, it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, though their entrails come out at it."—"If it be so, I have nothing to reply," answered Sancho; "but, in truth, I should be glad to hear your worship complain, when anything ails you. As for myself, I must complain of the least pain I feel, unless this business of not complaining be understood to extend to the squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire, and told him he might complain whenever, and as much as he pleased, with or without cause, having never yet read anything to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

Here Sancho put him in mind that it was time to dine. His master answered, that at present he had no need; but that he might eat whenever he thought fit. With this licence, Sancho settled himself the best he could upon his beast; and, taking out what he carried in his wallet, jogged on eating, behind his master, very leisurely, now and then lifting the bottle to his mouth with intense relish. Whilst he went on in this manner, repeating his draughts, he thought no more of the promises his master had made him; nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation, to go in quest of adventures, though never so perilous. In fine, they passed that night among some trees, from one of which Don Quixote tore a withered branch, that might serve him in some sort for a lance, and fixed it to the iron head or spear of that which was broken. All that night, he slept not a wink, thinking of his lady Dulcinea, as he had read in his books, where the knights are wont to pass many nights together, without closing their eyes, in forests and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses. Not so did Sancho pass the night; he made but one sleep of it, and, if his master had not roused him, neither the beams of the

sun, that darted full in his face, nor the melody of the birds, could have awaked him. At his uprising he took a hearty drink at his bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before, which grieved his very heart, for he did not think they were in the way to remedy that defect very soon. Don Quixote would not break his fast ; for, as it is said, he resolved to subsist upon pleasant remembrances.

They returned to the road they had entered upon the day before, towards the pass in the mountains, which they discovered about three in the afternoon. "Here," said Don Quixote, "brother Sancho Panza, we may thrust our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures. But take this caution with you, that, though you should see me in the greatest peril in the world, you must not lay your hand to your sword to defend me, unless you see that they who assault me are vile mob and mean scoundrels ; in that case you may assist me. But if they should be knights, it is in no wise lawful, nor allowed by the laws of chivalry, that you should intermeddle until you are dubbed a knight."—"I assure you, sir," answered Sancho, "your worship shall be obeyed most punctually herein, and the rather, because I am naturally very peaceable, and an enemy to thrusting myself into brangles and squabbles ; but for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make no great account of those same laws, since every one is allowed to defend himself against whoever would annoy him."—"I say no less," answered Don Quixote ; "but in the business of assisting me against knights, you must restrain and keep in your natural impetuosity."—"I say, I will do so," answered Sancho ; "and I will observe this precept most religiously."

As they were thus discoursing, there appeared in the road two monks of the order of St Benedict, mounted upon two huge mules. They wore travelling masks, and carried umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, with a lady in it ; and four or five men on horseback, with two muleteers on foot. The monks were not travelling with the lady, though they were on the same road. But scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when

he said to his squire, "Either I am deceived, or this is like to prove the most famous adventure that ever was seen ; for those black bulks that appear yonder must be enchanters, who are carrying away some princess, whom they have stolen, in that coach ; and I am obliged to redress this wrong to the utmost of my power."—"This may prove a worse job than the windmills," said Sancho. "Pray, sir, take notice, that those are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers. Pray, hearken to my advice, and have a care what you do."—"I have already told you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that you know little of adventures ; what I say is true, and you will see it presently." So saying, he advanced, and planting himself in the midst of the highway by which the monks were to pass, cried out, with a loud voice, "Diabolical and monstrous race ! either instantly release the high-born princess, whom you are carrying away in that coach against her will, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds." The monks stopped their mules, and stood wondering, as well at the figure of Don Quixote as at his expressions ; to which they answered, "Signor Cavalier, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but a couple of monks, who are travelling on our own business, and are entirely ignorant whether any princess is carried away by force in that coach or not."—"Soft words do nothing with me, for I know you, treacherous scoundrels," said Don Quixote. And without staying for any other reply, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and, with the lance couched, ran at the foremost monk with such fury, that, if the man had not slid down from his mule, he would have been tumbled to the ground, in spite of his teeth, and wounded to boot, if not killed outright.

The second monk, seeing his comrade treated in this manner, clapped spurs to his mule's sides, and began to scour along the plain lighter than the wind itself. Sancho Panza, seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and, running to him, began to take off his dress. In the meanwhile, the monks' two servants coming up, asked him why he was stripping their master of his clothes ? Sancho answered, that they were his lawful perquisites, as being the spoils of the battle which his

lord Don Quixote had just won. The servants, who did not understand what was meant by spoils or battles, seeing Don Quixote at a distance, talking with those in the coach, fell upon Sancho, threw him down, gave him a hearty kicking, and left him stretched on the ground, breathless and senseless;—whilst the monk got upon his mule again, and pale as death, spurred away after his companion. Don Quixote, as was said, stood talking to the lady in the coach, saying, “Your beauty, dear lady, may dispose of your person as pleaseth you best; for your haughty oppressors lie prostrate on the ground, overthrown by my invincible arm: and that you may not be at any pains to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, captive to the peerless and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso; and, in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, all I desire is, that you would return to Toboso, and, in my name, present yourself before that lady, telling her what I have done to obtain your liberty.”

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire, who accompanied the coach, a Biscainer, who, finding he would not let the coach go forward, but insisted upon its immediately returning to Toboso, flew at Don Quixote, and, taking hold of his lance, addressed him, in bad Castilian, and worse Biscaine, after this manner: “Be gone, cavalier, and be hanged to you! I swear, if thou dost not quit the coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a Biscainer.” Don Quixote understood him very well, and, with great calmness, answered, “Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave.” To which the Biscainer replied, “I no gentleman! Thou liest. If thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see I will make no more of thee than a cat does of a mouse. Thou liest: hast thou anything else to say?”—“Thou shalt see that presently,” answered Don Quixote; who, throwing down his lance, drew his sword, and grasping his buckler, set upon the Biscainer, with a resolution to kill him. The Biscainer, seeing him come on in that manner, though he would fain have alighted from

his mule, had yet only time to draw his sword ; but it happened well for him that he was close to the coach side, out of which he snatched a cushion, which served him for a shield ; and immediately to it they went, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would have made peace between them, but they could not : for the Biscainer swore, in his gibberish, that, if they would not let him finish the combat, he would kill his mistress, and everybody that offered to hinder him. The lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what she saw, bid the coachman put a little out of the way, and so sat at a distance, beholding the vigorous conflict ; in the progress of which, the Biscainer gave Don Quixote so huge a stroke on one of his shoulders, and above his buckler, that, had it not been for his coat of mail, it had cleft him down to the girdle. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of the blow, cried out aloud, saying, “ O lady of my soul ! Dulcinea ! flower of all beauty, succour this thy knight, who, to satisfy thy great goodness, exposes himself to this rigorous extremity ! ” The saying this, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler, and falling furiously on the Biscainer, was all done in one moment, he resolving to venture all on the fortune of one single blow. The Biscainer, who saw him coming thus upon him, covered himself well with his cushion, but was not able to turn his mule about to the right or the left, she being already so jaded, and so little used to such sport, that she would not stir a step. His sword came down first, and dealt the knight so furious a stroke as would have ended him on the spot, had not the blade turned aside, so that it only sliced off the greater part of his helmet, and half his left ear.

Who can worthily recount the rage that entered into the breast of our knight, at seeing himself so roughly handled ? Let it suffice that it was such, that he raised himself afresh in his stirrups, and gripping his sword tighter in both hands, discharged it with such fury upon the Biscainer, taking him full upon the cushion, and upon the head (which he could not defend), that he must have been knocked out of the saddle, had he not laid fast hold of his mule's neck. Notwithstanding that,

he lost his stirrups, and let go his hold, whilst the mule, frightened by the terrible stroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three plunges laid her master flat upon the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on with great calmness, and when he saw him fall, leaped from his horse, with much agility ran up to him, and, clapping the point of his sword to his eyes, bid him yield, or he would cut off his head. The Biscainer was so stunned that he could not answer a word: and it had gone hard with him (so blinded with rage was Don Quixote) if the lady in the coach, who hitherto in great dismay beheld the conflict, had not earnestly besought him that he would do her the great kindness and favour to spare the life of her squire. Don Quixote answered with much solemnity and gravity, "Assuredly, fair lady, I am very willing to grant your request, but it is upon a certain condition and compact; which is, that this knight shall promise me to repair to the town of Toboso, and present himself, as from me, before the peerless Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him as she shall think fit." The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what Don Quixote required, and without inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised him her squire should perform whatever he enjoined him. "In reliance upon this promise," said Don Quixote, "I will do him no further hurt, though he has well deserved it at my hands."

By this time Sancho Panza had got upon his legs, somewhat roughly handled by the monks' servants, and stood beholding very attentively the combat of his master Don Quixote, hoping that he would get the victory, that he might thereby win some island, of which to make him governor, as he had promised him. Now, seeing the conflict at an end, and that his master was ready to mount again upon Rozinante, he came and held his stirrup; but before the knight got up, he fell upon his knees before him, and, taking hold of his hand, kissed it, saying to him, "Be pleased, my lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island, which you have won in this rigorous combat; for, be it never so big, I find in myself ability sufficient to govern it, as well as the best he that ever governed island in the world." To which Don Quixote answered, "Consider,

brother Sancho, that this adventure, and others of this nature, are not adventures of islands, but of cross-ways, in which nothing is to be gotten but a broken head, or the loss of an ear. Have patience ; for adventures will offer, whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something better." Sancho returned him abundance of thanks, kissed his hand again, and the skirt of his coat of mail ; then helped him to get upon Rozinante, and himself mounting his ass, followed his master ; who, going off at a round rate, without taking his leave, or speaking to those of the coach, entered into a wood that was hard by.

Sancho followed him as fast as his beast could trot ; but Rozinante made such way, that seeing himself like to be left behind, he was forced to call aloud to his master to stay for him. Don Quixote did so, checking Rozinante by the bridle, until his weary squire overtook him ; who, as soon as he came near, said to him, "Methinks, sir, it would not be amiss to look after your safety, for considering in what condition you have left your adversary, it is not improbable the officers of justice may be after us, and if we get into their clutches, we may chance to smart for it."—"Peace," said Don Quixote ; "for where have you ever seen or read of a knight-errant being brought before a court of justice, let him have committed ever so many homicides?"—"I know nothing of your Omecils," answered Sancho ; "only this I know, that the officers have something to say to those who fight in the fields ; and as to this other matter, I intermeddle not in it."—"Set your heart at rest, friend," answered Don Quixote ; "for I should deliver you out of the hands of the Chaldeans ; how much more out of those of the officers of justice. But tell me now, have you ever seen a more valorous knight than I, upon the whole face of the known earth?"—"In truth," answered Sancho, "what I dare affirm is, that I never served a bolder master than your worship, in all the days of my life ; and I only hope we be not called to an account for these darings. What I beg of your worship is, that you would let your wounds be dressed. I have here some lint, and a little ointment, in my wallet."—"All this would have been needless," answered Don Quixote, "if I had bethought myself of making

a vial of the balsam of Fierabras ; for, with one single drop of that, we might have saved both time and medicines.”—“ What vial, and what balsam is that ? ” said Sancho Panza.—“ It is a balsam,” answered Don Quixote, “ of which I have the receipt by heart ; and he that has it need not so much as think of dying by any wound. Therefore, when I shall have made it, and given it you, all you will have to do is, when you see me in some battle cleft asunder (as it frequently happens), to take up fair and softly that part of my body which shall fall to the ground, and, with the greatest nicety, before the blood is congealed, place it upon the other half that shall remain in the saddle, taking especial care to make them tally exactly. Then must you immediately give me to drink only two draughts of the balsam aforesaid, and then will you see me become sounder than any apple.”—“ If this be so,” said Sancho, “ I renounce from henceforward the government of the promised island, and desire no other thing in payment of my many and good services, but only that your worship will give me the receipt of this extraordinary liquor ; for I daresay it will anywhere fetch more than a shilling an ounce, and I want no more to pass this life creditably and comfortably. But I should be glad to know whether it will cost much the making ? ”—“ For less than eighteen pence one may make nine pints,” answered Don Quixote.—“ Why then,” replied Sancho, “ does your worship delay to make it, and to teach it me ? ”—“ Peace, friend,” answered Don Quixote ; “ for the present, let us set about the cure ; for my ear pains me more than I could wish.”

Sancho took some lint and ointment out of his wallet ; but when Don Quixote perceived that his helmet was broken, he was ready to run stark mad ; and, laying his hand on his sword, vowed he would never rest until he had revenged himself, and taken by force a helmet like it, or one as good, from some other knight. Sancho reminded his master that men with helmets were not to be met on those roads, where were only carriers and carters, who, so far from wearing such things, had perhaps never heard of them all the days of their lives. “ You are mistaken in this,” said Don Quixote ; “ for we shall not be two hours in

these cross-ways before we shall see more armed men than came to the siege of Troy, to carry off the fair Helen.”—“Well, be it so,” said Sancho; “and good luck to us, that we may speedily win this island, which costs me so dear.”—“I have already told you, Sancho, to be in no pain upon that account; for, if an island cannot be had, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Prester John, which will fit you like a ring to your finger. But let us leave this to its own time, and see if you have anything for us to eat in your wallet; and we will go presently in quest of some castle, where we may lodge this night, and make the balsam that I told you of; for my ear pains me very much.”—“I have here an onion, and a piece of cheese, and I know not how many crusts of bread,” said Sancho; “but they are not eatables fit for so valiant a knight as your worship.”—“How dull you are!” answered Don Quixote: “you must know, Sancho, that it is an honour to knights-errant not to eat in a month; and if they do eat, it must be of what comes next to hand: and, if you had read as many histories as I have done, you would have known this; for though I have perused a great many, I never yet found any account given in them that ever knights-errant did eat, unless it were by chance, and at certain sumptuous banquets made on purpose for them—the rest of their days they lived, as it were, upon their smelling. And though it is to be presumed they could not subsist without eating, it must likewise be supposed that, as they pass most part of their lives in wandering through forests and deserts, and without a cook, their most usual diet must consist of rustic viands, such as those you now offer me. So that, friend Sancho, let not that trouble you, which gives me pleasure; nor endeavour to make a new world, or to throw knight-errantry off its hinges.”—“Pardon me, sir,” said Sancho; “for, as I can neither read nor write, as I told you before, I am entirely unacquainted with the rules of the knightly profession; and from henceforward I will furnish my wallet with all sorts of dried fruits for your worship, who are a knight; and for myself, who am none, I will supply it with poultry, and other things of more substance.”—“I do not say, Sancho,” replied Don

Quixote, "that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing but dried fruit, as you say; but that their most usual sustenance was of that kind, and of certain herbs they found up and down in the fields, which they very well knew; and so do I."—"It is a happiness to know these same herbs," answered Sancho; "for I am inclined to think we shall one day have occasion to make use of that knowledge."

So saying, he took out what he had provided, and they ate together in a very peaceable and friendly manner, but, being desirous to seek out some place to lodge in that night, soon finished their poor and dry commons. They presently mounted, and made what haste they could to get to some inhabited place before night; but both the sun and their hopes failing them near the huts of certain goatherds, they determined to take up their lodging there. But if Sancho was grieved that they could not reach some habitation, his master was as much rejoiced to lie in the open air; making account that, every time this befell him, he was doing such an act as gave a fresh evidence of his title to chivalry.

He was kindly received by the goatherds; and Sancho, having accommodated Rozinante and his ass the best he could, followed the scent of certain pieces of goat's flesh that were boiling in a kettle on the fire. This the goatherds took off and, spreading some sheep-skins on the ground, very speedily served up their rural mess, inviting them both, with show of much good-will, to take share of what they had. Six of them, that belonged to the fold, sat down round about the skins, having first, with rustic civility, desired Don Quixote that he would seat himself upon a trough with the bottom upwards, placed on purpose for him. Don Quixote sat down, and Sancho remained standing to serve the cup, which was made of horn. His master, seeing him standing, said to him, "That you may see, Sancho, the intrinsic worth of knight-errantry, and how fair a prospect its meanest retainers have of speedily gaining the respect and esteem of the world, I will that you sit here by my side, and in company with these good folks, and that you be one and the same thing with me, who am your master and natural

lord ; that you eat from off my plate, and drink of the same cup in which I drink ; for the same may be said of knight-errantry, which is said of love, that it makes all things equal.”—“ I give you a great many thanks, sir,” said Sancho ; “ but let me tell your worship, that, provided I have victuals enough, I can eat as well, or better, standing, and alone by myself, than if I were seated close by an emperor. And further, to tell you the truth, what I eat in my corner, without compliments or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than turkeys at other folks’ tables, where I am forced to chew leisurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, and neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind. So that, good sir, as to these honours your worship is pleased to confer upon me, be pleased to convert them into something of more use and profit to me.”—“ All this notwithstanding,” said Don Quixote, “ you shall sit down ;” and, pulling him by the arm, he forced him to sit down next him. The goatherds, who did not understand this jargon of squires and knights-errant, did nothing but eat, and listen, and stare at their guests, who, with much cheerfulness and appetite, swallowed down pieces as big as one’s fist. The meat being finished, they spread upon the skins a great quantity of acorns, together with half a cheese, harder than if it had been made of plaster of Paris. The horn stood not idle all this while ; for it went round so often, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a well, that they presently emptied one of the two wine-skins that hung in view.

Don Quixote spent more time in talking than in eating. Sancho was silent, stuffing himself with the acorns, and often visiting the second wine-bag, which, that the wine might be cool, was kept hung upon a cork-tree. Supper being over, Sancho pressed his master to lay himself down in the goatherd’s hut. He did so, and chivalrously passed the night in thinking of his lady Dulcinea. Sancho took up his lodging between Rozinante and his ass, and slept it out, not like a rejected lover, but like one who has been soundly thrashed.

CHAPTER IV.

Beaten with pack-staves—Takes the inn for a castle—Mishap at the inn—Balsam of Fierabras—Sancho tossed in a blanket.

NEXT morning they were up betimes, and, continuing their journey, came, about noonday, to a fine grassy meadow, near which a little brook of sparkling water ran so temptingly, that the knight determined to rest there during the heat of the day. So the two dismounted, turned Rozinante and the ass loose, and then sat down to see what Sancho's wallet could furnish for their dinner.

Now it so happened that a drove of young horses belonging to some carriers were grazing in this same meadow, and Rozinante, who was somewhat peevish with the flies that had been feasting upon him, getting among them, treated them both to his teeth and his heels, in a way that their owners could not stand. So, running up, they laid on him with their pack-staves at such a rate as soon laid him flat, with girths broken and saddle anywhere. Don Quixote and his squire, seeing this, came up out of breath, and the former said to Sancho, "By what I see, friend Sancho, these are no knights, but rascally people of a scoundrel race. I tell you this, because you may very well help me to take ample revenge for the outrage they have done to Rozinante before our eyes."—"Why, what revenge can we take," answered Sancho, "they being above twenty, and we no more than two—perhaps but one and a half?"—"I am as good as a hundred," replied Don Quixote. And, without saying more, he laid his hand on his sword, and flew at the carriers, and Sancho did the same,

moved thereto by the example of his master. At the first blow Don Quixote gave one of them a terrible wound on the shoulder, through a leathern doublet which he wore. The carriers, seeing themselves assaulted in this manner by two men only, betook themselves to their clubs, and, hemming them in, began to belabour them with all their might, knocking Sancho down first, and then his master, who fell just at Rozinante's feet. After this, the men, seeing the mischief they had done, loaded their beasts with all speed, and pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers in evil plight.

The first who came to himself was Sancho Panza, who, finding himself close to his master, with a feeble and plaintive voice, cried, "Signor Don Quixote! ah, Signor Quixote!"—"What would you have, brother Sancho?" answered Don Quixote, in the same feeble and lamentable tone.—"I could wish, if it were possible," answered Sancho Panza, "your worship would give me two draughts of that drink of Feo Blass, if you have it here at hand; perhaps it may do as well for broken bones as it does for wounds."—"Unhappy I, that we have it not!" answered Don Quixote. "But I swear to you, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a knight-errant, that, before two days pass (if fortune does not order it otherwise), I will have it in my power."—"But in how many days, do you think, sir, we shall recover the use of our feet?" replied Sancho Panza. "For my part," said the battered knight, "I cannot limit the number; but it is all my own fault, for I ought not to have laid hand on my sword against men who were not dubbed knights like myself. And therefore, I believe this chastisement has fallen upon me as a punishment for having transgressed the laws of chivalry. Wherefore, brother Sancho, when you see we are insulted by such rascally rabble, do not stay till I lay hand on my sword against them, for I will in no wise do it; but do you draw your sword, and chastise them to your heart's content: but, if any knights shall come up to their assistance, I shall then know how to defend you and punish them."

Sancho Panza did not much like this; so replied, "Sir, I am a peaceable, tame, quiet man, and can dissemble any injury whatsoever; for I have a wife and children to maintain and

bring up: so that give me leave, sir, to tell you, just by way of hint, that I will upon no account draw my sword, either against peasant or against knight, and that, from this time forward, I forgive all injuries any one has done, or shall do me, or that any person is now doing, or may hereafter do me, whether he be high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without excepting any state or condition whatever." Which his master hearing, answered, "I wish I had breath to talk a little at my ease, and that the pain I feel in this rib would cease ever so short a while, that I might convince you, Panza, of the error you are in. But one thing I would have you understand is, that wounds which are given with instruments that are accidentally in one's hand, are no affront. And thus it is expressly written in the law of combat, that if a shoemaker strikes a person with the last he has in his hand, though it be really of wood, it will not therefore be said that the person thus beaten with it was cudgelled. I say this, that you may not think, though we are mauled in this scuffle, we are disgraced; for the arms those men carried, wherewith they pounded us, were no other than their pack-staves, and none of them, as I remember, had either tuck, sword, or dagger."—"They gave me no leisure," answered Sancho, "to observe so narrowly; for scarcely had I laid hand on my toasting-fork when they crossed my shoulders with their saplins, in such a manner that they deprived my eyes of sight and my feet of strength, laying me where I now lie, and where I am not so much concerned to think whether the business of the threshing be an affront or no, as I am troubled at the pain of the blows, which will leave as deep an impression in my memory as on my shoulders."—"All this notwithstanding, I tell you, brother Panza," replied Don Quixote, "there is no remembrance which time does not obliterate, nor pain which death does not put an end to."—"What greater misfortune can there be," replied Panza, "than that which remains till time effaces it and till death puts an end to it? If this mischance of ours were of that sort which people cure with a couple of plasters, it would not be altogether so bad; but, for aught I see, all the plasters of an hospital will not be sufficient to set us to rights again."

“Have done with this, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “and let us see how Rozinante does ; for, by what I perceive, not the least part of this misfortune has fallen to the poor beast’s share.”—“That is not at all strange,” answered Sancho, “since he also belongs to a knight-errant. But what I wonder at is, that my ass should come off scot-free, when we have paid so dear.”—“Fortune always leaves some door open in disasters, whereby to come at a remedy,” said Don Quixote. “I say this, because this poor beast may now supply the want of Rozinante, by carrying me hence to some castle, where I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I take the being mounted in this fashion to be dishonourable ; for I remember to have read that the good old Silenus, governor and tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he made his entry into the city of the hundred gates, went riding, much to his satisfaction, on a most beautiful ass.”—“It is like he rode as your worship says,” answered Sancho ; “but there is a main difference between riding and lying athwart like a sack of rubbish.” To which Don Quixote answered, “The wounds received in battle rather give honour than take it away ; so that, friend Panza, answer me no more, but, as I have already said to you, raise me up as well as you can, and place me in whatever manner you please upon your ass, that we may get hence before night comes on.”—“Yet I have heard your worship say,” said Panza, “that it is usual for knights-errant to sleep on heaths and deserts most part of the year, and that they look upon it to be very fortunate.”—“That is,” said Don Quixote, “when they cannot help it, or are in love. But let us have done with this, Sancho, and set off, before such another misfortune happens to the ass as hath befallen Rozinante.”

“That would be the mischief indeed,” said Sancho. And sending forth thirty alas’s, and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty blessings, wrong side out, on whosoever had brought him thither, he picked himself up, but stayed bent by the way like a bow, utterly unable to stand upright ; and so made a shift to saddle his ass. He then heaved up Rozinante, settled Don Quixote upon the ass, and tying Rozinante by the head to its tail, led them both by the halter toward the place where he

thought the road might lie. And he had scarce gone a short league, when fortune discovered to him the road, in which he espied an inn ; which, to his sorrow, and Don Quixote's joy, must needs be a castle. Sancho positively maintained it was an inn, and his master that it was a castle ; and the dispute lasted so long, that they had time to arrive there before it ended ; and without more ado, Sancho entered into it with his string of cattle.

The innkeeper, seeing Don Quixote laid across the ass, inquired of Sancho what ailed him ? Sancho answered him that it was nothing but a fall from a rock, whereby his ribs were somewhat bruised. The innkeeper had a wife who was naturally charitable, and touched with the misfortune of her neighbours ; so that she presently set herself to cure Don Quixote, and made her daughter assist her in the healing of her guest. There was also a servant in the inn, an ugly little humpbacked girl, called Maritornes, and among them they managed to put the knight into a wretched bed in a garret, where they plastered him from head to foot. The hostess, perceiving Don Quixote to be so full of bruises, said, " That they seemed to be rather marks of blows than of a fall."—" They were not blows," said Sancho ; " but the rock had many sharp points and knobs, and every one has left its mark." He said also, " Pray, forsooth, order it so that some tow may be left ; somebody else may have occasion for it, for my sides also ache a little."—" So then," said the hostess, " you have had a fall too."—" No fall," said Sancho Panza ; " but the fright I took at seeing my master fall has made my body so sore that, methinks, I have received a thousand drubs." At this Don Quixote sat up in his bed as well as he could, and, taking the hostess by the hand, said to her, " Believe me, beauteous lady, you may reckon yourself happy in having lodged my person in this your castle, and such a person that, if I do not praise myself, it is because, as is commonly said, self-praise depreciates ; but my squire will inform you who I am. I only say that I shall retain the service you have done me eternally engraved in my memory, and be grateful to you whilst my life shall remain."

The hostess, her daughter, and the good Maritornes, stood confounded at hearing our knight-errant talk in that fashion, and not being accustomed to such kind of language, stared at him ; and so, thanking him, with inn-like praise, left him.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, feeble bed stood just in the middle of that illustrious cock-loft ; and close by it stood Sancho's, which consisted only of a flag-mat and a rug that seemed to be rather of beaten hemp than of wool. Next these two stood a carrier's, made up of pack-saddles, and the trappings of two of his best mules.

Now, it so chanced that when (as he thought) everybody in the inn was fast asleep, a young fellow, who had been playing truant at a neighbouring fair, crept in at an open window ; and, feeling his way by the dim light of a lamp, that burned outside the loft where the travellers were, to his own bed, which was in the farthest corner of it, tumbled into the outstretched arms of Don Quixote, who, in one of his crazy fits, took the lad for some high-born princess come to rescue him from the treacherous lord of the castle where he had taken up his night's lodging. The lad, frightened that his master would be waked, and find him out, when a good flogging would be the best thing he got, struggled to free himself from the clutches of the knight ; who was pouring out a string of nonsense about the superlative beauty of his supposed deliverer. In doing so, he unluckily made noise enough to rouse the carrier, who jumped up between sleep and waking, and roaring out "murder," and "thieves," dealt Don Quixote a tremendous blow on the mouth ; and then, to make sure work of him, must needs skip up on the bed, and trample all over him so smartly, that bed and everything came down together with such a crash as brought up the landlord, a lighted candle in his hand, to see what was amiss. The lad tried to hide himself in Sancho's bed ; but Sancho, not liking his company, kicked and cuffed him most heartily, while the landlord was laying on him at the other side. The carrier, in a passion at being disturbed, fell upon Sancho, and in the middle of it, the candle going out, each one fought as hard as

ever he could ; whilst nobody knew where his own blow lighted, or who it was that pummelled him.

There lodged by chance that night in the inn an officer of justice, who, likewise hearing the noise of the scuffle, caught up his wand, and the tin box that held his commission, and entering the room in the dark, cried out, " Forbear ! in the name of justice, forbear ! " The first he lighted on was the battered Don Quixote, who lay on his demolished bed, stretched upon his back, and quite senseless ; and laying hold of his beard as he was groping about, he cried out incessantly, " I charge you to aid and to assist me ; " but finding that the person he had laid hold of neither stirred nor moved, he concluded that he must be dead, and that the people within the room were his murderers ; with which suspicion he raised his voice still louder, crying, " Shut the inn-door, see that nobody gets out, for they have killed a man here. " This voice startled them all so, that they stopped fighting in a moment. The landlord withdrew to his chamber, the carrier to his pack-saddles, and the lad to his straw ; only the unfortunate Don Quixote and Sancho could not stir from the place they were in. The officer now let go Don Quixote's beard, and went out to get a light, to search after and apprehend the delinquents.

Meanwhile Don Quixote came to himself, and called to his squire, saying, " Sancho, friend, sleepest thou ? Sleepest thou, friend Sancho ? "—" How should I sleep ? woe is me ! " answered Sancho, full of trouble and vexation. " I cannot but think a legion of imps have been in my company to-night. "—" You may very well believe so, " answered Don Quixote ; " and either I know little, or this castle is enchanted. For you must know, Sancho, that last night one of the most beautiful damsels in the world came to me, to deliver me out of the hands of the treacherous lord of this castle, whom I verily believe to be a dishonoured knight. But just as I was rising to follow her, comes a hand, fastened to the arm of a hideous giant, which hits me such a thump on the face, as caused my jaws to crack ; and afterwards pounded me in such sort, that I am in a worse case than yesterday, when the carriers did us the mischief

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you know. Whence I gather that this castle is guarded by some enchanted Moor.”—“I should think so,” said Sancho, “for more than four hundred Moors have cudgelled me in such a manner, that the basting of the pack-staves was tarts and cheese-cakes to it. But tell me, pray, sir, call you this an excellent and rare adventure, which has left us in such a pickle? Woe is me, for I am no knight-errant, nor ever mean to be one; and yet, of all the misadventures, the greater part still falls to my share.”—“What! have you been pounded too?” answered Don Quixote.—“Have I not told you, yes? Evil befall my lineage!” said Sancho.—“Be in no pain, friend,” answered Don Quixote; “for I will now make the precious balsam, with which we will cure ourselves in the twinkling of an eye.” By this time the officer had lighted his lamp, and came to see the person he thought was killed; but finding the two communing in so calm a manner, stood in suspense. It is true, Don Quixote still lay flat on his back, without being able to stir, through mere pounding and plastering. The officer approached him and said, “How fares it, honest friend?”—“I would speak more respectfully,” answered Don Quixote, “were I in your place. Is it the fashion of this country to talk in this manner to knights-errant, blockhead?” The officer, seeing himself so ill-treated by one of so scurvy an appearance, could not bear it; and, lifting up the brass lamp, with all its oil, gave it Don Quixote over the pate in such sort, that he broke his head; and, all being in the dark, he ran instantly out of the room. “Doubtless, sir,” said Sancho Panza, “this is the enchanted Moor; and he reserves the treasure for others, and for us only blows and lamp-knocks.”—“It is even so,” answered Don Quixote; “and it is to no purpose to regard this business of enchantments, or to be out of humour or angry with them. Get you up, Sancho, if you can; call the governor of this fortress; and take care to get me some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to make the healing balsam; for, in truth, I believe I want it very much at this time; for the wound this phantom has given me bleeds very fast.”

Sancho got up, with pain enough of his bones, and went in

the dark towards the landlord's chamber ; and, meeting the officer, said to him, " Sir, whoever you are, do us the favour and kindness to help us to a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine ; for they are wanted to cure one of the best knights-errant in the world, who lies in yon bed, sorely wounded by the hands of the enchanted Moor that is in this inn." The officer, hearing him talk at this rate, took him for one out of his senses ; and opening the inn-door, told the host what the honest man wanted. Having got the materials, Sancho carried them to his master, who mixed and boiled them together for a good while ; afterwards pouring the liquid into an oil-flask, over which he muttered sundry mysterious words. This done, he drank about a pint and a half of it ; but, as might have been expected, the stuff disagreed with him immediately, and so violently, that he was obliged to be put to bed, where he slept for three hours, waking so much better, and in so much less pain from his bruises, that he doubted not his precious balsam had wrought the cure. As ill luck would have it, Sancho thought so too, and begging a dose from his master, pitched a full pint of it down his throat at one gulp. But the mess disagreed with the squire much worse than it had done with the knight ; and, in short, made him so ill, that he in truth believed that his last hour was come ; and his master, looking on his sad condition, said, " I verily believe, Sancho, that all this mischief has befallen you because you have not been dubbed a knight ; for I am of opinion that this liquor can do no good to those who are not."—" If your worship knew that, why, in the world, did you suffer me to drink it ?" replied Sancho. And with that he became worse than ever. His master, however, feeling himself better, was in such haste to set out for further adventures, that, before Sancho was able to stir, he not only saddled his own horse, and his squire's ass, with his own hands, but helped his distressed servant to put on his clothes, and hoist himself on his beast.

Both being mounted, and standing at the inn-door, Don Quixote called to the landlord, and gravely said to him, " Many and great are the favours, Signor Governor, which in this your castle I have received, and I remain under infinite obligations

to acknowledge them all the days of my life. If I could make you a return by revenging you on any insolent, who has done you outrage, know that the duty of my profession is no other than to strengthen the weak, to revenge the injured, and to chastise the perfidious. Run over your memory, and if you find anything of this nature to recommend to me, you need only declare it ; for I promise you, by the order of knighthood I have received, to procure you satisfaction and amends to your heart's desire." The host answered with the same gravity, " Sir Knight, I have no need of your worship's avenging any wrong for me ; I can revenge myself, fast enough, if need be. I only desire your worship to pay me for what you have had in the inn, as well for the straw and barley for your two beasts as for your supper and lodging."—"What, then ! is this an inn ?" replied Don Quixote.—"And a very creditable one," answered the host.—"Hitherto, then, I have been in an error," answered Don Quixote ; "for, in truth, I took it for a castle ; but since it is so that it is no castle, but an inn, all that can now be done is, that you excuse the payment ; for I cannot act contrary to the law of knights-errant, of whom I certainly know that they never paid for lodging, or anything else, in any inn where they have lain."—"Pay me what is my due," said the landlord, "and let us have none of your stories and knight-errantries ; for I make no account of anything, but how to come by my own."—"Thou art a blockhead, and a pitiful inn-keeper," answered Don Quixote. So clapping spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his lance, he sallied out of the inn, without anybody's opposing him ; and, without looking to see whether his squire followed him or not, got a good way off.

The host, seeing him go off without paying him, ran to seize on Sancho Panza, who said that, since his master would not pay, he would not pay either ; for, being squire to a knight-errant, the same rule held good for him as for his master, not to pay anything in public-houses and inns. The innkeeper grew very testy at this, and threatened him if he did not pay him, he would get it in a way he should be sorry for. Sancho swore, by the order of chivalry, which his master had received, that he


would not pay a single farthing, though it should cost him his life; for the laudable and ancient usage of knights-errant should not be lost for him, nor should the squires of future knights have reason to complain of or reproach him for the breach of so just a right.

Poor Sancho's ill luck would have it, that among those who were in the inn were some frolicsome fellows, who came up to him, and, dismounting him from the ass, one of them went in for the landlord's bed blanket; then putting him therein, they looked up, and, seeing that the ceiling was somewhat too low for their work, determined to go out into the yard, which was bounded only by the sky. There Sancho being placed in the midst of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and to divert themselves with him, as with a dog at Shrovetide. The cries which the poor blanketed squire sent forth were so many and so loud that they reached his master's ears, who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was at hand, until he found plainly that he who cried was his servant; so, turning the reins, he galloped up to the inn, and, finding it shut, rode round it to discover, if he could, an entrance. But he was scarce got to the wall of the yard, which was not very high, when he perceived the wicked sport they were making with his squire. He saw him ascend and descend through the air with so much grace and agility that, if his anger would have suffered him, he would have laughed. He tried to get from his horse upon the pales, but was so bruised and battered that he could not so much as alight; so, as he sat, he began to utter so many reproaches and revilings against those who were tossing Sancho, as is impossible to put down in writing. But his tormentors did not therefore desist from their laughter nor their labour, nor did the flying Sancho forbear his complaints, mixed sometimes with menaces, sometimes with entreaties, until at last they left off for pure weariness. They then brought him his ass, and, wrapping him in his loose coat, mounted him thereon. The compassionate Maritornes, seeing him in such a plight, thought good to help him to a jug of water, which she fetched from the well, that it might be the cooler. Sancho took it, and, as he was

lifting it to his mouth, stopped at his master's calling to him aloud, "Son Sancho, drink not water ! child, do not drink it ; it will kill thee ! See here, I hold the precious balsam, by drinking but two drops of which you will doubtless be whole and sound again." At these words, Sancho turned up his eyes, and said, with a louder voice, "Perhaps you have forgot, sir, that I am no knight, or you would kill me outright. Keep your liquor, and let me alone." His ceasing to speak and beginning to drink was all in a moment ; but at the first sip, finding it was water, he would proceed no further, and prayed Maritornes to bring him some wine, which she did with a very good will, and paid for it with her own money. As soon as Sancho had done drinking, he fell a-kicking his ass, and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, out he went, extremely well satisfied that he had paid nothing, and had carried his point, though at the expense of his own bones. The landlord, indeed, had kept his wallets for payment of what was due to him ; but Sancho never missed them, so confused was he at going off.

CHAPTER V.

*Don Quixote attacks the flock of sheep—The fulling-hammers—
Sancho “makes game” of his master, and suffers for it.*

 ANCHO came up to his master, pale, and dispirited to that degree that he was not able to spur on his ass. Don Quixote, perceiving him in that condition, said, “Now am I convinced, honest Sancho, that that castle, or inn, is doubtless enchanted; for they who so cruelly sported themselves with you, what could they be but hobgoblins and people of the other world? And I am confirmed in this by having found that, when I stood at the pales of the yard beholding the acts of your sad tragedy, I could not possibly get over them, nor so much as alight from Rozinante, so that they must certainly have held me enchanted; for I swear to you that, if I could have got over, or alighted, I would have avenged you in such a manner as would have made those poltroons and assassins remember the jest as long as they lived, though I knew I had transgressed the laws of chivalry thereby: for, as I have often told you, they do not allow a knight to lay hand on his sword against any one who is not so, unless it be in defence of his own life and person, and in case of urgent and extreme necessity.”—“And I too,” said Sancho, “would have revenged myself if I could, dubbed or not dubbed; but I could not; though I am of opinion that they who diverted themselves at my expense were no hobgoblins, but men of flesh and bones, as we are, for, while they were tossing me, each called the other by his proper name; so that, sir, as to your not being able to leap over the pales, nor to alight from your horse, the fault lay in some-

thing else, and not in enchantment. And what I gather clearly from all this is, that these adventures we are in quest of will at the long run bring us into so many misadventures that we shall not know which is our right foot. So that, in my poor opinion, the better and surer way would be to return to our village, now that it is reaping-time, and look after our business, and not run rambling from pillar to post, leaping out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"How little do you know, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "what belongs to chivalry! The day will come when you will see with your eyes how honourable a thing it is to follow this profession; for, tell me, what greater satisfaction can there be in the world than that of winning a battle and triumphing over one's enemy?"—"It may be so," answered Sancho, "though I do not know it. I only know that since we have been knights-errant we have never won any battle except that of the Biscainer, and even there you came off with the loss of half an ear and half a helmet; and from that day to this we have had nothing but drubbings upon drubbings, cuffs upon cuffs, beside my blanket-tossing into the bargain, and that by persons enchanted, on whom I cannot revenge myself."—"That is what troubles me," answered Don Quixote; "but henceforward I will endeavour to have ready at hand a sword, made by such art that no kind of enchantment can touch him that wears it. And perhaps fortune may procure me that of Amadis, 'Knight of the burning Sword;' for it cut like a razor, and no armour, though ever so strong or ever so much enchanted, could stand against it."—"I am so fortunate," said Sancho, "that, though you should find such a sword, it would be of service only to those who are dubbed knights, like the balsam; as for the poor squires, they may sing sorrow."—"Fear not that, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "Heaven will deal more kindly by thee!"

Don Quixote and his squire went on thus conferring together, when the former saw a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them, and, turning to Sancho, said, "This is the day, O Sancho, wherein will be seen the good that fortune has in store for me, and in which I shall perform such exploits as shall re-

main written in the book of fame to all succeeding ages. Seest thou yon cloud of dust, Sancho? It is raised by a prodigious army of divers and innumerable nations who are on the march this way."—"Then there must be two armies," said Sancho; "for on this opposite side there arises such another cloud of dust." Don Quixote turned to view it, and, seeing it was so, rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted they were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain. Now the cloud of dust he saw was raised by two great flocks of sheep, going the same road from different parts; and the dust hindered them from being seen until they came near. But Don Quixote affirmed with so much positiveness that they were armies, that Sancho began to believe it, and said, "Sir, what then must we do?"—"What!" replied Don Quixote, "but favour and assist the weaker side. Now, you must know, Sancho, that these armies are led by two mighty monarchs, and they are about to engage because the one, who is a Christian, will not give his daughter to the other, who is a pagan, unless he will renounce his false faith."—"By my beard," said Sancho, "he is in the right; and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power."—"In so doing you will do your duty, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for, in order to engage in such fights, it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight."—"I easily comprehend that," answered Sancho; "but where shall we dispose of this ass, that we may be sure to find him when the fray is over? for I believe it was never yet the fashion to go to battle upon such a kind of beast."—"You are in the right," said his master; "but let him take his chance, whether he be lost or not; for we shall have such choice of horses after the victory, that Rozinante himself will run a risk of being trucked for another. But listen whilst I give you an account of the principal knights of both the armies." Thereupon he began, with a loud voice, to describe the advancing hosts, and that with marvellous distinctness, seeing they existed nowhere but in his own head. Such knights, such armour, such arms (including one of the gates of Gaza, the temple pulled down by Samson), did he turn as glibly off his tongue as though he were reading a muster-roll. There was the parti-coloured

knight, bearing on his shield a cat, with a scroll inscribed MIAU—being the first syllable of Miaulina, the name of his peerless lady-love. Then the dark knight, in black armour, whose device was a spit, thrust through a joint of meat *proper*—as the heralds say—with the motto, “It burns, if it stands;” which was explained by him to signify that the very life of the bearer would be consumed by love for his lady, were he not continually engaged in deeds of prowess. To which were added numbers of others, upon whom he bestowed devices of the most astounding character, and the longest possible names. And thus he went maundering on, bespattering Sancho with such an amount of learning of all kinds as nearly turned the brain of his faithful squire, who looked this way and that way, but seeing nothing of either knights or giants, took for granted his master was demented, especially when the latter, setting his lance in its rest, clapped spurs to Rozinante, and darted down the hillock like lightning. Sancho cried out to him, “Hold, Signor Don Quixote, come back! They are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter; pray come back! What madness is this? Look, there is neither giant, nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered nor entire. Sinner that I am! what are you about?” For all this, Don Quixote turned not again, but still went on, crying aloud, “Ho! knights, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge the Christian on his pagan adversary!”

Saying thus, he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, and began to attack them with his lance as courageously and intrepidly as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen who came with the flocks called out to him to desist; but, seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings, and began to let drive about his ears with stones as big as one’s fist. Don Quixote did not mind the stones, but, running about on all sides, cried out, “Where art thou, proud pagan? Present thyself before me! I am a single knight, desirous to prove thy valour hand to hand, and to punish thee with the loss of life for the wrong thou doest.” At that instant came a large pebble-stone, and struck him such

a blow on the side that it buried a couple of his ribs in his body. Finding himself thus ill-treated, he believed for certain he was slain, or sorely wounded, and, remembering his liquor, pulled out his cruse, set it to his mouth, and began to let some go down; but before he could swallow what he thought sufficient, comes another of those nuts, and hits him so full on the hand and on the cruse, that it dashed it to pieces, carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievously bruising two of his fingers. Such was the first blow and such the second, that the poor knight tumbled from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believing they had killed him, in all haste got their flock together, took up their dead—which were about seven—and marched off without further inquiry.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock, tearing his beard, and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment that ever he knew his master. But seeing him fallen to the ground, and the shepherds already gone off, he descended from the hillock, ran to him, and finding him in a very ill plight, said to him, “Did I not desire you, Signor Don Quixote, to come back, for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men?”—“How easily,” replied Don Quixote, “can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, make things appear or disappear! You must know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for such to make us seem what they please; and this malignant, who persecutes me, has transformed the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep. However, Sancho, get upon your ass, follow them fair and softly, and you will find that when they are a little farther off, they will return to their first form, and, ceasing to be sheep, will become men, proper and tall, as I described them at first. But do not go now, for I want your help and assistance.”

Hereupon he got up, and, laying his left hand on his mouth, with the other laid hold on Rozinante’s bridle, who had not stirred from his master’s side, and went where his squire stood, leaning his breast on his ass, and his cheek on his hand, in the posture of a man overwhelmed with thought. Don Quixote, seeing him in that guise, said, “Know, Sancho, that one man is

no more than another, unless he does more than another.) All these storms that fall upon us, are signs that the weather will clear up, and things will go smoothly; for it is impossible that either evil or good should be durable; and hence it follows that, the evil having lasted long, the good cannot be far off. So that you ought not to afflict yourself for the mischances that befall me, since you have no share in them.”—“How! no share in them?” answered Sancho. “Peradventure he they tossed in a blanket yesterday was not my father’s son, and the wallets I miss to-day, with all my movables, are somebody’s else!”—“What! are the wallets missing, Sancho?” said Don Quixote. “Yes, they are,” answered Sancho. “Then we have nothing to eat to-day?” replied Don Quixote. “It would be so,” answered Sancho, “if these fields did not produce those herbs, you say you know, with which such unlucky knights-errant as your worship are wont to supply the like necessities.”—“For all that,” answered Don Quixote, “at this time I would rather have a slice of bread, and a couple of heads of salt pilchards, than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, though commented upon by Dr Laguna himself. But, good Sancho, get upon your ass and follow me; for God, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, since he does not fail the gnats of the air, the wormlings of the earth, or the froglings of the water; and so merciful is he, that he makes his sun to shine upon the good and the bad, and causes rain to fall upon the just and unjust.”—“Your worship,” said Sancho, “would make a better preacher than a knight-errant.”—“Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “the knights-errant ever did and must know something of everything; and there have been knights-errant in times past, who would make sermons as well as if they had taken their degrees in the University of Paris; whence we may infer that the lance never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance.”—“Well, let it be as your worship says!” answered Sancho; “but let us begone hence, and endeavour to get a lodging to-night where there are neither blankets nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins nor enchanted Moors; for if there be, I’ll none of it!”—“Child,” said Don Quixote, “conduct me whither thou wilt; but reach hither your

hand, and feel with your finger how many grinders I want on the right side of my upper jaw, for there I feel the pain." Sancho put in his fingers, and, feeling about, said, "How many did your worship use to have on this side?"—"Four," answered Don Quixote. "Take care what you say, sir," answered Sancho. "I say four, if not five," replied Don Quixote; "for in my whole life I never drew tooth nor grinder, nor have I ever lost one."—"Well then," said Sancho, "on this lower side your worship has but two grinders and a half, and in the upper neither half nor whole."—"Unfortunate that I am!" said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news his squire told him; "I had rather they had torn off an arm, provided it were not the sword-arm; for, Sancho, you must know that a mouth without grinders is like a mill without a stone, and a diamond is not so precious as a tooth.) But all this we are subject to who profess the strict order of chivalry. Mount, friend Sancho, and lead on; for I will follow thee what pace thou wilt." Sancho did so, and went toward the place where he thought to find a lodging, without going out of the high-road, which was thereabouts very much frequented.

Thus going along, the night dark, the squire hungry, and the master with a good appetite, they met a company of travellers, whom our knight, taking for granted they were wrong-doers whom he was bound to punish, immediately attacked; spurring among them, lance in hand, wounding one, upsetting another, and making the rest take to their heels as though they had wings, to the great delight of Sancho, who immediately threw himself upon one of the baggage mules, transferring all the eatables it carried into a bag which he hastily made of his cloak. In truth, they were a company of harmless folk, and Don Quixote, being convinced of this, was sorry enough for having harmed them; though he assured the sufferers it was entirely their own fault, for travelling in such guise as that he took them for evil-doers, whom, by the laws of knight-errantry, he was under the necessity of attacking. Sancho improved upon his master's discourse by bidding one of the travellers tell his comrades that he by whom they had been routed was Don

Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called "The Knight of the Sorrowful Figure." The title pleased Don Quixote, as he remembered how knights of old were wont to take to themselves such surnames, one calling himself the "Knight of the Burning Sword;" another, "he of the Unicorn," and so on; and he told Sancho that from that day he purposed to call himself the "Knight of the Sorrowful Figure," as also, as soon as possible, to have a most sorrowful figure painted on his shield. "You need not spend any time and money in getting this figure made," said Sancho; "your worship has only to show your own, and present yourself to be looked at." Then driving on his ass before him, he desired his master to follow; who, thinking Sancho in the right, followed without replying. They had not gone far between two little hills, when they found themselves in a spacious and retired valley, where they alighted. Sancho disburdened the ass; and lying along on the green grass, with hunger for sauce, they despatched their breakfast, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and supper all at once, regaling their palates with more than one cold mess which the travellers had brought with them on the sumpter-mule. But another mishap befell them, which Sancho took for the worst of all; which was, that they had no wine, nor so much as water, to drink; and being very thirsty, he, perceiving the meadow they were in covered with green and fine grass, said to his master, that if they went a little farther, they would, without doubt, find some spring or brook where they might quench their thirst. So they set off, Sancho leading his ass, on which he had placed the relics of their supper, and Don Quixote taking Rozinante by the bridle. As they felt their way [for the night was too dark for them to see anything], a sound, as of some mighty cascade pouring down, met their ears, and rejoiced them not a little. But after that came a dreadful din, as of irons and chains rattling, and heavy blows given in measured time, which would have struck terror into the heart of any one but Don Quixote, who leaped upon his horse, braced on his buckler, brandished his lance, and telling Sancho that if he did not return in three days' time, he must repair to Toboso, and say to the Lady Dulcinea that her knight

had died in attempting a feat worthy of her, was for dashing at once, pitch-dark as it was, at the enemy, but stayed to bid his squire tighten Rozinante's girths. Honest Sancho finding that tears and entreaties could not stop his master on this mad errand, or induce him to wait until daylight, thought fit to carry his point by means of a trick, contriving, while straining at the girths, to tie Rozinante's hinder feet together with the ass's halter, so that, spite of spurring, he could only move in little jumps. This made his rider desperate; but seeing that the more he spurred, the less he could move his steed, he at length gave it up, and prepared to remain where he was for the night, or until Rozinante recovered the proper use of his legs.

Sancho, in abject terror, stuck close to his master until day-break, when, unperceived, he managed to loose the halter, and Don Quixote, feeling that his horse was at last free, spurred forward, followed by his squire on foot, leading the ass. They went thus some distance among the tall, shady chestnut trees, until they came to a little green spot at the foot of some steep rocks, from whose summit leaped a mighty torrent. At their feet were several miserable huts, from amongst which issued the horrid sounds that had scared them the night before; and creeping on a little farther (Don Quixote invoking the aid of his Dulcinea in this peril), they came plump upon the cause of it all. It was neither more nor less than six fulling-hammers, worked by the falling stream, that had produced those hideous noises; and at sight of them the knight was struck dumb, in utter confusion.

Sancho looked at him, and saw he hung down his head with manifest indications of being quite abashed. Don Quixote looked also at Sancho, and saw his cheeks swollen, and his mouth full of laughter, with evident signs of being ready to burst with it; and notwithstanding his vexation, he could not forbear laughing himself at sight of his squire, who, seeing his master had led the way, burst out in so violent a manner, that he was forced to hold his sides with his hands, to save himself from splitting with laughter. Four times he ceased, and four times he returned to his laughter, with the same impetuosity as

at first. Whereat Don Quixote gave himself up, especially when he heard his squire say, by way of irony, "You must know, friend Sancho, that I was born, by the will of Heaven, in this our age of iron, to revive in it the golden, or that of gold. I am he for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous achievements!" And so he went on repeating most or all of the expressions which Don Quixote had used at the first hearing those dreadful strokes. Don Quixote, perceiving that Sancho played upon him, grew so ashamed, and enraged to that degree, that he lifted up his lance and discharged two such blows on him, that, had he received them on his head, as he did on his shoulders, the knight had acquitted himself of the payment of his wages, unless it were to his heirs. Sancho finding he paid so dearly for his jokes, and fearing lest his master should proceed further, cried out with much humility, "Pray, sir, be pacified; for indeed I did but jest."—"Though you jest, I do not," answered Don Quixote. "Come hither, merry sir, what think you? Suppose these mill-hammers had been some perilous adventure, have I not showed you the courage requisite to undertake and achieve it? Am I, think you, obliged, being a knight as I am, to distinguish sounds, and know which are, or are not, of a fulling-mill? Besides, it may be, as it really is, that I never saw any fulling-mills in my life, as thou hast, like a pitiful rustic as thou art, having been born and bred amongst them. But let these six fulling-hammers be transformed into six giants, and let them beard me one by one, or altogether, and if I do not set them all on their heads, then make what jest you will of me."—"It is enough, good sir," replied Sancho; "I confess I have been a little too jocose; but pray tell me, now that it is peace between us, was it not a thing to be laughed at, and worth telling, what great fear we were in, at least what I was in? for as to your worship, I know you are unacquainted with it, nor do you know what fear or terror is."—"I do not deny," answered Don Quixote, "but that what has befallen us is fit to be laughed at, but not fit to be told, for all persons are not discreet enough to know how to take things by the right handle."—"But," answered Sancho, "your worship knew

how to handle your lance aright, when you pointed it at my head, and hit me on the shoulders ; thanks to my own agility in slipping aside. But let that pass, for I have heard say, ‘ He loves thee well who makes thee weep : ’ and besides, your people of condition, when they have given a servant a hard word, presently give him some old hose and breeches ; though what is usually given after a beating, I cannot tell, unless it be that your knight-errant, after bastinadoes, bestow islands, or kingdoms on the continent.”—“ The die may run so,” said Don Quixote, “ that all you have said may come to pass ; so forgive what is past, since you are considerate ; and henceforward know one thing (that you may abstain and forbear talking too much with me), that, in all the books of chivalry I ever read, infinite as they are, I never found that any squire conversed so much with his master as you do with yours. And really, I account it a great fault both in you and in me : in you, because you respect me so little ; in me, that I do not make myself respected more. Was not Gandalin, squire to Amadis de Gaul, earl of the firm island ? and we read of him, that he always spoke to his master cap in hand, his head inclined, and his body bent after the Turkish fashion. From what I have said, you may infer, Sancho, that there ought to be a difference between master and man, and between knight and squire. So that from this day forward we must be treated with more respect, for which way soever I am angry with you, it will go ill with the pitcher. The favours and benefits I promised you will come in due time ; and, if they do not come, the wages, at least, as I have told you, will not be lost.”—“ Your worship says very well,” answered Sancho ; “ but I would fain know (if perchance the time of the favours should not come, and it should be expedient to have recourse to the article of the wages) how much might the squire of a knight-errant get in those times ? and whether they agreed by the month, or by the day, like labourers ? ”—“ I do not believe,” answered Don Quixote, “ that those squires were at stated wages, but relied on courtesy. And if I have appointed you any, in the will I left sealed at home, it was for fear of what might happen ; for I cannot yet tell you how chivalry may suc-

ceed in these calamitous times of ours ; and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for a trifle ; for I would have you to know, Sancho, that there is no state more perilous than that of adventures.”—“It is so, in truth,” said Sancho, “since the noise of the hammers of a fulling-mill were sufficient to disturb and discompose the heart of so valorous a knight as your worship. But you may depend upon it, that from henceforward I shall not open my lips to make merry with your worship’s matters, but shall honour you as my master and natural lord.”—“By so doing,” replied Don Quixote, “your days shall be long in the land ; for next to our parents we are bound to respect our masters, as if they were our fathers.”

CHAPTER VI.

*Mambrino's helmet—Adventure of the galley-slaves—Sancho's
ass stolen from under him.*



ABOUT this time it began to rain a little, and Sancho had a mind they should betake themselves to the fulling-mills. But Don Quixote had conceived such an abhorrence of them that he would by no means go in ; so they struck into another road like that they had lighted upon the day before. Soon after, Don Quixote discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered, as if it had been of gold ; and scarce had he seen it, but turning to Sancho, he said, "I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true ; especially that which says, 'When one door is shut, another is opened.' I say this, because if fortune last night shut the door against what we looked for, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now sets another wide open for a better and more certain adventure, which if I fail to enter right into, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my little knowledge of fulling-mills, or to the darkness of the night. This I say, because, if I mistake not, there comes one toward us who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet, about which I swore the oath, you know."—"Take care, sir, what you say, and more what you do," said Sancho, "for I would not wish for other fulling-mills, to finish the milling and mashing our senses."—"What in the world," replied Don Quixote, "has a helmet to do with fulling-mills?"—"I know not," answered Sancho ; "but, if I might talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I might give such reasons that your wor-

ship would see you are mistaken in what you say.”—“How can I be mistaken in what I say, scrupulous traitor?” said Don Quixote. “Tell me, seest thou not yon knight coming toward us on a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?”—“What I see,” answered Sancho, “is only a man on a gray ass, like mine, with something on his head that glitters.”—“Why, that is Mambrino’s helmet,” said Don Quixote. “Get aside, and leave me alone to deal with him; and the helmet I have so much longed for shall be my own.”—“I shall take care to get out of the way,” replied Sancho; “but I pray God, I say again, it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure.”—“I have already told you, brother, not to mention those fulling-mills, nor so much as to think of them, any more,” said Don Quixote. “If you do, I say no more, but I vow to mill your soul for you.” Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow, which had struck him all of a heap.

Now, the truth of the matter concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight, which Don Quixote saw, was this: There were two villages in that neighbourhood, one of them so small, that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both, and the barber of the bigger served also the lesser, in which some persons wanted him; and for this purpose was the barber coming, bringing with him his brass basin. Fortune so ordered it that, as he was upon the road, it began to rain; so, that his hat might not be spoiled (for it was a new one), he clapped the basin on his head, and, being new scoured, it glittered half a league off. He rode on a gray ass, as Sancho said, and this was the reason why Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-gray steed, and his basin for a golden helmet: for he very readily adapted whatever he saw to his knightly extravagancies and wild conceits. And when he saw the poor cavalier approach, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rozinante’s best speed, and couched his lance low, designing to run him through and through. But when he came up to him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out, “Defend yourself, caitiff, or surrender willingly what is so justly my due!” The barber,



who saw this phantom coming upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance, but to let himself fall down from the ass ; and no sooner had he touched the ground than, leaping up nimbler than a roebuck, he began to scour over the plain with such speed that the wind could not overtake him. He left the basin on the ground, with which Don Quixote was satisfied ; and saying the miscreant had acted discreetly, ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, who, holding it in his hand, vowed the basin was a special one, and as well worth a crown as a farthing. Then he gave it to his master, who immediately clapped it on his head, twirling it about to find the visor ; and not finding it, he said, " Doubtless the pagan for whom this famous helmet was first forged must have had a prodigious large head ; and the worst of it is, that one half is wanting." When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing ; but, recollecting his master's late anger, stopped short. " What dost thou laugh at, Sancho ?" said Don Quixote. He answered, " I laugh to think what a huge head the pagan had who owned this helmet, which is, for all the world, just like a barber's basin."—" Knowest thou, Sancho, what I take to be the case ? This enchanted helmet, by some strange accident, must have fallen into the hands of one who, being ignorant of its true value, seeing it to be of the purest gold, has melted down the one half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this which, as you say, does look like a barber's basin. But to me it signifies nothing, for I will get it put to rights in the first town where there is a smith ; in the meantime, I will wear it as I can, for something is better than nothing, and the rather, since it will be more than sufficient to defend me from stones."—" It will so," said Sancho, " if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chops, and broke the cruse in which was contained that most blessed drench."—" I am in no great pain for having lost it ; for you know, Sancho," said Don Quixote, " I have the receipt by heart."—" So have I too," answered Sancho ; " but if I ever make or try it again while I live, may I never stir from this place. Be-

sides, I do not intend to expose myself to the hazard of standing in need of it ; for I intend to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding anybody. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing ; for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps ; and if they do come, there is nothing to be done, but to shrug up one's shoulders, hold one's breath, shut one's eyes, and let one's self go whither fortune and the blanket pleases to toss one."—"You are no good Christian, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for you never forget an injury once done you. What leg have you lamed, what rib, or what head have you broken, that you cannot yet forget that jest ? for, to take the thing right, it was mere jest and pastime ; and, had I not understood it so, I had long ago returned thither, and done more mischief in revenging your quarrel, than the Greeks did for the rape of Helen."—"Let it then pass for a jest," said Sancho, "since it is not likely to be revenged in earnest : but I know of what kinds the jests and the earnest were."

"But, setting this aside, tell me, sir, what we shall do with this dapple-gray steed, which looks so like a gray ass, and which that caitiff, whom your worship overthrew, has left behind here to shift for itself ; for, to judge by his scouring off so hastily, and flying for it, he does not think of ever returning for him ; and Dapple is a special one."—"It is not my custom," said Don Quixote, "to plunder those I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from them their horses, and leave them on foot, unless the victor hath lost his own in the conflict. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or ass, or what you will have it to be ; for, when his owner sees us gone a pretty way off, he will come again for him."—"Goodness knows whether it were better for me to take him," replied Sancho, "or, at least, to truck mine for him, which, methinks, is not so good. Verily the laws of chivalry are very strict, since they do not extend to the swapping one ass for another ; and I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I had a mind."—"I am not very clear as to that point," answered Don Quixote ; "but, in case of doubt, until better information can be had, I say, you may truck, if you are in extreme want of them."—"So extreme," replied Sancho,

“that I could not want them more, if they were for my own proper person.” And so saying, he proceeded with that licence to an exchange of caparisons, and made his own beast three parts in four the better for his new furniture. This done, they breakfasted on the remains of the plunder of the sumpter-mule, and drank of the water of the fulling-mills, without turning their faces to look at them, such was their abhorrence of them for the fright they had put them in. Their anger and hunger being thus allayed, they mounted, and, without resolving to follow any particular road, put on whithersoever Rozinante’s will led him, which drew after it that of his master, and also that of the ass, which followed, in love and good fellowship, wherever he led the way. Notwithstanding which, they soon turned again into the great road, which they followed at a venture, without any other design.

As they thus sauntered on, Sancho ventured to represent to his master sundry dissatisfactions which he felt at the knight’s going about in quest of adventures where, however great was the prowess displayed, there was no one to behold, or reward it; in short, that he feared such doings would never lead to his own reward, be it that of governor, or earl, or whatever his master might be pleased to bestow upon him. Don Quixote considered this matter with much gravity, and ended by assuring his squire that all would be well arranged. When he himself became a king, he could easily confer nobility upon his squire, whom, in creating him an earl, he, of course, made a gentleman—one who must be called “your lordship,” whether people liked it or not. “Do you think,” said Sancho, “I should know how to give authority to the indignity?”—“Dignity, you should say, and not indignity,” said his master. “So let it be,” answered Sancho Panza; “I say, I should do well enough with it, for I assure you I was once beadle of a company, and the beadle’s gown became me so well, that everybody said I had a presence fit to be warden of the said company. Then what will it be when I am arrayed in a duke’s robe, all shining with gold and pearls, like a foreign count? I am of opinion folks will come a hundred leagues to see me.”—“You will make a goodly appearance, indeed,” said Don Quixote; “but it will be necessary to

trim your beard a little oftener, for it is so rough and frowsy, that if you do not shave with a razor every other day at least, you will discover what you are a musket-shot off."—"Why," said Sancho, "it is but taking a barber into the house, and, if there be occasion, I will make him follow me like a gentleman of the horse to a grandee."—"How came you to know," demanded Don Quixote, "that grandees have their gentlemen of the horse to follow them?"—"I will tell you," said Sancho. "Some years ago I was about the court for a month, and there I saw a very little gentleman riding backward and forward, who, they said, was a very great lord; a man followed him on horseback, turning about as he turned, that one would have thought he had been his tail. I asked why that man did not ride by the other's side, but kept always behind him? They answered me, that it was his gentleman of the horse, and that noblemen commonly have such to follow them; and from that day to this I have never forgotten it."—"You are in the right," said Don Quixote; "and in the same manner you may carry about your barber. You may be the first earl who carried about his barber after him; and, indeed, it is a greater trust to shave the beard than to saddle a horse."—"Leave the business of the barber to my care," said Sancho; "and let it be your worship's to procure yourself to be a king, and to make me an earl."—"So it shall be," answered Don Quixote; and, lifting up his eyes, he saw coming on, in the same road, about a dozen men on foot, strung like beads in a row by the necks, in a great iron chain, and all hand-cuffed. There came also with them two men on horseback, and two on foot; those on horseback armed with firelocks, and those on foot with pikes and swords. Sancho Panza espying them, said, "This is a chain of galley-slaves, persons forced by the king to the galleys."—"How! persons forced?" quoth Don Quixote; "is it possible the king should force anybody?"—"I say not so," answered Sancho; "but that they are persons condemned by the law for their crimes to serve the king in the galleys per force."—"In short," replied Don Quixote, "however it be, still they are going by force, and not with their own liking."—"It is so," said Sancho. "Then," said his master,

“here the execution of my office takes place, to defeat violence, and to succour and relieve the miserable.”—“Consider, sir,” answered Sancho, “that justice, that is, the king himself, does no violence or injury to such persons, but only punishes them for their crimes.”

By this, the chain of galley-slaves was come up ; and Don Quixote, in most courteous terms, desired of the guard that they would be pleased to tell him why they conducted those persons in that manner. One of the guards on horseback answered that they were slaves going to the galleys, which was all he could say, or the other need know, of the matter. “For all that,” replied Don Quixote, “I should be glad to know from each of them the cause of his misfortune.” Whereupon the other mounted-guard bid him ask them, if he liked. Don Quixote therefore asked the first slave why he was chained in that gang ; who made answer :—“For being so deeply in love with a basket of fine linen, and sticking so fast to it.” The second was there for cattle-stealing ; the third, fourth, and fifth, had each his own crimes to confess ; but the last of the lot was so much more heavily chained than his companions that the knight could not help inquiring the reason of it, and was told by one of the guards that this man was a noted robber, Gines de Passamonte by name, who had committed more villanies than all the rest put together ; therefore, to prevent his escape, he was thus heavily ironed.

Gines was impudent enough in reply ; but just as the guard was going to lay his cudgel on his shoulders, Don Quixote interfered, desiring him to be quiet. Then turning to the criminals, he said, “From all you have told me, dearest brethren, I clearly gather that you do not much relish the punishment you are going to suffer—that you go to it much against the grain ; and it is possible, after all, that you have had scant justice done you. Indeed, I am so persuaded that this is the case, that my mind prompts, and even compels me, to show in you the effect for which Heaven ordained me to profess the order of chivalry, and the vow I made in it to succour the needy, and those oppressed by the mighty. Yet, knowing that

it is but prudence not to do by foul means that which may be done by fair, I will entreat these gentlemen who guard you that they will be pleased to loose, and let you go in peace; for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and nature have made free. Besides, gentlemen guards," added he, "these poor men have committed no offence against you; neither is it fitting that honest men should be the executioners of others. I request this of you, in this calm and gentle manner, that I may have some ground to thank you for your compliance; but if you do it not willingly, this lance, and this sword, with the vigour of my arm, shall compel you to do it."—"This is pleasant fooling," answered the commissary; "he would have us let the king's prisoners go, as if we had authority to set them free, or he to command us to do it. Go on your way, signor, and adjust that basin on your noddle, and do not go seeking for three legs in a cat."—"You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal to boot," answered Don Quixote; and so, with a word and a blow, attacked him so suddenly that, before the man could stand upon his defence, he was thrown to the ground, much wounded with the thrust of the lance. And it happened luckily for Don Quixote that this was one of the two who carried firelocks. The rest of the guard were astonished and confounded at the unexpected encounter; but recovering themselves, fell upon Don Quixote, who waited for them with much calmness; and doubtless it had gone ill with him, if the galley-slaves, perceiving the opportunity which offered itself to them of recovering their liberty, had not procured it by breaking the chain with which they were linked together. The hurry was such that the guards, now endeavouring to prevent the slaves from getting loose, and now engaging with Don Quixote, who attacked them, did nothing to any purpose. Sancho, for his part, assisted in loosing Gines de Passamonte; who, setting upon the fallen commissary, took away his sword and gun, with which, levelling it first at one and then at another, without discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guard, who fled no less from Passamonte's gun, than from the shower of stones which the slaves, now at liberty, poured upon them.

Sancho was much grieved at what had happened ; for he imagined that the fugitives would give notice of the fact to the officers of justice, who would sally out in quest of the delinquents ; so he begged his master to be gone from thence immediately, and take shelter among the trees and rocks of the neighbouring mountain. “ It is well,” said Don Quixote ; “ but I know what is now proper to be done.” Then having called all the slaves together, who were in a fright, and had stripped the commissary to his skin, they gathered in a ring about him, to know his pleasure ; when he thus addressed them : “ To be thankful for benefits received, is the property of persons well-born ; and one of the worst sins is ingratitude. This I say, gentlemen, because you have already found the benefit you have received at my hands ; in recompense whereof, my will and pleasure is, that, loaden with this chain, which I have taken off from your necks, you immediately go to the city of Toboso, and there present yourselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her that her ‘ Knight of the Sorrowful Figure ’ sends you to present his service to her ; and recount to her every tittle and circumstance of this memorable adventure, to the point of setting you at your wished-for liberty ; this done, you may go whither you list.”

Gines de Passamonte answered for them all, and said, “ What your worship commands us, noble sir, is impossible, for we dare not be seen together on the road, but must go separate and alone, each man by himself, and endeavour to hide ourselves in the very bowels of the earth from the officers of justice, who, doubtless, will be out in quest of us. What your worship may, and ought to do, is to change this service and duty to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso into something easier ; but to think that we will now take our chains, and put ourselves on the way to Toboso, is to expect pears from an elm-tree.”—“ I vow then,” said Don Quixote, already enraged, “ Don, son of a Crab-tree, Don Ginesillo de Parapilla, or however you call yourself, you alone shall go, like a whipped cur, and the whole chain upon your back.” Passamonte, seeing himself treated in this manner, winked upon his comrades ; and they all, stepping aside, began to rain

such a shower of stones upon Don Quixote, that he could not contrive to cover himself with his buckler ; and poor Rozinante made no more of the spur than if he had been made of brass. Sancho got behind his ass, and thereby sheltered himself from the storm that poured upon them both. Don Quixote could not screen himself so well, but that he received I know not how many thumps, with such force, that they brought him to the ground ; and scarce was he fallen, when one of the gang set upon him, and, taking the basin from off his head, gave him three or four blows with it on the shoulders, and then struck it as often against the ground, whereby he almost broke it to pieces. They stripped him of a jacket he wore over his armour, and would have stripped him of his trousers too, if the greaves had not hindered them. They took from Sancho his cloak, leaving him in his doublet ; and sharing among themselves the spoils of the battle, made the best of their way off, each a different road, with more care how to escape the officers of justice, than to load themselves with the chain, and go and present themselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The ass and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, remained by themselves ; the ass hanging his head, pensive, and now and then shaking his ears, thinking that the storm of stones was not yet over, but still whizzing about his head ; Rozinante stretched along close by his master, he also being knocked down with another stone ; Sancho in his doublet, and afraid of the officers ; and Don Quixote very much out of humour, to find himself so ill-treated by those very persons to whom he had done so much good.

Don Quixote, finding himself so ill-treated, said to his squire, "Sancho, I have always heard it said, that to do good to low fellows, is to throw water into the sea. Had I believed what you said to me, I might have prevented this trouble ; but it is done, and I must take warning from henceforward."—"Your worship will as much take warning," answered Sancho, "as I am a Turk ; but since you say that, if you had believed me, you had avoided this mischief, believe me now, and you will avoid a greater ; for, let me tell you, there is no putting off the

officers with chivalries : they do not care two farthings for all the knights-errant in the world ; and know, that I fancy already I hear their staves whistling about my ears.”—“Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho,” said Don Quixote ; “but that you may not say I am obstinate, and that I never do what you advise, I will, for once, take your counsel, and get out of the reach of that fury you fear so much ; but upon this one condition, that, neither living nor dying, you shall ever tell anybody that I retired, and withdrew myself from this peril, out of fear, but that I did it out of mere compliance with your entreaties ; for, if you say otherwise, you will lie in so doing ; and from this time to that, and from that time to this, I tell you, you lie, and will lie every time you say or think it ; and reply no more.”—“Sir,” answered Sancho, “retreating is not running away, nor is staying wisdom, when the danger overbalances the hope ; and it is the part of wise men to secure themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all upon one throw. And know, though I am but a clown and a peasant, I have yet some smattering of what is called good conduct ; therefore, repent not of having taken my advice, but get upon Rozinante if you can, and if not, I will assist you ; and follow me ; for my noddle tells me that for the present we have more need of heels than hands.” Don Quixote mounted, without replying a word more ; and, Sancho leading the way upon his ass, they entered on one side of the Sierra Morena ; getting that night into the heart of it, where Sancho thought it convenient to pass the night, and also some days, at least as long as the provisions he had with him lasted ; so they took up their lodging between two great rocks, and amidst abundance of cork trees. But it so fell out that Gines de Passamonte, the famous cheat and robber, whom the valour and madness of Don Quixote had delivered from the chain, being justly afraid of the officers of justice, took it into his head to hide himself in those very mountains, in the same place where Don Quixote and Sancho Panza had just fallen asleep. Gines, who had neither gratitude nor good-nature, resolved to steal Sancho Panza’s ass, making no account of Rozinante, as a thing neither pawnable nor saleable. The two,

well tired with their late skirmish, slept as soundly as though they had four feather-beds under them ; Don Quixote mounted, and leaning on his lance ; the squire, sitting on his ass, whose pack-saddle the thief contrived to prop up with four strong stakes, and then adroitly drew the beast from under it, without waking Sancho, who was left still sitting there, sweetly asleep, and in entire ignorance of his loss.


Morning came, rejoicing the earth, and saddening Sancho Panza, who missed his Dapple, and, finding himself deprived of him, began the dolefullest lamentation in the world ; so loud it was, that Don Quixote awaked at his cries, and heard him say, “ Oh, my child, born in my own house, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the relief of my burdens, and lastly, the half of my maintenance ! for, with six and twenty farthings I earned every day by thy means, I half supported my family.” Don Quixote, hearing the lamentation, comforted Sancho, promising to give him a bill of exchange for three young asses out of five he had left at home. Sancho was consoled herewith, wiped away his tears, and thanked his master for the kindness he showed him ; and then, sitting sideways upon his beast, jogged after his master, emptying the bag, and stuffing to his heart's content.





CHAPTER VII.

Don Quixote does penance in the Sierra Morena, or Sable Mountain—The Knight's letter to Dulcinea del Toboso—Sancho's account of his visit to Dulcinea, whom he had never seen.

HILE Sancho was thus enjoying himself in his own way, he saw that his master had stopped, and, with the point of his lance, was endeavouring to raise some heavy bundle from the ground. He hastened to help him, and found to his great joy that it was an old, weather-beaten, torn portmanteau, containing plenty of fine linen-shirts, and other clothing, together with a good sum of money, and a small pocket-book. The money his master bade him keep for himself, the linen was stowed away in the provender-bag, the pocket-book fell to Don Quixote's own share ; and, thanking Heaven for providing them with one profitable adventure, Sancho followed our knight into the most craggy part of the Sierra Morena. But, comforted as he was with the rich prize just secured, he was in a very ill humour ; which vented itself at last in the following fashion :—" Signor Don Quixote, be pleased to give me your worship's blessing, and my dismission ; for I will get me home to my wife and children, with whom I shall at least have the privilege of talking and speaking my mind ; for, to desire me to bear your worship company through these solitudes, night and day, without suffering me to talk when I list, is to bury me alive. If fate had ordered it that beasts should talk now, as they did in the days of Milk-sop, it had not been quite so bad ; since I might then have

communed with my ass (if he were here), and thus have forgotten my ill-fortune ; for it is very hard, and not to be borne with patience, for a man to ramble about all his life in quest of adventures, and to meet with nothing but kicks and cuffs, tossings in a blanket, and brick-bat bangs, and, with all this, to sew up his mouth, and not dare to utter what he has in his heart, as if he were dumb.”—“ I understand you, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote ; “ you are impatient until I take off the embargo I have laid on your tongue. Suppose it taken off, and say what you will, upon condition that this revocation is to last no longer than whilst we are wandering among these craggy rocks.”—“ Be it so,” said Sancho ; and he forthwith availed himself of this permission pretty liberally, by lecturing his master upon what he was pleased to term his want of discretion and common sense. But the knight put him down sharply, bidding him hold his tongue, mind his own business, and thenceforward not meddle with what did not concern him ; adding decisively, “ Know you, with all your five senses, that whatever I have done, do, or shall do, is highly reasonable, and exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry, which I am better acquainted with than all the knights in the world.” He then informed his squire that in seeking this wild spot, his intention was herein to imitate some of the valiant knights of old who, disdained by their lady-loves, retired to some lonely place, and there spent the time either in weeping, sighing, and praying, like Amadis de Gaul, or in madly wreaking vengeance on all and everything around, like Orlando Furioso, by way of testifying their grief. Meanwhile Sancho was to carry a letter from him to the Lady Dulcinea, and bring back her answer, which would either release him from his penance, or, if it were unfavourable to his suit, make him mad in good earnest.

“ But tell me, Sancho,” he added, “ have you taken care of Mambrino’s helmet, which I saw you take off the ground, when that graceless fellow would have broken it to pieces, but could not ? whence you may perceive the excellence of its temper.” To which Sancho answered, “ Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, I cannot endure or bear with patience some things your worship

says ; they are enough to make me think that all you tell me of chivalry, and of winning kingdoms and empires, of bestowing islands, and doing other favours and mighty things, according to the custom of knights-errant, must be mere vapour, and a lie, and all friction, or fiction, or how do you call it ? for, to hear you say that a barber's basin is Mambrino's helmet, and that you cannot be beaten out of this error in several days, what can one think but that he who says and affirms such a thing must be addle-brained ? I have the basin in my wallet, all battered, and I carry it to get it mended at home, for the use of my beard, if it please Heaven to restore me one time or other to my wife and children."—"Behold, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I swear that thou hast the shallowest brain that any squire has, or ever had, in the world. Is it possible, that in all the time you have gone about with me, you do not perceive that all matters relating to knights-errant appear follies and extravagancies ? not that they are in reality so, but because there is a crew of enchanters always about us, who alter and disguise all our matters, and turn them according to their own pleasure, as they are inclined to favour or distress us. Hence it is that this which appears to you a barber's basin, appears to me Mambrino's helmet, and to another will perhaps appear something else. And it was a singular foresight of the sage, my friend, to make that appear to everybody to be a basin which, really and truly, is Mambrino's helmet ; because, being of so great value, all the world would set upon me, in order to take it from me : but now that they take it for nothing but a barber's basin, they do not trouble themselves to get it ; as was evident in him who endeavoured to break it, and left it on the ground without carrying it off ; for, in faith, had he known what it was, he would never have left it. Take care of it, friend ; for I have no need of it at present : I rather think of putting off all my armour and clothes, in case I should have more mind to copy the knight Orlando in my penance than Amadis."

Thus saying they came to the foot of a steep rock, at whose base were green, delicious meadows, shaded by forest trees ; and here it was that the knight determined to perform his penance,

and lament the (supposed) cruelty of his lady. So bidding his squire observe, and scrupulously remember what he saw, in order that he might relate the same to her, who was the cause of it all, he alighted from Rozinante, in an instant took off his bridle and saddle; and, giving him a slap, said to him, "O steed! he gives thee liberty who wants it himself. Go whither thou wilt."

Sancho observing all this, said, "Peace be with him who saved us the trouble of unsaddling Dapple; for, in faith, he should not have wanted a slap or a speech in his praise. But if he were here, I would not consent to his being unsaddled, for he had nothing to do with love or despair, any more than I, who was once his master. And truly, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, if it be so that my departure and your madness go on in earnest, it will be needful to saddle Rozinante again, that he may supply the loss of my Dapple, and save me time in going and coming: for if I go on foot, I know not when I shall get thither, nor when return."—"Be it as you will," answered Don Quixote; "you shall depart within three days, for I intend in that time to show you what I do and say for her, that you may tell it her."—"What! have I more to see," said Sancho, "than what I have already seen?"—"You are very far from being perfect in the story," answered Don Quixote; "for I have not yet torn my garments, scattered my arms about, and dashed my head against these rocks, with other things of the like sort, that will strike you with admiration."—"For goodness' sake," said Sancho, "have a care how you give yourself those knocks; for you may chance to light upon such an unlucky point of a rock, that at the first dash you may knock your brains out. And I should think, since your worship is of opinion that knocks of the head are necessary, you might content yourself—(since all is a fiction and a sham)—I say, you might content yourself with running your head against water, or some soft thing, such as cotton; and leave it to me to tell my lady that you dashed your head against the point of a rock harder than that of a diamond."—"I thank you for your good-will, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "but I would have you to know that all these things that I do are not in jest, but very good earnest; for, otherwise, it would be to

transgress the rules of chivalry, which enjoin us to tell no lie at all, on pain of being punished as apostates ; and the doing one thing for another is the same as lying. And therefore my knocks on the head must be real, substantial, and sound ones. However, it will be necessary to leave me some lint to heal me, since fortune will have it that we have lost the balsam.”—“It was worse to lose the ass,” answered Sancho ; “for, in losing him, we lost lint and everything else. And I beseech your worship not to put me in mind of that abominable drench ; for, in barely hearing it mentioned, my very soul is turned upside-down, not to say my stomach. As for the three days allowed me for seeing the mad pranks you are to perform, make account, I beseech you, that they are already passed ; for I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders to my lady ;—and write you the letter, and despatch me quickly, for I long to come back and release your worship from this purgatory, wherein I leave you.”

“Good,” said the knight ; “but how shall we contrive to write the letter ?”—“And the ass-colt bill ?” added Sancho. “Nothing shall be omitted,” said Don Quixote ; “and, since we have no paper, we shall do well to write it, as the ancients did, on the leaves of trees, or on tablets of wax ; though it will be as difficult to meet with these at present as with paper. But it may be as well to write it in that pocket-book, and you will take care to get it fairly transcribed upon paper in the first town you come to where there is a schoolmaster ; or, if there be none, any parish clerk will transcribe it for you.”—“But what must we do about the signing it with your own hand ?” said Sancho. “Letters of this sort are never subscribed,” answered Don Quixote. “Very well,” replied Sancho ; “but the warrant for the colts must of necessity be signed by yourself ; for, if that be copied, people will say the signing is counterfeited, and I shall loose the colts.”—“The warrant shall be signed in the same pocket-book ; and at sight of it, my niece will make no difficulty to comply with it. As to what concerns the love-letter, let it be subscribed thus : ‘Yours, until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.’ And it is no great matter if it be in another hand ; for, by what I remember, Dulcinea can neither write nor read ; nor has she ever

seen writing of mine in her whole life. Nay, I have not seen her four times ; and perhaps of these four times, she may not have once perceived that I looked at her. Such is the reserve and strictness with which her father Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother, Aldonza Nogales, have brought her up."

"Hey-day !" said Sancho, "what ! the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo ! is she the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso ?"—"It is even she," said Don Quixote ; "and she, who deserves to be mistress of the universe."—"I know her well," replied Sancho ; "and I can assure you she will pitch the bar with the stoutest fellow in the parish. Why, she is a mettled lass, tall, straight, and vigorous, and can make her part good with any knight-errant. Oh, the jade ! what a pair of lungs and a voice she has ! I remember she got one day upon the church steeple, to call some ploughmen, who were in her father's field ; and though they were half a mile off, they heard her as plainly as if they had stood at the foot of the tower ; and the best of her is, that she makes a jest and a may-game of everybody. And I confess to your worship, Signor Don Quixote, that hitherto I have been in a great error ; for I thought for certain that the Lady Dulcinea was some great princess, or at least some person of such great quality as to deserve the rich presents you have sent her, as well that of the Biscainer as that of the galley-slaves. But, all things considered, what good can it do the Lady Aldonza Lorenzo, I mean the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, to have the vanquished, whom your worship sends or may send, fall upon their knees before her ? For who knows but, at the time they arrive, she may be carding flax, or threshing in the barn, and they may be ashamed to see her, and she may laugh at them ?"—"I have often told thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that thou art an eternal babbler, and, though void of wit, your bluntness often occasions smarting."

Don Quixote then pulled out the pocket-book, and, stepping aside, began very gravely to write the letter. When he had done, he called Sancho, and said he would read it to him, that he might have it by heart, if he should chance to lose it by the way. To which Sancho answered, "Write it, sir, two or three

times in the book, and give it me, and I will carry it carefully ; but to think that I can carry it in my memory, is nonsense ; for mine is so bad that I often forget my own name. Nevertheless, read it to me ; I shall be glad to hear it, for it must needs be a clever one.”—“ Listen then,” said Don Quixote.

Don Quixote's Letter to Dulcinea del Toboso.

“ SOVEREIGN AND HIGH LADY,

“ The stabbed by the point of absence, and the pierced to the heart, oh, sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso ! sends that health to you which he wants himself. If your beauty despises me, and if your disdain still pursues me, though I am inured to suffering, I shall ill support an affliction, which is not only violent, but the more durable for being so. My good squire Sancho will give you a full account, O ungrateful fair, and my beloved enemy ! of the condition I am in for your sake. If it pleases you to relieve me, I am yours ; and if not, do what seems good to you ;—for, by my death, I shall at once satisfy your cruelty and my own love.

“ Yours, until death,

“ THE KNIGHT OF THE SORROWFUL FIGURE.”

“ Well, I never !” said Sancho, hearing the letter ; “ it is the best thing I ever heard. How curiously your worship expresses in it whatever you please ! and how excellently do you close all with ‘ the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure !’ Verily, your worship is a witch, and there is nothing but what you know.”—“ The profession I am of,” answered Don Quixote, “ requires me to understand everything.”—“ Well then,” said Sancho, “ pray clap on the other side the leaf the bill for the three ass-colts, and sign it very plain, that people may know your hand at first sight.”—“ With all my heart,” said Don Quixote. And, having written it, he read as follows :—

“ Dear niece, at sight of this my first bill of ass-colts, give order that three of the five I left at home be delivered to Sancho Panza, my squire.”

“ It is mighty well,” said Sancho ; “ pray sign it.”—“ It wants

no signing," said Don Quixote ; " I need only put my cipher to it, which is the same thing, and is sufficient, not only for three asses, but for three hundred."—" I rely upon your worship," answered Sancho : " let me go and saddle Rozinante, and prepare to give me your blessing ; for I intend to depart immediately, without staying to see the follies you are about to commit ; and I will relate that I saw you act so many, that she can desire no more."—" At least, Sancho," said Don Quixote, " I would have you see, nay, it is necessary you should see me do a dozen or two of mad pranks ; I shall despatch them in less than half an hour."—" For goodness' sake, dear sir," said Sancho, " don't let me see your mad pranks, for I should not be able to forbear weeping. But setting aside all this, what is your worship to eat until my return ? Are you to go upon the highway, to rob the shepherds ?"—" Trouble not yourself about that," answered Don Quixote ; " I would eat nothing but herbs and fruits, which this meadow and these trees will afford me ; for the very top and crown of my affair consists in not eating and other austerities." Then Sancho said, " Do you know, sir, what I fear ? that I shall not be able to find the way again to this place, where I leave you ; it is so concealed."—" Observe well the marks, for I will endeavour to be hereabouts," said Don Quixote, " and will, moreover, take care to get to the top of some of the highest cliffs, to see if I can discover you when you return. But the surest way not to miss me, nor lose yourself, will be to cut down some boughs of the trees here, and strew them as you go on, until you are got down into the plain, and they will serve as land-marks and tokens to find me by at your return."

" I will do so," answered Sancho Panza. And having cut down several, he begged his master's blessing, and, not without many tears on both sides, took his leave of him. Then, mounting Rozinante, of whom Don Quixote gave him an especial charge, desiring him to be as careful of him as of his own proper person, he rode towards the plain, strewing broom-boughs here and there, as his master had directed him ; though Don Quixote still importuned him to stay and see him perform

though it were but a couple of mad pranks. But he had not gone above a hundred paces, when he turned back and said, "Your worship, sir, said very well, that, in order to my being able to swear with a safe conscience that I have seen you do mad tricks, it would be proper I should at least see you do one; though in truth I have seen a very great one already, in your staying here."—"Did I not tell you so?" said Don Quixote. "Stay but a moment, Sancho, I will despatch them in a twinkling." And with that he nimbly turned head over heels two or three times so briskly, as fully satisfied the squire that his master was, in truth, stark, staring mad.

When Sancho was fairly gone, our poor knight got to the top of a high rock; and sitting down there in melancholy mood—and only his shirt—began to consider how he would spend the time until the return of his squire. And as the result of his meditation was, that he would rather imitate Amadis than the Furioso, he descended to the plain, and there walking to and fro, gave himself up to sighing and wailing, and writing on the bark of trees, and in the fine sand, verses in praise of his Dulcinea: also in gathering herbs for his sustenance.

Meanwhile Sancho, on his way to Toboso, had got as far as the inn where the mishap of the blanketing had befallen him. At sight of it he already felt himself flying through the air again; but greatly desiring some warm food after the cold cheer he had so long been living on, he drew near it, when who in the world should he see but the priest and the barber of his own village—Don Quixote's old friends—who, coming up to him, asked where he had left his master. He replied that his master was doing a penance much to his mind in a certain mountain; and he himself was carrying a letter to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with whom his master was up to the ears in love. Feeling for it in his bosom, as he spoke, he found to his horror it was not there, for indeed the knight had forgotten to give it to him. He turned pale at the discovery, tore his beard, and gave himself half a dozen good cuffs on his nose and mouth, which caused the two to ask what was the matter that he handled himself so roughly. "Matter enough," answered

Sancho, "for I have lost, and let slip through my fingers, three ass-colts, each of them as stately as a castle."—"How so?" replied the barber. "I have lost the pocket-book," answered Sancho, "in which was the letter to Dulcinea, and a bill signed by my master, by which he ordered his niece to deliver to me three colts out of four or five he had at home." And at the same time he recounted to them the loss of Dapple. The priest bid him be of good cheer, telling him that, when he saw his master, he would engage him to renew the order, and draw the bill over again upon paper, since those that were written in pocket-books were never accepted, or complied with. Sancho was comforted by this, and said that, since it was so, he was in no great pain for the loss of the letter to Dulcinea, for he could almost say it by heart; so that they might write it down from his mouth, where and when they pleased. "Repeat it then, Sancho," said the barber, "and we will write it down afterwards." Then Sancho began to scratch his head, to bring the letter to his remembrance; and now stood upon one foot, and then upon the other; one while he looked down upon the ground, another up to the skies; and after he had bit off half a nail of one of his fingers, he said, after a very long pause, "Hang it, if I remember one bit of the letter; though at the beginning it said, 'High and subterrane lady.'"—"No," said the barber, "not subterrane, but super-humane, or sovereign lady."—"It was so," said Sancho. "Then if I do not mistake, it went on, 'the wounded, and the waking, and the smitten, kisses your honour's hands, ungrateful and regardless fair!' and then it said I know not what of 'health and sickness that he sent;' and so he went on, until at last he ended with 'thine, till death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.'"

They were both not a little pleased to see how good a memory Sancho had, and commended it much, desiring him to repeat the letter twice more, that they also might get it by heart, in order to write it down in due time. Thrice Sancho repeated it again, and thrice he added three thousand other extravagancies. After this, he recounted also many other things concerning his master, but said not a word of the tossing

in the blanket, which had happened to himself in that inn, into which he refused to enter. He said likewise, how his lord, upon his carrying him back a kind despatch from his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, was to endeavour to become an emperor, or at least a king ; for so it was concerted between them two ; and it would be a very easy matter to bring it about, considering the worth of his person, and the strength of his arm. When this was accomplished, his master was to marry him (for by that time, he should, without doubt, be a widower), and to give him to wife one of the empress's maids of honour, heiress to a large and rich territory on the mainland, for, as to islands, he was quite out of conceit with them. Sancho said all this with so much gravity, ever and anon blowing his nose, that they were struck with fresh admiration at the powerful influence of Don Quixote's madness, which had carried away with it this poor fellow's understanding also. They would not give themselves the trouble to set him right, preferring to be amused by his follies ; so they just told him that it was, as he said, very probable that his master might become an emperor, or an archbishop at least. Sancho did not much like the idea of his master becoming an archbishop, as he feared that in that case his own reward, as an unlearned man, who could not even say his A B C, would not be so much to his mind. But his friends (who thoroughly enjoyed the fun of the poor squire's simplicity) assured him that they would urge Don Quixote to be an emperor or king instead ; which would also be better for himself, he being more of a soldier than a scholar. Then going into the inn, where Sancho dared not follow, though he did not think proper to tell them why, they sent out, at his request, some meat for himself, and barley for Rozinante ; and then laid their heads together to devise some scheme for getting their crack-brained friend home again. The plan they hit upon was, that the barber should dress himself up, and pretend to be an afflicted damsel, who desired Don Quixote's help to redress wrongs done to her by a discourteous knight, or giant, for which purpose he was to follow whithersoever she pleased to lead ; the priest being also disguised as the damsel's squire.

The landlady, whom they took into their counsels, readily

lent them some clothes ; and, having equipped themselves, they set forth to find the knight ; the one in a petticoat trimmed with slashed black velvet, green velvet waistcoat, broad-brimmed hat, wrapped up in a large cloak, and riding his mule sideways, like a woman ; the other, as squire, having his face hidden with a huge grizzled beard, made of the tail of an ox.

Their plan was carried out better than they expected ; for, on approaching the scene of Don Quixote's penance, they came upon a beautiful maiden, who, disguised as a peasant boy, sat beneath an ash-tree, washing her feet in the stream. This maiden, whose name was Dorothea, hearing of their device for inducing Don Quixote to return to his home, offered herself to play the part of distressed damsel : an offer which they gladly accepted, for Sancho, who had been sent on first, had just returned, saying that he had found his master feeble and worn out, nearly dead with hunger, but still sighing for his Dulcinea. But it was needful to deceive the simple squire as well as his master ; so, to help out their friendly plot, they told him that the lady was the Princess Micomicona, heiress to a mighty kingdom in Ethiopia, who was travelling to request a great boon from the renowned Don Quixote. Sancho fell into the trap as readily as though he had been a mouse, and smelled toasted cheese ; heartily expressing his own wish that when his master had righted the princess—as, of course, he would—he would marry her immediately, and so be in a position to reward his squire with that earldom, or government, which had been promised him. “Like master, like man,” thought the priest ; and at once went to work, sending off Dorothea, and the barber, with his huge beard, to where our weather-beaten knight was to be found. Sancho guided them ; and finding Don Quixote by that time clothed, though not armed, the maiden threw herself at his feet, entreating him, as a valorous knight, to avenge her wrongs, slay the giant that kept her out of her dominions, and, to ensure his performance of this, that he should solemnly promise not to engage in any other adventure until this one should be achieved.

Don Quixote chivalrously granted her request as soon as preferred; and was in haste to be gone about it. So Sancho helped his master to put on his armour, took down his shield and lance and sword, which hung upon a tree, and mounted him on Rozinante; the barber laughing so, that he had much ado to keep his beard from falling off, which would have spoiled all. They then set out, being presently joined by the priest, and ambled along pleasantly, only that Don Quixote got so out of patience with Sancho's advising him to marry this lady-princess, and think no more of Dulcinea, that he lifted up his lance, and, without one word of warning, gave him two or three such blows as laid him flat; and, but for Dorothea's entreaty, would have well-nigh made an end of him.

Peace being made between the two, they continued their journey as before, until they met what seemed to be a gipsy, riding on an ass. But Sancho's sharp eyes finding out that this gipsy was the thief Gines de Passamonte, and the ass his own dear Dapple, whom that thief of thieves had stolen, ran up, crying out, "Ah, rogue, leave my darling, let go my life, rob me not of my repose, quit my ass, leave my delight; fly, beast, get you gone, thief, and yield what is not your own!" There was no need for more. At the first word Gines jumped down, took to his heels, and was out of sight in a moment; whilst Sancho embraced, kissed, and caressed his dearest Dapple, bestowing on him all manner of endearments, as though he had been a human being; and presently thanking his master, who assured him that though he had got his own beast back, he should not, for that, lose the three ass colts.

He then began to question Sancho about his visit to the Lady Dulcinea,—where he found her, what she was doing, how she looked when she read the letter, who wrote it out, and other things of the sort. To which Sancho replied, that having left the letter behind him (as his worship knew), he had repeated it to a parish clerk, who admired it greatly, and wrote it out from his lips. "And have you it still by heart?" said Don Quixote. "No, sir," replied Sancho, "for after I had delivered it, I forgot it on purpose; and, if I remember aught

of it, it is the 'high and subterrane lady,' and the conclusion, 'thine, until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure;' and, between these two, I put above three hundred 'souls,' and 'lives,' and 'dear eyes!'"—"All this does not displease me," said Don Quixote. "You arrived; and what was that queen of beauty doing? Without doubt, you found her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device with threads of gold for this her captive knight."—"No, I did not," answered Sancho; "but I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a back-yard of her house."—"Then make account," said Don Quixote, "that the grains of that wheat were so many grains of pearl when touched by her hands. And did you take notice, friend, whether the wheat was fine, or the ordinary sort?"—"It was neither," answered Sancho, "but of the reddish kind."—"Be assured, however," said Don Quixote, "that, when winnowed by her hands, it certainly made the finest manchet bread; but go on. When you gave her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she put it reverentially upon her head? or what did she do?"—"When I was going to give it her," answered Sancho, "she was very busy in winnowing a good sieveful of the wheat; and she said to me, 'Lay the letter, friend, upon that sack; for I cannot read it until I have done winnowing all that is here.'"—"Discreet lady!" said Don Quixote; "this was, to be sure, that she might read it, and entertain herself with it, at leisure. Proceed, Sancho. While she was thus employed, what did she inquire of you concerning me? and what did you answer? Tell it me all; leave nothing at the bottom of the ink-horn."—"She asked me nothing," said Sancho; "but I told her how your worship was doing penance, for her service, among these rocks, as if you were a savage, sleeping on the ground, not eating bread on a napkin, nor combing your beard, weeping and cursing your fortune."—"In saying that I cursed my fortune, you said amiss," said Don Quixote: "I rather bless it, and shall bless it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to love so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso."—"So high indeed," answered Sancho, "that, in good faith, she is a hand-full taller than I am."—"Why, how, Sancho," said Don Quixote,

“have you measured with her?”—“I measured thus,” answered Sancho: “as I was helping her to put a sack of wheat upon an ass, we stood so close, that I perceived she was taller than I by more than a full span.”—“Well, then,” continued Don Quixote, “she has now done winnowing, and the corn is sent to the mill. What did she do when she had read the letter?”—“The letter,” said Sancho, “she did not read; for she told me she could neither read nor write: on the contrary, she tore it to pieces, saying she would not give it to anybody to read, that her secrets might not be known in the village; and that what I had told her by word of mouth, concerning the love your worship bore her, and the extraordinary penance you were doing for her sake, was enough: lastly, she bid me tell your worship that she kissed your hands, and that she remained with greater desire to see you than to write to you; and therefore she humbly entreated and commanded you, at sight hereof, to quit those brakes and bushes, leave off those foolish extravagancies, and set off immediately for Toboso, if some other business of greater importance did not intervene; for she had a mighty mind to see your worship. She laughed heartily when I told her how you called yourself the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure. I asked her whether the Biscainer of t’other day had been there with her; she told me he had, and that he was a very honest fellow. I asked her also after the galley-slaves; but she told me she had not yet seen any of them.”—“All goes well as yet,” said Don Quixote. “But, tell me, what jewel did she give you at your departure, for the news you had brought her of me? For it is a usual and an ancient custom among knights, and ladies-errant, to bestow some rich jewel on the squires, damsels, or dwarfs who bring them news of their mistresses or servants, as a reward or acknowledgment for their welcome news.”—“Very likely,” said Sancho; “and a very good custom it was; but, now-a-days, the custom is to give only a bit of bread and cheese; for that was what my Lady Dulcinea gave me over the pales of the yard when she dismissed me; by the same token that the cheese was made of sheep’s milk.”—“She is extremely gener-

ous," said Don Quixote ; "and if she did not give you a jewel of gold, it must be because she had not one about her."

"But now, what would you advise me to do as to what my lady commands me, about going to see her? For, though I know I am bound to obey her commands, I find myself, at present, under an impossibility of doing it, on account of the boon I have promised to grant the princess, who is now with us. What I propose is, to get quickly to the place where this giant is, and, presently after my arrival, cut off his head, settle the princess peaceably in her kingdom, and that instant to return and see that sun that enlightens my senses ; to whom I will make such an excuse, that she shall allow my delay was necessary : for she will perceive that all redounds to the increase of her glory and fame, since what I have won, do win, or shall win, by force of arms, in this life, proceeds wholly from the succour she affords me, and from my being hers."—"Ah!" said Sancho, "how is your worship disordered in your head! Pray, tell me, sir, do you intend to take this journey for nothing? and will you let slip a match like this, when the dowry is a kingdom which, as I have heard say, is above twenty thousand leagues in circumference, and bigger than Portugal and Castile together? For goodness' sake, say no more, and take shame to yourself for what you have said already, and follow my advice and pardon me, and be married out of hand. And pray, take notice, I am of age to give advice ; and what I now give is as fit as if it were cast in a mould for you : for a sparrow in the hand is worth more than a bustard on the wing ; and he that may have good if he will, it is his own fault if he chooses ill."—"Look you, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "if you advise me to marry, that, by killing the giant, I may immediately become a king, and have it in my power to reward you, by giving you what I promised you, I would have you to know that, without marrying, I can easily gratify your desire : for I will covenant, before I enter into the battle, that, upon my coming off victorious, without marrying the princess, I shall be entitled to a part of the kingdom, to bestow it on whom I please ; and, when I have it, to whom do you think I should give it but to yourself?"—

“That is clear,” answered Sancho ; “but pray, sir, take care to choose it toward the sea, that, if I should not like living there, I may ship off my black subjects, and make slaves of them to my profit. And trouble not yourself to go and see my Lady Dulcinea, but go and kill the giant, and let us make an end of this business at once.”—“You are in the right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote ; “and I take your advice as to going first with the princess, before I go to see Dulcinea.” Presently they halted a while to eat something ; much to the satisfaction of Sancho, who began to be tired of telling so many lies, and was afraid his master should at last catch him tripping ; for, though he knew Dulcinea was a farmer’s daughter of Toboso, he had never seen her in all his life.

While they were thus employed, a young lad happened to pass by, who, looking very earnestly at those who were at the fountain, presently ran to Don Quixote, and, embracing his legs, fell a-weeping in good earnest, and said, “Ah ! dear sir, does not your worship know me ? I am Andres, the lad whom you delivered from the oak to which I was tied.” Don Quixote knew him again, and, taking him by the hand, turned to the company, saying, “To convince you of what importance it is that there should be knights-errant in the world, to redress the wrongs and injuries committed in it by insolent and wicked men, you must know, good people, that, a few days ago, as I was passing by a wood, I heard certain outcries, as of some person in affliction and distress. I hastened immediately, prompted by my duty, towards the place from which the voice seemed to come ; and I found, tied to an oak, this lad whom you see here, naked from the waist upward, and a country-fellow, whom I afterwards found to be his master, was cruelly lashing him with the reins of a bridle ; and, as soon as I saw it, I asked him the reason of so severe a whipping. The clown answered that he was his servant, and that he whipped him for some instances of neglect, which proceeded rather from knavery than simplicity. On which this boy said, ‘Sir, he whips me only because I ask him for my wages.’ The master replied with I know not what speeches and excuses, which I heard indeed, but did not

admit. In short, I made him untie the boy, and swear to take him home, and pay him every penny down upon the nail. Is not all this true, son Andres?"—"All that your worship has said is very true," answered the lad; "but the business ended quite otherwise than you imagine."—"How otherwise?" replied Don Quixote. "Did not the rustic instantly pay you?"—"He not only did not pay me," answered the boy, "but as soon as your worship was got out of the wood, and we were left alone, he tied me again to the same tree, and flogged me handsomely; and, at every fresh lash he gave me, he said something by way of scoff or jest upon your worship, at which, if I had not felt so much pain, I could not have forborne laughing. In short, he laid on me in such a manner, that I have been ever since in an hospital. And your worship is in the fault of all this; for had you gone on your way, and not come where you were not called, nor meddled with other folks' business, my master would have been satisfied with giving me a dozen or two of lashes, and then would have loosed me, and paid me what he owed me. But by your worship's abusing him so unmercifully, and calling him so many hard names, his wrath was kindled; and, not having it in his power to be revenged on you, no sooner had you left him, but he discharged the tempest upon me in such sort, that I shall never be a man again while I live."

"The mischief," said Don Quixote, "was in my going away. I should not have stirred until I had seen you paid; for I might have known, by long experience, that no rustic will keep his word, if he finds it inconvenient for him so to do. But you may remember, Andres, that I swore, if he did not pay you, I would seek him out, and find him, though he hid himself in a key-hole."—"I do not depend upon these oaths," said Andres; "I would rather have wherewithal to carry me to Seville than all the revenges in the world. If you have anything to give me to eat, and to carry with me, let me have it; and blessings be on your worship, and all knights-errant, and may they prove as luckily errant to themselves as they have been to me." Sancho pulled a piece of bread, and another of cheese, out of his knapsack, and giving it to the lad, said to him, "Here, brother Andres,

we all have a share in your misfortune.”—“Why, what share have you in it?” said Andres. “This piece of bread and cheese which I give you,” answered Sancho: “goodness knows whether I may not want it myself; for I would have you to know, friend, that we squires to knights-errant are subject to much hunger, and to ill luck, and to other things too, which are more easily conceived than told.” Andres laid hold on the bread and cheese, and, seeing that nobody else gave him anything, made his bow, and marched off. It is true that he said, at parting, to Don Quixote, “I say, Signor Knight-errant, if ever you meet me again, though you see they are beating me to pieces, don’t you succour or assist me, but leave me to my misfortune, which cannot be so great, but a greater will follow from your worship’s aid. A plague on you! and upon all the knights-errant that ever were born in the world!” Don Quixote was getting up to chastise him, but he fell a-running so fast, that nobody offered to pursue him. The knight was mightily abashed at Andres’s story; and the rest were forced to refrain, though with some difficulty, from laughing, that they might not put him quite out of countenance.

CHAPTER VIII.

Adventure with the wine-skins—Don Quixote's discourse on learning and arms—Trick played upon him at the inn—Dispute concerning Mambrino's helmet and the pack-saddle.

NEXT day they arrived at the inn where Sancho had had his blanketing ; and Don Quixote, being much worn out, went to bed at once in the large room where he had before lain. The rest, after they had finished supper, entertained themselves with telling stories, in the midst of which they were interrupted by Sancho, all in a fright, crying aloud, "Run, sirs, quickly, and succour my master, who is over head and ears in the toughest and closest battle my eyes have ever beheld. He already has given the giant, that enemy of the Princess Micomicona, such a stroke, that he has cut off his head close to his shoulders, as if it had been a turnip."—"What say you, brother?" said the priest. "Are you in your senses, Sancho? How can it be, seeing the giant is two thousand leagues off?" At that instant they heard a great noise in the room, and Don Quixote calling aloud, "Stay, cowardly thief, robber, rogue ; for here I have you, and your scimitar shall avail you nothing." And it seemed as if he gave several hacks and slashes against the walls. "Do not stand listening," said Sancho ; "but go in and part them, or aid my master : though by this time there will be no occasion ; doubtless the giant is already dead ; for I saw the blood run

about the floor, and the head cut off, and fallen on one side, and as big as a great wine-skin."—"I will be hanged," cried the innkeeper, "if Don Quixote, or Don Fool, has not given a gash to some of the wine-skins that stand at his bed's head; and the wine he has let out must be what this honest fellow takes for blood." So saying, he went into the room, and the whole company after him; and they found Don Quixote in the strangest situation in the world. He was in his shirt and night-cap; about his left arm he had twisted the bed-blanket (to which Sancho owed a grudge, and he very well knew why), and in his right hand he held his drawn sword, with which he was laying about him on all sides; uttering words as if he had really been fighting with some giant; and the best of it was, his eyes were shut, for he was fast asleep, and, dreaming that he was engaged in battle with the giant, had given the skins so many cuts, that the whole room was afloat with wine. The innkeeper, perceiving it, fell into such a rage, that he set upon Don Quixote, and, with his clenched fists, gave him so many cuffs that, if two of them had not taken him off, he would have put an end to the war of the giant; yet, notwithstanding all this, the poor gentleman did not awake until the barber brought a large bucket of cold water from the well, and soused it all over his body at a dash; whereat the knight awaked, but not so thoroughly as to be sensible of the plight he was in. Sancho searched all about the floor for the head of the giant; and not finding it, said, "Well, I see plainly that everything about this house is enchantment; for, the time before, in this very same place where I now am, I had several punches and thumps given me, without knowing from whence they came, or seeing anybody; and now the head is vanished, which I saw cut off with my own eyes, as well as the blood spouting from the body like any fountain."—"What blood? and what fountain? thou enemy to all decent people!" said the innkeeper. "Dost thou not see, thief, that the blood and the fountain are nothing but these skins pierced and ripped open, and the red wine floating about the room? I wish him at Jericho that pierced them!"—"I know nothing," said Sancho; "only that I should be so unfor-

tunate that, for want of finding this head, my earldom will melt away like salt in water." Now Sancho awake, was madder than his master asleep ; so besotted was he with the promises he had made him. The innkeeper lost all patience to see the squire's indifference, and the knight's wicked handiwork ; and he protested they should not escape, as they did the time before, without paying ; and that, this bout, the privileges of his chivalry should not exempt him from discharging both reckonings, even to the patches of the torn skins.

The priest held Don Quixote by the hands, who, imagining he had finished the adventure, and that he was in the presence of the Princess Micomicona, fell on his knees before him saying, "High and renowned lady, well may your grandeur from this day forward live more secure, now that this ill-born creature can do you no hurt : and I also, from this day forward, am freed from the promise I gave you, since, through the favour of her by whom I live and breathe, I have so happily accomplished it."—"Did I not tell you so?" cried Sancho, hearing this ; "so that I was not drunk : see, if my master has not already put the giant in pickle—my earldom is cock-sure." At this all laughed except the innkeeper, who wished himself a thousand miles off. But, at length, the barber and the priest, with much ado, threw Don Quixote on the bed, who fell fast asleep, with signs of very great fatigue. They left him to sleep on, and went out to the inn-door, to comfort Sancho for not finding the giant's head : though they had most to do to pacify the innkeeper, who was out of his wits for the murder of his wine-skins. The hostess muttered, and said, "In an unlucky minute, and in an evil hour, came this knight-errant into my house. Oh that my eyes had never seen him ! he has been a dear guest to me. The last time, he went away with a night's reckoning for supper, bed, straw, and barley, for himself and for his squire, for a horse and an ass, telling us, forsooth, that he was a knight-adventurer (evil adventures befall him, and all the adventurers in the world !) and that therefore he was not obliged to pay anything ; for so it was written in the registers of knight-errantry ; and after all, to rip open my skins, and let out my wine ! But let him not think to

escape ; for, hang it ! they shall pay me down upon the nail every farthing, or may I never be called by my own name, or be my own father's daughter." The hostess said all this, and more, in great wrath ; and honest Maritornes, her maid, seconded her. The priest quieted all, promising to make the best reparation he could for their loss, as well in the wine-skins as the wine ; and Dorothea comforted Sancho Panza, telling him that, whenever it should really appear that his master had cut off the giant's head, she promised, when she was peaceably seated on her throne, to bestow on him the best earldom in her dominions. Herewith Sancho was comforted, and assured the princess she might depend upon it that he had seen the giant's head, by the same token that it had a beard which reached down to the girdle ; and if it was not to be found, it was because everything passed in that house by way of enchantment, as he had experienced the last time he lodged there. Dorothea said she believed so, and bid him be in no pain ; for all would be well, and succeed to his heart's desire.

While these things were going on, a company of travellers came up to the inn ; and among these, by some strange chance, was a nobleman, to whom Dorothea was to have been presently married, but that a quarrel had risen up between them. Now, however, they speedily made friends again, and everybody was pleased except Sancho, who, with dismal looks, went in to his master, who was then awake, to whom he said, "Your worship may very well sleep your fill, Signor Sorrowful Figure, without troubling yourself about killing any giant, or restoring the princess to her kingdom ; for all is done and over already."—"I verily believe it," answered Don Quixote ; "for I have had the most monstrous and dreadful battle with the giant that ever I believe I shall have in all the days of my life ; and with one back-stroke I tumbled his head to the ground, and so great was the quantity of blood that gushed from it, that the streams ran along the ground, as if it had been water."—"As if it had been red wine, your worship might better say," answered Sancho ; "for I would have you to know, if you do not know it already, that the dead giant is a pierced skin ; and the blood, eighteen

gallons of red wine contained in its inside ; and the head cut off is—the dickens ! and all the rest of it !”—“What is it you say, fool ?” replied Don Quixote. “Are you in your senses ?”—“Pray, get up, sir,” said Sancho, “and you will see what a fine piece of work you have made, and what a reckoning we have to pay ; and you will see the queen converted into a private lady called Dorothea, with other accidents, which, if you take them right, will astonish you.”—“I shall wonder at nothing of all this,” replied Don Quixote ; “for, if you remember well, the last time we were here, I told you that all things in this place went by enchantment, and it would be no wonder if it should be so now.”—“I should believe so too,” answered Sancho, “if my being tossed in a blanket had been a matter of this nature ; but it was downright real and true ; and I saw that the inn-keeper, who was here this very day, held a corner of the blanket, and canted me toward heaven with notable alacrity and vigour, and with as much laughter as force ; and where it happens that we know persons, in my opinion, though simple and a sinner, there is no enchantment at all, but much misuse and much mishap.”—“Well, time will remedy it,” said Don Quixote ; “give me my clothes, that I may go and see the accidents and transformations you talk of.”

Sancho reached him his clothes ; and presently the knight sallied forth, completely armed ; Mambrino’s helmet, though bruised and battered, on his head, his target braced on, and resting on his saplin or lance. Then fixing his eyes on the fair Dorothea, he said, “I am informed, fair lady, by this my squire, that your grandeur is annihilated, and that, from a queen and great lady, you are metamorphosed into a private maiden. If this has been done by the order of the necromantic king, your father, out of fear lest I should not afford you the necessary and due aid, I say he neither knows, nor ever did know, one half of his trade ; and that he is but little versed in the histories of knight-errantry ; for had he read and considered them, as attentively, and as much at leisure, as I have read and considered them, he would have found, at every turn, how other knights, of a great deal less fame than myself, have achieved matters

much more difficult, it being no such mighty business to kill a pitiful giant, be he never so arrogant ; for not many hours are past since I had a bout with one myself, and—I say no more, lest I should be thought to lie ; but time, the revealer of all things, will tell it when we least think of it.”—“ It was with a couple of wine-skins, and not a giant,” said the innkeeper. But the knight, not heeding him, went on, saying, “ I say, in fine, high and disinherited lady, that if, for the cause aforesaid, your father has made this metamorphosis in your person, I would have you give no heed to it at all ; for there is no danger upon earth through which my sword shall not force a way, and, by bringing down the head of your enemy to the ground, place the crown of your kingdom upon your own in a few days.”

He said no more, but awaited the princess’s answer ; who replied to him, “ Whoever told you, valorous ‘ Knight of the Sorrowful Figure,’ that I was changed and altered from what I was, did not tell you the truth ; for I am the same to-day that I was yesterday. So that, dear sir, to-morrow morning let us set forward on our journey ; and for the rest of the good success I expect, I depend entirely on your valour.”

Upon this, Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and, with an angry air, said to him, “ I tell thee now, little Sancho, that thou art the greatest little rascal in all Spain. Tell me, thief, vagabond, didst thou not tell me just now that this princess was transformed into a damsel called Dorothea, and that the head which, as I take it, I lopped off from the giant, was the dickens, and all the rest of it, with other absurdities, which put me into the greatest confusion I ever was in all the days of my life ? I vow I have a great mind to make such a havoc of thee as shall put wit into the noddles of all the lying squires of knights-errant that shall be from henceforward in the world.”—“ Pray, dear sir, be pacified,” answered Sancho ; “ for I may easily be mistaken as to the transformation of madam the Princess Micomicona ; but as to the giant’s head, or at least the piercing of the skins, and the blood’s being but red wine, I am not deceived ; for the skins yonder at your worship’s bed’s head are cut and slashed, and the red wine has turned the room into a pond ;

and if not, it will be seen before long ; I mean, you will find it when his worship Signor Innkeeper here demands damages.”—“ I tell thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ thou art an ass ; forgive me, that’s enough.”

By this time it was four in the afternoon, and the innkeeper had taken care to provide a collation for his guests, which being now ready, they all sat down at a long table. They gave the upper end and principal seat (though he would have declined it) to Don Quixote, who would needs have the Lady Micomicona sit next him, as being her champion. The others placed themselves in order ; and thus they banqueted much to their satisfaction ; and it gave them an additional pleasure to hear Don Quixote, who, instead of eating, spoke as follows :—

“ In truth, gentlemen, great and unheard-of things do they see who profess the order of knight-errantry. If any one thinks otherwise, let me ask him what man living, that should now enter at this castle-gate, and see us sitting in this manner, could judge or believe us to be the persons we really are ? Who could say that this lady, sitting here by my side, is that great queen that we all know her to be, and that I am that Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, so blazoned abroad by the mouth of fame ? Away with those who say that letters have the advantage over arms. For the reason they usually give is, that the labours of the brain exceed those of the body, and that arms are exercised by the body alone ; as if the use of them were the business of porters, for which nothing is necessary but downright strength ; or as if in this, which we, who profess it, call chivalry, were not included the acts of fortitude, which require a very good understanding to execute them ; or as if the mind of the warrior, who has an army, or the defence of a besieged city, committed to his charge, does not labour with his understanding as well as his body. If not, let us see how, by mere bodily strength, he will be able to penetrate into the designs of the enemy, to form stratagems, overcome difficulties, and prevent dangers which threaten : for all these things are acts of the understanding, in which the body has no share at all. It being so, then, that arms employ the mind as well as letters, let us next see whose mind

labours most, the scholar's or the warrior's. Now the end and design of letters (I do not now speak of divinity, which has for its aim the raising and conducting souls to heaven, for to an end so endless as this no other can be compared,—I speak of human learning, whose end, I say) is to regulate distributive justice, and give to every man his due; to know good laws, and cause them to be strictly observed—an end most certainly generous and exalted, and worthy of high commendation; but not equal to that which is annexed to the profession of arms, whose object and end is peace, the greatest blessing men can wish for in this life. Accordingly, the first good news the world and men received was what the angels brought on that night which was our day, when they sang in the clouds, 'Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, and good-will towards men;' and the salutation which the best Master of earth or heaven taught His followers and disciples, was, that when they entered into any house, they should say, 'Peace be to this house;' and many other times He said, 'My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you; peace be amongst you.' A jewel and a legacy worthy of coming from such a hand! a jewel, without which there can be no happiness either in earth or in heaven! This peace is the true end of war; for to say arms or war, is the same thing. Granting, therefore, this truth, that the end of war is peace, and that in this it has the advantage of the end proposed by letters, let us come now to the bodily labours of the scholar, and to those of the professor of arms, and let us see which are the greatest.

"I say, then, that the hardships of the scholar are these: In the first place, poverty; not that they are all poor, but I would put the case in the strongest manner possible; and when I have said that he endures poverty, methinks no more need be said to show his misery; for he who is poor is destitute of everything. But notwithstanding all this, it is not so great but that still he eats, though somewhat later than usual, or of the rich man's scraps and leavings, or, which is the scholar's greatest misery, by going a-begging. Neither do they always want a fire-side or chimney-corner of some other person, which, if it does not quite

warm them, at least abates their extreme cold ; and lastly, at night they sleep somewhere under cover. I will not mention other trifles, such as want of shirts, and no plenty of shoes, or the thinness and threadbareness of their clothes. By this painful way they arrive to the degree they desire ; which being attained, we have seen many who, from a chair, command and govern the world ; their hunger converted into fulness, their pinching cold into refreshing coolness, their nakedness into embroidery, and their sleeping on a mat to reposing in fine linen and damask. But their hardships fall far short of those of the warrior, as I shall presently show. Since, in speaking of the scholar, we began with his poverty, let us see whether the soldier be richer ; and we shall find that poverty itself is not poorer ; for he depends on his wretched pay, which comes late, or perhaps never ; or else on what he can pilfer, with great peril of his life and conscience. And sometimes his nakedness is such, that his laced-jacket serves him both for finery and shirt ; and, in the midst of winter, being in the open field, he has nothing to warm him but the breath of his mouth which, issuing from an empty place, must needs come out cold. But let us wait until night, and see whether his bed will make amends for these inconveniences ; and that, if it be not his own fault, will never offend in point of narrowness : for he may measure out as many feet of earth as he pleases, and roll himself thereon at pleasure, without fear of rumpling the sheets. Suppose, now, the day and hour come of taking the degree of his profession,—I say, suppose the day of battle come, and then his academical cap will be of lint, to cure some wound made by a musket-shot which, perhaps, has gone through his temples, or lamed him a leg or an arm. And though this should not happen, but merciful Heaven should keep and preserve him alive and unhurt, he shall remain, perhaps, in the same poverty as before ; and there must happen a second and a third engagement, and battle after battle, and he must come off victor from them all, to get anything considerable by it. But these miracles are seldom seen. And tell me, gentlemen, how much fewer are they who are rewarded for their services in war, than those who have perished

in it? Doubtless there is no comparison between the numbers; the dead cannot be reckoned up, whereas those who live, and are rewarded, may be numbered with three figures. All this is quite otherwise with scholars, who are all handsomely provided for. Thus, though the hardships of the soldier are greater, his reward is less.

“But let us return to the pre-eminence of arms over letters. By arms kingdoms are preserved, cities are guarded, highways are secured, and the seas are cleared from corsairs and pirates,—in short, were it not for them, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, journeys by land, and voyages by sea, would be subject to the cruelties and confusion which war carries along with it while it lasts, and is at liberty to make use of its privileges and its power. Besides, it is past dispute that what costs most the attaining is, and ought to be, most esteemed. Now, in order to arrive at a degree of eminence in learning, it costs time, watching, hunger, nakedness, dizziness in the head, weakness of the stomach, and other such like inconveniences, as I have already mentioned in part. But for a man to rise gradually to be a good soldier costs him all it can cost the scholar, and that in so much a greater degree, that there is no comparison, since at every step he is in imminent danger of his life. And what dread of necessity and poverty can affect or distress a scholar equal to that which a soldier feels, who, being besieged in some fortress, and placed as a sentinel, perceives that the enemy is mining towards the place where he stands, and yet must on no account stir from his post, or shun the danger that so nearly threatens him? All that he can do, in such a case, is to give notice to his officer of what passes, that he may remedy it by some countermine; and, in the meantime, he must stand his ground, fearing and expecting when of a sudden he is to mount to the clouds without wings, and then descend headlong to the deep against his will. And if this be thought but a trifling danger, let us see whether it be equalled or exceeded by the encounter of two galleys, prow to prow, in the midst of the wide sea; which, being locked and grappled together, there is no more room left for the soldier than the two-foot plank at the beak-

head: and though he sees as many threatening ministers of death before him, as there are pieces of artillery and small-arms pointed at him from the opposite side, not the length of a lance from his body—and though he knows that the first slip of his foot will send him to the bottom, he exposes himself as a mark to all their fire, and endeavours by that narrow pass to force his way into the enemy's vessel. And what is most to be admired is, that scarce is one fallen, whence he cannot arise until the end of the world, when another takes his place; and if he also fall into the sea, which lies in wait for him, like an enemy, another and another succeeds, without any intermission between their deaths; an instance of bravery and intrepidity the greatest that is to be met with in all the extremities of war. A blessing on those happy ages, strangers to the dreadful fury of those horrible instruments of artillery! whose inventor, I verily believe, is now receiving the reward of his diabolical invention; by means of which it is in the power of a cowardly and base hand to take away the life of the bravest cavalier, and to which is owing, that, without knowing how, or from whence, in the midst of that resolution and bravery which inflames and animates gallant spirits, comes a chance ball, shot off by one who perhaps fled and was frightened at the very flash in the pan, and, in an instant, puts an end to the thoughts and life of him who deserved to have lived for many ages. And therefore, when I consider this, I could almost say, I repent of having undertaken this profession of knight-errantry in so detestable an age as this in which we live; for, though no danger can daunt me, still it gives me some concern to think that powder and lead may chance to deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous and renowned by the valour of my arm and edge of my sword over the face of the whole earth. But Heaven's will be done."

Don Quixote made this long harangue while the rest were eating, forgetting to reach a bit to his mouth, though Sancho Panza ever and anon desired him to mind his victuals, telling him he would have time enough afterwards to talk as much as he pleased.

When day had fairly closed in, the company began to think about their nightcaps ; all but Don Quixote, who courteously offered to spend the night armed and mounted, outside, to guard the castle against attack, whilst the inmates slept. His offer was accepted with thanks by his mischievous friends, who forthwith left him to his solitary watch ; and presently all were at rest, with the exception of the innkeeper's daughter, and her maid Maritornes, who, knowing that the knight was standing without doors, armed and on horseback, keeping guard, agreed to put some trick upon him, or at least to have a little pastime by overhearing some of his extravagant speeches.

Now, you must know that the inn had no windows towards the field, only a kind of spike-hole to the straw-loft, by which they took in or threw out their straw. At this hole, then, this pair of lasses planted themselves, and perceived that Don Quixote was on horseback, leaning on his lance, and uttering every now and then such profound sighs, that one would think each of them sufficient to tear away his very soul. They heard him also say, in a soft, soothing tone, " O my dear Lady Dulcinea del Toboso ! and what may your ladyship be now doing ? Art thou, peradventure, thinking of thy captive knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many perils, merely for thy sake ? O thou hornèd luminary ! bring me tidings of her : perhaps thou art now gazing at her, envious of her beauty, as she is walking through some gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leaning over some balcony, considering how she may assuage the torment this poor afflicted heart of mine endures for her sake ; or perhaps considering what glory to bestow on my sufferings, what rest on my cares, and what reward on my services. And thou, sun, who by this time must be hastening to harness thy steeds, to come abroad early and visit my mistress, I entreat thee, as soon as thou seest her, salute her in my name : but beware when thou seest and salutest her, that thou dost not kiss her face ; for I shall be jealous of thee."

Thus far Don Quixote had proceeded in his piteous soliloquy, when the innkeeper's daughter began to call softly to him, and to say, " Sir, pray come a little this way, if you please." At

which Don Quixote turned his head, and perceiving by the light of the moon, which then shone very bright, that somebody called him from the spike-hole, which to him seemed a window with gilded bars, fit for rich castles, such as he fancied the inn to be, it instantly came again into his mad imagination that the fair damsel, daughter of the lord of the castle, was irresistibly in love with him. With this thought, that he might not appear discourteous and ungrateful, he turned Rozinante about, and came up to the hole ; and, as soon as he saw the two girls, said, " I pity you, fair lady, for having placed your inclinations where it is impossible for you to meet with a suitable return, such as your great worth and beauty deserve ; yet ought you not to blame this unfortunate enamoured knight, whom love has made incapable of engaging his affections to any other than to her whom, the moment he laid his eyes on her, he made absolute mistress of his soul. Pardon me, good lady, and retire to your chamber ; and if there be anything, save my love, which I can yield to your commands, I swear to bestow it upon you immediately, though you should ask me for a lock of Medusa's hair, which was all snakes, or even the sunbeams enclosed in a veil."—" Sir," said Maritornes, " my lady wants nothing of all this."—" What is it then your lady wants, discreet Duenna?" answered Don Quixote. " Only one of your beautiful hands," said Maritornes, " whereby partly to satisfy that longing which brought her to this window, so much to her peril that, if her lord and father should come to know it, the least slice he would whip off would be one of her ears."—" I would fain see that," answered Don Quixote. " He had best have a care what he does, unless he has a mind to come to the most disastrous end that ever father did in the world, for having laid violent hands on the delicate members of his beloved daughter." Maritornes made no doubt but Don Quixote would give his hand, as they had desired ; and so, resolving with herself what she would do, she went down into the stable, from whence she took the halter of Sancho Panza's ass, and returned very speedily to her spike-hole, just as Don Quixote had got upon Rozinante's saddle to reach the gilded window, where he imagined the damsel stood ; and, at giving her his hand, he said

“Take, madam, this hand, or rather this chastiser of the evil-doers of the world ; which no woman’s hand ever touched before. I do not give it you to kiss, but only that you may behold the contexture of its nerves, the firm knitting of its muscles, the largeness and spaciousness of its veins, whence you may gather what must be the strength of that arm which has such a hand.”—“We shall soon see that,” said Maritornes ; and making a running-knot on the halter, she clapped it on his wrist, then descending from the hole, tied the other end of it very fast to the staple of the door of the hay-loft. Don Quixote, feeling the harshness of the rope about his wrist, said, “You seem rather to rasp than grasp my hand : pray, do not treat it so roughly, since that is not to blame ; nor is it right to discharge the whole of your displeasure on so small a part.” But nobody heard a word of this, for, as soon as Maritornes had tied Don Quixote up, they both went away, ready to die with laughing, leaving him fastened in such a manner, that it was impossible for him to get loose.

He stood, as has been said, upright on Rozinante, his arm within the hole, and tied by the wrist to the bolt of the door, in the utmost fear and dread that, if Rozinante stirred ever so little one way or other, he must remain hanging by the arm ; and therefore he durst not make the least movement, though he might well expect, from the sobriety and patience of Rozinante, that he would stand stock-still an entire century. In short, Don Quixote, finding himself tied, and that the ladies were gone, began presently to imagine that all this was done in the way of enchantment, as the time before, when, in that very same castle, the enchanted Moor of a carrier so mauled him. Then, within himself, he cursed his own inconsiderateness and indiscretion, since having come off so ill before, he had ventured to enter in a second time ; it being a rule with knights-errant that, when they have once tried an adventure, and cannot accomplish it, it is a sign of its not being reserved for them, but for somebody else, and therefore there is no necessity for them to try it a second time. However, he pulled his arm, to see if he could loose himself : but he was so fast tied, that all his

efforts were in vain. It is true, indeed, he pulled gently, lest Rozinante should stir ; and though he would fain have got into the saddle, and have sat down, he could not, but must stand up, or pull off his hand. Now he wished for Amadis's sword, against which no enchantment had any power ; and now he cursed his fortune. Then he exaggerated the loss the world would have of his presence, all the while he should stand there enchanted, as, without doubt, he believed he was. Then he bethought himself afresh of his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso. Then he called upon his good squire Sancho Panza, who, buried in sleep, and stretched upon his ass's pack-saddle, did not, at that instant, so much as dream of his own mother. Then he invoked the sages Lirgandeo and Alquife to help him ; then he called upon his special friend Urganda to assist him ; lastly, then the morning overtook him, so despairing and confounded, that he bellowed like a bull ; for, accounting himself enchanted, he concluded it would be eternal : and he was the more induced to believe it, seeing Rozinante budged not at all ; and he verily thought that himself and his horse must remain in that posture, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, until some more sage enchanter should disenchant him.

But he was much mistaken in his belief ; for scarcely did the day begin to dawn, when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, very well appointed and accoutred, with carbines hanging at the pommels of their saddles. They called at the inn-door, which was not yet opened, knocking very hard ; which Don Quixote perceiving, from the place where he still stood sentinel, he cried out, with an arrogant and loud voice, "Knights, or squires, or whoever you are, you have no business to knock at the gate of this castle ; for t is very plain that, at such hours, they who are within are either asleep, or do not use to open the gates of their fortress until the sun has spread his beams over the whole horizon. Get farther off, and stay until clear daylight ; and then we shall see whether it is fit to open to you or no."—"What sort of a fortress or castle is this," said one of them, "to oblige us to observe all this ceremony ? If you are the innkeeper, make somebody open the door ; for we are

travellers, and only want to bait our horses, and go on, as we are in haste.”—“Do you think, gentlemen, that I look like an innkeeper?” answered Don Quixote. “I know not what you look like,” answered the other; “but I am sure you talk preposterously, to call this inn a castle.”—“It is a castle,” replied Don Quixote, “and one of the best in this whole province; and it has in it persons who have had sceptres in their hands, and crowns on their heads.” The querist’s comrades, tired with the dialogue between him and Don Quixote, now knocked again with greater violence, and in such a manner, that the innkeeper awaked, and all the rest of the people that were in the inn; and the host got up to ask who knocked.

Now it fell out that one of the strangers’ horses came, in amiable mood, up to Rozinante, who could not but kindly poke his nose out to him in return; but scarce had he stirred a step, when Don Quixote’s feet slipped, and, tumbling from the saddle, he had fallen to the ground, had he not hung by the arm. This put him to so much torture, that he fancied his wrist was cutting off, or his arm tearing from his body; yet he hung so near the ground, that he could just reach it with the tip of his toes, which turned to his prejudice; for, feeling how little he wanted to set his feet to the ground, he strove and stretched as much as he could to reach it quite, roaring out so terribly, that the host in a fright opened the door hastily to see who it was that made those outcries; nor were the strangers less surprised. Maritornes, who was also waked by the same noise, imagining what it was, went to the straw-loft, and, without anybody’s seeing her, untied the halter, whereupon Don Quixote straight fell to the ground in sight of the innkeeper and the travellers who, coming up to him, asked him what ailed him, that he so cried out? He, without answering a word, slipped the rope from his wrist, and raising himself up on his feet, mounted Rozi-nante, braced his target, couched his lance, and, taking a good compass about the field, came up at a half-gallop, saying, “Whoever shall dare to affirm that I was fairly enchanted, provided my sovereign lady the Princess Micomicona gives me leave, I say he lies, and I challenge him to a single combat.”

The new-comers were amazed at his words ; but the innkeeper removed their wonder by telling them who Don Quixote was, and that they should not mind him, for he was beside himself.

By this time it was broad day, which, together with the noise made by our knight, had raised the whole house. Don Quixote, perceiving that none of the four travellers minded him, nor answered to his challenge, was dying and running mad with rage ; and could he have found a precedent in the statutes and ordinances of chivalry that a knight-errant might lawfully undertake any other adventure, after having given his word and faith not to engage in any new enterprise until he had finished what he had promised, he would have attacked and made them answer him whether they would or no. As it was, he thought it best to be quiet ; and as daylight had lawfully released him from his guard, he re-entered the inn, where presently another brawl arose, owing to two guests, who had lodged there that night, attempting to go off without paying their reckoning. But the host laid hold of them as they were going out of the door, and demanded his money, giving them such hard words for their civil intention, that he provoked them to return him an answer with their fists ; which they did so roundly, that the poor innkeeper was forced to call out for help. The hostess and her daughter, seeing nobody so proper to succour him as Don Quixote, the daughter said to him, " Sir Knight, I beseech your valour to come and help my poor father, whom a couple of wicked fellows are beating to mummy." To whom Don Quixote answered, very leisurely, and with much indifference, " Fair maiden, your petition cannot be granted at present, because I am incapacitated from intermeddling in any other adventure until I have accomplished one I have already engaged my word for ; what I can do for you is this : do you run and bid your father maintain the fight as best he can, and in no wise suffer himself to be vanquished, while I go and ask permission of the Princess Micomicona to relieve him in distress, which, if she grants me, rest assured I will bring him out of it."—" Humph," said Maritornes, who stood by, " before your worship can obtain the licence you talk of my master may be

killed.”—“Permit me, madam, to obtain the licence I speak of,” answered Don Quixote. And, without saying a word more, he went and kneeled down before Dorothea, beseeching that her grandeur would vouchsafe to give him leave to go and succour the governor of that castle, who was in grievous distress. The princess gave it him very graciously ; and he presently, bracing on his target, and drawing his sword, ran to the inn-door, where the two guests were still lugging and worrying the poor host ; but, when he came, he stopped short and stood irresolute, though Maritornes and the hostess asked him why he delayed succouring their master and husband. “I delay, said Don Quixote, “because it is not lawful for me to draw my sword against squire-like folks ; but call hither my squire Sancho, for to him this defence and revenge does most properly belong.” This passed at the door of the inn, where the boxing and cuffing went about briskly, to the innkeeper’s cost, and the rage of Maritornes, the hostess, and her daughter, who were ready to run distracted to behold the cowardice of Don Quixote, and the injury then doing to their master, husband, and father.

Before long the innkeeper and his guests had made peace, more through the persuasion and arguments of Don Quixote than his threats, and he had been paid all he demanded. But at that very instant came into the inn the barber from whom Don Quixote had taken Mambrino’s helmet, and Sancho Panza the ass furniture, which he trucked for his own ; which barber, leading his beast to the stable, espied Sancho Panza, who was mending something about the pannel, and at once set upon him, saying, “Ah, mister thief, have I got you now? Give me my basin and my pack-saddle with all the harness you robbed me of.” Sancho, finding himself attacked so unexpectedly, and hearing the opprobrious language given him, with one hand held fast the pack-saddle, and with the other gave the barber such a thump as made his head ring. For all that the barber did not let go his hold ; on the contrary, he raised his voice in such a manner, that all the folks of the inn ran together at the noise and scuffle, he crying out, “Help, in the king’s name, for this rogue and highway robber would murder me for endeavour-

ing to recover my own goods.”—“You lie,” answered Sancho ; “I am no highway robber ; my master Don Quixote won these spoils in fair war.” Don Quixote was now present ; and, not a little pleased to see how well his squire performed both on the defensive and offensive, from thenceforward took him for a man of mettle, resolving in his mind to dub him a knight the first opportunity that offered, thinking the order of chivalry would be very well bestowed upon him.

Now, among other things which the barber said during the skirmish, “Gentlemen,” said he, “this pack-saddle is certainly mine ; I know it as if it were a child of my own ; and yonder stands my ass in the stable, who will not suffer me to lie ; pray do but try it, and, if it does not fit him to a hair, let me be infamous ; and moreover, by the same token, the very day they took this from me, they robbed me likewise of a new brass basin, never hanselled, that was worth a crown.” Here Don Quixote could not forbear thrusting himself between the two combatants ; then, parting them, and making them lay down the pack-saddle on the ground in public view, he said, “Sirs, you shall presently see clearly and manifestly the error this honest squire is in, in calling that a basin which was, is, and ever shall be, Mambrino’s helmet ; I won it in fair war, so am its right and lawful possessor. As to the pack-saddle, I intermeddle not : what I can say of that matter is, that my squire Sancho asked my leave to take the trappings of this conquered coward’s horse, to adorn his own withal ; I gave him leave ; he took them, and if from horse-trappings they are metamorphosed into an ass’s pack-saddle, I can give no other reason for it but that common one, that these kinds of transformations are frequent in adventures of chivalry ; for confirmation of which, run, son Sancho, and fetch hither the helmet, which this honest man will needs have to be a basin.”—“In faith, sir,” said Sancho, “if we have no other proof of our cause but what your worship mentions, Mambrino’s helmet will prove as errant a basin as this honest man’s trappings are a pack-saddle.”—“Do what I bid you,” replied Don Quixote ; “for sure, all things in this castle cannot be governed by enchantment.” Sancho went for

the basin, and brought it ; and as soon as Don Quixote saw it, he took it in his hands, and said, "Behold, gentlemen, with what face can this squire pretend this to be a basin, and not the helmet I have mentioned? I swear by the order of knight-hood, which I profess, this helmet is the very same I took from him, without addition or diminution."—"There is no doubt of that," answered Sancho ; "for, from the time my master won it until now, he has fought but one battle in it, which was when he freed those unlucky galley-slaves ; and had it not been for this basin-helmet, he had not then got off over-well, for he had a power of stones hurled at him in that skirmish."

"Pray, gentlemen," said the barber, "what is your opinion of what these gentlefolks affirm? for they persist in it that this is no basin, but a helmet."—"And whoever shall affirm the contrary," said Don Quixote, "I will make him know, if he be a knight, that he lies, and, if a squire, that he lies, and lies again a thousand times." Our barber, who was present all the while, and well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, had a mind to carry on the jest ; so, addressing himself to the other barber, he said, "Signor Barber, know that I also am of your profession, and am very well acquainted with all the instruments of barber-surgery. I have likewise been a soldier in my youthful days, and therefore know what is a helmet, and what a morrion or steel cap, and what a casque with its beaver. And I say (with submission always to better judgments) that this piece here before us, which this honest gentleman holds in his hands, not only is not a barber's basin, but is as far from being so as white is from black, and truth from falsehood. I say also that, though it be a helmet, it is not a complete one."—"No, certainly," said Don Quixote ; "for the beaver, that should make half of it, is wanting."—"It is so," said the priest, who saw his friend the barber's design ; and the others confirmed the same.

"Heaven help me!" said the bantered barber, "how is it possible that so many honest gentlemen should maintain that this is not a basin, but a helmet? Well, if this basin be a helmet, then this pack-saddle must needs be a horse's furniture,

as this gentleman has said.”—“To me it seems indeed to be a pack-saddle,” said Don Quixote ; “but I have already told you I will not intermeddle with the dispute, whether it be an ass’s pack-saddle, or a horse’s furniture.”—“All that remains,” said the priest, “is, that Signor Don Quixote declare his opinion ; for, in matters of chivalry, all these gentlemen, and myself, yield him the preference.”—“I vow, gentlemen,” said Don Quixote, “so many and such unaccountable things have befallen me twice that I have lodged in this castle, that I dare not venture to vouch positively for anything that may be asked me about it ; for I am of opinion that everything passes in it by the way of enchantment. The first time, I was very much harassed by an enchanted Moor that was in it, and Sancho fared little better among some of his followers ; and to-night I hung almost two hours by this arm, without being able to guess how I came to fall into that mischance. And therefore, for me to meddle now in so confused a business, and to be giving my opinion, would be to spend my judgment rashly. As to the question, whether this be a basin or a helmet, I have already answered ; but as to declaring whether this be a pack-saddle or a caparison, I dare not pronounce sentence, but remit it, gentlemen, to your discretion : perhaps, not being dubbed knights, as I am, the enchantments of this place may have no power over you, and so you may judge of the things of this castle as they really and truly are, and not as they appear to me.”

Upon this, one of the gentlemen present offered to collect votes on the matter ; and, whispering first to one, then to another, as though asking him his opinion, at last said aloud, “The truth is, honest friend, I am quite weary of collecting so many votes ; for I ask nobody that does not tell me it is ridiculous to say this is an ass’s pack-saddle, and not a horse’s caparison, and even that of a well-bred horse ; so that you must have patience, for, in spite of you and your ass too, this is a caparison, and no pack-saddle.”—“May I never break bread,” said the bantered barber, “if your worships are not all mistaken ; I say this is a pack-saddle, and not a caparison ; but, ‘needs must when somebody drives,’—I say no more ; and

verily I am not drunk, for I am fasting from everything but sin."

The barber's simplicities caused no less laughter than the follies of Don Quixote, who, at this juncture, said, "There is now no more to be done, but for every one to take what is his own ; and much good may it do him." Just then, one of the officers of justice who had overheard the dispute, full of choler and indignation, said, " It is as much a pack-saddle as my father is my father ; and whoever says, or shall say, to the contrary, must be drunk."—" You lie like a pitiful scoundrel," answered Don Quixote. And, lifting up his lance, which he never had let go out of his hand, he gave him such a blow over the head, that, had not the officer slipped aside, he had been laid flat on the spot. The lance was broken to splinters on the ground ; and the other officers, seeing their comrade abused, cried out for help. The innkeeper, who was one of the troop, ran in that instant for his wand and his sword, and prepared himself to stand by his comrades. The barber, perceiving the house turned topsy-turvy, laid hold again of his pack-saddle, and Sancho did the same. Don Quixote drew his sword, and fell upon the troopers. The priest cried out, the hostess shrieked, her daughter roared, Maritornes wept, Dorothea was confounded. The barber cuffed Sancho, Sancho pommelled the barber ; and all the rest were squabbling and fighting. The innkeeper called out afresh, demanding aid for the officers of justice. Thus the whole inn was nothing but weeping, cries, shrieks, confusions, fears, frights, mischances, cuffs, cudgellings, and kicks ; and, in the midst of this chaos, it came into Don Quixote's fancy that he was plunged over head and ears in all the discord of war in an enemy's camp ; so he cried out, with a voice which made the inn shake, " Hold, all of you ! all put up your swords ; be pacified all, and hearken to me, if you would all continue alive !" At which tremendous voice they all desisted, and he went on, saying, " Did I not tell you, sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of imps must certainly inhabit it ?" And with that, he prayed them to make peace among themselves, as it was a thousand

pities so many gentlemen of quality should kill one another for such trivial matters. The barber submitted ; for both his beard and his pack-saddle were demolished in the scuffle. Sancho, as became a dutiful servant, obeyed the least voice of his master ; others were also quiet, seeing how little they got by being otherwise. The innkeeper alone was refractory, and insisted that the insolencies of that madman ought to be chastised, who at every foot turned the inn upside-down. At last the bustle ceased for the time ; the pack-saddle was to remain a caparison, the basin a helmet, and the inn a castle, in Don Quixote's imagination, until the day of judgment.

CHAPTER IX.

Don Quixote seized by officers of justice—Carried home in a cage by his friends.



It might have been thought there was mischief enough done for one day. But it was not so; for one of the troopers who had been kicked and mauled pretty handsomely in the scuffle, bethought him that among some warrants he had about him for apprehending certain delinquents, was one against Don Quixote, for setting the galley-slaves at liberty. So pulling a parchment out of his bosom, and setting himself to read it leisurely (for he was no great clerk), at every word he read he fixed his eyes on Don Quixote, and finding that he must be the person therein described, he rolled up the parchment, and holding the warrant in his left hand, with his right laid fast hold on Don Quixote by the collar. The knight finding himself so roughly handled, trembling with rage, caught the trooper by the throat, as well as he could, with both hands; and, had not the man been rescued by his comrades, he had lost his life before Don Quixote had loosed his hold. The innkeeper, who was bound to aid and assist his brethren in office, ran immediately to his assistance. The hostess, seeing her husband again engaged in battle, raised her voice anew. Her daughter and Maritornes joined in the same tune, praying aid from Heaven, and from the standers-by. Sancho, seeing what passed, said, "As sure as taxes, my master says true concerning the enchantments of this castle; for it is impossible to live an hour in quiet in it." The two were at length parted, much to their own content; but the troopers did not desist from demanding to have

their prisoner bound and delivered up to them ; for so the king's service required ; in whose name they again demanded help and assistance in apprehending that common robber, footpad, and highwayman. Don Quixote smiled to hear these expressions, and with great calmness, said, "Come hither, base and ill-born crew ; call ye it robbing on the highway to loose the chains of the captive, to set the imprisoned free, to succour the miserable, to raise the fallen and cast-down, and to relieve the needy and distressed ? Ah, scoundrel race ! undeserving, by the meanness and baseness of your understandings, that Heaven should reveal to you the worth inherent in knight-errantry, or make you sensible of your own sin and ignorance in not reverencing the very shadow, and much more the presence, of any knight-errant whatever ! Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers, highwaymen with the licence of justice, tell me who was the blockhead that signed the warrant for apprehending such a knight-errant as I am ? Who was he that knew not that knights-errant are exempt from all judicial authority, that their sword is their law, their bravery their privileges, and their will their edicts ? Who was the madman, I say again, that is ignorant that no patent of gentility contains so many privileges and exemptions as are acquired by the knight-errant the day he is dubbed, and gives himself up to the rigorous exercise of chivalry ? What knight-errant ever paid custom, poll-tax, subsidy, quit-rent, portorage, or ferry-boat ? What tailor ever brought in a bill for making his clothes ? What governor, that lodged him in his castle, ever made him pay a reckoning ? What king did not seat him at his table ? What damsel was not in love with him ? and, lastly, what knight-errant has there ever been, is, or shall be, in the world, who has not courage singly to bestow four hundred bastinadoes on four hundred troopers like you, that shall dare to present themselves before him ?"

While he was talking at this rate, the priest was endeavouring to persuade the troopers that Don Quixote was out of his wits, as they might easily perceive by what he did and said, and that they need not give themselves any farther trouble upon that subject ; for, though they should apprehend and carry him away,

they must soon release him, as being a madman. To which the officer that had produced the warrant answered, that it was no business of his to judge of Don Quixote's madness, but to obey the orders of his superior ; and that, when he had once secured him, they might set him free three hundred times if they pleased. "For all that," said the priest, "for this once you must not take him, nor do I think he will suffer himself to be taken." In effect, the priest said so much, and Don Quixote did such extravagancies, that the officers must have been more mad than he, had they not discovered his infirmity ; and therefore they judged it best to be quiet, and moreover to be mediators between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still continued their scuffle with great rancour. At last, they, as officers of justice, compounded the matter, and settled it in such a manner, that both parties rested, if not entirely contented, at least somewhat satisfied ; for they exchanged pack-saddles, but not girths or halters. As for Mambrino's helmet, the priest, underhand and unknown to Don Quixote, gave a crown for the bason ; and the barber gave him a discharge in full, acquitting him of all fraud from thenceforth and for evermore, amen.

Don Quixote now finding he was freed, threw himself on his knees before the beautiful Dorothea, entreating that they might at once set out on his adventure to restore her to her dominions. The lady raised him, and graciously giving her consent to his prayer, the knight bade Sancho instantly saddle Rozinante, and make ready his own ass, and her majesty's palfrey, for their departure from the castle. Upon which, Sancho, shaking his head, said, "Ah, master, master, there are more tricks in a town than are dreamt of, with all respect be it spoken."—"What tricks can there be to my discredit in any town, or in all the towns in the world, thou bumpkin?" said Don Quixote. "If your worship puts yourself into a passion," answered Sancho, "I will hold my tongue, and forbear to say what I am bound to tell, as a faithful squire and a dutiful servant ought to his master."—"Say what you will," replied Don Quixote, "so your words tend not to making me afraid : if you are afraid, you do but like yourself ; and if I am not afraid, I do like myself."—

“Nothing of all this, as I am a sinner,” answered Sancho; “only that I am sure and positively certain, that this lady, who calls herself queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more a queen than my mother. I say this, sir, because, supposing that, after we have travelled through thick and thin, and passed many bad nights and worse days, one, who is now solacing himself in this inn, should chance to reap the fruit of our labours, I need be in no haste to saddle Rozinante, or to get the ass and the palfrey ready; for we had better be quiet; and let every lass mind her spinning, and let us to dinner.” Stars and garters! how great was the indignation of Don Quixote at hearing his squire speak thus disrespectfully! so great, that, with speech stammering, tongue faltering, and living fire darting from his eyes, he said, “Scoundrel! designing, unmannerly, ignorant, ill-spoken, foul-mouthed, impudent, murmuring, and back-biting villain! darest thou utter such words in my presence, and in the presence of these illustrious ladies? and hast thou dared to entertain such rude and insolent thoughts in thy confused imagination? Avoid my presence, monster of nature, treasury of lies, magazine of deceits, storehouse of rogueries, inventor of mischiefs, publisher of absurdities, and enemy of the respect due to royal personages! Begone! appear not before me, on pain of my indignation.” And in saying this, he arched his brows, puffed his cheeks, stared round about him, and gave a violent stamp with his right foot on the floor—all manifest tokens of the rage locked up in his breast. At whose words and furious gestures Sancho was so frightened, that he would have been glad the earth had opened that instant and swallowed him up. And he knew not what to do, but to turn his back, and get out of the enraged presence of his master.

“Her majesty,” however, persuaded the knight to forgive his squire, who had offended from ignorance, not from wilfulness; and Sancho, who came in very humbly, falling down on his knees, begged his master’s hand, who gave it him; and, after he had let him kiss it, he gave him his blessing, saying, “Now you will be thoroughly convinced, son Sancho, of what I have

often told you before, that all things in this castle are done by way of enchantment.”—“ I believe so too,” said Sancho, “excepting the business of the blanket, which really fell out in the ordinary way.”—“ Do not believe it,” answered Don Quixote ; “for, were it so, I would have revenged you at that time, and even now. But neither could I then, nor can I now, find on whom to revenge the injury.” They all desired to know what that business of the blanket was ; and the innkeeper gave them a very circumstantial account of Sancho Panza’s tossing, at which they were not a little diverted. And Sancho would have been no less ashamed, if his master had not assured him afresh that it was all enchantment, which yet that faithful squire could not bring himself to believe.

The next business was how to get Don Quixote home, to be cured of his madness, if that might be ; and the device hit upon, was to bind him hand and foot, as he lay in bed, put him into a kind of cage, which they constructed of poles placed crossways, and then mount this upon a waggon drawn by a team of oxen : all done under pretence to him of its being enchantment. The knight submitted to this harsh usage without saying a word, until his cage (in which they had nailed him up fast) was got upon the waggon, when he exclaimed :—“ Many and most grave histories have I read of knights-errant ; but I never read, saw, or heard of enchanted knights being carried away after this manner, and so slowly as these lazy, heavy animals seem to promise. For they always used to be carried through the air with wonderful speed, wrapped up in some thick and dark cloud, or in some chariot of fire, or mounted upon a hippogrif, or some such beast. But, to be carried upon a team drawn by oxen, puts me into confusion. But, perhaps, the chivalry and enchantments of these our times may have taken a different turn from those of the ancients ; and, perhaps also, as I am a new knight in the world, and the first who have revived the long-forgotten exercise of knight-errantry, there may have been lately invented other kinds of enchantments, and other methods of carrying away those that are enchanted.”

The cavalcade, after Don Quixote had taken a courteous

leave of the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes, then marched out: first the car, guided by the owner; on each side went a trooper with his firelock; then followed Sancho upon his ass, leading Rozinante by the bridle, who had the buckler hung at one side of his pommel, the basin on the other; the priest and the barber, their faces masked, brought up the rear on their mules, with a grave and solemn air, marching no faster than the slow pace of the oxen allowed. Don Quixote sat in the cage, with his hands tied, and his legs stretched out, leaning against the bars, with as much patience and silence as if he had not been a man of flesh and blood, but a statue of stone.

Sancho, it must be said, was not a little displeased at seeing his master treated in this manner, protesting that he was no more enchanted than his own mother; and he took the priest roundly to task for playing such tricks upon the knight as hindered his going about to succour distressed persons, according to his vow. He also pretty hotly told Don Quixote himself, that his being enchanted was all a lie; for the enchanters who guarded him in that cage were none other than his old friends the priest and the barber; who, he supposed, had played him this shabby trick out of envy of his achievements. But this the knight would not for one moment credit; knowing, as he assured Sancho, that none, save supernatural force, could ever have fastened him up in a cage.

At midday they rested in a delicious, green meadow, and the knight, being let out of his prison for awhile, was not a little pleased to stretch his legs, which were rather cramped with being so long cooped up. Then their dinner was spread upon the grass; and a goatherd, who chanced to come up, was hospitably invited to join them. The man, eyeing Don Quixote all over, whispered to the barber to tell him who that strange figure was that talked so extravagantly? "Who should it be," answered the barber, "but the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the relief of maidens, the dread of giants, and the conqueror of battles?"—"This," said the goatherd, "is like what we read

of in the books of knights-errant, who did all that you tell me of this man ; though, as I take it, either your worship is in jest, or the apartments in this gentleman's skull are unfurnished."—"You are a very great rascal," said Don Quixote, at this instant, "and you are the empty-skulled, and the shallow-brained ; for mine is fuller than ever was the head-piece of any of your vile generation." And, so saying, and muttering on, he snatched up a loaf that was near him, and with it struck the goatherd full in the face with so much fury, that he laid his nose flat. The goatherd, without any respect to the carpet or table-cloth, or to the company that sat about it, at once leaped upon Don Quixote, and, griping him by the throat with both hands, would doubtless have strangled him, had not Sancho Panza come up in that instant, and, taking him by the shoulders, thrown him back on the table, breaking the dishes and platters, and spilling and overturning all that was upon it. Don Quixote, finding himself loose, ran at the goatherd, who, being kicked and trampled upon by Sancho, and his face all over dirt, was feeling about, upon all fours, for some knife or other, to take revenge withal ; but he was prevented ; and the barber contrived it so, that the goatherd got Don Quixote under him, on whom he poured a shower of buffets. The priest was ready to burst with laughter ; the troopers danced and capered for joy ; and they stood hallooing them on, as people do dogs when they are fighting ; only Sancho was at his wits' end, not being able to get loose from one of the servants, who held him from going to assist his master. In short, while all were in high joy and merriment, excepting the two combatants, who were still worrying one another, on a sudden they heard the sound of a trumpet, so dismal, that it made them turn their faces towards the way from whence they fancied the sound came ; and Don Quixote, who, though he was under the goatherd, sorely against his will, and more than indifferently mauled, said to him, "Brother imp (for it is impossible you should be anything else, since you have had the valour and strength to subdue mine), truce, I beseech you, for one hour ; for the dolorous

sound of that trumpet seems to summon me to some new adventure." The goatherd, who by this time was pretty well weary of mauling and being mauled, immediately let him go, and Don Quixote, getting upon his legs, turned his face toward the place whence the sound came, and presently saw several people arrayed in white, descending from a rising ground.

The case was, that the clouds that year had failed to refresh the earth with seasonable showers, and throughout all the villages of that district they made processions, and public prayers, beseeching God to open the hands of His mercy and send them rain. For this purpose the people of a town hard by were coming in procession to a hermitage, built upon the side of a hill bordering upon that valley. Don Quixote, perceiving their strange attire, imagined it was some adventure, and that it belonged to him alone, as a knight-errant, to undertake it; and he was the more confirmed in this fancy by thinking, that an image they had with them, covered with black, was some lady whom those discourteous ruffians were forcing away. No sooner had he taken this into his head, than he ran with great agility to Rozinante, who was grazing about; then taking the bridle and buckler from the pommel of his saddle, bridled him in a trice, and, demanding from Sancho his sword, mounted Rozinante, braced his target, and with a loud voice said to all present, "Now, my worthy companions, you shall see of what consequence it is that there are in the world such as profess the order of chivalry; now, I say, you shall see by my restoring liberty to that good lady, who is carried captive yonder, whether knights-errant are to be valued or not." And so saying, he laid legs to Rozinante (for spurs he had none), and on a hand-gallop (which was Rozinante's best speed), ran to encounter the enemy. The priest and the barber in vain endeavoured to stop him; and in vain did Sancho cry out, saying, "Whither go you, signor Don Quixote? what possesses you? have a care what you do; for this once I am sure you do not know what you are about." Sancho wearied himself to no purpose; for his master was so bent upon encountering the men in white, and delivering the mourning lady, that

he heard not a word, and, if he had, would not have come back, though the king himself had commanded him.

Being now come up to the procession, he checked Rozinante, and with a disordered and hoarse voice, said, "You there, who cover your faces, for no good, I suppose, stop and give ear to what I shall say." The first who stopped were they who carried the image ; and one of the four ecclesiastics, who sang the litanies, observing the strange figure of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rozinante, and other ridiculous circumstances attending the knight, answered him, saying, "Good brother, if you have anything to say to us, say it quickly in two words."—"I will say it in one," replied Don Quixote, "and it is this, that you immediately set at liberty that fair lady, whose tears and sorrowful countenance are evident tokens of her being carried away against her will, and that you have done her some notorious injury ; and I, who was born into the world on purpose to redress such wrongs, will not suffer you to proceed one step farther, until you have given her the liberty she desires and deserves." By these expressions, all that heard them gathered that Don Quixote must be some madman, whereupon they fell a laughing very heartily, which was adding fuel to the fire of his rage ; for, without saying a word more, he drew his sword and attacked the bearers, one of whom stepped forward to encounter Don Quixote, brandishing a pole whereon he rested the bier when they made a stand. Receiving on this a huge stroke which the knight let fly at him, and which broke it in two, with what remained of it he gave Don Quixote such a blow on the shoulder of his sword-arm, that, his target not being able to ward off so furious an assault, the poor man fell to the ground in evil plight. Sancho Panza, who came puffing close after him, perceiving him fallen, called out to his adversary not to strike him again, for he was a poor enchanted knight, who never had done anybody harm in all the days of his life. But that which made the rustic forbear, was not Sancho's crying out, but his seeing that Don Quixote stirred neither hand nor foot ; and so, believing he had killed him, in all haste he tucked up his frock in his girdle, and began to fly away over the field as nimble as a buck.

As for Sancho, he threw himself upon the body of his master, and poured forth the most dolorous and ridiculous lamentation in the world, believing verily he was dead ; saying, with tears in his eyes, “ O flower of chivalry, who by one single thwack hath finished the career of thy well-spent life ! O glory of thy race, credit and renown of La Mancha, yea of the whole world, which, by wanting thee, will be overrun with evil-doers, who will no longer fear the being chastised for their iniquities ! O liberal above all Alexanders, seeing that, for eight months’ service only, thou hast given me the best island the sea doth compass or surround. O thou—in a word, knight-errant, which is all that can be said ! ” At Sancho’s cries and lamentations Don Quixote revived, and the first word he said was, “ He who lives absented from thee, sweetest Dulcinea, is subject to greater miseries than these. Help, friend Sancho, to lay me upon the enchanted car ; for I am no longer in a condition to press the saddle of Rozinante, all this shoulder being mashed to pieces.”—“ That I will do with all my heart, dear sir,” answered Sancho ; “ and let us return home in company of these gentlemen, who wish you well, and there we will give order about another sally, that may prove of more profit and renown.”—“ You say well, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote ; “ and it will be great prudence in us to wait until the evil influence of the stars, which now reigns, is over-passed.” The priest and the barber told him they approved his resolution ; and so they placed him in the waggon, as before. The waggoner yoked his oxen, accommodated Don Quixote on a truss of hay, and with his accustomed pace, jogged on the way the priest directed. On the sixth day they arrived at Don Quixote’s village, and entered it about noon ; when, it being Sunday, all the people were standing in the market-place, through the midst of which Don Quixote’s car must of necessity pass. Everybody ran to see who was in the waggon, and, when they found it was their townsman, they were greatly surprised ; and a boy ran full speed to acquaint the housekeeper and niece, that their uncle and master was coming home, weak and pale, and stretched upon a truss of hay in a waggon drawn by oxen. It was piteous to hear the out-

cries the two good women raised, to see the buffets they gave themselves, and how they cursed afresh the vile books of chivalry; and all this was renewed by seeing Don Quixote coming in at the gate.

Upon the news of Don Quixote's arrival, Sancho Panza's wife, who knew her husband was gone with him to serve him as his squire, repaired thither; and as soon as she saw Sancho, the first thing she asked him was, whether the ass was come home well. Sancho answered he was, and in a better condition than his master. "Heaven be praised!" replied she. "But tell me, friend, what good have you got by your squireship? what petticoat do you bring home to me, and what shoes to your children?"—"I bring nothing of all this, dear wife," said Sancho; "but I bring other things of greater moment and consequence."—"I am very glad of that," answered the wife. "Pray show me these things of greater moment and consequence, my friend; for I would fain see them, to rejoice this heart of mine, which has been so sad and discontented all the long time of your absence."—"You shall see them at home, wife," said Sancho, "and be satisfied at present; for if it please heaven, that we make another sally in quest of adventures, you will soon see me an earl or governor of an island, and not an ordinary one neither, but one of the best that is to be had."—"Grant heaven it may be so, husband," said the wife, "for we have need of it. But pray tell me what you mean by islands; for I do not understand you?"—"Honey is not for the mouth of an ass," answered Sancho; "in good time you shall see, wife, yea, and admire to hear yourself styled ladyship by all your vassals."—"What do you mean, Sancho, by ladyship, islands, and vassals?" answered Teresa Panza. "Be not in so much haste, Teresa, to know all this," said Sancho; "let it suffice that I tell you the truth, and you sew up your mouth. But for the present know, that there is nothing in the world so pleasant to an honest man, as to be squire to a knight-errant, and seeker of adventures. It is true, indeed, most of them are not so much to a man's mind as he could wish. This I know by experience; for I have sometimes come off tossed in a blanket, and sometimes well cudgelled.

Yet for all that, it is a fine thing to be in expectation of accidents, traversing mountains, searching woods, marching over rocks, visiting castles, lodging in inns, all at discretion, and never a farthing to pay."

All this discourse passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Panza, while the housekeeper and the niece received Don Quixote, and having pulled off his clothes, laid him in his old bed. He looked at them with eyes askance, not knowing perfectly where he was. The priest charged the niece to take great care, make much of her uncle, and to keep a watchful eye over him, lest he should once more give them the slip ; telling her what difficulty they had to get him home to his house. Here the two women exclaimed afresh, and renewed their execrations against all books of chivalry, begging of Heaven to confound to the centre of the abyss the authors of so many lies and absurdities. Lastly, they remained full of trouble and fear, lest they should lose their uncle and master, as soon as ever he found himself a little better.

CHAPTER X.

Sets out a second time, with his squire—Sancho's discourse with his wife Teresa Panza.



HE priest and the barber were almost a whole month without seeing their friend, lest they should bring back to his mind the remembrance of things past. Yet they did not therefore forbear visiting his niece and his housekeeper, charging them to take care and make much of him, and to give him comforting things to eat. They said they did so, and would continue so to do; for they perceived that their master was ever and anon discovering signs of being in his right mind; whereat the priest and the barber were greatly pleased, as thinking they had hit upon the right course in bringing him home enchanted upon the ox-waggon. The two resolved therefore to visit him, and make trial of his amendment; agreeing between them not to touch upon the subject of knight-errantry, lest they should endanger the ripping up of a sore that was yet so tender.

So they made the knight a visit, and found him sitting on his bed, clad in a waistcoat of green braise, with a red Toledo bonnet on his head, and so lean and shrivelled, that he seemed as if he was reduced to a mere mummy. They were received by him with great kindness; and when they inquired after his health, he gave them an account both of it, and of himself, with much judgment and in well-chosen words. Then they fell to talking on general subjects, and still the knight expressed himself with perfect reasonableness, until the danger to which all Christendom was exposed by the inroads of the Turks was spoken of.

Then alas, Don Quixote's old madness blazed out ; he could only see one remedy for the evil, and that was for the King of Spain to summon to his aid all the knights-errant who were wandering about his dominions—it being, as he assured his friends, no new thing that one such knight should defeat an army of two hundred thousand men, as though they had only one neck, or were made of sugar-paste. He wound up, by exclaiming vehemently, “A knight-errant will I live ! and a knight-errant will I die ! let the Turk come down or up when he pleases.”

This outburst was not very encouraging ; but whilst they were yet chatting, Don Quixote's housekeeper and his niece were suddenly heard bawling so loudly in the courtyard, that they all ran to see what was amiss. The two women were, in truth, holding the door against Sancho Panza, who was struggling to get in, to see his master. “What would this burley fellow have in this house ?” said they. “Get you to your own, brother ; for it is you, and no other, by whom our master is seduced, and led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways.” To which Sancho replied, “Mistress Housekeeper, it is I that am seduced and led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways, and not your master. It was he who led me this dance, and you deceive yourselves half in half. He inveigled me from home with fair speeches, promising me an island, which I still hope for.”—“May the islands choke thee, Sancho !” answered the niece ; “and, pray, what are islands ? are they anything eatable, glutton, cormorant, as thou art ?”—“They are not to be eaten,” replied Sancho, “but governed, and better governments than any four cities, or four justiceships at court.”—“For all that,” said the housekeeper, “you come not in here, sack of mischiefs, and bundle of rogueries ! Get you home, and govern there ; go, plough and cart, and cease pretending to islands or highlands.” But here Don Quixote called him to him, ordering the women to hold their tongues, and let him in. Sancho entered, and the priest and the barber took their leave of Don Quixote, of whose cure they now despaired ; the priest saying to the barber, “You will see, neighbour, when we least think of it, our gentleman take the other flight.”—“I

make no doubt of that," answered the barber ; " yet, I do not admire so much the madness of the knight as the simplicity of the squire."

In the meanwhile, Don Quixote had shut himself up in his chamber with Sancho only, and said to him, " I am very sorry, Sancho, you should say, and stand in it, that it was I who drew you out of your cottage, when you know that I myself stayed not in my own house. We set out together ; we went on together ; and together we performed our travels. We both ran the same fortune and the same chance. If you were once tossed in a blanket, I have been thrashed an hundred times ; and herein only have I had the advantage of you."—" And reason good," answered Sancho ; " for, as your worship holds, misfortunes belong more properly to knights-errant themselves, than to their squires."—" You are mistaken, Sancho," said Don Quixote ; " for according to the saying, *Quando caput dolet, &c.*"—" I understand no other language than my own," replied Sancho. " I mean," said Don Quixote, " that when the head aches, all the members ache also ; and therefore I, being your master and lord, am your head, and you are a part of me, as being my servant. And for this reason the ill that does, or shall affect me, must affect you also ; and so on the contrary."—" Indeed," said Sancho, " it should be so ; but when I, as a limb, was tossed in the blanket, my head stood on t' other side of the pales, beholding me frisking in the air, without feeling any pain at all ; and since the members are bound to grieve at the ills of the head, that also, in requital, ought to do the like for them."—" Would you insinuate now, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, " that I was not grieved when I saw you tossed ? If that be your meaning, say no more, nor so much as think it ; for I felt more pain then in my mind, than you did in your body. But no more of this at present. In the meantime, tell me, friend Sancho, what do folks say of me about this town ? what opinion has the common people of me ? what think the gentlemen, and what the cavaliers ? what is said of my prowess, what of my exploits, and what of my courtesy ? What discourse is there of the design I have engaged in, to revive and

restore to the world the long-forgotten order of chivalry? In short, Sancho, I would have you tell me whatever you have heard concerning these matters. And this you must do, without adding to the good, or taking from the bad, one tittle; for it is the part of faithful vassals to tell their lords the truth in its native simplicity.”—“That I will, with all my heart, sir,” answered Sancho, “on condition that your worship shall not be angry at what I say.”—“I will in no wise be angry,” replied Don Quixote; “you may speak freely, Sancho.”

“First and foremost then,” said Sancho, “the common people take your worship for a downright madman, and me for no less a fool. The gentlemen say, that not containing yourself within the bounds of gentility, you have taken upon you the style of Don, and invaded the dignity of knighthood, with no more than a paltry vineyard, and a couple of acres of land, with a tatter behind, and another before. The cavaliers say, they would not have the gentlemen set themselves in opposition to them, especially those gentlemen esquires who clout their shoes, and take up the fallen stitches of their black stockings with green silk.”—“That,” said Don Quixote, “is no reflection upon me; for I always go well-clad, and my clothes never patched; a little torn they may be, but more so through the fretting of my armour, than by length of time.”—“As to what concerns your valour, courtesy, achievements, and your undertaking,” said Sancho, “there are very different opinions. Some say, mad but humorous; others, valiant but unfortunate; others, courteous but impertinent; and thus they run divisions upon us, till they leave neither your worship nor me a whole bone in our skins.”—“Take notice, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that wherever virtue is found in any eminent degree, it is sure to be persecuted.”

At this moment Sampson Carasco, an acquaintance of Don Quixote's, came in to see his friend. Sampson was a bachelor of arts of the famous University of Salamanca, and also a broad-faced, pleasant, waggish fellow, who had a mind to amuse himself with our knight's vagaries. So, when Don Quixote told him he meant to set out on a fresh adventure in three or four

days, and asked where he had best begin, the bachelor advised him to go directly to the city of Saragosa, where was to be held a most solemn tournament in honour of the festival of Saint George, in which he might acquire renown above all the Arragonian knights in the world. He commended his resolution as most honourable and most valorous, and gave him a hint to be more wary in encountering dangers, because his life was not his own, but theirs, who stood in need of his aid and succour in their distresses. "This is what I renounce, Signor Sampson," said Sancho, "for my master makes no more of attacking an hundred armed men, than a greedy boy would do half a dozen melons. Body of the world ! Signor Bachelor, yes, there must be a time to attack and a time to retreat ; and it must not be always, San Jago, and charge, Spain.* And further, I have heard say (and, if I remember right, from my master himself), that the mean of true valour lies between the extremes of cowardice and rashness. Now, if this be so, I would not have him run away when there is no need of it, nor would I have him fall on when the too great superiority requires quite another thing ; but above all things, I would let my master know that, if he will take me with him, it must be upon condition that he shall battle it all himself, and that I will not be obliged to do any other thing but to look after his clothes and his diet, to which purposes I will fetch and carry like any spaniel ; but to imagine that I will lay hand to my sword, though it be against rascally woodcutters with hooks and hatchets, is to be very much mistaken. I, Signor Sampson, do not set up for the fame of being valiant, but for that of being the best and most faithful squire that ever served a knight-errant ; and if my lord Don Quixote, in consideration of my many and good services, has a mind to bestow on me some one island of the many his worship says he shall light upon, I shall be much beholden to him for the favour ; and though he should not give me one, born I am, and we must not rely upon one another, but upon Providence ; and perhaps the bread I shall eat without the government may go down more savourily than that I should eat with it ; and how

* The old Spanish war-cry.

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

"Brother Sancho," said Carrasco, "you have spoken like any professor; nevertheless, trust in Providence, and Signor Don Quixote, that he will give you, not only an island, but even a kingdom."—"One is as likely as the other," answered Sancho; "though I could tell Signor Carrasco, that my master will not throw the kingdom he gives me into a bag without a bottom; for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands, and so much I have signified before now to my lord."—"Look you, Sancho," said Sampson, "honours change manners; and it may come to pass, when you are a governor, that you may not know your own father."—"That," answered Sancho, "may be the case with your mean trash, but not with those whose souls, like mine, come of a good stock. No, I am not likely to be ungrateful to anybody."

Sancho came home so gay and so merry, that his wife perceived his joy a bow-shot off, insomuch that she could not but ask him, "What is the matter, friend Sancho, you are so merry?" To which he answered, "Dear wife, if it were God's will, I should be very glad not to be so well pleased as I appear to be."—"Husband," replied she, "I understand you not, and know not what you mean by saying, you should be glad, if it were God's will you were not so much pleased; now, silly as I am, I cannot guess how one can take pleasure in not being pleased."—"Look you, Teresa," answered Sancho, "I am thus merry, because I am resolved to return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who is determined to make a third sally in quest of adventures; and I am to accompany him, for so my necessity will have it.

Besides, I am pleased with the hopes of finding the other hundred crowns, like those we have spent ; though it grieves me, that I must part from you and my children ; and if God would be pleased to give me bread, dry-shod and at home, without dragging me over rough and smooth, and through thick and thin (which He might, by only willing it so), it is plain, my joy would be more firm and solid, since it is now mingled with sorrow for leaving you ; so that I said right, when I said I should be glad, if it were God's will I were not so well pleased."—"Look you, Sancho," replied Teresa, "ever since you have been a member of a knight-errant, you talk in such a round-about manner, that there is nobody understands you."—"It is enough that God understands me, wife," answered Sancho ; "for He is the understander of all things ; and so much for that. And do you hear, sister, it is convenient you should take more than ordinary care of Dapple these three days, that he may be in a condition to bear arms ; double his allowance, and get the pack-saddle in order, and the rest of his tackling ; for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to have now and then a bout at 'give and take' with giants, fierce dragons, and goblins, and to hear hissings, roarings, bellowings, and bleatings : all which would be but flowers of lavender, if we had not to do with carriers and enchanted Moors."—"I believe indeed, husband," replied Teresa, "that your squires-errant do not eat their bread for nothing."—"I tell you, wife," answered Sancho, "that, did I not expect ere long to see myself a governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot."—"Not so, my dear husband," said Teresa. "Let the hen live, though it be with the pip. Live you, and plague take all the governments in the world. Without a government came you into the world ; without a government have you lived hitherto ; and without a government will you go, or be carried to your grave, whenever your time comes. How many folks are there in the world that have not a government ; and yet they live for all that ? The best sauce in the world is hunger, and, as that is never wanting to the poor, they always eat with a relish. But if, perchance, Sancho, you

should get a government, do not forget me and your children. Consider, that little Sancho is just fifteen years old, and it is fit he should go to school, if so be his uncle, the abbot, means to bring him up to the church. Consider, also, that Mary Sancha, your daughter, will not break her heart if we marry her ; for I am mistaken if she has not as much mind to a husband as you have to a government."

"In good faith," answered Sancho, "if I get anything like a government, dear wife, I will match Mary Sancha so highly, that there will be no coming near her without calling her Your Ladyship."—"Not so, Sancho," answered Teresa ; "the best way is to marry her to her equal : for if, instead of pattens, you put her on clogs, and, instead of her russet petticoat of fourteen-penny stuff, you give her a farthingale and petticoats of silk, and, instead of plain Molly and You, she be called My Lady Such-a-one, and Your Ladyship, the girl will not know where she is, and will fall into a thousand mistakes at every step, discovering the coarse thread of her home-spun country-stuff."—"Peace, fool," said Sancho ; "for all the business is to practise two or three years, and after that the ladyship and the gravity will sit upon her, as if they were made for her ; and, if not, what matters it ? Let her be a lady, come what will of it."—"Measure yourself by your condition, Sancho," answered Theresa ; "seek not to raise yourself higher. It would be a pretty business truly to marry our Mary to some great count or knight, who, when the fancy takes him, would look upon her as some strange thing, and be calling her country-wench, clod-breaker's brat, and I know not what ; not while I live, husband ; I have not brought up my child to be so used. Do you provide money, Sancho, and leave the matching of her to my care ; and do not you pretend to be marrying her now at your courts and great palaces, where they will neither understand her, nor she understand herself."—"Hark you, beast, and wife for a blunderbuss," replied Sancho, "why would you now, without rhyme or reason, hinder me from marrying my daughter with one whose grandchildren may be styled Your Lordships ? Look you, Teresa, I have always heard my betters say, 'He that will not when he

may, when he will he shall have nay ; } and it would be very wrong, now that Fortune is knocking at our door, to shut it against her. Do you not think, stupid !” continued Sancho, “ that it would be well for me to be really possessed of some government, that may lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha to whom I please ? You will then see how people will call you Donna Teresa Panza ; and you will sit in the church with velvet cushions, carpets, and tapestries, in spite of the best gentlewoman of the parish. No ! no ! continue as you are, and be always the same thing, without being increased or diminished, like a figure in the hangings. Let us have no more of this, pray ; for little Sancha shall be a countess, in spite of your teeth.”—“ For all that, husband,” answered Teresa, “ I am afraid this countess-ship will be my daughter’s undoing. But, what you please ; make her a duchess or a princess ; but I can tell you, it shall never be with my good-will or consent. Teresa my parents named me at the font, a plain, simple name, without the additions, laces, or garnitures of Dons or Donnas. My father’s name was Cascajo ; and I, by being your wife, am called Teresa Panza, though indeed, by good right, I should be called Teresa Cascajo. I am contented with this name, without the additional weight of Donna, to make it so heavy that I shall not be able to carry it ; and I would not have people, when they see me decked out like any little countess or governess, immediately say, Look how stately Madam Hog-feeder moves ! Yesterday she toiled at her distaff from morning to night, and went to church with the tail of her petticoat over her head, instead of a veil ; and to-day, forsooth, she goes with her farthingale, her embroideries, and with an air, as if we did not know her. Heaven keep me in my seven, or my five senses, or as many as I have ; for I do not intend to expose myself after this manner. Go you to your governing and islanding, and puff yourself up as you please ; as for my girl and me, we will neither of us stir a step from our own town. Go you with your Don Quixote ; and truly I cannot imagine who made him a Don, a title which neither his father nor his grandfather ever had.”—“ Heaven bless thee, woman !” rejoined Sancho, “ what

a parcel of things have you been stringing one upon another, without either head or tail! What has Cascajo, or the embroideries either, to do with what I am saying? Hark you, had I told you, that our daughter was to throw herself headlong from some high tower, or go strolling about the world, as did the Infanta Donna Urraca, you would be in the right not to come into my opinion; but if, in two turns of a hand, and less than one twinkling of an eye, I can equip her with a Don and Your Ladyship, and raise you from the straw to sit under a canopy of state, and upon a sofa with more velvet cushions than all the blacks of Morocco had Moors in their lineage, why will you not consent, and desire what I do?"—"I do not understand you, husband," replied Teresa. "Do what you think fit, and break not my brains any more with your speeches and flourishes. And if you are revolved to do as you say——"—"Resolved, you should say, wife," said Sancho, "and not revolved."—"Set not yourself to dispute with me," answered Teresa: "I speak as it pleases Heaven, and meddle not with what does not concern me. I say, if you hold still in the same mind of being a governor, take your son Sancho with you, and henceforward train him up to your art of government; for it is fitting the sons should inherit and learn their father's calling."—"When I have a government," said Sancho, "I will send for him by the post, and will send you money, which I shall not want; for there are always people enough to lend governors money, when they have it not;] but then be sure to clothe the boy so that he may look, not like what he is, but what he is to be."—"Send you money," said Teresa, "and I will equip him as fine as a lord."—"We are agreed then," said Sancho, "that our daughter is to be a countess?"—"The day that I see her a countess," answered Teresa, "I shall reckon I am laying her in her grave; but I say again, you may do as you please; [for we women are born to bear the clog of obedience to our husbands, be they never such blockheads;]" and then she began to weep as bitterly as if she already saw little Sancho dead and buried. Sancho comforted her, and promised, that though he must make her a countess, he would see and put it off as long as possibly he could. Thus

ended their dialogue, and Sancho went back to visit Don Quixote, and put things in order for their departure.

While Sancho Panza and his wife were holding the foregoing dialogue, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle ; who, guessing by a thousand signs that their uncle and master would break loose the third time, and return to the exercise of his (for them) unlucky knight-errantry, endeavoured by all possible means to divert him from so foolish a design ; but it was all preaching in the desert, and hammering on old iron. However, among many other various reasonings which passed between them, the housekeeper said to him, " Sir, if your worship will not tarry quietly at home, and leave this rambling over hills and dales, like a disturbed ghost, in quest of those same adventures, which I call misadventures, I am resolved to complain aloud to the king, to put a stop to it." To which Don Quixote replied, " Mistress Housekeeper, what answer His Majesty will return to your complaints, I know not ; and care as little." To which the housekeeper replied, " Pray, sir, are there not knights in His Majesty's court ?"—" Yes," answered Don Quixote, " there are many."—" Would it not then be better," replied she, " that your worship should be one of them, and quietly serve your king and lord at court ?"—" Look you, friend," answered Don Quixote, " all knights cannot be courtiers, neither can, nor ought, all courtiers to be knights-errant. There must be of all sorts in the world ; and though we are all knights, there is a great deal of difference between us. Your true knight-errant, though he should espy ten giants, whose heads not only touch, but overtop the clouds, and though each of them stalk on two prodigious towers instead of legs, and has arms like the main-masts of huge and mighty ships of war, and each eye like a great mill-wheel, and more fiery than the furnace of a glass-house, yet he must in nowise be affrighted, but on the contrary, with a courteous air, and an undaunted heart, encounter, assail, and if possible overcome and rout them in an instant of time, though they should come armed with the shell of a certain fish, which, they say, is harder than adamant, and though, instead of swords, they should bring sabres of Damas-

cus steel, or iron maces pointed also with steel, as I have seen more than once or twice."

"Ah! dear uncle," said then the niece, "be assured that, what you tell us of knights-errant is all inventions and lies, and if their histories must not be burnt, at least they deserve to wear each some badge, whereby they may be known to be infamous, and destructive of good manners."—"By San Jago," said Don Quixote, "were you not my own sister's daughter, I would make such an example of you, for the blasphemy you have uttered, that the whole world should ring of it. How! is it possible, that a young baggage, who scarcely knows how to manage a dozen of bobbins, should presume to put in her oar, and censure the histories of knights-errant? What would Sir Amadis have said, should he have heard of such a thing? But now I think of it, I am sure he would have forgiven you; for he was the most humble and most courteous knight of his time."—"Ah! well," said the niece; "my uncle—he knows everything; nothing comes amiss to him. I will lay a wager that, if he had a mind to turn mason, he would build a house with as much ease as a bird-cage."—"I assure you, niece," answered Don Quixote, "that if these knightly thoughts did not employ all my senses, there is nothing I could not do, nor any curious art but what I could turn my hand to, especially bird-cages and toothpicks."

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

The housekeeper no sooner saw that Sancho and her master had locked themselves up together, but she presently began to suspect the drift of their conference; and, imagining that it would end in a resolution for a third sally, she took her veil, and full of anxiety, went in quest of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco,

thinking that, as he was a well-spoken person, and a new acquaintance of her master's, he might be able to dissuade him from so extravagant a purpose. She found him walking to and fro in the courtyard of his house ; and, as soon as she espied him, she fell down at his feet in violent disorder and a cold sweat. When Carrasco beheld her with signs of so much sorrow and heart-beating, he said, "What is the matter, Mistress Housekeeper ? what has befallen you, that you look as if your heart was at your mouth ?"—"Nothing at all, dear Master Sampson," said she, "only that my master is most certainly breaking forth."—"How breaking forth, madam ?" demanded Sampson ; "has he broken a hole in any part of his body ?"—"No," answered she ; "he is only breaking forth at the door of his own madness : I mean, Signor Bachelor, that he has a mind to sally out again (and this will be his third time), to ramble about the world in quest of what he calls adventures, though, for my part, I cannot tell why he calls them so. The first time, he was brought home to us athwart an ass and mashed to a mummy. The second time, he came home in an ox-waggon, locked up in a cage, in which he persuaded himself he was enchanted ; and the poor soul was so changed, that his own mother would not have known him ; feeble, wan, his eyes sunk to the inmost lodgings of his brain ; insomuch that I spent above six hundred eggs in getting him a little up again, as Heaven is my witness, and my hens that will not let me lie."—"I can easily believe that," answered the bachelor ; "they are so good, so plump, and so well nurtured. But is there nothing more ?"—"No, sir," answered she. "Then go home," said he ; "I will be with you instantly, and you shall see wonders." With that away went the housekeeper, and the bachelor immediately went to find the priest, and consult with him about what we shall hear of in due time.

While Don Quixote and Sancho continued locked up together, there passed some discourse between them. Said Sancho to his master, "Sir, I have now reluced my wife to consent to let me go with your worship wherever you please to carry me."—"Reduced, you should say, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and not

reduced.”—“Once or twice already,” answered Sancho, “if I remember right, I have besought your worship not to mend my words if you understand my meaning ; and when you do not, say, Sancho, or Beast, I understand you not ; and if I do not explain myself, then you may correct me, for I am so focible”——“ I do not understand you, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “for I know not the meaning of focible.”—“ So focible,” answered Sancho, “ means, I am so much so.”—“ I understand less now,” replied Don Quixote. “ Why, if you do not understand me,” answered Sancho, “ I know not how to express it ; I know no more.”—“ Oh ! now I have it,” answered Don Quixote ; “ you mean you are so docile, so pliant, and so tractable, that you will readily comprehend whatever I shall say to you, and will learn whatever I shall teach you.”—“ I will lay a wager,” said Sancho, “ you took me from the beginning, and understood me perfectly ; only you had a mind to put me out, to hear me make two hundred blunders more.”—“ That may be,” replied Don Quixote ; “ but, in short, what says Teresa ? ”—“ Teresa,” said Sancho, “ says, that fast bind fast find, and that we must have less talking, and more doing ; for he who shuffles is not he who cuts, and (one performance is worth two promises.) The case is that, as your worship very well knows, we are all mortal, here to-day and gone to-morrow ; that the lamb goes to the spit as soon as the sheep ; for Death is deaf, and when he knocks at life’s door, is always in haste, and nothing can stay him.”—“ All this is true,” said Don Quixote ; “ but I do not perceive what you would be at.”—“ What I would be at,” said Sancho, “ is, that your worship would be pleased to appoint me a certain salary, at so much per month, for the time I shall serve you, and that the said salary be paid me out of your estate ; for I have no mind to stand to the courtesy of recompenses, which come late, or lame, or never. In short, I would know what I am to get, be it little or much ; for the hen sits if it be but upon one egg, and many littles make a mickle, and while one is getting something, one is losing nothing. In good truth, should it fall out that your worship should give me that same island you have promised me, I am not so ungrateful, nor am I for

making so hard a bargain, as not to consent that the amount of the rent of such island be appraised, and my salary be deducted, cantity for cantity.”—“Is not quantity as good as cantity, friend Sancho?” answered Don Quixote. “I understand you,” said Sancho; “I will lay a wager I should have said quantity and not cantity; but that signifies nothing, since your worship knew my meaning.”—“Yes, and so perfectly too,” returned Don Quixote, “that I see to the very bottom of your thoughts, and the mark you drive at with the innumerable arrows of your proverbs. Look you, Sancho, I could easily appoint you wages, had I ever met with any precedent, among the histories of knights-errant, to discover or show me the least glimmering of what they used to get monthly or yearly. I have read all or most of those histories, and do not remember ever to have read that any knight-errant allowed his squire set wages. I only know, that they all served upon courtesy, and that, when they least thought of it, if their masters had good luck, they were rewarded with an island, or something equivalent, or, at least, remained with a title and dignity. If, Sancho, upon the strength of these expectations, you are willing to return to my service, do so; but to think that I will force the ancient usage of knight-errantry off its hinges, is a very great mistake. And therefore, Sancho, go home and tell your wife my intention, and if she is willing, and you have a mind to stay with me upon courtesy, well and good; if not, we are as we were: for if the dove-house wants not bait, it will never want pigeons; and take notice, son, that a good reversion is better than a bad possession, and a good demand than bad pay. I talk thus, Sancho, to let you see that I can let fly a volley of proverbs as well as you. To be short with you, if you are not disposed to go along with me upon courtesy, and run the same fortune with me, go about your business; for I can never want squire, who will be more obedient, more diligent, and neither so selfish nor so talkative, as you are.”

When Sancho heard his master's fixed resolution, the sky clouded over with him, and the wings of his heart downright flagged; for till now he verily believed his master would not

go without him for the world's worth. While he stood thus thoughtful and in suspense, came in Sampson Carrasco, with the niece, and housekeeper, who had a mind to hear what arguments he made use of to dissuade their master and uncle from going again in quest of adventures. Sampson, who was a notable wag, drew near, and embracing Don Quixote, as he did the time before, exalted his voice and said, "O flower of knight-errantry! O resplendent light of arms! O mirror and honour of the Spanish nation! may the person, or persons, who shall obstruct or disappoint your third sally, never accomplish what they so ardently wish! Go on, dear signor Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; and let your worship and grandeur lose no time, but set forward rather to-day than to-morrow; and, if anything be wanting towards putting your design in execution, here am I, ready to supply it with my life and fortune; and if your magnificence stands in need of a squire, I shall think it a singular piece of good fortune to serve you as such."

Don Quixote thereupon, turning to Sancho, said, "Did I not tell you, Sancho, that I should have squires enough, and to spare? But let our new Sampson abide in his country, for I will make shift with any squire whatever, since Sancho deigns not to go along with me."—"I do deign," said Sancho, melted into tenderness, and his eyes overflowing with tears; and proceeded, "It shall never be said of me, dear master, the bread is eaten, and the company broke up. I am not come of an ungrateful stock; since all the world knows, especially our village, who the Panzas were, from whom I am descended: besides, I know, and am well assured, by many good works, and more good words, of the desire your worship has to do me a kindness; and if I have taken upon me so much more than I ought by intermeddling in the article of wages, it was out of complaisance to my wife, who, when once she takes in hand to persuade a thing, no mallet drives and forces the hoops of a tub, as she does to make one do what she has a mind to. But, in short, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman; and since I am a man everywhere else (I cannot deny that), I will also be one in my own house; and I again offer myself to serve your worship faithfully and

loyally, as well and better than all the squires that ever served knight-errant, in past or present times."

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

In those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with what they thought convenient; and Sancho having appeased his wife, and Don Quixote his niece and housekeeper, in the dusk of the evening, unobserved by anybody, they took the road to Toboso; Don Quixote upon his good Rozinante, and Sancho upon his old Dapple, his wallets stored with provisions, and his purse with money, which Don Quixote had given him against whatever might happen.

As they paced along, Don Quixote said to his squire, "Friend Sancho, the night is coming on apace, and with too much darkness for us to reach Toboso by daylight, whither I am resolved to go, before I undertake any other adventure. There will I receive the blessing, and the good leave of the peerless Dulcinea, with which leave I am well assured of finishing and giving a happy conclusion to every perilous adventure."—"I believe it," answered Sancho; "but I am of opinion, it will be difficult for

your worship to come to the speech of her, or be alone with her, at least in any place where you may receive her benediction, unless she tosses it over the pales of the yard ; from whence I saw her the time before, when I carried her the letter.”—“ Pales did you fancy them to be, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ over which you saw that paragon of gentility and beauty? Impossible ! you must mean galleries, arcades, or cloisters of some rich and royal palace.”—“ All that may be,” answered Sancho ; “ but to me they seemed pales, or I have a very shallow memory.”—“ However let us go thither, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote ; “ for so I do but see her, be it through pales, through windows, through crannies, or through the rails of a garden, this I shall gain by it, that, how small soever a ray of the sun of her beauty reaches my eyes, it will so enlighten my understanding, and fortify my heart, that I shall remain without a rival either in wisdom or valour.”—“ In truth, sir,” answered Sancho, “ when I saw this sun of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to send forth any rays : and the reason must be, that, as her ladyship was winnowing that wheat I told you of, the great quantity of dust that flew out of it, overcast her face like a cloud, and obscured it.”—“ What ! Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ do you persist in saying and believing, that my Lady Dulcinea was winnowing wheat ; a business and employment quite foreign to persons of distinction, who are designed and reserved for other exercises and amusements, which distinguish their high quality a bow-shot off? You forget, Sancho, the poet’s verses in which he describes the labours of those four nymphs, when they seated themselves in the green meadow, to work those rich stuffs, which were all embroidered with gold, silk, and pearls. And in this manner must my lady have been employed when you saw her ; but the envy some wicked enchanter bears me, changes and converts into different shapes everything that should give me pleasure. Oh, envy ! thou root of infinite evils, and canker-worm of virtues ! All other vices, Sancho, carry somewhat of pleasure along with them ; but envy is attended with nothing but distaste, rancour, and rage.”—“ That is what I say too,” replied Sancho. “ Now, as I am an honest man, I never spoke ill of any enchanter,

nor have I wealth enough to be envied. It is true, indeed, I am said to be somewhat sly, and to have a little spice of the knave ; but the grand cloak of my simplicity, always natural and never artificial, hides and covers all. But let them say what they will ; naked was I born, and naked I am : I neither lose nor win ; and so care not a fig, let people say of me whatever they list."

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

CHAPTER XI.

Don Quixote and Sancho arrive at Toboso—Sancho sent to the Lady Dulcinea—Dulcinea enchanted—Adventure with the strolling players.



ALF the night, or thereabouts, was spent, when Don Quixote and Sancho, leaving the mountain, entered Toboso. The town was all hushed in silence; for its inhabitants were sound asleep, reposing, as the phrase is, with outstretched legs. The night was not quite a dark one; though Sancho could have wished it were, that the obscurity thereof might cover or excuse his prevarication. Nothing was heard in all the place but the barking of dogs, stunning Don Quixote's ears, and disquieting Sancho's heart. Now and then an ass brayed, swine grunted, and cats mewed; which different sounds were augmented by the silence of the night. All which the knight took for an ill omen; nevertheless he said to Sancho,—“Sancho, son, lead on before to Dulcinea's palace; for it may be we shall find her awake.”—“To what palace, body of the sun?” answered Sancho: “that I saw her highness in was but a very little house.”—“She must have been retired at that time,” replied Don Quixote, “to some small apartment of her castle, amusing herself with her damsels, as is usual with great ladies and princesses.”—“Since your worship,” said Sancho, “will needs have my Lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gates open? and is it fit we should stand thundering at the door, till they open and let us in, putting the whole house in an uproar? Think you we are going to a public-house, like your toppers, who knock, and call, and are let in at what hour they please, be

it never so late?"—"First, to make one thing sure, let us find this castle," replied Don Quixote, "and then I will tell you what is fit to be done; and look, Sancho, for either my eyes deceive me, or that great dark bulk we see yonder must be Dulcinea's palace."—"Then lead on yourself, sir," answered Sancho; "perhaps it may be so; though, if I were to see it with my eyes, and touch it with my hands, I will believe it just as much as I believe it is now day."

Don Quixote led the way, and, having gone about two hundred paces, came up to the bulk which cast the dark shade; and perceiving it was a large steeple, knew that the building was no palace, but the principal church of the place; whereupon he said, "We are come to the church, Sancho."—"I find we are," answered Sancho; "and pray goodness we be not come to our graves; for it is no very good sign to be rambling about churchyards at such hours, and especially since I have already told your worship, if I remember right, that this same lady's house stands in an alley where there is no thoroughfare."—"A plague light on thee, thou blockhead!" said Don Quixote; "where have you found that castles and royal palaces are built in alleys without a thoroughfare?"—"Sir," replied Sancho, "each country has its customs; perhaps it is the fashion here in Toboso to build your palaces and great edifices in alleys; and, therefore, I beseech your worship to let me look about among these lanes or alleys just before me; and, it may be, in one nook or other I may pop upon this same palace, which I wish I may see devoured by dogs, for confounding and bewildering us at this rate."—"Speak with respect, Sancho, of my lady's matters," said Don Quixote; "let us keep our holidays in peace, and not throw the rope after the bucket."—"I will curb myself," answered Sancho; "but with what patience can I bear to think that your worship will needs have me know our mistress's house, and find it at midnight, having seen it but once, when you cannot find it yourself, though you must have seen it thousands of times?"—"You will put me past all patience, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "come hither, heretic; have I not told you a thousand times, that I never saw the peerless

Dulcinea in all the days of my life, nor ever stepped over the threshold of her palace, and that I am enamoured only by hearsay, and by the great fame of her wit and beauty?"—"I hear it now," answered Sancho; "and, I say, that since your worship has never seen her, no more have I."—"That cannot be," replied Don Quixote; "for, at least, you told me sometime ago that you saw her winnowing wheat, when you brought me the answer to the letter I sent by you."—"Do not insist upon that, sir," answered Sancho; "for, let me tell you, the sight of her, and the answer I brought, were both by hearsay too; and I can no more tell who the Lady Dulcinea is, than I am able to box the moon."—"Sancho, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "there is a time to jest, and a time when jests are unseasonable. What! because I say that I never saw nor spoke to the mistress of my soul, must you therefore say so too, when you know the contrary so well?"

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

inhabitants of Toboso ; though I am of opinion no princess at all lives in this town, but several great ladies, that might every one be a princess in her own house.”—“One of these, then,” said Don Quixote, “must be she I am inquiring after.”—“Not unlikely,” answered the ploughman ; and pricking on his mules, he stayed for no more questions.

Sancho, seeing his master in suspense, and sufficiently dissatisfied, said to him, “Sir, the day comes on apace, and it will not be advisable to let the sun overtake us in the street ; it will be better to retire out of the city, and that your worship shelter yourself in some grove hereabouts, and I will return by daylight, and leave no nook or corner in all the town unsearched for this house, castle, or palace of my lady’s ; and I shall have ill luck if I do not find it ; and as soon as I have found it, I will speak to her ladyship, and will tell her where and how your worship is waiting for her orders and direction for you to see her.”—“Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “the counsel you give I relish much, and accept of most heartily. Come along, son, and let us seek where we can take covert ; afterwards, as you say, you shall return, to seek, see, and speak to my lady, from whose discretion and courtesy I expect more than miraculous favours.” Sancho stood upon thorns till he got his master out of town, lest he should detect the lie of the answer he carried him to the Sable Mountain, pretending it came from Dulcinea. He therefore made haste to be gone, which they did instantly ; and about two miles from the place, finding a grove or wood, in which Don Quixote took shelter, the knight ordered Sancho to go back to the town, commanding him not to return into his presence, till he had first spoken to his lady, beseeching her that she would be pleased to give her captive knight leave to wait upon her, and that she would deign to give him her blessing, that from thence he might hope for the most prosperous success in all his enterprises. Sancho undertook to fulfil his command, and to bring him as good an answer now as he did the time before. “Go then, son,” replied Don Quixote, “and be not in confusion when you stand before the blaze of that sun of beauty

you are going to seek. Happy thou above all the squires in the world! Bear in mind, and be sure do not forget, how she receives you; whether she changes colour while you are delivering your embassy; whether you perceive in her any uneasiness or disturbance at hearing my name; whether her cushion cannot hold her, if, perchance, you find her seated on the rich dais of her dignity; and, if she be standing, mark whether she stands sometimes upon one foot and sometimes upon the other; whether she repeats the answer she gives you three or four times; whether she lifts her hands to adjust her hair, though it be not disordered; lastly, son, observe all her actions and motions; for, by your relating them to me just as they were, I shall be able to give a shrewd guess at what she keeps concealed in the secret recesses of her heart, touching the affair of my love. Go, friend, and better fortune than mine be your guide; and may better success, than what I fear and expect in this bitter solitude, send you back safe.”—“I will go, and return quickly,” said Sancho; “in the meantime, good sir, enlarge that little heart of yours, which at present can be no bigger than a hazel-nut, and consider the common saying, that ‘a good heart breaks bad luck;’ and ‘where there is no bacon, there are no pins to hang it on;’ and ‘where we least think it, there starts the hare;’ this I say, because, though we could not find the castles or palaces of my Lady Dulcinea last night, now that it is daylight, I reckon to meet with them when I least think of it; and when I have found them, let me alone to deal with her.”—“Verily, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “you have the knack of applying your proverbs so to the subject we are upon, that I pray Heaven send me better luck in obtaining my wishes!”

Upon this Sancho turned his back, and switched his Dapple, leaving Don Quixote on horseback, resting on his stirrups, and leaning on his lance, full of sad and confused thoughts. There we will leave him, and go along with Sancho Panza, who departed from his master no less confused and thoughtful than he; insomuch that he was scarcely got out of the grove, when turning about his head, and finding that Don Quixote was not in

sight, he lighted from his beast, and sitting him down at the foot of a tree, began to talk to himself, and say, "Tell me now, brother Sancho, whither is your worship going? are you going to seek some ass that is lost? No, verily! Then what are you going to seek? Why I go to look for a thing of nothing, a princess, and in her the sun of beauty, and all heaven together. Well, Sancho, and where think you to find all this? Where? in the grand city of Toboso. Very well; and pray who sent you on this errand? Why, the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who redresses wrongs, and gives drink to the hungry, and meat to the thirsty. All this is very well; and do you know her house, Sancho? My master says it must be some royal palace or stately castle. And have you ever seen her? Neither I, nor my master, have ever seen her. And do you think it would be right or advisable, that the people of Toboso should know you come with a design to inveigle away their princesses, and lead their ladies astray? what if they should come, and grind your ribs with pure dry basting, and not leave you a whole bone in your skin? Truly they would be much in the right of it, unless they please to consider, that I am commanded, and, being but a messenger, am not in fault. Trust not to that, Sancho; for the Manchegans are as choleric as honourable, and so ticklish, nobody must touch them. Bad luck to them! if they smoke us, woe be to us! But why go I looking for three legs in a cat, for another man's pleasure? Besides, to look for Dulcinea up and down Toboso, is as if one should look for a lord at court, or a thief in the galleys."

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

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

This project set Sancho's spirit at rest, and he reckoned his business as good as half done ; so staying still where he was till towards evening, that Don Quixote might have room to think he had spent so much time in going to and returning from Toboso, everything fell out so luckily for him, that when he got up to mount his Dapple, he espied three country girls coming from Toboso toward the place where he was, upon three young asses.

As soon as Sancho espied the lasses he rode back at a round rate to seek his master, whom he found breathing a thousand sighs and lamentations. As soon as Don Quixote saw him, he said, "Well, friend Sancho, am I to mark this day with a white or a black stone?"—"Your worship," answered Sancho, "had better mark it with red ochre, as they do the inscriptions on professors' chairs, to be the more easily read by the lookers-on."—"By this," said Don Quixote, "you should bring good news."—"So good," answered Sancho, "that your worship has no more to do, but to clap spurs to Rozinante, and get out upon the plain, to see the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who with a couple of her damsels, is coming to make your worship a visit."—"Ah! what is it you say, friend Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Take

care you do not impose on my real sorrow by a counterfeit joy.”—
‘What should I get,” answered Sancho, “by deceiving your worship, and being detected the next moment? Come, sir, put on, and you will see the princess our mistress, arrayed and adorned, in short, like herself. She and her damsels are one blaze of flaming gold; all strings of pearls, all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of tissue above ten hands deep: their tresses loose about their shoulders are so many sunbeams playing with the wind; and, what is more, they come mounted upon three pied belfreys, the finest one can lay eyes on.”—“Palfreys, you would say, Sancho,” said Don Quixote. “There is no great difference, I think,” answered Sancho, “between belfreys and palfreys; but let them be mounted how they will, they are sure the finest creatures one would wish to see, especially my mistress the Princess Dulcinea, who ravishes one’s senses.”—“Let us go, son Sancho,” answered Don Quixote; “and, as a reward for this news, I bequeath you the choicest spoils I shall gain in my next adventure; and if that will not satisfy you, I bequeath you the colts my three mares will foal this year upon our town-common.”—“I stick to the colts,” answered Sancho; “for it is not very certain, that the spoils of our next adventure will be worth much.”

By this time they were got out of the wood, and espied the three girls very near. Don Quixote darted his eyes over all the road toward Toboso, and seeing nobody but the three, was much troubled, and asked Sancho, “Whether they were come out of the city when he left them?”—“Out of the city!” answered Sancho; “are you worship’s eyes in the nape of your neck, that you do not see it is they who are coming, shining like the sun at noon-day?”—“I see only three country-girls,” answered Don Quixote, “on three asses.”—“Now, grant me patience!” answered Sancho; “is it possible that three palfreys, or how do you call them, white as the driven snow, should appear to you to be asses? you shall pluck off this beard of mine if that be so.”—“I tell you, friend Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “that it is as certain they are asses, as I am Don Quixote, and you Sancho Panza; at least such they seem to

me.”—“Sir,” said Sancho, “snuff those eyes of yours, and come and make your reverence to the mistress of your thoughts, who is just at hand.” So saying, he advanced a little forward to meet the country girls, and, alighting from Dapple, laid hold of one of their asses by the halter; then bending both knees to the ground, he said, “Queen, princess, and duchess of beauty, let your haughtiness and greatness be pleased to receive into your grace and good-liking your captive knight, who stands yonder, turned into stone, in total disorder, and without any pulse, to find himself before your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he is that forlorn knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the ‘Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.’”

Don Quixote had now placed himself on his knees close by Sancho, and with staring and disturbed eyes, looked wistfully at her whom Sancho called queen and lady; but as he saw nothing in her but a plain country girl, and homely enough, he was confounded and amazed, without daring to open his lips. The girls, too, were astonished to see their companion stopped by two men of such different aspects, and both on their knees; but she who was stopped, broke silence, and in an angry tone said, “Get out of the road and be hanged, and let us pass by, for we are in haste.” To which Sancho made answer, “O princess and universal lady of Toboso, does not your magnificent heart relent to see, kneeling before your sublimated presence, the pillar and prop of knight-errantry?” which one of the other two hearing, said, checking her beast that was turning out of the way, “Look ye, how these small gentry come to make a jest of us poor country-girls, as if we did not know how to give them as good as they bring. Get ye gone your way, and let us go ours, and so speed you well.”—“Rise, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, hearing this; “for I now perceive that Fortune, not yet satisfied with afflicting me, has barred all the avenues, whereby any relief might come to this wretched soul I bear about me in the flesh. And thou, O extreme of all that is valuable, utmost limit of all human gracefulness, though now some wicked enchanter persecutes me, spreading clouds over my eyes, and



has to them, and them only, changed and transformed thy peerless beauty and countenance into that of a poor country wench; if he has not converted mine also into that of some goblin, to render it abominable in your eyes, afford me one kind look, and let these bended knees, before your disguised beauty, tell you the humility wherewith my soul adores you.”—“Marry, come up,” said the girl, “with your idle gibberish! Get you gone, and let us go, and we shall be obliged to you.” Sancho moved off, and let her go, highly delighted that he was come off so well with his contrivance. The imaginary Dulcinea was scarcely at liberty, when, pricking her beast with a goad she had in a stick, she began to scour along the field; and the ass, feeling the smart more than usual, fell a-kicking and wincing in such a manner, that down came the Lady Dulcinea to the ground. Don Quixote seeing this, ran to help her up, and Sancho to adjust the pack-saddle that was turned round. This being righted, and Don Quixote desirous to raise his enchanted mistress in his arms, and set her upon her palfrey, the lady, getting up from the ground, saved him that trouble; for retiring three or four steps back, she took a little run, and clapping both hands upon the ass’s crupper, jumped into the saddle lighter than a falcon, and seated herself astride, like a man. Whereupon Sancho said, “By Saint Roque, madam or mistress is lighter than a hawk, and able to teach the most expert Cordovan or Mexican how to mount gipsy-fashion. She springs into the saddle at a jump, and without the help of spurs, makes her palfrey run like a wild ass; and her damsels are as good at it as she; they all fly like the wind.” And so it really was; for Dulcinea being re-mounted, they all made after her, and set a-running, without looking behind them, for above half a league. Don Quixote followed them, as far as he could with his eyes, and when they were out of sight, turning to Sancho, said, “Sancho, what think you? how am I persecuted by enchanters! and take notice how far their malice, and the grudge they bear me, extends, even to the depriving me of the pleasure I should have had in seeing my mistress in her own proper form. And you must also observe, Sancho, that these traitors were not

contented with barely changing and transforming my Dulcinea, but they must transform and metamorphose her into the mean and deformed resemblance of that country wench ; at the same time, robbing her of that which is peculiar to great ladies, the fragrant scent occasioned by being always among flowers and perfumes ; for I must tell you, Sancho, that when I approached to help Dulcinea upon her palfrey, as you call it, though to me it appeared to be nothing but an ass, it seemed to me that she had been eating garlic." — "Oh, scoundrels!" cried Sancho, "oh, barbarous and evil-minded enchanters! Oh! that I might see you all strung and hung up by the gills like herrings a-smoking! It might, one would think, have sufficed ye, rogues as ye are, to have changed the pearls of my lady's eyes into cork-galls, and her hair of the purest gold into bristles of a red cow's tail, and lastly, all her features from beautiful to deformed."—"It might indeed, friend," replied his master ; "but tell me, Sancho, that which to me appeared to be a pack-saddle, and which you adjusted, was it a side-saddle or a pillion?"—"It was a side-saddle," answered Sancho, "with a field-covering, worth half a kingdom for the richness of it."—"And why could not I see all this, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Well, I say it again, and will repeat it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men." The sly rogue Sancho had much ado to forbear laughing, to hear the fooleries of his master, who was so delicately gulled. In fine, after many other discourses passed between them, they mounted their beasts again, and followed the road to Saragossa, Don Quixote exceeding pensive, to think what a base trick the enchanters had played him, in transforming his Lady Dulcinea into the homely figure of a country wench ; nor could he devise what course to take to restore her to her former state. And these meditations so distracted him, that without perceiving it, he let drop the bridle on Rozinante's neck ; who, finding the liberty that was given him, at every step turned aside to take a mouthful of the fresh grass with which those fields abounded. Sancho brought him back out of his maze by saying to him, "Sir, sorrow was made, not for beasts, but men ; but if men

give too much way to it, they become beasts. Rouse, sir, recollect yourself, and gather up Rozinante's reins; cheer up, awake, and exert that lively courage so befitting a knight-errant. What in the world is the matter? Are we here, or in France? Plague take all the Dulcineas in the world, since the welfare of a single knight-errant is of more worth than all the enchantments and transformations of the earth."—"Peace, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "peace, I say, and do not utter blasphemies against that enchanted lady, whose disgrace and misfortune are owing to me alone, since they proceed entirely from the envy the wicked bear to me."—"I say so too," answered Sancho; "who saw her then and sees her now, his heart must melt with grief, I vow."—"Well may you say so, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "you who saw her in the full lustre of her beauty; for the enchantment extended not to disturb your sight; against me alone, and against my eyes, was the force of its poison directed. Nevertheless, I have hit upon one thing, Sancho, which is, that you did not give me a true description of her beauty; for, if I remember right, you said her eyes were of pearl; now eyes that look like pearl are fitter for a sea-bream than a lady. I rather think Dulcinea's eyes must be of verdant emeralds, arched over with two celestial bows, that serve for eye-brows. Take therefore those pearls from her eyes, and apply them to her teeth; for doubtless, Sancho, you mistook eyes for teeth."—"It may be so," answered Sancho; "for her beauty confounded me, as much as her deformity did your worship. One thing, dear sir, troubles me more than all the rest; which is, to think what must be done when your worship shall overcome some giant, or some other knight-errant, and send him to present himself before the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea. Where shall this poor giant, or miserable vanquished knight, be able to find her? Methinks I see them sauntering up and down Toboso, and looking about, like gabies, for my Lady Dulcinea; and though they should meet her in the middle of the street, they will no more know her than they would my father."—"Perhaps, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "the enchantment may not extend

so far as to conceal Dulcinea from the knowledge of the vanquished knights or giants, who shall present themselves before her ; and we will make the experiment upon one or two of the first I overcome, and send them with orders to return and give me an account of what happens with respect to this business.” —“I say, sir,” replied Sancho, “that I mightily approve of what your worship has said ; for by this trial we shall come to the knowledge of what we desire ; and if she is concealed from your worship alone, the misfortune will be more yours than hers.”

Don Quixote would have answered Sancho, but was prevented by a cart’s crossing the road before him, loaden with the strangest figures and personages imaginable. He who guided the mules and served for carter, was a frightful demon. The cart was uncovered, and opened to the sky, without awning or wicker sides. The first figure that presented itself to Don Quixote’s eyes was that of Death itself, with a human visage. Close by him sat an angel, with large painted wings. On one side stood an emperor, with a crown, seemingly of gold, on his head. At Death’s feet sat the god called Cupid, not blindfolded, but with his bow, quiver, and arrows. There was also a knight completely armed, excepting only that he had no morion nor casque, but a hat with a large plume of feathers of divers colours. With these came other persons differing both in dress and countenances. All which, appearing of a sudden, did in some sort startle Don Quixote, and frightened Sancho to the heart. But the knight presently rejoiced at it, believing it to be some new and perilous adventure ; so, with this thought, he planted himself just before the cart, and with a loud menacing voice, said, “Carter, coachman, demon, or whatever you are, delay not to tel’ me who you are, whither you are going, and who are the persons you are carrying in that coach-waggon, which looks more like Charon’s ferry-boat than any cart now in fashion.” To which the demon, stopping the cart, calmly replied, “Sir, we are strolling players ; this morning, we have been performing, in a village on the other side of yon hill, a

piece representing the Parliament of Death, and this evening we are to play it again in that village just before us ; which, being so near, to save ourselves the trouble of dressing and undressing, we come in the clothes we are to act our parts in. That lad there acts Death ; that other an angel ; yonder woman, our author's wife, a queen ; that other a soldier ; he an emperor ; I a demon ; and I am one of the principal personages of the drama, for in this company I have all the chief parts."—" Upon the faith of a knight-errant," answered Don Quixote, " when I first espied this cart, I imagined some grand adventure offered itself ; and I say now, that it is absolutely necessary, if one would be undeceived, to lay one's hands upon appearances. God be with you, good people ; go and act your play, and if there be anything in which I may be of service to you, command me ; for I will do it readily, and with a goodwill, having been, from my youth, a great admirer of theatrical representations."

Just then up came one of the company, in an antic dress, hung round with abundance of bells, and carrying at the end of a stick three blown ox-bladders. This masque, approaching Don Quixote, began to fence with the stick, and to beat the bladders against the ground, jumping, and tinkling all his bells ; which so startled Rozinante, that, taking the bit between his teeth, he fell a-running about the field at a greater pace than his old bones seemed to promise. Sancho, considering the danger his master was in, leaped from Dapple, and ran to help him, but by the time he was come up to him, he was already upon the ground, and close by him Rozinante, who fell together with his master, the usual end and upshot of Rozinante's frolics and adventurings. But scarce had Sancho quitted his beast, to assist Don Quixote, when the bladder-dancing demon jumped upon Dapple, and thumping him with the bladders, fear and noise, more than the smart, made him fly through the field toward the village, where they were going to act. Sancho beheld Dapple's career, and his master's fall, and did not know which of the two necessities he should apply to first ; but, in short,

like a good squire and good servant, the love he bore his master prevailed over his affection for his ass, though every time he saw the bladders hoisted in the air, and fall upon the crupper of his Dapple, they were to him so many tortures and terrors of death, and he could have wished those blows had fallen on the apple of his own eyes, rather than on the least hair of his ass's tail. In this perplexity and tribulation, he came up to Don Quixote, who was in a much worse plight than he could have wished, and helping him to get upon Rozinante, said to him, "Sir, the demon has run away with Dapple."—"What demon?" demanded Don Quixote.—"He with the bladders," answered Sancho. "I will recover him," replied Don Quixote, "though he should hide him in the depths of the mighty deep. Follow me, Sancho, for the cart moves but slowly, and the mules shall make satisfaction for the loss of Dapple."—"There is no need," answered Sancho, "to make such haste; moderate your anger, sir, for the demon I think has already abandoned Dapple, and is gone his way." And so it was; for the fellow having fallen with Dapple, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rozinante, trudged on foot toward the town, and the ass turned back to his master. "Nevertheless," said Don Quixote, "it will not be amiss to chastise the unmannerliness of this demon at the expense of some of his company, though it were the emperor himself."—"Good, your worship," said Sancho, "never think of it, but take my advice, which is, never to meddle with players, for they are a people mightily beloved. I have seen a player taken up for two murders, and get off scot-free. Your worship must know, that as they are merry folks and give pleasure, all people favour them—everybody protects, assists, and esteems them."—"For all that," answered Don Quixote, "that farcical demon shall not escape me, nor have cause to brag, though all human kind favour him."

So saying, he rode after the cart, and calling aloud, said, "Hold, stop a little, merry sirs, and let me teach you how to treat asses and cattle, which serve to mount the squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote's cries were so loud, that the

players heard him, and judging of his design by his words, in an instant out jumped Death, and after him the emperor, the carter-demon, and the angel ; nor did the queen, or the god Cupid, stay behind ; and all of them taking up stones, ranged themselves in battle-array, waiting to receive Don Quixote at the points of their pebbles. Don Quixote, seeing them posted in such order, and so formidable a battalion, with arms uplifted, ready to discharge a ponderous volley of stones, checked Rozinante with the bridle, and set himself to consider how he might attack them with least danger to his person. While he delayed, Sancho came up, and, seeing him in a posture of attacking that well-formed brigade, said to him, " It is mere madness, sir, to attempt such an enterprise ; consider, there is no fencing against a flail, nor any defensive armour against stones and brick-bats, unless it be thrusting one's-self into a bell of brass. Consider also, that it is rather rashness than courage for one man alone to encounter an army, where Death is present, and where emperors fight in person, and are assisted by good and bad angels. But if this consideration does not prevail with you to be quiet, be assured, that among all those who stand there, though they appear to be princes, kings, and emperors, there is not one knight-errant."—" Now, indeed," said Don Quixote, " you have hit the point, Sancho, which only can, and must make me change my determinate resolution. I neither can, nor ought to draw my sword, as I have often told you, against any who are not dubbed knights. To you it belongs, Sancho, to revenge the affront offered to your Dapple ; and I from hence will encourage and assist you with my voice, and with salutary instructions."—" There is no need, sir, to be revenged on anybody ; for good Christians should not take revenge for injuries ; besides, I will settle it with my ass to submit the injury done him to my will, which is, to live peaceably all the days that Heaven shall give me of life."—" Since this is your resolution, good Sancho, discreet Sancho, Christian Sancho, and pure Sancho," replied Don Quixote, " let us leave these phantoms, and seek better and more substantial adven-

tures ; for this country, I see, is like to afford us many and very extraordinary ones." Then he wheeled Rozinante about ; Sancho took his Dapple ; Death and all his flying squadron returned to their cart, and pursued their way. And this was the happy conclusion of the terrible adventure of Death's cart ; thanks to the wholesome advice Sancho Panza gave his master.

CHAPTER XII.

The Knight of the Looking-glasses—Don Quixote overthrows him in combat.



ON QUIXOTE and his squire passed the night under some lofty and shady trees. The knight, at Sancho's persuasion, refreshed himself with some of the provisions carried by Dapple; and, during supper, Sancho said to his master, "Sir, what a fool should I have been, had I chosen, as a reward for my good news, the spoils of the first adventure your worship should achieve, before the three ass-colts! Verily, verily, a sparrow in the hand is better than a vulture upon the wing."

Presently they had a mind to sleep; so Sancho, unrigging Dapple, turned him loose into abundant pasture. But he did not take off the saddle from Rozinante's back, it being the express command of his master, that he should continue saddled all the time they kept the field or did not sleep under a roof; for it was an ancient established custom, and religiously observed among knights-errant, to take off the bridle, and hang it at the pommel of the saddle, but by no means to take off the saddle. Sancho observed this rule, and gave Rozinante the same liberty he had given Dapple—the friendship of which pair was so singular and reciprocal, that as soon as the two beasts came together, they would fall to scratching one another with their teeth, and when they were tired, or satisfied, Rozinante would stretch his neck at least half a yard across Dapple's, and both, fixing their eyes attentively on the ground, would stand three

days in that manner, at least so long as they were let alone, or till hunger compelled them to seek some food.

At length Sancho fell asleep at the foot of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote slumbered under an oak. But it was not long before he was awakened by a noise behind him, and presently perceived two men on horseback, one of whom dismounting said to the other, "Alight, friend, and unbridle the horses; for this place seems as if it would afford them pasture enough, and me that silence and solitude my thoughts require." Then, throwing himself down, his armour made a rattling noise; from whence Don Quixote concluded he must be a knight-errant; so going to Sancho, who was fast asleep, he pulled him by the arm, and having with some difficulty waked him, he then said, with a low voice, "Brother Sancho, we have an adventure."—"Heaven send it be a good one," answered Sancho; "and pray, sir, where may her ladyship Madam Adventure be?"—"Where, Sancho?" replied Don Quixote. "Turn your eyes and look, and you will see a knight-errant lying along, who, to my thoughts, does not seem to be over-pleased; for I saw him throw himself off his horse, and stretch himself on the ground, with some signs of discontent; and his armour rattled as he fell."—"But by what do you gather," said Sancho, "that this is an adventure?"—"I will not say," answered Don Quixote, "that this is altogether an adventure, but an introduction to one; for adventures usually begin thus."

By this time the strange knight began to sing a doleful ballad, ending it with a groan as if from the bottom of his heart; and then he was heard mournfully saying, "Oh, the most beautiful and most ungrateful woman of the world! Is it then possible, Casildea de Vandalia, that you should suffer this your captive knight to consume and pine away in continual travels and laborious toils? Is it not enough that I have caused you to be acknowledged the most consummate beauty in the world by all the knights of Navarre, all those of Leon, all the Andalusians, all the Castilians, ay, and all the knights of La Mancha too?"—"Not so," said Don Quixote; "for I am of La Mancha, and never have acknowledged any such thing; neither could I, nor

ought I, to confess a thing so prejudicial to the beauty of my mistress. Now you see, Sancho, how this knight raves." Hearing voices, the knight called to them, and Don Quixote, with Sancho, went up to him; who, laying hold of Don Quixote by the arm, said, "Sit down here, Sir Knight." So they sat down together upon the hard ground, very peaceably and sociably, as if, at daybreak, they were not to break one another's heads. "Peradventure you are in love, Sir Knight," said he of the Wood to Don Quixote. "By misadventure I am," answered Don Quixote; "though the mischiefs arising from well-placed affections ought rather to be accounted blessings than disasters."—"That is true," replied he of the Wood, "supposing that disdains did not disturb our reason and understanding; but when they are many, they seem to have the nature of revenge."—"I never was disdained by my mistress," answered Don Quixote. "No, verily," said Sancho, who stood close by; "for my lady is as gentle as a lamb, and as soft as a pat of butter."—"Is this your squire?" demanded the Knight of the Wood. "He is," replied Don Quixote. "I never in my life saw a squire," replied the Knight of the Wood, "who durst presume to talk where his lord was talking; at least, yonder stands mine, as tall as his father, and it cannot be proved that he ever opened his lips where I was speaking."—"In faith," said Sancho, "I have talked, and can talk, before one as good as—, and perhaps,— but let that rest; for the less said the better." Here the Knight of the Wood's squire took Sancho by the arm, and said, "Let us two go where we may talk by ourselves, in squire-like discourse, all we have a mind to, and leave these masters of ours to their own prate."

Having gone a little apart, the Squire of the Wood said to Sancho, "It is a toilsome life we lead, sir, we who are squires to knights-errant; in good truth we eat our bread in the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses God laid upon our first parents."—"It may also be said," added Sancho, "that we eat it in the frost of our bodies; for who endure more heat and cold than your miserable squires to knight-errantry? nay, it would not be quite so bad did we but eat at all, for good fare

lessens care ; but it now and then happens that we pass a whole day or two without breaking our fast, unless it be upon air.”—“All this may be endured,” said he of the Wood, “with the hopes we entertain of the reward ; for if the knight-errant, whom the squire serves, is not over and above unlucky, he must in a short time find himself recompensed, at least with a handsome government of some island, or some pretty earldom.”—“I,” replied Sancho, “have already told my master that I should be satisfied with the government of any island ; and he is so noble and so generous, that he has promised it me a thousand times.”—“I,” said he of the Wood, “should think myself amply rewarded for all my services with a canonry ; and my master has already ordered me one.”—“Why, then,” said Sancho, “belike your master is a knight in the ecclesiastical way, and so has it in his power to bestow these sorts of rewards on his faithful squires ; but mine is a mere layman, though I remember some discreet persons (but in my opinion with no very good design) advised him to endeavour to be an archbishop ; but he rejected their counsel, and would be nothing but an emperor. I trembled all the while, lest he should take it into his head to be of the church, because I am not qualified to hold ecclesiastical preferments ; and, to say the truth, sir, though I look like a man, I am a very beast in church matters.”—“Truly, you are under a great mistake,” said he of the Wood ; “for your island governments are not all of them so inviting. It would be far better for us, who profess this service, to go home to our houses, and pass our time there in more easy employments—such as hunting or fishing ; for what squire is there in the world so poor as not to have his nag, his brace of greyhounds, and his angle-rod, to divert himself withal in his own village?”

“I want nothing of all this,” answered Sancho ; “it is true, indeed, I have no horse, but then I have an ass that is worth twice as much as my master’s steed. Hang it ! if I would swap with him, though he should give me four bushels of barley to boot. Perhaps, sir, you will take for a joke the price I set upon my Dapple, for dapple is the colour of my ass. And then I

cannot want greyhounds, our town being overstocked with them; besides, sporting is the more pleasant when it is at other people's cost."

Here the Squire of the Wood said, "Methinks, we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roof of our mouths; but I have brought, hanging at my saddle-bow, that which will loosen them." And, rising up, he soon returned with a large bottle of wine, and a pasty half a yard long; for it was of a rabbit, so large, that Sancho, at lifting it, thought verily it must contain a whole goat, or at least a large kid. "And do you carry all this about with you?" said he. "Why," answered the other, "I have a better cupboard behind me on my horse, than a general has with him upon a march." Sancho at once fell to; and swallowing mouthfuls in the dark, said, "Your worship is indeed a squire, wanting for nothing, as this banquet shows; and not like me, a poor unfortunate wretch, who have nothing in my wallet but a piece of cheese, so hard you might knock out a giant's brains with it; and, to bear it company, four dozen of acorns, and as many hazel-nuts and walnuts; thanks to my master's stinginess, and to the opinion he has, that knights-errant ought to feed only upon dried fruits and wild salads."—"By my faith, brother," replied he of the Wood, "I have no stomach for your wild pears, or your sweet thistles, or your mountain roots; let our masters have them, with their laws of chivalry; and let them eat what they commend. I carry cold meats, and this bottle hanging at my saddle-pommel, happen what will." And so saying, he put it into Sancho's hand, who, grasping and setting it to his mouth, stood gazing at the stars for a quarter of an hour; and having done drinking, he let fall his head on one side, and, fetching a deep sigh, said, "Oh, how good it is! But tell me, sir, is not this wine of Ciudad Real?"—"You have a distinguishing palate," answered he of the Wood; "it is of no other growth, and besides has some years over its head."—"Trust me for that," said Sancho, "I always hit right, and guess the kind. But no wonder; for I have had in my family, by the father's side, the two most exquisite tasters that La Mancha has known for many ages; for proof whereof, there

happened to them what I am going to relate. To each of them was given a taste of a certain hogshead, and their opinion asked of the condition, quality, goodness, or badness of the wine. The one tried it with the tip of his tongue, the other put it to his nose. The first said the wine savoured of iron, the second said it had rather a twang of goat's leather. The owner protested the vessel was clean, and the wine neat, so that it could not taste either of iron or leather. Notwithstanding this, the two famous tasters stood positively to what they had said. Time went on ; the wine was sold off, and at rincing the hogshead, there was found in it a small key hanging to a leather thong. Judge then, sir, whether one of that race may not very well undertake to give his opinion in these matters."

While the squires were thus talking, their masters were not silent ; and the Knight of the Wood informed Don Quixote that the lady upon whom his love was placed was the peerless Casildea de Vandalia ; " who," continued he, " has at last commanded me to travel over all the provinces of Spain, and oblige all the knights I shall find wandering therein to confess that she alone excels in beauty all beauties this day living, and that I am the most valiant knight in the world. In obedience to which command, I have already traversed the greatest part of Spain, and have vanquished divers knights who have dared to contradict me. But what I am most proud of, and value myself most upon is, the having vanquished, in single combat, the so renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea : and I make account, that in this conquest alone, I have vanquished all the knights in the world ; for that very Don Quixote I speak of has conquered them all, and I, having overcome him, his glory, his fame, and his honour, are transferred and passed over to my person ; so that the innumerable exploits of the said Don Quixote are already mine, and placed to my account."

Don Quixote was amazed to hear the Knight of the Wood, and " you lie" was at the tip of his tongue ; but he restrained himself the best he could, in order to make him confess the lie

with his own mouth, and therefore said very calmly, "Sir Knight, that you may have vanquished most of the knights-errant of Spain, yea, and of the whole world, I will not dispute ; but, that you have conquered Don Quixote de la Mancha, I somewhat doubt : it might, indeed, be somebody resembling him, though there are very few such."—"Why not ?" replied he of the Wood ; "by the canopy of Heaven, I fought with Don Quixote, vanquished him, and made him submit : by the same token that he is tall of stature, thin-visaged, upright-bodied, robust-limbed, grizzle-haired, hawk-nosed, with large black mustachoes ; he gives himself the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure ; his squire is a country fellow, called Sancho Panza ; he rides a famous steed called Rozinante : in a word, he has for the mistress of his thoughts one Dulcinea del Toboso. If all these tokens are not sufficient to prove the truth of what I say, here is my sword which shall make incredulity itself believe it."—"Be not in a passion, Sir Knight," said Don Quixote, "and hear what I have to say. You are to know, that this Don Quixote you speak of is the dearest friend I have in the world, insomuch that I may say he is, as it were, my very self ; and by the tokens and marks you have given of him, so exact, and so precise, I cannot but think it must be himself that you have subdued. On the other side, I see with my eyes, and feel with my hands, that it cannot be the same, unless it be, that, having many enchanters his enemies, some one or other of them may have assumed his shape, and suffered himself to be vanquished, in order to defraud him of the fame his exalted feats of chivalry have acquired over the face of the whole earth. And for confirmation hereof, you must know, that these enchanters, his enemies, but two days ago, transformed the figure and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into those of a dirty, mean country wench, and in like manner they must have transformed Don Quixote. And if all this be not sufficient to justify this truth, here stands Don Quixote himself, ready to maintain it by force of arms, on foot, or on horseback, or in whatever manner you please." So saying, he rose up, and grasping his sword, expected what resolution the Knight of the Wood would take ; who very calmly answered, "He who

could once vanquish you, Signor Don Quixote, when transformed, may well hope to make you yield in your own proper person. But as knights-errant should by no means do their feats of arms in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for daylight ; and the condition of our combat shall be, that the conquered shall be entirely at the mercy and disposal of the conqueror, to do with him whatever he pleases, provided always that he command nothing but what a knight may with honour submit to.”—“I am entirely satisfied with this condition,” answered Don Quixote ; and hereupon they both went to look for their squires, whom they found snoring in the very same posture in which they had fallen asleep. They awaked them, and ordered them, to get ready their steeds, for, at sunrise, they were to engage in a deadly and unparalleled single combat. At which news Sancho was thunderstruck, and ready to swoon, in dread of his master’s safety, from what he had heard the Squire of the Wood tell of his master’s valour. But the two squires without speaking a word went to look after their cattle, and found them all together ; for the three horses and Dapple had already made friends.

By the way, the Squire of the Wood said to Sancho, “You must understand, brother, that the fighters of Andalusia have a custom when they are seconds in any combat, not to stand idle with their arms across, while the others are fighting. This I say to give you notice, that while our masters are engaged, we must fight too, and make splinters of one another.”—“This custom, signor squire,” answered Sancho, “may be current among the ruffians and fighters you speak of ; but among the squires of knights-errant, no, not in thought ; at least I have not heard my master talk of any such custom, and he has all the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry by heart. But taking it for granted that there is an express statute for the squires engaging while their masters are at it, yet will I not comply with it, but rather pay the penalty imposed upon such peaceable squires, which I daresay cannot be above a couple of pounds of white wax ; and I will rather pay them, for I know they will cost me less than the money I shall spend in plasters to get my head cured, which

I already reckon as cut and divided in twain. Besides, another thing which makes it impossible for me to fight is, my having no sword, for I never wore one in my life.”—“ I know a remedy for that,” said he of the Wood: “ I have here a couple of linen bags of the same size ; you shall take one and I the other, and we will have a bout at bag-blows with equal weapons.”—“ With all my heart,” answered Sancho ; “ for such a battle will rather dust our jackets, than wound our persons.”—“ It must not be quite so either,” replied the other ; “ for, lest the wind should blow them aside, we must put in them half a dozen clean and smooth pebbles, of equal weight ; and thus we may brush one another without much harm or damage.”—“ Body of my father !” answered Sancho, “ what sable fur, what bottoms of carded cotton, he puts into the bags, that we may not break our noddles, or beat our bones to powder ! But though they should be filled with balls of raw silk, be it known to you, sir, I shall not fight : let our masters fight, and hear of it in another world, and let us drink and live ; for time takes care to take away our lives, without our seeking new appetites to destroy them before they reach their appointed term, and drop with ripeness.”—“ For all that,” replied he of the Wood, “ we must fight, if it be but for half an hour.”—“ No, no,” answered Sancho ; “ I shall not be so discourteous, or so ungrateful, as to have any quarrel at all, be it never so little, with a gentleman, after having eaten of his bread and drunk of his drink : besides, who the dickens can set about dry fighting, without anger and without provocation.”—“ If that be all,” said he of the Wood, “ I will provide a sufficient remedy ; which is, that before we begin the combat, I will come up to your worship, and fairly give you three or four good cuffs, which will lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler, though it slept sounder than a dormouse.”—“ Against that expedient,” answered Sancho, “ I have another not a whit behind it : I will take a good cudgel, and before you reach me to awaken my choler, I will bastinado yours so sound asleep, that it shall never awake more but in another world, where it is well known I am not a man to let anybody handle my face : and let every one take heed to the arrow ; though the safest way would be for each man

to let his choler sleep ; for nobody knows what is in another, and some people go out for wool, and come home shorn themselves ; and in all times blessed are the peace-makers, and cursed the peace-breakers : for if a cat, pursued and pent in a room, and hard put to it, turns into a lion, goodness knows what I, that am a man, may turn into ;—and therefore, from henceforward I intimate to your worship, signor squire, that all the damage and mischief that shall result from our quarrel must be placed to your account.”—“ It is well,” replied he of the Wood ; “ come daylight, and we shall see how it will be.”

When the two knights met, Don Quixote viewed his antagonist, and found he had his helmet on, and the beaver down, so that he could not see his face ; but he observed him to be a strong-made man, and not very tall. Over his armour he wore a kind of loose coat, seemingly of the finest gold, besprinkled with sundry little moons of resplendent looking-glass ; which made him proper to be called the Knight of the Looking-glasses, rather than of the Wood. A great number of green, yellow, and white feathers waved about his helmet. His lance, which stood leaning against a tree, was very large and thick, and headed with pointed steel above a span long. Don Quixote viewed and noted everything, judging by all he saw and remarked, that the aforesaid knight must needs be of great strength ; but he was not therefore daunted ; on the contrary, with a gallant boldness, he said to the Knight of the Looking-glasses, “ Sir Knight, if your great eagerness to fight has not exhausted too much of your courtesy, I entreat you to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see whether the sprightliness of your countenance be answerable to that of your figure.”—“ Whether you be vanquished or victorious in this enterprise, Sir Knight,” answered he of the Looking-glasses, “ there will be time and leisure enough for seeing me ; and if I do not now comply with your desires, it is because I think I should do a very great wrong to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia, to lose so much time, as the lifting up my beaver would take up, before I make you confess what you know I pretend to.”—“ However, while we are getting on horseback,” said Don Quixote, “ you may

easily tell whether I am that Don Quixote you said you had vanquished.”—“To this I answer,” said he of the Looking-glasses, “that you are as like that very knight I vanquished, as one egg is like another ; but since you say you are persecuted by enchanters, I dare not be positive whether you are the same person or no.”—“That is sufficient,” answered Don Quixote, “to make me believe you are deceived ; however, to undeceive you quite, let us to horse, and in less time than you would have spent in lifting up your beaver, if Heaven, my mistress, and my arm, avail me, I will see your face, and you shall see I am not that vanquished Don Quixote you imagine.”

Then, cutting short the discourse, they mounted ; and Don Quixote wheeling Rozinante about, to take as much ground as was convenient for encountering his opponent, he of the Looking-glasses did the like. But Don Quixote was not gone twenty paces when he heard himself called to by the knight ; so, meeting each other half-way, he of the Looking-glasses said, “Take notice, Sir Knight, that the condition of our combat is, that the conquered, as I said before, shall remain at the discretion of the conqueror.”—“I know it,” answered Don Quixote, “provided that what is commanded and imposed on the vanquished shall not exceed, or derogate from, the laws of chivalry.”—“So it is to be understood,” answered he of the Looking-glasses. At this juncture, Sancho, seeing his master set forth to take his career, ran after him, holding him by the back guard of Rozinante’s saddle ; and when he thought it was time for him to face about, he said, “I beseech your worship, dear sir, that, before you turn about to engage, you will be so kind as to help me up into yon cork-tree, from whence I can see better, and more to my liking, than from the ground, the gallant encounter you are about to have with that knight.” For in truth he did not above half like being left alone with that squire.

While Don Quixote was busied in helping Sancho up into the cork-tree, he of the Looking-glasses took as large a circuit as he thought necessary, and believing that Don Quixote had done the same, without waiting for sound of trumpet, or any

other signal, turned about his horse, who was not a whit more active, or more promising than Rozinante; and at his best speed, which was a middling trot, advanced to encounter his enemy; but seeing him employed in helping up Sancho, he reined in his steed, and stopped in the midst of his career; for which his horse was most thankful, being not able to stir any farther.

Don Quixote, thinking his enemy was coming full speed against him, clapped spurs to Rozinante's lean flanks, and made him so bestir himself, that, as it is believed, this was the only time he was known to do something like running; a trot being his best pace. With this unspeakable fury he soon came up where he of the Looking-glasses stood, striking his spurs up to the very rowels in his steed, without being able to make him stir a finger's length from the place where he made a full stand in his career. At this juncture, Don Quixote, finding his adversary embarrassed with his horse, and encumbered with his lance (for either he did not know how, or had not time to set it in its rest), attacked him with such force, that he bore him to the ground over his horse's crupper—where such was his fall, that he lay motionless without any signs of life. Sancho no sooner saw him fallen, than he slid down from the cork-tree, and in all haste ran to his master; who, alighting from Rozinante, was got upon him of the Looking-glasses, and unlacing his helmet, to see whether he was dead, or to give him air, if perchance he was alive; when he saw—but who can express what he saw? He saw the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very picture of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco; and as soon as he saw him, he cried out, "Come hither, Sancho, and behold what you must see but not believe; make haste, son, and observe what wizards and enchanters can do." Sancho approached, and, seeing the bachelor's face, began to bless himself a thousand times over, saying to his master, "I am of opinion, sir, that, right or wrong, your worship should thrust the sword down the throat of him who seems so like the bachelor Sampson Carrasco; perhaps in him you may kill some one of those enchanters your enemies."—"You do not say amiss," said Don

Quixote ; “for the fewer our enemies are the better ;” and drawing his sword to put Sancho’s advice in execution, the squire of the Looking-glasses drew near, crying aloud, “Have a care, Signor Don Quixote, what you do ; for he who lies at your feet is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, your friend, and I am his squire.” Sancho, seeing him without a false nose, which the man had worn for disguise, exclaimed, “Bless me ! Is not this Tom CECIAL, my neighbour ?”—“Indeed am I,” answered the un-nosed squire ; “Tom CECIAL I am, neighbour and friend to Sancho Panza ; and I will inform you presently what lies and wiles brought me hither. In the meantime beg and entreat your master not to touch, or kill the Knight of the Looking-glasses now at his feet ; for there is nothing more sure than that he is the daring and ill-advised bachelor, Sampson Carrasco, our countryman.”


By this time he of the Looking-glasses was come to himself ; which Don Quixote perceiving, clapped the point of the naked sword to his throat, and said, “You are a dead man, knight, if you do not confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels in beauty your Casildea de Vandalia ; and further, you must promise, if you escape from this conflict with life, to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her on my behalf, that she may dispose of you as she shall think fit ; and, if she leaves you at your own disposal, then you shall return, and find me out, to tell me what passes between her and you ; these conditions being entirely conformable to our articles before our battle, and not exceeding the rules of knight-errantry.”—“I confess,” said the fallen knight, “that the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso’s torn and dirty shoe is preferable to the ill-combed, though clean locks of Casildea ; and I promise to go and return from her presence to yours, and give you an exact and particular account of what you require of me.”—“You must likewise confess and believe,” added Don Quixote, “that the knight you vanquished was not, and could not, be Don Quixote de la Mancha, but somebody else like him ; as I do confess and believe that you, though, in appearance, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, are not he, but some other whom my enemies have

purposely transformed into his likeness, to restrain the impetuosity of my choler, and make me use with moderation the glory of my conquest.”—“I confess, judge of, and allow everything, as you believe, judge of, and allow,” answered the disjointed knight; “suffer me to rise, I beseech you, if the hurt of my fall will permit, which has left me sorely bruised.” Don Quixote helped him to rise, as did his squire, Tom Cecial, from off whom Sancho could not remove his eyes, asking him things, the answers to which convinced him evidently of his being really that Tom Cecial he said he was. But he was so prepossessed by what his master had said of the enchanters having changed the Knight of the Looking-glasses into the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, that he could not give credit to what he saw with his eyes. In short, master and man remained under this mistake; and he of the Looking-glasses, with his squire, much out of humour and in ill plight, parted from Don Quixote and Sancho, to look for some convenient place, where he might plaister himself and bind up his broken ribs; the knight and his squire meanwhile continuing their journey to Saragossa.

Now, in truth, it must be said that the bachelor had “gone out for wool, and came back shorn;” for his setting-off as a knight-errant, and encountering Don Quixote, was a trick got up between himself and the priest (who never doubted that he would easily upset the old knight), to bring Don Quixote home, and make him stay there quietly, under delusion of his being bound by a knightly vow so to do. And in a very unamiable mood, nay, vowing vengeance on his adversary, he crawled, with his squire, to a neighbouring village, where he luckily got his bones set.

CHAPTER XIII.

Don Diego de Miranda—Adventure of the lions.

ON QUIXOTE pursued his journey with extreme pleasure, satisfaction, and self-conceit; imagining, upon account of his late victory, that he was the most valiant knight-errant the world could boast of in that age. He was wholly taken up with such thoughts, when Sancho said to him, "Is it not strange, sir, that I still have before my eyes the monstrous nose of my neighbour, Tom Cecial?"—"And do you really believe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the Knight of the Looking-glasses was the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and his squire Tom Cecial, your neighbour?"—"I know not what to say to that," answered Sancho; "I only know, that what he told me of my house, wife, and children, could have been said by nobody else but himself; and his face, when his nose was off, was Tom Cecial's own, as I have seen it very often in our village, next door to my house; and the tone of the voice was also the very same."—"Come on," replied Don Quixote; "let us reason a little upon this business. How can any one imagine, that the bachelor Sampson Carrasco should come knight-errant-wise, armed at all points to fight with me? Was I ever his enemy? Have I ever given him occasion to bear me a grudge? Am I his rival? Or does he make profession of arms, as envying the fame I have acquired by them?"—"What then shall we say, sir," answered Sancho, "to that knight's being so very like Sampson Carrasco, be he who he would, and his squire so like Tom Cecial?"—"The whole," answered Don Quixote, "is a trick of

the wicked magicians, who persecute me ; who, foreseeing that I was to come off vanquisher in the conflict, contrived that the vanquished knight should have the face of my friend the bachelor, that the kindness I have for him might interpose between the edge of my sword and the rigour of my arm, and moderate the just indignation of my breast ; so that by this means he might escape with his life, who, by cunning devices and false appearances, sought to take away mine. For proof whereof, you already know, O Sancho, by infallible experience, how easy a thing it is for enchanters to change one face into another, making the fair foul and the foul fair ; since, not two days ago, you beheld with your own eyes the beauty and bravery of the peerless Dulcinea in their highest perfection, and at the same time I saw her under the plainness and deformity of a rude country wench, smelling of garlic. And if the perverse enchanter durst make so wicked a transformation, no wonder if he has done the like as to Sampson Carrasco and your neighbour, in order to snatch the glory of the victory out of my hands. Nevertheless, I comfort myself : for, in short, be it under what shape soever, I have got the better of my enemy.”—“ Heaven knows the truth,” answered Sancho ; who, well knowing that the transformation of Dulcinea was all his own plot and device, was not satisfied with his master’s chimerical notions, but would make no reply, lest he should let fall some word that might discover his cheat.

While they were thus discoursing, there overtook them a man upon a very fine flea-bitten mare, clad in a surtout of fine green cloth, faced with murry-coloured velvet, and a hunter’s cap of the same ; the mare’s furniture was adapted for field sports, murry-coloured, and green. He had a Moorish scimitar hanging at a shoulder-belt of green and gold ; and his buskins wrought like the belt. His spurs were not gilt, but varnished with green, so neat and polished, that they suited his clothes better than if they had been of pure gold. When the traveller came up to them, he saluted them courteously ; then spurring his mare, and keeping a little off, was passing on. But Don Quixote called to him, “ Courteous sir, if you are going our way,

and are not in haste, I should take it for a favour if we might join company." The traveller at this checked his mare, wondering at the air and countenance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which Sancho carried, like a cloak-bag, at the pommel of his ass's saddle. And if the gentleman in green gazed much at Don Quixote, Don Quixote stared no less at him, taking him to be some person of consequence. He seemed to be about fifty years of age ; had but few gray hairs ; his face slender ; his aspect between merry and serious ; in a word, his mien and appearance spoke him to be a man of worth. What he in green thought of Don Quixote was, that he had never seen such a figure of a man before. He wondered at his lanky horse, at the tallness of his stature, the meagreness of his aspect, his armour, and his deportment ; the whole such an odd figure, as had not been seen in that country for many years past.

Don Quixote took good notice how the traveller surveyed him ; and being the pink of courtesy, and fond of pleasing everybody, before the traveller could ask him any question, prevented him, saying, " This figure of mine, which your worship sees, being so new, and so much out of the way of what is generally in fashion, I do not wonder if you are surprised at it ; but you will cease to be so when I tell you, as I do, that I am one of those knights whom people call seekers of adventures. I left my country, mortgaged my estate, quitted my ease and pleasures, and threw myself into the arms of fortune, to carry me whither she pleased. I had a mind to revive the long-deceased chivalry ; and, for some time past, stumbling here and tumbling there, falling headlong in one place and getting up again in another, I have accomplished a great part of my design—succouring widows, protecting damsels, aiding married women and orphans—the natural and proper office of knights-errant. Finally, in a word, know that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called ' the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.' So that, worthy sir, neither this horse, this lance, this shield, nor this squire, nor all this armour together, nor the wanness of my visage, nor my meagre lankness, ought from henceforward to

be matter of wonder to you, now that you know who I am, and the profession I follow."

Here he was silent, and the one in green, after some pause, said, "Sir Knight, you judged right of my desire by my surprise; but you have not removed the wonder raised in me at seeing you; on the contrary, now that I know it, I am in greater admiration and surprise than before. What! is it possible that there are knights-errant now in the world? I never could have thought there was anybody now upon earth who relieved widows, succoured damsels, aided married women, or protected orphans, nor should yet have believed it, had I not seen it in your worship with my own eyes. Blessed be Heaven for the same!"

He then, in answer to the knight's inquiry, said, "I, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, am a gentleman, native of a village where I trust we shall dine to-day. I am more than indifferently rich, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda. I spend my time with my wife, my children, and my friends. My diversions are hunting and fishing; but I keep neither hawks nor greyhounds, only some decoy partridges, and a stout ferret. I have about six dozen of books, some Spanish, some Latin, some of history, and some of devotion; those of chivalry have not yet come over my threshold. Sometimes I eat with my neighbours and friends, and sometimes I invite them; my table is neat and clean, and tolerably furnished. I neither censure others myself, nor allow others to do it before me. I inquire not into other men's lives, nor am I sharp-sighted to pry into their actions. I hear service every day; I share my substance with the poor, making no parade with my good works, nor harbouring in my breast hypocrisy and vain-glory,—those enemies which so slyly get possession of the best-guarded hearts. I endeavour to make peace between those that are at variance; and I always trust in the infinite mercy of God our Lord."

Sancho was very attentive to this relation of the gentleman's life and conversation, which appeared to him to be good and holy; and, thinking that one of such a character must needs work miracles, he flung himself off his Dapple, and running

hastily, laid hold of Don Diego's right stirrup, whilst, with a devout heart and almost weeping eyes, he kissed his feet more than once; which the gentleman perceiving, said, "What mean you, brother? What kisses are these?"—"Pray, let me kiss on," answered Sancho; "for your worship is the first saint on horse-back I ever saw in all the days of my life."—"I am no saint," answered the gentleman, "but a great sinner; you, brother, must needs be very good, as your simplicity proves." Sancho went off, and got again upon his ass, having forced a smile from the profound gravity of his master, and caused fresh admiration in Don Diego.

So they rode on together, in pleasant conversation; Don Quixote expressing himself so justly, that the gentleman in green began to waver in his opinion as to his being a madman. But in the midst of it, Sancho had gone out of the road to beg a little milk of some shepherds, who were hard by milking some ewes. And now the gentleman, highly satisfied with Don Quixote's ability and good sense, was renewing the discourse, when, on a sudden, the knight, lifting up his eyes, perceived a car with royal banners coming the same road they were going, and believing it to be some new adventure, called aloud to Sancho to come and give him his helmet. Sancho, hearing himself called, left the shepherds, and in all haste, pricking his Dapple, came where his master was, when there befell a most dreadful and stupendous adventure.

Now when Don Quixote called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet, the squire was buying some curds of the shepherds; and, being hurried by the violent haste his master was in, knew not what to do with them; so, that he might not lose them, now they were paid for, he bethought him of clapping them into his master's helmet. With this excellent shift, back he came to learn the commands of his lord, who said to him, "Friend, give me the helmet; for either I know little of adventures, or that which I descry yonder is one that does and will oblige me to have recourse to arms." He in the green riding-coat, hearing this, cast his eyes every way as far as he could, and discovered nothing but a car coming towards them with two or three small

flags, by which he conjectured, that the said car was bringing some of the king's money, and so he told Don Quixote, who believed him not, always thinking and imagining that everything that befell him must be an adventure ; and thus he replied to the gentleman, "Preparation is half the battle, and nothing is lost by being upon one's guard. I know by experience that I have enemies both visible and invisible, and I know not when, or from what quarter, or at what time, or in what shape, they will encounter me." Then, turning about, he demanded his helmet of Sancho, who, not having time to take out the curds, was forced to give it him as it was. Don Quixote took it, and without minding what was in it, clapped it hastily upon his head ; and as the curds were squeezed and pressed, the whey began to run down his face and beard, at which the knight was so startled, that he said to Sancho, "What can this mean, Sancho? Methinks, my skull is softening, or my brains melting, or I sweat from head to foot ; and if I do really sweat, in truth it is not through fear, though I verily believe I am like to have a terrible adventure of this. If you have anything to wipe withal, give it me ; for the copious sweat quite blinds my eyes." Sancho said nothing, but gave him a cloth, and with it thanks to Heaven that his master had not found out the truth. Don Quixote wiped himself, and taking off his helmet, to see what it was that so over-cooled his head, saw some white lumps in it, which he put to his nose, and, smelling them, said, "By the life of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, they are curds you have clapped in here, vile traitor, and inconsiderate squire!" To which Sancho answered, with great composure, "If they are curds, give me them to eat ; but the hangman eat them for me, for it must be he that put them there. What! I offer to foul your worship's helmet? In faith, sir, I too have my enchanters, who persecute me as a creature and member of your worship, and, I warrant, have put that filthiness there, to stir your patience to wrath against me, and provoke you to bang my sides as you used to do. But truly this bout they have missed their aim ; for I trust to the candid judgment of my master, who will consider that I have neither curds nor

cream, nor anything like it ; and that, if I had, I should sooner have put them into my stomach than into your honour's helmet."—"It may be so," said Don Quixote. All this the gentleman saw, and saw with admiration, especially when Don Quixote, after having wiped his head, face, beard, and helmet, clapped it on, and fixing himself firm in his stirrups, then trying the easy drawing of his sword, and grasping his lance, said, "Now come what will ; for here I am prepared to encounter Satan himself in person."

By this time the car with the flags was come up, and nobody with it but the carter upon one of the mules, and a man sitting upon the fore-part. Don Quixote planted himself just before them, and said, "Whither go ye, brethren ? what car is this ? what have you in it too ? and what banners are those ?" To which the carter answered, "The car is mine, and in it are two fierce lions ; the flags belong to our liege the king, to show that what is in the car is his."—"And are the lions large ?" demanded Don Quixote. "So large," replied the man, "that larger never came from Africa into Spain. I am their keeper, and have had charge of several, but never of any so large as these ; at present they are hungry, not having eaten to-day ; and therefore, sir, get out of the way, for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them." At which Don Quixote, smiling a little, said, "To me your lion-whelps ! your lion-whelps to me ! and at this time of day ! By this blessed sun, those who sent them hither, shall see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Alight, honest friend ; and since you are their keeper, open the cages, and turn out those beasts ; for in the midst of this field will I make them know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in spite of the enchanters that sent them to me."—"Very well," said the gentleman to himself. "Our good knight has given us a specimen of what he is ; doubtless, the curds have softened his skull, and ripened his brains." Then Sancho came to him, and said, "For Heaven's sake, sir, order it so that my master Don Quixote may not encounter these lions, for if he does, they will tear us all to pieces."—"What, then, is your master really so mad," answered the gentleman,

“that you fear and believe he will attack such fierce animals?”—“He is not mad,” answered Sancho, “but daring.”—“I will make him desist,” replied the gentleman; and going to Don Quixote, who was hastening the keeper to open the cages, he said, “Sir, knights-errant should undertake adventures which promise good success, and not such as are quite desperate. These lions do not come to assail your worship, nor do they so much as dream of any such thing; they are going to be presented to His Majesty, and it is not proper to detain them or hinder their journey.”—“Sweet sir,” answered Don Quixote, “go hence, and mind your decoy partridge and your stout ferret; and leave every one to his own business. This is mine; and I will know whether these gentlemen lions come against me or no.” And, turning to the keeper, he said, “I vow, Don Rascal, if you do not instantly open the cages, with this lance I will pin you to the car.” The carter, seeing the resolution of this armed apparition, said, “Good sir, for charity’s sake, be pleased to let me take off my mules, and get with them out of danger, before the lions are let loose; for should my cattle be killed, I am undone for all the days of my life, having no other livelihood but this car and these mules.”—“O man of little faith!” answered Don Quixote, “alight and unyoke, and do what you will; for you shall quickly see you have laboured in vain, and might have saved yourself this trouble.”

The carter alighted, and unyoked in great haste; and the keeper said aloud, “Bear witness, all here present, that, against my will, and by compulsion, I open the cages, and let loose the lions; and that I enter my protest against this gentleman, that all the harm and mischief these beasts do shall stand and be placed to his account, with my salary and perquisites over and above. Pray, gentlemen, shift for yourselves before I open; for, as to myself, I am sure they will do me no hurt.” Again the gentleman pressed Don Quixote to desist from doing so mad a thing, it being to tempt God to undertake so extravagant an action. Don Quixote replied that he knew what he did. The gentleman rejoined, bidding him consider well of it, for he was certain he deceived himself. “Nay, sir,” replied Don

Quixote, "if you do not care to be a spectator of what you think will prove a tragedy, spur your flea-bitten, and save yourself." Sancho, hearing this, besought him, with tears in his eyes, to desist from that enterprise, in comparison whereof that of the windmills, and that fearful one of the fulling-mill hammers—in short, all the exploits he had performed in the whole course of his life, were mere tarts and cheesecakes. "Consider, sir," said Sancho, "that here is no enchantment, nor anything like it, for I have seen, through the grates and chinks of the cage, the claw of a true lion ; and I guess by it that the lion to whom such a claw belongs, is bigger than a mountain."—"However it be," answered Don Quixote, "fear will make it appear to you bigger than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me ; and if I die here, you know our old agreement : repair to Dulcinea ; I say no more." He in green would fain have opposed him, but found himself unequally matched in weapons and armour ; nor did he think it prudent to engage with a madman ; for such, by this time, he took Don Quixote to be in all points ; who hastening the keeper, and reiterating his menaces, the gentleman took occasion to clap spurs to his mare, Sancho to Dapple, and the carter to his mules, all endeavouring to get as far from the car as they could before the lions were let loose. Sancho lamented the death of his master, verily believing it would now overtake him in the paws of the lions. He cursed his hard fortune, and the unlucky hour that it came into his head to serve him again ; but, for all his tears and lamentations, he ceased not punching his Dapple to get far enough from the car. The keeper, seeing that the fugitives were got a good way off, repeated his arguments and entreaties to Don Quixote, who answered that he heard him, and that he should trouble himself with no more arguments or entreaties, for all would signify nothing, and that he must make haste.

Whilst the keeper delayed opening the first grate, Don Quixote considered with himself whether it would be best to fight on foot or on horseback. At last he determined to fight on foot, lest Rozinante should be terrified at sight of the lions. Thereupon he leaped from his horse, flung aside his lance,

braced on his shield, and drew his sword; and marching slowly, with marvellous intrepidity, and an undaunted heart, planted himself before the car, devoutly commending himself, first to Heaven, then to his mistress Dulcinea.

The keeper, seeing Don Quixote fixed in his posture, and that he could not avoid letting loose the lion, on pain of falling under the displeasure of the angry and daring knight, set wide open the door of the first cage, where it lay, appearing to be of an extraordinary bigness, and of a hideous and frightful aspect. The first thing the lion did was, to turn himself round in the cage, reach out a paw, and stretch himself at full length. Then he gaped and yawned very leisurely; then licked the dust off his eyes, and washed his face, with some half a yard of tongue. This done, he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared round on all sides with eyes like live coals—a sight and aspect enough to have struck terror into temerity itself. Don Quixote only observed him with attention, wishing he would leap out from the car, and grapple with him, that he might tear him in pieces. But the generous beast, more civil than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravadoes, after having stared about him, as has been said, turned his back and showed his tail to Don Quixote; after which, with great calmness, he laid himself down again in the cage. Don Quixote perceiving this, ordered the keeper to give him some blows, and provoke him to come forth. “That I will not do,” answered the keeper; “for, should I provoke him, I myself shall be the first he will tear in pieces. Be satisfied, Signor Cavalier, with what is done, and do not tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open, and it is in his choice to come forth or not; and since he has not yet come out, he will not come out all this day. The greatness of your worship’s courage is already sufficiently shown. No brave combatant, as I take it, is obliged to do more than to challenge his foe and expect him in the field; and if the antagonist does not meet him, the infamy lies at his door, and the expectant gains the crown of conquest.”—“That is true,” answered Don Quixote. “Shut the door, friend, and give me a certificate, in the best form you can, of what you have seen me

do here. It is fit it should be known, how you opened to the lion ; I waited for him ; he came not out ; I waited for him again ; again he came not out ; and again he laid him down. I am bound to no more—enchantments, avaunt. So Heaven prosper right and justice, and true chivalry. Shut the door, while I make a signal to the fugitive and absent, that they may have an account of this exploit from your mouth.”

The keeper did so, and Don Quixote, clapping on the point of his lance the linen cloth wherewith he had wiped the torrent of the curds from off his face, began to call out to the rest, who still fled, turning about their heads at every step, all in a troop, and the gentleman at the head of them. But Sancho, chancing to espy the signal of the white cloth, said, “ May I be hanged if my master has not vanquished the wild beasts, since he calls to us.” They all halted, and knew that it was Don Quixote who made the sign ; so, abating some part of their fear, they drew nearer by degrees, till they came where they could distinctly hear him calling to them. When they came back to the car, Don Quixote said to the carter, “ Put to your mules again, brother, and continue your journey ; and, Sancho, give two gold crowns to him and the keeper, to make them amends for my having detained them.”—“ That I will, with all my heart,” answered Sancho ; “ but what is become of the lions ? are they dead or alive ?” Then the keeper, very minutely, and with proper pauses, related the success of the conflict, exaggerating the valour of Don Quixote, at sight of whom the abashed lion would not, or durst not, stir out of the cage, though he had held open the door a good while ; and upon his representing to the knight, that it was tempting God to provoke the lion, and to make him come out by force, as he would have had him do, whether he would or no, and wholly against his will, he had suffered the cage door to be shut. “ What think you of this, Sancho ?” asked Don Quixote ; “ can any enchantments prevail against true courage ? With ease may the enchanters deprive me of good fortune ; but of courage and resolution they never can.” Sancho gave the gold crowns ; the carter put to ; the keeper kissed Don Quixote’s hands for the favour

received, and promised him to relate this valorous exploit to the king himself when he came to court. "If, perchance, His Majesty," said Don Quixote, "should inquire who performed it, tell him 'the Knight of the Lions;' for, from henceforward, I resolve that the title I have hitherto borne, of 'the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure,' shall be changed and altered to this; and herein I follow the ancient practice of knights-errant, who changed their names when they had a mind or whenever it served their turn."

The car went on its way, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and he in the green surtout, pursued their journey. In all this time, Don Diego de Miranda had not spoken a word, being all attention to observe and remark the actions and words of Don Quixote, taking him to be a sensible madman, and a madman bordering upon good sense; because what he spoke was coherent, elegant, and well said, and what he did was extravagant, rash, and foolish. "For," said he to himself, "what greater madness can there be than to clap on a helmet full of curds, and persuade one's-self that enchanters have melted one's skull? and what greater rashness and extravagance than to resolve to fight with lions?"

Don Quixote interrupted him by saying, "Doubtless, signor, in your opinion I must needs pass for an extravagant madman; and no wonder it should be so, for my actions indicate no less. But it being my lot to be one of the number of knights-errant, I cannot decline undertaking whatever I imagine to come within the verge of my profession; and, therefore, encountering these lions, as I just now did, belonged to me directly, though I knew it to be most extravagant rashness. I very well know that fortitude is a virtue placed between the two vicious extremes of cowardice and rashness; but it is better the valiant should rise to the high pitch of temerity, than sink to the low point of cowardice. For, as it is easier for the prodigal to become liberal, than for the covetous, so it is much easier for the rash to hit upon being truly valiant, than for the coward to rise to true valour; and, as to undertaking adventures, believe me, Signor Don Diego, it is better to lose

the game by a card too much than one too little ; for it sounds better in the ears of those that hear it, such a knight is rash and daring, than such a knight is timorous and cowardly."

"I say, Signor Don Quixote," answered Don Diego, "that all you have said and done is levelled by the line of right reason ; and I think, if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry should be lost, they might be found in your worship's breast, as in their proper depository. But let us make haste, for it grows late ; and let us get to my village and house, where you may repose and refresh yourself after your late toil, which, if not of the body, has been a labour of the mind, which often affects the body too."—

"I accept of the offer as a great favour and kindness, Signor Don Diego," answered Don Quixote ; and spurring on a little more than they had hitherto done, it was about two in the afternoon when they arrived at the village, and the house of Don Diego, whom Don Quixote called "The Knight of the Green Riding-coat." The house was spacious, after the country fashion, having the arms of the family carved in rough stone over the great gates, the buttery in the courtyard, the cellar under the porch, and several earthen wine-jars placed round about it ; which, being of the ware of Toboso, renewed the memory of his enchanted Dulcinea ; and, without considering what he said, or before whom, he sighed, and cried, "O sweet pledges, found now to my sorrow ; sweet and joyous, when Heaven would have it so ! O ye Tobosian jars, that have brought back to my remembrance the sweet pledge of my greatest bitterness !" This was overheard by Don Diego's son, who, with his mother, was come out to receive him ; and both mother and son were in admiration at the strange figure of Don Quixote, who, alighting from Rozinante, very courteously desired leave to kiss the lady's hands ; while Don Diego said, "Receive, madam, with your accustomed civility, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha here present, a knight-errant, and the most valiant and most ingenious person in the world." The lady, whose name was Donna Christina, received him with much kindness and civility ; and presently he was led into a hall, where Sancho unarmed him, he remaining in his wide

Walloon breeches and a chamois doublet, all besmeared with the rust of his armour ; his band being of the college-cut, without starch and without lace ; his buskins date-coloured, and his shoes waxed. He girt on his trusty sword, which hung at a belt made of sea-wolf's skin, and over these he had a long cloak of good gray cloth. But first of all, with five or six kettles of water he washed his head and face ; and still the water continued of a whey-colour, thanks to Sancho's gluttony, and the purchase of the nasty curds, that had made his master so white and clean. With the aforesaid accoutrements, and with a polished air and deportment, Don Quixote walked into another hall, whence they were called to supper, such a one as Don Diego had told them upon the road he used to give to those he invited—neat, plentiful, and savoury. But that which pleased Don Quixote above all, was the marvellous silence throughout the whole house, as if it had been a convent of Carthusians.

The cloth being taken away, grace said, and their hands washed, they had much pleasant discourse together until it was time to retire for the night.

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

At length the day of his departure came, as joyous to Don Quixote, as sad and unhappy for Sancho Panza, who liked the plenty of Don Diego's house wondrous well, and was loth to return to the hunger of the forests and wildernesses, and to the penury of his ill-provided wallets. However, he filled and stuffed them with what he thought most necessary. Offers of service and civilities were repeated between Don Diego and his guest ; and, with the good leave of the lady of the castle, they departed—Don Quixote upon Rozinante, and Sancho upon Dapple.

CHAPTER XIV.

Camacho's wedding—Cave of Montesinos—Adventure with the puppets—Sancho's peace-making.



Our knight and squire jogged along, they overtook some travellers, who said they were going to a great wedding in the neighbourhood, and invited Don Quixote to accompany them thither; where would be plenty of fine entertainment both of meat and drink, and various pastimes, as Camacho, the bridegroom, was very rich. So he joined the party, refusing, on his arrival, to go into the town with them, as it was the custom of knights-errant to sleep in the fields and forests, rather than under roofs, however stately. His lodging was therefore taken up outside, to the sore disappointment of Sancho, who had not forgotten the brave doings of Don Diego's household.

Don Quixote was up by daybreak next morning; but Sancho slept so heavily that he had to be stirred up with the butt-end of his master's lance to rouse him. At last he awaked, drowsy and yawning; and, turning his face on all sides, said, "From yonder shady bower, if I mistake not, there comes a steam and smell, rather of broiled rashers of bacon than of thyme or rushes. By my faith, weddings that begin thus savourily must needs be liberal and abundant."

"Have done, glutton," said Don Quixote, "and let us go and see this wedding." Sancho did as his master commanded him; and, saddling Rozinante and pannelling Dapple, they both mounted, and, marching softly, entered the meadow where the entertainment was to take place. The first thing that presented

itself to Sancho's sight was a whole bullock spitted upon a large elm. The fire it was roasted by was composed of a good-sized mountain of wood, and round it were placed six pots, each containing a whole shamble of meat ; entire sheep being sunk and swallowed up in them, as if they were only so many pigeons. The hares ready flayed, and the fowls ready plucked, that hung about upon the branches, in order to be buried in the caldrons, were without number. Infinite was the wild fowl and venison hanging about the trees, that the air might cool them. Sancho counted above threescore skins, each of above twenty-four quarts, and all, as appeared afterwards, full of generous wines. There were also piles of the whitest bread, like so many heaps of wheat in a threshing-floor. Cheeses, ranged like bricks, formed a kind of wall. Two caldrons of oil, larger than a dyer's vat, stood ready for frying all sorts of batter-ware ; and, with a couple of stout peels, they took them out when fried, and dipped them in another kettle of prepared honey, that stood by. The men and women cooks were above fifty, all clean, all diligent, and all in good humour. Inside the bullock were a dozen sucking pigs, sewed up in it to make it savoury and tender. The spices of various kinds seemed to have been bought, not by the pound, but by the hundred, and stood free for everybody in a great chest. In short, the preparation for the wedding was all rustic, but in such plenty, that it was sufficient to have feasted an army.

Sancho beheld all, considered all, and was in love with everything. The first that captivated and subdued his inclinations were the flesh-pots, out of which he would have been glad to have filled a moderate pipkin. Then the wine-skins drew his affections ; and, lastly, the products of the frying-pans, if such pompous caldrons may be so called. And, not being able to forbear any longer, he went up to one of the busy cooks, from whom, with courteous and hungry words, he desired leave to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pots. To which the cook answered, " This is none of those days over which hunger presides, thanks to rich Camacho. Alight, and see if you can find a ladle anywhere, and skim out a fowl or two ; and much good

may they do you.”—“I see none,” answered Sancho. “Stay,” said the cook. “Bless us, what a nice and good-for-nothing fellow must you be !” So saying, he laid hold of a kettle, and sousing it into one of the pots fished out three pullets and a couple of geese, and said to Sancho, “Eat, friend, and make a breakfast of this scum, to stay your stomach till dinner-time.”—“I have nothing to put it in,” answered Sancho. “Then take ladle and all,” said the cook ; “for the riches and felicity of Camacho supply everything.”

This was very satisfactory ; but poor Sancho was doomed to a miserable disappointment, seeing that, just as the priest was about to marry Camacho the rich, to his bride, by a cleverly-devised trick the lady was united instead to Basilius, a poor suitor of hers, whom, in truth, she liked better. The young couple took Don Quixote home with them, to the unutterable disgust of his squire, who had now nothing but what was left of the skim-mings of the kettle to console him for the boundless provender left behind. They remained here three days, and then the knight determined to visit the famous magic cave of Montesinos, which he was told was a few miles off. He set out accordingly, taking with him about a couple of hundred yards of cord, that he might be lowered down into it, and explore its very depths. When they arrived at the cave, the guide, Sancho, and Don Quixote alighted ; then the two former bound the knight very fast with the cord, and while they were binding him, Sancho said, “Have a care, dear sir, what you do ; do not bury yourself alive, or hang yourself dangling, like a flask of wine let down to cool in a well ; for it is no business of your worship’s, nor does it belong to you, to be the scrutiniser of this hole, which must needs be worse than any dungeon.”—“Tie on, and talk not, friend Sancho,” answered Don Quixote. The tying of Don Quixote (not over his armour, but his doublet) being finished, he said, “We have been very careless in neglecting to provide a little bell, to be tied to me with this rope ; by the tinkling of which you might hear me still descending and know that I was alive ; but since that is now impossible, may Heaven be my guide.’ And immediately he kneeled down, and in a low voice put up a

prayer to Heaven for assistance and good success in this seemingly perilous and strange adventure. Then he drew near to the brink, and seeing he could not be let down, or get at the entrance of the cave, but by mere force, and cutting his way through, seizing his sword, he began to lay about him, and hew down the brambles and bushes at the mouth of the cave ; at which noise and rustling an infinite number of huge ravens and daws flew out so thick and so fast, that they beat him to the ground ; and had he been as superstitious as he was mad, he had taken it for an ill omen, and forborne shutting himself up in such a place. At length he got upon his legs, and seeing no more ravens flying out, or other night-birds, such as bats (some of which likewise flew out among the ravens), the guide and Sancho, giving him rope, let him down to the bottom of the fearful cavern ; at his going in, Sancho giving him his blessing, and saying, " Heaven speed thee, thou flower, and cream, and skimming of knights-errant ! There thou goest, Hector of the world, heart of steel, and arms of brass. Once more Heaven guide thee, and send thee back safe and sound to the light of this world."

Don Quixote went down, calling for more and more rope, which they gave him by little and little ; and when the voice, by the windings of the cave, could be heard no longer, and the cordage was all let down, they thought they had best pull him up again, since they could give him no more rope. However, they delayed about half an hour, and then began to gather up the rope, which they did very easily, and without any weight at all ; from whence they conjectured that Don Quixote remained in the cave ; whereupon Sancho, believing as much, wept bitterly, drawing up in a great hurry to know the truth ; but, coming to a little above eighty fathoms, they felt a weight, at which they rejoiced exceedingly. In short, at about the tenth fathom, they discerned Don Quixote very distinctly ; to whom Sancho called out, saying, " Welcome back to us, dear sir ; for we began to think you had stayed there to sleep." But the knight answered not a word, and, pulling him quite out, they perceived his eyes were shut, as if he were asleep. They

laid him along on the ground and untied him ; yet still he did not awake. But they so turned, and jogged, and re-turned, and shook him, that, after a good while, he came to himself, stretching and yawning, just as if he had awaked out of a heavy and deep sleep ; and gazing from side to side, as if he was amazed, he said, " Heaven forgive you, friends, for having brought me from the most pleasing and charming life and sight that ever mortal saw or lived." He then desired they would give him something to eat, for he was very hungry ; so they spread the guide's carpet upon the green grass, addressed themselves to the pantry of his wallets, and being all three seated in loving and social wise, dined and supped all in one. The carpet being removed, Don Quixote de la Mancha said, " Let no one rise ; and, sons, be attentive to me."

And thereupon, in answer to their inquiries of what he had seen down below, he poured out to them the most wonderful rigmarole, not only of what he had seen, but of what he had said and done in this enchanted cave ; where, according to his own account, he had remained three days. " And has your worship, good sir, eaten anything in all this time ?" asked the guide. " I have not broken my fast with one mouthful," answered Don Quixote, " nor have I been hungry, or so much as thought of it all the while."—" Do the enchanted eat ?" said the guide. " They do not," answered Don Quixote. " And, sir, do the enchanted sleep ?" inquired Sancho. " No, truly," answered Don Quixote ; " at least, in the three days that I have been amongst them, not one of them has closed an eye, nor I either."—" Here," said Sancho, " the proverb hits right : ' Tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are.' If your worship keeps company with those who fast and watch, what wonder is it that you neither eat nor sleep when you are with them ? But pardon me, good master of mine, if I tell your worship, that of all you have been saying, I'll be whipped if I believe one word."—" How so ?" said the guide : " Signor Don Quixote then must have lied ; who, even if he had a mind to it, has not had time to imagine and compose such a heap of lies."—" I do not believe my master lies," answered Sancho. " If not,

what do you believe?" said his master. "I believe," answered Sancho, "that the same Merlin, or those necromancers, who enchanted all the crew your worship says you saw and conversed with there below, have crammed into your imagination or memory all this stuff you have already told us."—"Such a thing might be, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "but it is not so, for what I have related I saw with my own eyes; but what will you say when I tell you that I there saw my peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, whom I knew by the very same clothes she wore when you showed her to me? I spoke to her; but she turned her back upon me, and fled away with so much speed, that an arrow could not have overtaken her. But what gave me the most pain of anything I saw was, that one of the two companions of the unfortunate Dulcinea, with tears in her eyes, and in a low and troubled voice, said to me, 'My Lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your worship's hands; and, being in great necessity, earnestly begs your worship would be pleased to lend her, upon this new dimity petticoat I have brought here, three shillings, or what you have about you, which she promises to return very shortly.' This message threw me into great perturbation. 'I will take no pawn,' answered I, 'nor can I send her what she desires, for I have but two shillings;' which I sent her, being those you gave me the other day, Sancho, to bestow in alms on the poor I should meet with upon the road; and I said to the damsel, 'Sweetheart, tell your lady, that I am grieved to my soul at her distresses, and wish I were a Cræsus, to remedy them. Also tell her, I will take no rest till she be disenchantèd.'—'All this and more your worship owes my lady,' answered the damsel; and, taking the money, instead of making me a curtsy, she cut a caper full two yards high in the air."

"O Moses!" cried Sancho aloud, at this juncture; and there was no need to say anything more.

Having ended his discourse, Don Quixote gave orders for their departure, intending to spend the night at an inn to which he had been directed; and as, when they reached it, he took it for an inn, not a castle, his squire greatly rejoiced.

Whilst they were sitting on a stone bench outside the door here, there came up a man, clad in chamois leather from head to foot, and having his left eye, and nearly half the cheek, covered with a black patch. "Ho, ho!" said the landlord, "here comes Master Peter, with his divining ape, and his puppet-show; we shall have a brave night of it." Master Peter, who was, in truth, that old thief Gines de Passamonte disguised, thus welcomed, soon set up his show; which, being stuck round with little wax candles, made a brilliant appearance. He himself crept behind it, to manage the puppets, setting his boy to explain their movements, and what was going on.

"The show, gentlemen," said this youth, "is of how Don Gayferos freed his wife, Melisendra, who was prisoner of the Moors, in the city of Saragossa. That personage, with the crown on his head, is the great Emperor Charlemagne, supposed to be the lady's father. Observe how, like a good parent, he chafes and frets with his son-in-law. She who appears at a balcony of that tower is the beautiful Melisendra herself. Do you not mark how the hideous Moor, who comes stealing along, gives her a smacking kiss? whereupon she spits, wipes her mouth with her sleeve, and tears her hair for vexation. The figure you see on horseback is Don Gayferos. Note how his spouse leans over the balcony to talk with him, believing him a stranger; but, on recognising her husband, lets herself down to mount behind him. Alas, poor lady! the border of her underpetticoat has caught hold on one of the iron rails of the balcony, and there she hangs dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground. But see how merciful Heaven sends relief in the greatest distresses, for now comes Don Gayferos, who, without regarding whether the rich petticoat be torn or not, lays hold of her, and brings her to the ground by main force; then, at a spring, sets her behind him on his horse, astride like a man, bidding her hold very fast, and clasp her arms about his shoulders, till they cross and meet over his breast, that she may not fall, because the Lady Melisendra was not used to that way of riding. See how the horse, by his neighings, shows he is

pleased with the burden of his valiant master and his fair mistress. And see how they turn their backs, and go out of the city, and how merrily and joyfully they take their way to Paris. But next, mark what an array of cavalry sallies out of the city, in pursuit of the twain, whose flight has been observed ; and hear how the kettle-drums and cymbals clatter ! I fear they will overtake them, and bring them back tied to their own horses tail, which would be a lamentable spectacle."

Don Quixote, seeing such a number of Moors, and hearing such a din, thought proper to succour those that fled ; and, rising up, said, in a loud voice, "I will never consent, while I live, that in my presence such an outrage as this be offered to so famous a knight as Don Gayferos. Hold, base-born rabble, follow not, nor pursue after him ; for, if you do, have at you." So said, so done : he unsheathed his sword, and at one spring, planting himself close to the show, with a violent and unheard-of fury, began to rain hacks and slashes upon the Moorish puppets, overthrowing some and beheading others, laming this and demolishing that ; and among a great many other strokes, he fetched one with such force, that if Master Peter had not ducked, and squatted down, he had chopped off his head with as much ease as if it had been made of sugar-paste. Master Peter cried out, saying, "Hold, Signor Don Quixote, hold ! and consider that these figures you throw down, maim, and destroy, are not real Moors, but only puppets made of pasteboard. Consider, sinner that I am, that you are undoing me, and destroying my whole living." For all that, Don Quixote still laid about him, showering down doubling and redoubling fore-strokes and back-strokes, like hail. In short, in less than no time, he demolished the whole machine, hacking to pieces all the tackling and figures—King Marsilio being sorely wounded, and the head and crown of the Emperor Charlemagne cloven in two. The whole audience was in a consternation : the ape flew to the top of the house ; the landlord was frightened ; the girls screamed ; and even Sancho himself trembled mightily, for, as he averred, after the storm was over, he had never seen his master in so outrageous a passion.

The general demolition of the machinery thus achieved, Don Quixote began to be a little calm, and said, "I wish I had here before me, at this instant, all those who are not, and will not, be convinced of how much benefit knights-errant are to the world; for, had I not been present, what would have become of good Don Gayferos and the fair Melisendra? I warrant you, these dogs would have overtaken them by this time, and have offered them some indignity. When all is done, long live knight-errantry above all things living in the world!"—"Aye, let it live, and let me die," said Master Peter, with a fainting voice. "It is not half an hour ago, or scarce half a minute, since I was master of kings and emperors, my stalls full of horses, and my trunks and sacks full of fine things, and now I am desolate and dejected, poor and a beggar; and what grieves me most of all, without my ape, who will be a very plague to catch; and all through the inconsiderate fury of this sir knight, who is said to protect orphans, redress wrongs, and do other charitable deeds. But in me alone, praised be the highest heavens for it, his generous intention has failed! In fine, it could only be the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure who was destined thus to disfigure me and mine."

Sancho Panza was moved to compassion by what Master Peter had spoken, and therefore said to him, "Weep not, Master Peter, nor take on so, for you break my heart; and I assure you my master Don Quixote is so scrupulous a Christian, that if he comes to reflect that he has done you wrong, he will certainly make you amends with interest."—"If Signor Don Quixote," replied Master Peter, "would but repay me part of the damage he has done me, I should be satisfied, and his worship would discharge his conscience; for nobody can be saved who withholds another's property against his will, and does not make restitution."—"True," said Don Quixote; "but as yet I do not know that I have anything of yours, Master Peter."—"How?" answered Master Peter; "what but the invincible force of your powerful arm scattered and annihilated these relics? Whose were their bodies but mine? and how did I maintain myself but by them?"—"Now am I entirely convinced," said Don Quixote,

at this juncture, "of what I have often believed before, that those enchanters who persecute me are perpetually setting shapes before me as they really are, and presently putting the change upon me, and transforming them into whatever they please. I protest to you, gentlemen, that I took Melisendra to be Melisendra ; Don Gayferos, Don Gayferos ; Marsilio, Marsilio ; and Charlemagne, Charlemagne. This it was that inflamed my choler ; so that, in compliance with the duty of my profession as a knight-errant, I had a mind to assist and succour those who fled ; with this good intention I did what you just now saw. If things have fallen out the reverse, it is no fault of mine, but of those my wicked persecutors ; yet, notwithstanding this mistake of mine, and though it did not proceed from malice, will I condemn myself in costs. See, Master Peter, what you must have for the damaged figures, and I will pay it you down in current and lawful money of Castile." Master Peter made him a low bow, saying, " I expected no less from the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha ; and let master innkeeper, and the great Sancho, be umpires between your worship and me of what the demolished figures are worth."

The innkeeper and Sancho said they would ; and then Master Peter, taking up Marsilio, King of Saragossa, without a head, said, "You see how impossible it is to restore this king to his pristine state ; and therefore I think, with submission to better judgments, you must award me for his death and destruction half-a-crown."—" Proceed," said Don Quixote. " Then, for this that is cleft from top to bottom," continued Master Peter, taking up the Emperor Charlemagne, " I think two and sevenpence halfpenny little enough to ask."—" Not very little," objected Sancho. " Not very much," replied the innkeeper ; " but split the difference."—" Give him the whole," said Don Quixote ; " and make an end, Master Peter, for it grows towards supper-time, and I have some symptoms of hunger upon me."—" For this figure," continued Master Peter, " which wants a nose and an eye, and is the fair Melisendra, I must have, and can abate nothing of, one shilling and threepence."—" Nay," said Don Quixote, " that cannot be ; Melisendra must by this

time be with her husband in France. Let every one take care of himself, Master Peter; give us plain dealing, and proceed." Master Peter had no mind the knight should escape him so, and therefore said to him, "Now I think on it, this is not Melisendra, but one of her waiting-maids; and so, with one and threepence I shall be well contented." Thus he went on, setting a price upon several broken figures, which the arbitrators afterwards moderated to the satisfaction of both parties. The whole amounted to twenty shillings and fourpence halfpenny; and over and above all this (which Sancho immediately disbursed), Master Peter demanded a shilling for the trouble he should have in catching his ape. "Give him it, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "I would give an hundred to any one that could tell me for certain that Donna Melisendra and Signor Don Gayferos are at this time in France, and among their friends."

In conclusion, the bustle of the puppet-show was quite over, and they all supped together in peace and good fellowship at the expense of Don Quixote, who was liberal to the last degree; so that the innkeeper was equally in admiration at his madness and liberality. In short, Sancho, by order of his master, paid him very well; and about eight in the morning, bidding him farewell, they left the inn, and went their way, travelling for a couple of days quietly enough. But on the third morning, hearing a great noise of drums and trumpets, Don Quixote must needs go and see what was the matter. It proved to be the men of a town hard by, who were accustomed on some old, ridiculous quarrel to turn out and fight their neighbours of another town. The knight did not at all approve this kind of thing; and as his profession bound him to be peace-maker, where peace was possible, just as it bound him to have recourse to arms where those were requisite, he at once approached the array; and raising his visor, treated them to an excellent harangue on the folly and impropriety of their conduct. But before he got to the end of it, Sancho, who must needs be meddling, struck in, and spoiled all; for one of the throng, fancying offence in what he said just knocked him down. Don Quixote immediately levelled his lance in defence of his squire; a movement that only drew upon

him a shower of stones, whilst cross-bows and guns, without number, were pointed at him ; so, turning Rozinante about, he galloped off as fast as he could, each moment expecting a bullet, or cross-bow bolt after him. The men, seeing him fly, did no further mischief ; but picked up Sancho, and laying him athwart his ass like a bundle, the sensible beast followed his old friend Rozinante, at whose feet down tumbled the unfortunate squire, all bruised and beaten, and only just recovering his senses, knocked out of him by that pitiless thump with a long pole.

Don Quixote dismounted to examine his wounds ; but, finding him whole from head to foot, in an angry tone, said to him, "In an unlucky hour, Sancho, must you needs show your skill at peace-making. Thank Heaven that, instead of crossing your back with a cudgel, they did not cross it with a scimitar."—"I am not now in a condition to answer," replied Sancho ; "for methinks I speak through my shoulders. Let us mount, and be gone from this place. As for peace-making, I will have done with it ; but I shall not with telling that knights-errant fly, and leave their faithful squires to be beaten to powder by their enemies."—"To retire is not to fly," answered Don Quixote ; "for you must know, Sancho, that the valour which has not prudence for its basis, is termed rashness. I confess I did retire, but not fled ; and herein I imitated sundry valiant persons who have reserved themselves for better times ; of this, histories are full of examples, which, being of no profit to you, or pleasure to me, I omit at present."

By this time Sancho was mounted with the assistance of Don Quixote, who likewise got upon Rozinante ; and so, fair and softly they took their way towards a grove of poplar about a quarter of a league off. Sancho every now and then fetched most profound sighs and doleful groans. Don Quixote asking him the cause of such bitter moaning, he answered that he was in pain from the lowest point of his backbone to the nape of his neck, in such manner that he was ready to swoon."—"The cause of this pain," said Don Quixote, "must doubtless be, that the pole they struck you with, being a long one, took in your whole back, where lie all the parts that give you pain ; and if it had

reached farther it would have pained you more.”— “Mighty well !” said Sancho. “Your worship has brought me out of a grand doubt, and explained it in very fine terms. Body of me ! was the cause of my pain so hid that it was necessary to tell me that I felt pain in all those parts which the pole reached ? If my ankles ached, you might not, perhaps, so easily guess why they pained me ; but to divine that I am pained because beaten, is no great business. In faith, master of mine, other men’s harms hang by a hair ; I descry land more and more every day, and what little I am to expect from keeping your worship company ; for if this bout you let me be basted, we shall return again, and a hundred times again, to our old blanket-tossing, and other follies ; which, if this time they have fallen upon my back, the next time will fall upon my eyes. It would be much better for me, but that I am a barbarian, and shall never do anything that is right while I live : I say again, it would be much better for me to return to my own house, and to my wife and children, to maintain and bring them up with the little God shall be pleased to give me, and not be following your worship through roads without a road, and pathless paths, drinking ill, and eating worse. Then for sleeping, measure out, brother squire, seven foot of earth, and if that is not sufficient, take as many more ; it is in your own power to dish up the mess, and stretch yourself out to your heart’s content. I wish I may see the first who set on foot knight-errantry burnt to ashes, or at least the first that would needs be squires to such idiots as all the knights-errant of former times must have been. I say nothing of the present ; for your worship being one of them, I am bound to pay them respect.

“I would lay a good wager with you, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that now you are talking, you feel no pain in all your body. Talk on, my son, all that comes uppermost ; for, so you feel no pain, I shall take pleasure in the very trouble your impertinences give me ; and if you have so great a desire to return home to your wife and children, God forbid I should hinder you. You have money of mine in your hands ; see how long it is since we made this third sally from our town, and how much you could

or ought to get each month, and pay yourself.”—“When I served Thomas Carrasco, father of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, whom your worship knows full well,” said Sancho, “I got three crowns a month, besides my victuals. With your worship I cannot tell what I may get, though I am sure it is a greater drudgery to be a squire to a knight-errant, than servant to a farmer; for, in fine, we who serve husbandmen, though we labour never so hard in the daytime, let the worst come to the worst, at night we have a supper from the pot, and we sleep in a bed, which is more than I have done since I have served your worship, excepting the short time we were at Don Diego de Miranda’s house, the good cheer I had with the skimming of Camacho’s pots, and while I eat, drank, and slept at Basilius’s house. All the rest of the time I have lain on the hard ground, in the open air, subject to what people call the inclemencies of heaven, living upon bits of bread and scraps of cheese, and drinking water sometimes from the brook, and sometimes from the fountain, such as we met with up and down by the way.”

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

forehead with the palm of his hand, and began to laugh very heartily, saying, "Why, my rambling up and down the Sable Mountain, with the whole series of our sallies, scarce takes up two months, and say you, Sancho, it is twenty years since I promised you the island? Well, I perceive you have a mind your wages should swallow up all the money you have of mine. If it be so, from henceforward I give it you; and much good may it do you; for so I may get rid of so worthless a squire, I shall be glad to be left poor and penniless. But tell me, perverter of the squirely ordinances of knight-errantry, where have you seen or read that any squire to a knight-errant ever presumed to article with his master, and say so much, and so much per month, you must give me to serve you? Launch, launch out, cut-throat, scoundrel, and hobgoblin (for thou art all these); launch, I say, into the wide ocean of their histories; and if you can find that any squire has said or thought what you have now said, I will give you leave to nail it on my forehead, and over and over to write fool upon my face in capitals. Turn about the bridle, or halter, of Dapple, and be gone home, for one single step farther you go not with me. O bread ill-bestowed! O promises ill-placed! O man that hast more of the beast than of the human creature! Now, when I thought of settling you, and in such a way, that in spite of your wife, you should have been stiled your lordship, do you now leave me? now you are for going, when I have taken a firm and effectual resolution to make you lord of the best island in the world? But, as you yourself have often said, honey is not for an ass's mouth. (An ass you are, an ass you will continue to be, and an ass you will die; for I verily believe, your life will reach its final period before you will perceive or be convinced that you are a beast."

Sancho looked very wistfully at Don Quixote all the while he was thus rating him; and so great was the compunction he felt, that the tears stood in his eyes, and with a doleful and faint voice, he said, "Dear sir, I confess that to be a complete ass I want nothing but a tail. If your worship will be pleased to put one on me, I shall deem it well placed; and will serve your worship in the quality of an ass all the remaining days of my

life. Pardon me, sir, have pity on my ignorance, and consider that, if I talk too much, it proceeds more from infirmity than malice ; but he who errs and mends, himself to God commends.” —“ I should wonder, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ if you did not mingle some little proverb with your talk. Well, I forgive you, upon condition of your amendment, and that henceforward you show not yourself so fond of your interest, but endeavour to enlarge your heart, take courage, and strengthen your mind to expect the accomplishment of my promises, which, though they are deferred, are not therefore desperate.” Sancho answered he would, though he should draw force from his weakness. Hereupon they entered the poplar grove. Don Quixote accommodated himself at the foot of an elm, and Sancho at the foot of a beech. Sancho passed the night uneasily, the cold renewing the pain of his bruises. Don Quixote passed it in his wonted meditations ; but for all that, they both slept, and at break of day they pursued their way towards the banks of the famous Ebro.

CHAPTER XV.

The enchanted bark—The Duke and Duchess—Don Quixote's reception at the castle—His beard washed—How Sancho fared.



IN two days after leaving the poplar grove, Don Quixote and Sancho came to the river Ebro, the sight of which gave Don Quixote great pleasure, while he contemplated the verdure of its banks, the clearness of its waters, and the smoothness of its current.

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

they list, and where his assistance is wanted. So that, O Sancho, this bark must be placed here for the self-same purpose ; and this is as true as that it is now day ; and before it be spent, tie Dapple and Rozinante together, and Heaven be our guide, for I would not fail to embark, though the king himself should entreat me to the contrary.”—“ Since it is so,” answered Sancho, “ there is no way but to obey and bow the head, giving heed to the proverb, ‘ Do what your master bids you, and sit down by him at table.’ But for all that, I must warn your worship, that to me this same boat seems not to belong to the enchanted, but to some fishermen upon the river, for here they catch the best shads in the world.”

All this Sancho said while he was tying the cattle, leaving them to the protection and care of enchanters, with sufficient grief of his soul. Don Quixote bid him be in no pain about forsaking those beasts ; for he who was to carry themselves through ways and regions of such longitude, would take care to feed them. “ I do not understand your longitudes,” said Sancho ; “ nor have I heard such a word in all the days of my life.”—“ Longitude,” replied Don Quixote, “ means length ; and no wonder you do not understand it, for you are not bound to know Latin.”—“ Now they are tied,” said Sancho, “ what must we do next ? ”—“ What ? ” answered Don Quixote, “ why, bless ourselves, and weigh anchor ; I mean, embark ourselves, and cut the rope wherewith the vessel is tied ; ” and, leaping into it (Sancho following him), he cut the cord, and the boat fell off by little and little from the shore. When Sancho saw himself about a couple of yards from the bank, he began to quake, fearing he should be lost ; but nothing troubled him more than to hear his ass bray, and to see Rozinante struggling to get loose ; whereupon he said to his master, “ The ass brays as bemoaning our absence, and Rozinante is endeavouring to get loose, to throw himself into the river after us. O dearest friends, abide in peace ; and may the madness which separates you from us, converted into a conviction of our error, return us to your presence ; ” and here he began to weep so bitterly, that Don Quixote grew angry, and said, “ What are you afraid of,

cowardly creature? What weep you for, heart of butter? Who pursues, who hurts you, soul of a house-rat? or what want you, poor wretch, in the midst of abundance? Art thou, peradventure, trudging barefoot over the rugged Pyrenees? No, but seated upon a bench, like an archduke; sliding easily down the stream of this charming river, whence, in a short space, we shall issue out into the boundless ocean. But doubtless we are got out already, and must have gone at least seven or eight hundred leagues; probably we are even now past the equinoctial line.”—“And when we arrive at that line your worship speaks of,” said Sancho, “how far shall we have travelled?”—“A great way,” replied Don Quixote; “for, of three hundred and sixty degrees, contained in the terraqueous globe, according to the computation of Ptolemy, the greatest geographer we know of, we shall have travelled one-half, when we come to the line I told you of.”—“In truth,” said Sancho, “your worship has brought a very pretty fellow, that same Tolmy (how d’ye call him?) with his amputation, to vouch the truth of what you say.”

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

The boat, being now got into the current of the river, began to move a little faster than it had done hitherto. The millers

seeing it coming adrift with the stream, and that it was just going into the swift stream of the mill-wheels, ran out in all haste with long poles to stop it ; and their faces and clothes being covered with meal, they made but an ill appearance. Calling out aloud, they said, "Madmen, where are you going? Are ye desperate, that you have a mind to drown yourselves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels?"—"Did I not tell you, Sancho," said Don Quixote, at this juncture, "that we are come where I must demonstrate how far the valour of my arm extends? Look what a parcel of murderers and felons come out against me ; see what hobgoblins to oppose us, and what ugly countenances to scare us. Now ye shall see, rascals." And, standing up in the boat, he began to threaten the millers aloud, saying, "Ill-led and worse advised scoundrels, set at liberty the person you keep under oppression in this your fortress or prison, whether of high or low degree ; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Lions, for whom, by order of the high heavens, the putting an happy end to this adventure is reserved." And so saying, he clapped his hand to his sword, fencing with it in the air against the millers, who, hearing, but not understanding, these foolish flourishes, set themselves with their poles to stop the boat, which was just entering into the stream and eddy of the wheels. Sancho fell upon his knees, and prayed to Heaven devoutly to deliver him from so apparent a danger ; which it did by the diligence and agility of the millers, who, setting their poles against the boat, stopped it, though not so dexterously but that they overset it, and tipped Don Quixote and Sancho into the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he knew how to swim like a goose ; nevertheless, the weight of his armour carried him twice to the bottom ; and had it not been for the millers, who threw themselves into the river, and, as it were, craned them both up, they must have inevitably perished.

When they were dragged on shore, more wet than thirsty, Sancho kneeling, with his hands joined, and eyes uplifted, besought Heaven, in a long and devout prayer, to deliver him thenceforward from the daring desires and enterprises of his

master. Then came the fishermen, owners of the boat, which the mill-wheels had crushed to pieces ; and, seeing it broken, they began to strip Sancho, and demand payment for it from Don Quixote, who, with great tranquillity, as if nothing had befallen him, told the millers and fishermen he would pay for the boat with all his heart, upon condition they should deliver up to him, free and without ransom, the person or persons who lay under oppression in their castle. "What persons, or what castle, do you mean, madman?" answered one of the millers. "Would you carry off those who come to grind their corn at our mills?"—"Enough," thought Don Quixote to himself ; "it will be preaching in the desert to endeavour by entreaty to prevail with such a mob to do anything that is honourable ; and, in this adventure, two able enchanters must have engaged, the one frustrating what the other attempts, the one providing me a bark, and the other oversetting it. Heaven help us ! I can do no more." Then looking towards the mills, he raised his voice, and said, "Friends, whoever you are that are enclosed in this prison, pardon me, that through my misfortune and yours, I cannot deliver you from your affliction ; this adventure is kept and reserved for some other knight." Having said this, he compounded with the fishermen, and paid five crowns for the boat, which Sancho disbursed much against his will, saying, "A couple more of such embarkations will sink our whole capital." The fishermen and millers stood wondering at these two figures, so unlike other men, not being able to comprehend what Don Quixote drove at ; so looking upon them as madmen, they left them, betaking themselves to their mills, and the fishermen to their huts. Don Quixote and Sancho, like beasts themselves, returned to their beasts ; and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

The knight and squire were sufficiently melancholy and out of humour when they got to their cattle ; especially Sancho, who was grieved to the very soul to touch the capital of the money, all that was taken from thence seeming to him to be so much taken from the very apples of his eyes. In conclusion, they mounted, without exchanging a word, and quitted the

famous river, Don Quixote buried in the thoughts of his love, and Sancho in those of his preferment, which he thought, for the present, far enough off; for, blockhead as he was, he saw well enough that most, or all of his master's actions, were extravagancies, so waited for an opportunity, without coming to accounts or discharges, to walk off some day or other, and march home. But fortune ordered matters quite contrary to what he feared.

It fell out, then, that the next day, about sunset, and at going out of a wood, Don Quixote cast his eyes over a green meadow, and saw people at the farther side of it; who, on drawing near, he found, were taking the diversion of hawking. Drawing yet nearer, he observed among them a lady upon a palfrey, or milk-white pad, with green furniture, and a side-saddle of cloth of silver. The lady herself also was arrayed in green, and her attire was both fanciful and rich. On her left hand she carried a hawk; from which Don Quixote conjectured she must be a lady of great quality, and mistress of all those sportsmen about her, as in truth she was; so he said to Sancho, "Run, son Sancho, and tell that lady of the palfrey and the hawk, that I, 'the Knight of the Lions,' if her highness gives me leave, will wait upon her to kiss her hands, and to serve her to the utmost of my power, in whatever her highness shall command; and take heed, Sancho, how you speak, and have a care not to interlard your embassy with any of your proverbs."—"You have hit upon the interlarder," said Sancho; "why this to me? as if this were the first time I had carried a message to high and mighty ladies in my life."—"Excepting that to the Lady Dulcinea," replied Don Quixote, "I know of none you have carried, at least none from me."—"That is true," answered Sancho; "but a good paymaster needs no surety: and where there is plenty, dinner is not long a-dressing,—I mean, there is no need of advising me; for I am prepared for all, and have a smattering of everything."—"I believe it, Sancho," returned his master; "go in a good hour, and Heaven be your guide."

Sancho went off at a round rate, forcing Dapple out of his usual pace, and came where the fair huntress was; then

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

"Truly, good squire," answered the lady, "you have delivered your message in a manner befitting it. Rise up, for it is not fit the squire of so renowned a knight as 'he of the Sorrowful Figure' (of whom we have already heard a great deal in these parts) should remain upon his knees: rise, friend, and tell your master he may come, and welcome; for I and the duke, my spouse, are at his service in a country-seat we have here hard by." Sancho rose up, in admiration as well at the good lady's beauty, as at her high breeding and courtesy; and especially at what she had said, that she had some knowledge of his master, 'the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure;' and, if she did not call him 'the Knight of the Lions,' he concluded it was because he had assumed it so very lately. The duchess said to him, "Tell me, brother squire, is not this master of yours Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has for mistress of his affections one Dulcinea del Toboso?"—"The very same," answered Sancho; "and I am his squire, called Sancho Panza, unless I was changed in the cradle."—"I am very glad of all this," said the duchess; "go, brother Panza, and tell your master he is heartily welcome to my estates, and that nothing could happen to me which could give me greater pleasure." With this agreeable answer, Sancho, infinitely delighted, returned to his master, to whom he recounted all that the great lady had said to him, extolling, in his rustic phrase, her beauty, her good humour, and her courtesy, to the skies. Don Quixote, putting on his best airs, seated

himself well in his saddle, adjusted his visor, enlivened Rozinante's mettle, and with a courteous bearing, advanced to kiss the duchess's hand ; who, having caused the duke, her husband, to be called, had been telling him, while Don Quixote was coming up, the purport of Sancho's message. And they both waited for him with the greatest pleasure, intending to carry on the jest, and treat him like a knight-errant, all the while he should stay with them, with all the ceremonies usual in books of chivalry.

By this time Don Quixote was arrived, with his beaver up ; and making a show of alighting, Sancho hastened to hold his stirrup, but was so unlucky, that, in getting off from Dapple, his foot hung in one of the rope stirrups in such manner, that it was impossible for him to disentangle himself, so he hung by it with his face and breast on the ground. Don Quixote, who was not used to alight without having his stirrup held, thinking Sancho was come to do his office, threw his body off with a swing ; and carrying with him Rozinante's saddle, which was ill-girthed, both he and the saddle came to the ground, to his no small shame, and many a heavy curse muttered between his teeth on the unfortunate Sancho, who still had his legs in the stocks. The duke commanded some of his sportsmen to help the knight and squire ; who raised up Don Quixote in ill plight through this fall ; but limping, and as well as he could, he made shift to go and kneel before the lord and lady. But the duke would by no means suffer it ; on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he went and embraced Don Quixote, saying, " I am very sorry, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, that your first arrival at my estate should prove so unlucky ; but the carelessness of squires is often the occasion of worse mischances."—" It could not be accounted unlucky, O valorous prince," answered Don Quixote, " though I had met with no stop till I had fallen to the bottom of the deep abyss ! for the glory of having seen your highness would have raised me even from thence. My squire (out upon the fellow !) is better at letting loose his tongue to say unlucky things, than at fastening a saddle to make it sit firm ; but whether down or up, on foot or on horseback, I shall

always be at your highness's service, and at my lady duchess's, your worthy consort, and worthy mistress of all beauty, and universal princess of courtesy."—"Softly, dear Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha," said the duke; "for where Lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso is, it is not reasonable other beauties should be praised."

Sancho Panza was now got free from the noose; and happening to be near, before his master could answer, he said, "It cannot be denied, but must be affirmed, that my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is very beautiful; but 'where we are least aware, there starts the hare.' I have heard say that what they call nature is like a potter, who makes earthen vessels, and he who makes one handsome vessel, may also make two, and three, and a hundred. This I say, because, on my faith, my lady the duchess comes not a whit behind my mistress the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso." Don Quixote turned himself to the duchess, and said, "I assure you, madam, never any knight-errant in the world had a more prating, or a more humorous squire, than I have; and he will make my words good, if your highness is pleased to make use of my service for some days." To which the duchess answered, "I am glad to hear that honest Sancho is pleasant; it is a sign he is discreet; for pleasantry and good-humour, Signor Don Quixote, as your worship well knows, dwell not in dull noddles; and since Sancho is pleasant and witty, from henceforward I pronounce him discreet."—"And a prate-apace," added Don Quixote. "So much the better," rejoined the duchess, "for many good things cannot be expressed in few words, and, that we may not throw away all our time upon them, come on, great Knight of the Sorrowful Figure."—"Of the Lions, your highness should say," interrupted Sancho; "the Sorrowful Figure is no more."—"Of the Lions then let it be," continued the duke. "I say, come on, Sir Knight of the Lions, to a castle of mine hard by, where you shall be received in a manner suitable to a person of so elevated a rank, and as the duchess and I are wont to receive all knights-errant who come to it."

By this time Sancho had adjusted and well-girthed Rozi-

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

Excessive was the joy which Sancho felt to see himself, in his thinking, a favourite of the duchess's ; expecting to find in her castle the same as at Don Diego's, or Basilius's ; for he was always a lover of good cheer, and consequently took every opportunity of regaling himself by the forelock, where and whenever it presented. Now, before they came to the castle, the duke rode on before, and gave all his servants their cue, in what manner they were to behave to Don Quixote. So, on his arriving with the duchess at the castle gate, immediately there came two lackeys or grooms, clad in a kind of morning gowns of fine crimson satin down to their heels ; who, taking Don Quixote in their arms, without being observed, said to him, " Go, great sir, and take our lady the duchess off her horse." Don Quixote did so ; but the duchess's positiveness got the better, and she would not alight, or descend from her palfrey, save into the duke's arms, saying she did not think herself worthy to charge so grand a knight with so unprofitable a burden. At length the duke came out and took her off her horse ; and at their entering into a large courtyard, two beautiful damsels came, and threw over Don Quixote's shoulders a large mantle of the finest scarlet, while in an instant all the galleries of the courtyard were crowded with men and women-servants, belonging to the duke and duchess, crying aloud, " Welcome, the flower and cream of knights-errant !" All, or most of them, sprinkled whole bottles of sweet-scented waters upon Don Quixote and on the duke and duchess ; at which Don Quixote wondered : and this was the

first day that he was thoroughly convinced of his being a true knight-errant, not an imaginary one, seeing that he was treated just as he had read knights-errant were in former times.

Sancho, abandoning Dapple, tacked himself close to the duchess, and entered into the castle; but his conscience soon pricking him for leaving his ass alone, he approached a reverend duenna, one of the duchess's gentlewomen who, among others, came out to receive the duchess, and said to her in a whisper, "Mistress Gonzalez — or what is your ladyship's name?" "Donna Rodriguez de Grijalva," answered she; "what would you please to have with me, brother?" To which Sancho answered, "Be so good, sweetheart, as to step to the castle gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine; and be so kind as to order him to be put, or put him yourself, into the stable; for the poor thing is a little timorous, and cannot abide to be alone by any means in the world."—"If the master be as discreet as the man," answered the duenna, "we are finely thriven. Go, brother, in an evil hour for you and him that brought you hither, and make account, you and your beast, that the duennas of this house are not accustomed to such kind of offices."—"Why truly," answered Sancho, "I have heard my master, relating the story of Lancelot, when he from Britain came, say, that ladies took care of his person, and duennas of his horse; and as to the particular of my ass, I would not change him for Signor Lancelot's steed."—"If you are a buffoon, brother," replied the duenna, "keep your jokes for some place where they may make a better figure, and where you may be paid for them; for from me you will get nothing but a fig for them."—"That is pretty well, however," answered Sancho; "for I am sure then it will be a ripe one, there being no danger of your losing the game of your years for want of a trick."—"You tatter-de-malion!" cried the duenna, all on fire with rage, "whether I am old or no, what's that to you?" This she uttered so loud, that the duchess heard it, who, turning about, and seeing the duenna so disturbed, asked her with whom she was so angry? "With this good man here," answered the duenna, "who has desired me in good earnest to go and set up

an ass of his that stands at the castle gate ; bringing me for a precedent, that the same thing was done, I know not where, by one Lancelot ; and telling me how certain ladies looked after him, and certain duennas after his steed ; and to mend the matter, in mannerly terms, called me an old woman.”—“ I should take that for the greatest affront that could be offered me,” answered the duchess ; and speaking to Sancho, she said, “ Be assured, friend Sancho, that Donna Rodriguez is very young, and wears those veils more for authority and the fashion, than upon account of her years.”—“ May the remainder of those I have to live never prosper,” answered Sancho, “ if I meant her any ill. I only said it, because the tenderness I have for my ass is so great, that I thought I could not recommend him to a more charitable person, than to Signora Donna Rodriguez.” Don Quixote, who overheard all, said, “ Are these discourses, Sancho, fit for this place ? ”—“ Sir,” answered Sancho, “ every one must speak of his wants, be he where he will. Here I bethought me of Dapple, and here I spoke of him ; and if I had thought of him in the stable, I had spoken of him there.” To which the duke said, “ Sancho is very much in the right, and not to be blamed in anything. Dapple shall have provender to his heart’s content ; and let Sancho take no further care, for he shall be treated like his own person.”

With these discourses, pleasing to all but Don Quixote, they mounted the stairs, and conducted the knight into a great hall, hung with rich tissue and cloth of gold and brocade. Six damsels unarmed him, and served him as pages, all instructed and tutored by the duke and duchess what they were to do, and how they were to behave towards Don Quixote, that he might imagine and see they used him like a knight-errant. He, being unarmed, remained in his tight breeches and chamois doublet, lean, tall, and stiff, with his jaws meeting, and kissing each other on the inside : such a figure that if the damsels who waited upon him had not taken care to restrain themselves (that being one of the precise orders given them by their lord and lady), they had burst with laughing. They desired he would suffer himself to be undressed, and put on a clean shirt ; but

he would by no means consent, saying that modesty was as becoming a knight-errant as courage. However, he bade them give Sancho the shirt; and shutting himself up with him in a room, where stood a rich bed, he pulled off his clothes, and put on the shirt; and, finding himself alone with Sancho, said to him, "Tell me, modern buffoon and antique blockhead, do you think it a becoming thing to dishonour and affront a duenna so venerable and so worthy of respect? Was that a time to think of Dapple? Or are these gentry likely to let our beasts fare poorly who treat their owners so elegantly? For the love of Heaven, Sancho, refrain yourself, and do not discover the grain, lest it should be seen of how coarse a country web you are spun. Look you, sinner, the master is so much the more esteemed, by how much his servants are civiller and better bred; and one of the greatest advantages great persons have over other men, is that they employ servants as good as themselves. Do you not consider, pitiful thou, and unhappy me, that, if people perceive you are a gross peasant, or a ridiculous fool, they will be apt to think I am some gross cheat, or some knight of the sharpening order? No, no, friend Sancho, pray avoid these inconveniences; for whoever sets up for a talker and a railer, at the first trip tumbles down into a disgraced buffoon. Bridle your tongue; consider, and deliberate upon your words, before they go out of your mouth; and take notice, we are come to a place, from whence, by the help of Heaven and the valour of my arm, we may depart bettered three or even fivefold in fortune and reputation." Sancho promised him faithfully to sew up his mouth, or bite his tongue, before he spoke a word that was not to the purpose and well considered, as he commanded him; and that he need be under no pain as to that matter, for no discovery should be made to his prejudice by him.

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

many reverences and ceremonies. Then came twelve pages, with the gentleman-sewer, to conduct him to dinner, where by this time the lord and lady were waiting for him. They placed him in the middle of them, and, with great pomp and majesty, conducted him to another hall, where a rich table was spread with four covers only. The duke and duchess came to the hall-door to receive him, and with them a grave ecclesiastic, who came out with the duke to receive Don Quixote. A thousand polite compliments passed upon this occasion; and, taking the knight between them, they went and sat down to table. The duke offered him the upper end, and, though he would have declined it, the importunities of the duke prevailed upon him to accept it. The ecclesiastic seated himself over-against him, and the duke and duchess on each side. Sancho was present all the while, surprised and astonished to see the honour those princes did his master; and, perceiving the many entreaties and ceremonies which passed between the duke and Don Quixote, to make him sit at the head of the table, he said, "If your honours will give me leave, I will tell you a story of a passage that happened in our town concerning places." Scarce had Sancho said this, when Don Quixote began to tremble, believing, without doubt, he was going to say some foolish thing. Sancho observed and understood him, and said, "Be not afraid, sir, of any breaking loose, or of my saying anything that is not pat to the purpose. I have not forgotten the advice your worship gave me a while ago, about talking much or little, well or ill."—"I remember nothing, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "say what you will, so you say it quickly."—"What I would say," continued Sancho, "is very true, and, should it be otherwise, my master Don Quixote, who is present, will not suffer me to lie."—"Lie as much as you will for me, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "I will not be your hindrance; but take heed what you are going to say."—"I have so heeded, and reheeded it," rejoined Sancho, "that all is safe, as you will see in the end."—"It will be convenient," said Don Quixote, "that your honours order this blockhead to be turned out of doors; for he will be making a thousand foolish blunders."—"By the

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

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

"I say, then, sirs," proceeded Sancho, "that this same gentleman, whom I know as well as I do my right hand from my left (for it is not a bow-shot from my house to his), invited a farmer, who was poor, but honest, to dinner."—"Proceed, friend," said the ecclesiastic, at this period ; "for you are going the way with your tale, not to stop till you come to the other world."—"I shall stop before we get half-way thither, if it pleases Heaven," answered Sancho : "and so I proceed. This same farmer, coming to the said gentleman-inviter's house—rest his soul ! for he is dead and gone, by the same token it is reported he died like an angel ; for I was not by, being at that time gone reaping to Tembleque."—"Pr'ythee, son," said the ecclesiastic, "come back quickly from Tembleque ; and, without burying the gentleman (unless you have a mind to make more burials), make an end of your tale."—"The business, then," said Sancho,

“was this, that they being ready to sit down to table—methinks, I see them now more than ever.” The duke and duchess took great pleasure in seeing the displeasure the good ecclesiastic suffered by the length and pauses of Sancho’s tale; but Don Quixote was quite angry and vexed. “I say then,” said Sancho, “that they, both standing, as I have said, and just ready to sit down, the farmer disputed obstinately with the gentleman to take the upper end of the table, and the gentleman, with as much positiveness, pressed the farmer to take it, saying he ought to command in his own house. But the countryman, piquing himself upon his civility and good-breeding, would by no means sit down, till the gentleman, in a fret, laying both his hands upon the farmer’s shoulders, made him sit down by main force, saying, ‘Sit thee down, chaff-threshing churl; for, let me sit where I will, that is the upper end to thee.’ This is my tale; and truly I believe it was brought in here pretty much to the purpose.”

The natural brown of Don Quixote’s face was speckled with a thousand colours. The duke and duchess dissembled their laughter, that Don Quixote might not be quite abashed, he having understood Sancho’s slyness; and, to wave the discourse, and prevent Sancho’s running into more impertinencies, the duchess asked Don Quixote what news he had of the Lady Dulcinea, and whether he had lately sent her any presents of giants or caitiffs, since he must certainly have vanquished a great many. To which Don Quixote answered, “My misfortunes, madam, though they have had a beginning, will never have an end. Giants I have conquered, and caitiffs, and have sent several; but where should they find her, if she be enchanted, and transformed into the ugliest country wench that can be imagined?”—“I know not,” said Panza; “to me she appeared the most beautiful creature in the world; at least, in activity, or a certain spring she has with her, I am sure she will not yield the advantage to a tumbler. In good faith, lady duchess, she bounces from the ground upon an ass as if she were a cat.”—“Have you seen her enchanted, Sancho?” asked the duke. “Seen her?” answered Sancho; “who but I was the first that

hit upon the business of her enchantment? She is as much enchanted as my father."

The ecclesiastic, when he heard talk of giants, caitiffs, and enchantments, began to suspect that this must be Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom he had heard; and, being assured of the truth of his suspicion, with much choler he said to the duke, "Your excellency, sir, shall give an account to God for what this good man is doing. This Don Quixote, or Don Coxcomb—or how do you call him?—I fancy, can hardly be so great an idiot as your excellency would have him, laying occasions in his way to go on in his follies and extravagancies." And turning the discourse to Don Quixote, he said, "And you, stupid wretch, who has thrust it into your brain that you are a knight-errant, and that you conquer giants and seize caitiffs? Be gone in a good hour, and in such this is said to you; return to your own house, and bring up your children, if you have any; mind your affairs, and cease to ramble up and down the world, sucking the wind, and making all people laugh that know you, or know you not. Where, with a mischief, have you ever found that there have been, or are knights-errant? Where are there any giants in Spain, or caitiffs in La Mancha, or Dulcineas enchanted, or all the rabble rout of follies that are told of you?" Don Quixote was very attentive to the words of this venerable man; and, finding that he now held his peace,—without minding the respect due to the duke and duchess,—with angry mien, and disturbed countenance, started up, and trembling from head to foot, said, "The place where I am, and the presence of the personages before whom I stand, together with the respect I ever had, and have, for men of your profession, tie up the hands of my just indignation; and therefore, as well upon the account of what I have said, as being conscious of what everybody knows, that the weapons of the clergy are the same as those of women, their tongues, I will enter with mine into combat with your reverence, from whom one rather ought to have expected good counsels than opprobrious revilings. Pious and well-meant reproof demands another kind of behaviour and language; at least, the reproving me in public, and so rudely, has passed

all the bounds of decent reprehension. Tell me, I beseech your reverence, for which of the follies you have seen in me, do you condemn and revile me, bidding me get me home, and take care of my house, and of my wife and children, without knowing whether I have either? What! is there no more to do but to enter boldly into other men's houses, to govern the masters; and shall a poor pedagogue, who never saw more of the world, than what is contained within a district of twenty or thirty leagues, set himself at random to prescribe laws to chivalry, and to judge of knights-errant? If gentlemen, if persons of wealth, birth, and quality were to take me for a madman, I should look upon it as an irreparable affront; but to be esteemed a fool by pedants, who never entered upon or trod the paths of chivalry, I value it not a farthing. A knight I am, and a knight I will die, if it be Heaven's good will. I have redressed grievances, righted wrongs, chastised insolences, vanquished giants, and trampled upon hobgoblins. I am in love, but only because knights-errant must be so. My intentions are always directed to virtuous ends, to do good to all, and hurt to none. Whether he who means thus, acts thus, and lives in the practice of all this, deserves to be called a fool, let your granteurs judge, most excellent duke and duchess."

"Well said, i'faith!" put in Sancho: "say no more in vindication of yourself, good my lord and master; for there is no more to be said, or to be thought, or to be persevered in, in the world; and besides, this gentleman denying, as he has denied, that there ever were, or are, knights-errant, no wonder if he knows nothing of what he has been talking of."—"Peradventure," said the ecclesiastic, "you, brother, are that Sancho Panza they talk of, to whom your master has promised an island."—"I am so," answered Sancho; "and am he who deserves one as well as any other he whatever. I am one of those of whom they say, 'Associate with good men, and thou wilt be one of them;' and of those of whom it is said again, 'Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fed;' and, 'He that leaneth against a good tree, a good shelter findeth he.' I have leaned to a good master, and have kept him company

these many months, and shall be such another as he, if it be God's good pleasure ; and if he lives, and I live, neither shall he want kingdoms to rule, nor I islands to govern."—"That you shall not, friend Sancho," said the duke ; "for, in the name of Signor Don Quixote, I promise you the government of one of mine, now vacant, and of no inconsiderable value."—"Kneel, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and kiss his excellency's feet for the favour he has done you." Sancho did so. Which the ecclesiastic seeing, he got up from table in a great pet, saying, "By the habit I wear, I could find in my heart to say, your excellency is as simple as these sinners : what wonder if they are mad, since wise men authorise their follies ? Your excellency may stay with them, if you please ; but, while they are in the house, I will stay in my own, and save myself the trouble of reproving what I cannot remedy." And without saying a word, or eating a bit more, away he went, the entreaties of the duke and duchess not availing to stop him ; though indeed the duke said not much, through laughter occasioned by his unreasonable passion.

The laugh being over, he said to Don Quixote : "Sir Knight of the Lions, you have answered so well for yourself, that there remains nothing to demand satisfaction for in this case : for, though it has the appearance of an affront, it is by no means such, since, as women cannot give an affront, so neither can ecclesiastics, as you better know."—"It is true," answered Don Quixote, "and the reason is, that whoever cannot be affronted, neither can he give an affront to anybody. Women, children, and clergymen, as they cannot defend themselves, though they are offended, so they cannot be affronted, because, as your excellency better knows, there is this difference between an injury and an affront : an affront comes from one who can give it, does give it, and then maintains it ; an injury may come from any hand, without affronting. And, therefore, in this instance, I may be injured, but not affronted : for women and children cannot resent, nor can they fly, or stand their ground. The same may be said of men consecrated to holy orders : for these three sorts of people want offensive and defensive weapons ;

and though they are naturally bound to defend themselves, yet are they not to offend anybody. So that, though I said before I was injured, I now say, in no wise ; for he who cannot receive an affront, can much less give one. For which reasons I neither ought, nor do resent what that good man said to me ; only I could have wished he had stayed a little longer, that I might have convinced him of his error in thinking and saying that there are no knights-errant now, nor ever were any in the world ; for had Amadis, or any one of his numerous descendants, heard this, I am persuaded it would not have fared over well with his reverence.”—“That I will swear,” said Sancho : “they would have given him such a slash, as would have cleft him from top to toe like any over-ripe melon : they were not folks to be jested with in that manner. By my beard, I am very certain, had Reynaldos of Montalvan heard the little gentleman talk at that rate, he would have given him such a gag, that he should not have spoken a word more in three years. Ay, ay, let him meddle with them, and see how he will escape out of their hands.” The duchess was ready to die with laughter at hearing Sancho talk. In her opinion, she took him to be more ridiculous and more mad than his master ; and there were several others at that time of the same mind.

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

he would or no. The duke and duchess, who knew nothing of all this, were in wonderment what this extraordinary washing business would end in. The barber-damsel, having raised a lather a handful high, pretended that the water was all spent, and ordered the girl with the ewer to fetch more, telling her Signor Don Quixote would stay till she came back. She did so, and Don Quixote remained the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable. All that were present, beheld him; and seeing him with a neck half a yard long, more than moderately swarthy, his eyes shut, and his beard all in a lather, it was a great wonder, and a sign of great discretion, that they forbore laughing. The damsels concerned in the jest held down their eyes, not daring to look at their lord and lady; who were divided between anger and laughter, not knowing what to do, whether to chastise the girls for their boldness, or reward them for the pleasure they took in beholding Don Quixote in that pickle. At last the damsel of the ewer came, and they made an end of washing the knight. Then she who carried the towels wiped and dried him with much deliberation; and all four at once, making him a profound reverence, were going off; but the duke, that Don Quixote might not smell the jest, called the damsel with the basin, saying, "Come and wash me too, and take care you have water enough." The arch and diligent girl came, and clapped the basin to the duke's chin, as she had done to Don Quixote's, very expeditiously washed and lathered him well, and leaving him clean and dry, they made their curtsies, and away they went. It was afterwards known that the duke had sworn that, had they not washed him as they did Don Quixote, he would have punished them for their pertness, which they had discreetly made amends for by serving him in the same manner. Sancho was very attentive to the ceremonies of this washing, and said to himself, "Goodness guide us! is it the custom, I wonder, of this place to wash the beards of squires as well as of knights? On my conscience and soul, I need it much; and, if they will give me a stroke of a razor, I should take it for a still greater favour."—"What are you saying to yourself, Sancho?" asked the duchess. "I say, madam," answered

Sancho, "that in other princes' courts, I have always heard said when the cloth is taken away, they bring water to wash hands, and not suds to scour beards ; and therefore one must live long, to see much. It is also said, he who lives a long life must pass through many evils ; though one of these same scourings is rather a pleasure than a pain."—"Take no care, friend Sancho," said the duchess ; "for I will order my damsels to wash you too, and lay you in steep, if need be."—"For the present, I shall be satisfied as to my beard," answered Sancho ; "for the rest I will take my chance."—"Hark you, sewer," said the duchess, "mind what honest Sancho desires, and do precisely as he would have you." The sewer answered, that Signor Sancho should be punctually obeyed ; and so away he went to dinner, taking Sancho with him, the duke and duchess remaining at table with Don Quixote, discoursing of sundry and divers matters, but all relating to the profession of arms and knight-errantry.

The duchess entreated Don Quixote, since he seemed to have so happy a memory, that he would delineate and describe the beauty and features of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso ; for, according to what fame proclaimed of her beauty, she took it for granted she must be the fairest creature in the world, and even in all La Mancha. Don Quixote sighed at hearing the duchess's request, and said, "If I could pull out my heart, and lay it before your grandeur's eyes here upon the table in a dish, I might save my tongue the labour of telling what can hardly be conceived ; for there your excellency would see her painted to the life. But why should I go about to delineate and describe, one by one, the perfections of the peerless Dulcinea, it being a burden fitter for other shoulders than mine, an enterprise worthy to employ the pencils of Parrhasius, Timantes, and Apelles, and the graving tools of Lysippus, to paint and carve in pictures, marbles, and bronzes ; and Ciceronian and Demosthenian rhetoric, to praise them."—"What is the meaning of Demosthenian, Signor Don Quixote ?" asked the duchess ; "it is a word I never heard in all the days of my life."—"Demosthenian rhetoric," answered Don Quixote, "is as much as to say the rhetoric

of Demosthenes, as Ciceronian of Cicero.”—“That is true,” said the duke; “but for all that, Signor Don Quixote would give us a great deal of pleasure in painting her to us; for, though it be but a sketch only, doubtless she will appear such as the most beautiful may envy.”—“So she would most certainly,” answered Don Quixote, “had not the misfortune which lately befell her blotted her idea out of my mind; for your grandeurs must know that, going a few days ago to kiss her hands, and receive her licence for this third sally, I found her quite another person than her I sought for. I found her enchanted, and converted from a princess into a country wench, from beautiful to ugly, from an angel to a demon, from courtly to rustic, from light to darkness, from a sober lady to jumping Joan; and, in fine, from Dulcinea del Toboso to a clownish wench of Sayago.”—“Heaven help us!” cried the duke; “who may it be that has done so much mischief to the world?”—“Who?” answered Don Quixote, “who could it be, but some malicious enchanter? Enchanters have hitherto persecuted me; enchanters still persecute me; and enchanters will continue to persecute me, till they have tumbled me and my lofty chivalries into the profound abyss of oblivion: and they hurt and wound me in the most sensible part; since to deprive a knight-errant of his mistress is to deprive him of the eyes he sees with, the sun that enlightens him, and the food that sustains him.”

“There is no more to be said,” replied the duchess; “but for all that, do we not understand that your worship never saw the Lady Dulcinea, and that there is no such lady in the world, she being only an imaginary lady, dressed out with all the graces and perfections you pleased?”—“There is a great deal to be said upon this subject,” answered Don Quixote. “Heaven knows whether there be a Dulcinea or not in the world, and whether she be imaginary or not imaginary; this is one of those things the proof whereof is not to be too nicely inquired into. Dulcinea, it is true, is the daughter of her own works; but virtue ennobles blood, and a virtuous person, though mean, is more to be valued than a vicious person of quality. Besides, Dulcinea has endowments which may raise her to be a queen with crown and sceptre;

for the merit of a beautiful, virtuous woman extends to the working greater miracles, and though not formally, yet virtually she has in herself greater advantages in store.”—“I say, Signor Don Quixote,” cried the duchess, “that, for my own part, henceforward I will believe, and make all my family believe, and even my lord duke, if need be, that there is a Dulcinea in Toboso, and that she is this day living and beautiful, and especially well-born—and well-deserving that such a knight as Signor Don Quixote should be her servant, which is the highest commendation I can bestow upon her. But how about Sancho Panza finding the said Lady Dulcinea, when he carried her a letter from your worship, winnowing a sack of wheat?—by the same token he says it was red, which makes me doubt the highness of her birth.”

To which Don Quixote answered, “Madam, your grandeur must know that most or all the things which befell me exceed the ordinary bounds of what happen to other knights-errant. Wherefore I am of opinion that when my squire carried her my message, some vile enchanter had transformed her into a country wench, busied in that mean employment of winnowing wheat. But I have before said that the wheat was not red, nor indeed wheat, but grains of oriental pearl; and for proof hereof I must tell your grandeurs that, coming lately through Toboso, I could not find Dulcinea’s palace; and that Sancho, my squire, having seen her the other day in her own proper figure, the most beautiful on the globe, to me she appeared a coarse ugly country wench, and not well-spoken, whereas she is discretion itself; and since I neither am, nor in all likelihood can be enchanted, it is she is the enchanted, the injured, and transformed. All this I have said, that no stress may be laid upon what Sancho told of Dulcinea’s sifting and winnowing; for, since to me she was changed, no wonder if she was metamorphosed to him, who is one of the most ingenious squires that ever served knight-errant. Indeed, I would not exchange him for any other squire, though a city were given me to boot; and therefore I am in doubt whether I shall do well to send him to the government your grandeur has favoured him with; though

I perceive in him such a fitness for the business of governing, that, with a little polishing of his understanding, he would be as much master of that art as the king is of his customs. Besides, we know that there is no need of much ability, or much learning, to be a governor ; for there are a hundred of them up and down that can scarcely read, and yet they govern as sharp as so many hawks. The main point is, that their intention be good, and that they desire to do everything right. My counsel to him would be, ‘All bribes to refuse, but insist on his dues ;’ with some other little matters which lie in my breast, and shall out in proper time, for Sancho’s benefit, and the good of the island he is to govern.”

Thus far had the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote proceeded in their discourse, when they heard several voices, and a great noise in the palace ; and presently Sancho came into the hall all in a chafe, with a dish-cloth for a slabbering bib, and after him a parcel of kitchen-boys, and other lower servants. One of them carried a tray full of water, which, by its colour and uncleanness, seemed to be dish-water. He followed and persecuted him, endeavouring with all earnestness to fix it under his chin, whilst another scullion seemed as solicitous to wash his beard. “What is the matter, brothers ?” asked the duchess ; “what would you do to this good man ? What ! do you not consider that he is a governor elect ?” To which the roguish barber answered, “Madam, this gentleman will not suffer himself to be washed, as is the custom, and as our lord the duke, and his master have been.”—“Yes, I will,” answered Sancho, in great wrath ; “but I would have cleaner towels, and cleaner suds, and not such filthy hands ; for there is no such difference between me and my master, that he should be washed with angel-water, and I with such rubbish. This custom of scouring here is worse than that of the whipping gaol-birds. My beard is clean ; I have no need of such refreshings ; and he who offers to scour me, or touch a hair of my head, I mean of my beard, with due reverence be it spoken, I will give him such a douse, that I will set my fist fast in his skull ; for such ceremonies and soapings as these look more

like jibes than courtesy to guests." The duchess was ready to die with laughing to see the rage, and hear the reasonings, of Sancho ; but Don Quixote was not over-pleased to see him so accoutred with the dirty towel, and surrounded with such a parcel of kitchen-folk ; so, making a low bow to the duke and duchess, he said to the rabble, with a solemn voice, " Ho, gentlemen-cavaliers, be pleased to let the young man alone, and return from whence you came, or to any other place you list ; for my squire is as clean as another man. Take my advice, and let him alone ; for neither he nor I understand jesting." Sancho caught the words out of his master's mouth, and proceeded, saying, " No, no, let them go on with their jokes ; for I will endure it, as much as it is now night. Let them bring hither a comb, or what else they please, and let them curry this beard till their wrists ache with pain if they like."

Here the duchess, still laughing, said, " Sancho Panza is in the right in whatever he has said, and will be so in whatever he shall say. He is clean, and, as he says, needs no washing ; and if he is not pleased with our custom, he can do as he likes. And besides, you ministers of cleanliness have been extremely remiss and careless, and I may say presumptuous, in bringing to such a personage, and such a beard, your trays and dish-clouts, instead of ewers and basins of pure gold, and towels of diaper ; but, in short, you are a parcel of scoundrels, and ill-born, and cannot forbear showing the grudge you bear to the squires of knights-errant." The roguish servants, and even the sewer who came with them, believed that the duchess spoke in earnest ; so they took Sancho's dish-cloth off his neck, and, with some confusion and shame, slunk away and left him ; who, finding himself rid of what he thought an imminent danger, went and kneeled before the duchess, saying, " From great folks great favours are to be expected ; that which your ladyship has done me to-day cannot be repaid with less than the desire of seeing myself dubbed a knight-errant, that I may employ all the days of my life in the service of so high a lady. A peasant I am ; Sancho Panza is my name ; married I am ; children I have ; and I serve as a squire ; if with any one of

these I can be serviceable to your grandeur, I shall not be slower in obeying than your ladyship in commanding.”—“ It appears plainly, Sancho,” answered the duchess, “ that you have learned to be courteous in the school of courtesy itself,— I mean, it is evident you have been bred in the bosom of Signor Don Quixote, who must needs be the cream of complaisance, and the flower of ceremony, or cirimony, as you say. Well fare such a master and such a man ! Rise up, friend Sancho ; for I will make you amends for your civility, by prevailing with my lord duke to perform, as soon as possible, the promise he has made you of the government.”

Thus ended the conversation ; Don Quixote went to repose himself during the heat of the day ; and the duchess desired Sancho, if he had not an inclination to sleep, to pass the afternoon with her and her damsels in a very cool hall. Sancho answered, that though indeed he was wont to sleep four or five hours a-day during the afternoon heats of the summer, to wait upon her goodness, he would endeavour with all his might not to sleep at all that day, and would be obedient to her commands ; and so away he went. The duke gave fresh orders about treating Don Quixote as a knight-errant, without deviating a tittle from the style in which we read the knights of former times were treated.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sancho's conversation with the duchess—Goes a-hunting with the duke and duchess—How Dulcinea was to be disenchanted—Sancho consents to whip himself.

SANCHO PANZA did not sleep that afternoon, but, to keep his word, came with the meat in his mouth to see the duchess, who, being delighted to hear him talk, made him sit down by her on a low stool, though Sancho, out of pure good manners, would have declined it ; but the duchess would have him sit down as a governor, and talk as a squire. Sancho shrugged up his shoulders, obeyed, and sat down ; and all the duchess's damsels and duenna's got round about him, to hear what he would say. But the duchess spoke first, saying, " Now we are alone, and that nobody hears us, I would willingly be satisfied by Signor Governor as to some doubts I have ; one of which is, that, since honest Sancho never saw Dulcinea, I mean the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, nor carried her Don Quixote's letter, it being left in the pocket-book in the Sable Mountain, how durst he feign the answer, and the story of his finding her winnowing wheat, it being all a sham and a lie ? "

At these words, without making any reply, Sancho got up from his stool, and stepping softly, with his body bent, and his finger on his lips, crept round the room, lifting up the hangings ; and this being done, he presently sat down again, saying, " Now, madam, that I am sure nobody but the company hears us, I will answer, without fear or emotion, to all you have asked, and to all you shall ask me ; and the first thing I tell

you is, that I take my master Don Quixote for a downright madman, though sometimes he comes out with things which, to my thinking, and in the opinion of all that hear him, are so discreet, and so well put together, that an archbishop could not speak better; and yet, for all that, in good truth, I am firmly persuaded he is mad. Now, having settled this in my mind, I dare undertake to make him believe anything that has neither head nor tail, like the business of the answer to the letter, and another affair of some six or eight days' standing, I mean the enchantment of my mistress Donna Dulcinea; for you must know, I made him believe she was enchanted, though there is no more truth in it than that two and three make four." The duchess desired him to tell her the particulars of that enchantment; so Sancho recounted the whole exactly as it had passed; at which the hearers were not a little pleased, and the duchess, proceeding in her discourse, said, "From what honest Sancho has told me, a certain scruple has started into my head, and something whispers me in the ear, saying to me, 'Since Don Quixote de la Mancha is a fool, an idiot, and a madman, and Sancho Panza, his squire, knows it, and yet serves and follows him, and relies on his vain promises, without doubt he must be more mad and more stupid than his master; and, this being really the case, it will turn to bad account, lady duchess, if to such a Sancho Panza you give an island to govern; for he who knows not how to govern himself, how should he know how to govern others?'"—"By my faith, madam," said Sancho, "this same scruple comes in the nick of time; and had I been wise, I should have left my master long ere now; but such was my lot, and such my evil-errantry. I can do no more; follow him I must; we are both of the same town; I have eaten his bread; I love him; he returns my kindness; he gave me his ass-colts, and, above all, I am faithful; and therefore it is impossible anything should part us but the sexton's spade and shovel. And if your highness has no mind the government you promised should be given me, God made me of less, and it may be the not giving it me may redound to the benefit of my conscience; for, as great a fool as I am, I understand the pro-

verb, 'The ant had wings to her hurt ;' and perhaps it may be easier for Sancho the squire to get to heaven, than for Sancho the governor. They make as good bread here as in France ; and, 'In the dark all cats are gray ;' and, 'Unhappy is he who has not breakfasted at three ;' and, 'No stomach is a span bigger than another,' and may be filled, as they say, with straw or with hay ; and, 'Of the little birds in the air, God himself takes the care ;' and, 'Four yards of coarse cloth of Cuenza are warmer than as many of fine Segovia serge ;' and, 'At our leaving this world, and going into the next, the prince travels in as narrow a path as the day-labourer ; and the pope's body takes up no more room than the sexton's, though the one be higher than the other ;' and so good-night ; and therefore I say again, that if your ladyship will not give me the island, because I am a fool, I will be so wise as not to care a fig for it : and I have heard say, 'All is not gold that glitters ;' and, 'Bamba the husbandman was taken from among his ploughs, his yokes, and oxen, to be king of Spain ;' and, 'Roderigo was taken from his brocades, pastimes, and riches, to be devoured by snakes,' if ancient ballads do not lie."

The duchess could not but admire to hear the reasonings and proverbs of Sancho, to whom she said, "Honest Sancho knows full well that whatever a knight once promises, he endeavours to perform it, though it cost him his life. The duke, my lord and husband, though he is not of the errant order, is nevertheless a knight, and therefore will make good his word as to the promised island, in spite of the envy and the wickedness of the world. Let Sancho be of good cheer ; for when he least thinks of it, he shall find himself seated in the chair of state of his island and of his territory. What I charge him is, to take heed how he governs his vassals, remembering that they are all loyal and well-born."—"As to governing them well," answered Sancho, "there is no need of giving it me in charge ; for I am naturally charitable and compassionate to the poor, and, 'None will dare the loaf to steal, from him that sifts and kneads the meal ;' and, by my beard, they shall put no false dice upon me ; I am too old a bird to be caught with chaff, and I know how to snuff my eyes in proper time, and

will not suffer cobwebs to get into my eyes ; for I know where the shoe pinches. All this I say, that the good may be sure to have me both heart and hand, and the bad neither foot nor footing ; and, in my opinion, as to the business of governing, the whole lies in the beginning ; and, perhaps, when I have been fifteen days a governor, my fingers may itch after the office, and I may know more of it than of the labour of the field, to which I was bred.”—“ You are in the right, Sancho,” said the duchess. “ But, concerning the enchantment of the Lady Dulcinea, I am very certain that Sancho’s design of putting a trick upon his master, and making him believe that the country wench was Dulcinea, and that, if his master did not know her, it must proceed from her being enchanted, was all a contrivance of some one or other of the enchanters who persecute Don Quixote ; for really, and in truth, I know from good hands that the girl who jumped upon the ass was, and is, Dulcinea del Toboso ; so that honest Sancho, in thinking he was the deceiver, was himself deceived. For Signor Sancho Panza must know that here also we have our enchanters, who tell us plainly and sincerely, and without any tricks or devices, all that passes in the world ; and believe me, Sancho, the jumping wench was, and is, Dulcinea del Toboso ; and, when we least think of it, we shall see her in her own proper form ; and then Sancho will be convinced of the mistake he now lives in.”

“ All this may very well be,” said Sancho Panza ; “ and now I begin to believe what my master told of Montesino’s cave, where he pretends he saw the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso in the very same dress and garb I said I had seen her in, when I enchanted her for my own pleasure alone ; whereas your ladyship says all this must have been quite otherwise. True it is that she I saw was a country wench, for such I took her, and such I judged her to be ; and if she was Dulcinea, it is not to be placed to my account, nor ought it to lie at my door. It would be fine, indeed, if I must be called in question at every turn with, Sancho said it, Sancho did it, Sancho came back, and Sancho returned ; as if Sancho were who they would, and not that very Sancho Panza now serving his master through wet and dry, fasting and

hunger ; and getting for it more kicks than halfpence. So that there is no reason why anybody should fall upon me, since I have a good name ; and, as I have heard my master say, a good name is better than great riches, case me but in this same government, and you will see wonders ; for a good squire will make a good governor.

“All that honest Sancho has now said,” quoth the duchess, “are words of wisdom ; in short, to speak in his own way, ‘a bad cloak often covers a good drinker.’”—“Truly, madam,” answered Sancho, “I never in my life drank for any bad purpose ; for thirst it may be I have, for I am no hypocrite ; I drink when I have a mind, and when I have no mind, and when it is given me, not to be thought shy or ill-bred ; for, when a friend drinks to one, who can be so hard-hearted as not to pledge him ? But though I put on the shoes, I do not dirty them. Besides, the squires of knights-errant most commonly drink water ; for they are always wandering about woods, forests, meadows, mountains, and craggy rocks, without meeting the poorest pittance of wine, though they would give an eye for it.”—“I believe so too,” answered the duchess ; “but, for the present, Sancho, go and repose yourself ; we will hereafter talk more at large, and order shall speedily be given about casing you, as you call it, in the government.”

Sancho again kissed the duchess’s hand, and begged of her as a favour, that good care might be taken of his Dapple, for he was the light of his eyes. “What Dapple?” asked the duchess. “My ass,” replied Sancho ; “for, to avoid calling him by that name, I commonly call him Dapple : and I desired this mistress duenna here, when I first came into the castle, to take care of him, and she was angry, as if I had said she was ugly or old ; though it should be more proper and natural for duennas to dress asses than to set off drawing-rooms. Heaven help us ! how ill a gentleman of our town agreed with these madams !” —“He was some country clown to be sure,” piped out Donna Rodriguez ; “for had he been a gentleman, and well-born, he would have placed them above the horns of the moon.”—“Enough,” said the duchess ; “peace, Donna Rodriguez ; you,

Signor Panza, be quiet, and leave the care of making much of your Dapple to me ; for, he being a jewel of Sancho's, I will lay him upon the apple of my eye."—"It will be sufficient for him to lie in the stable," answered Sancho ; "for upon the apple of your grandeur's eye, neither he nor I am worthy to lie one single moment, and I would no more consent to it, than I would poniard myself ; for, though my master says, that in complaisance we should rather lose the game by a card too much than too little, yet, when the business is asses and eyes, we should keep within measured bounds."—"Carry him, Sancho," said the duchess, "to your government, and there you may regale him as you please, and set him free from further labour."—"Think not, my lady duchess, you have said much," replied Sancho, "for I have seen more than two asses go to governments, and, if I should carry mine, it would be no such new thing." Sancho's reasonings renewed the duchess's laughter and satisfaction ; so, dismissing him to his repose, she went to give the duke an account of what had passed between them ; and the two agreed to contrive to have a jest put upon Don Quixote, which should be consonant to the style of knight-errantry.

Great was the pleasure the duke and duchess received from the conversation of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza ; and persisting in the design they had of playing them some tricks, which should carry the semblance of adventures, they took a hint from what Don Quixote had already told them of Montésino's cave, to dress up a famous one. But what the duchess most wondered at was, that Sancho should be so very simple as to believe that Dulcinea del Toboso was enchanted, he himself having been the enchanter and impostor in that business. And so, having instructed their servants how they were to behave, six days after, they carried Don Quixote a-hunting, with a train of hunters and huntsmen not inferior to that of a crowned head. They gave Don Quixote a hunting-suit, and Sancho another of the finest green cloth ; but Don Quixote would not put his on, saying he must shortly return to the severe exercise of arms, and that he could not carry wardrobes and sumpters

about him. Sancho took what was given him, with a design to sell it the first opportunity he should have.

The expected day being come, Don Quixote armed himself; Sancho put on his new suit, and mounted Dapple, whom he would not quit, though they offered him a horse; and so he thrust himself amidst the troop of hunters. The duchess issued forth magnificently dressed, and Don Quixote, out of pure politeness, held the reins of her palfrey, though the duke would not consent to it. At last they came to a wood, between two very high mountains, where, posting themselves in places where the toils were to be pitched, and all the company having taken their different stands, the hunt began with a great hallooing and noise, insomuch that they could not hear one another, as well for the cry of the hounds as the winding of the horns. The duchess alighted, and, with a boar-spear in her hand, took her stand in a place where she knew wild boars used to pass. The duke and Don Quixote alighted also, and placed themselves by her side. Sancho planted himself in the rear of them all, without alighting from Dapple, whom he durst not quit, lest some mischance should befall him. Scarcely were they on foot, and ranged in order, with several of their servants round them, when they perceived an enormous boar pursued by the dogs, and followed by the hunters, making towards them, grinding his teeth and tusks, and tossing foam from his mouth. Don Quixote, seeing him, braced his shield, and, laying his hand to his sword, stepped before the rest to receive him. The duke did the like, with his javelin in his hand. But the duchess would have advanced before them, if the duke had not prevented her. Only Sancho, at sight of the fierce animal, quitted Dapple, ran the best he could, and endeavoured to climb up into a tall oak, but could not; so, being got about half-way up, holding by a bough, striving to mount to the top, he was so unfortunate, that the bough broke, and, in tumbling down, he remained in the air, suspended by a snag of the tree, without coming to the ground. Finding himself in this situation, whilst the green loose coat was tearing, and considering that, if the furious animal came that way, he should be within his reach,

he began to cry out so loud, and to call for help so violently, that all who heard him, and did not see him, thought verily he was between the teeth of some wild beast. In short, the tusked boar was laid his length by the points of the many boar-spears levelled at him ; and Don Quixote, turning his head at Sancho's cries, by which he knew him, saw him hanging from the oak with his head downward, and close by him Dapple, who deserted him not in his calamity. Don Quixote went and disengaged Sancho ; who, finding himself freed and upon the ground, fell a viewing the rent in the hunting-suit, and it grieved him to the soul ; for he fancied he possessed in that suit an inheritance in fee-simple.

They laid the mighty boar across a sumpter-mule, and, covering it with branches of rosemary and myrtle, carried it, as the spoils of victory, to a large field-tent, erected in the middle of the wood ; where they found the tables ranged in order, and dinner set out so sumptuous and grand, that it easily discovered the greatness and magnificence of the donor. Sancho, showing the wounds of his torn garment to the duchess, said, " Had this been a hare-hunting, or a fowling for small birds, my coat had been safe from the extremity it is now in. I do not understand what pleasure there can be in waiting for a beast, who, if he reaches you with a tusk, may cost you your life ; nor would I have princes and kings run themselves into such dangers, merely for their pleasure ; which, methinks, ought not to be so, since it consists in killing a creature that has not committed any fault."—" You are mistaken, Sancho ; it is quite otherwise," answered the duke ; " for the exercise of hunting wild beasts is the most proper and necessary for kings and princes of any whatever. Hunting is an image of war · in it there are stratagems, artifices, and ambuscades ; in it you endure pinching cold and intolerable heat ; idleness and sleep are contemned ; and the members of the body made active. Therefore, Sancho, change your opinion ; when you are a governor, exercise yourself in hunting, and you will find your account in it."—" Not so," answered Sancho ; " the good governor, and the broken leg, should keep at home. It would be fine indeed for people to

come fatigued about business, to seek him, while he is in the mountains following his recreations ; at that rate the government might go to wreck. In good truth, sir, hunting and pastimes are rather for your idle companions than for governors. What I design to divert myself with, shall be playing at brag at Easter, and at bowls on holidays : as for your huntings, they benefit not my condition, nor agree with my conscience.”—“ I wish you may prove as good as you say ; but saying and doing are at a wide distance,” said the duke. “ Be it so,” replied Sancho ; “ the good paymaster is in pain for no pawn ; and ‘ God’s help is better than rising early ; ’ and ‘ The body carries the legs, and not the legs the body : ’ I mean that, with the help of God, and a good intention, I shall doubtless govern better than a goshawk. Ay, ay, let them put their finger in my mouth, and they shall see whether I can bite or no.”—“ Confusion light on thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote. “ When will the day come, as I have often said, that I shall hear thee utter one current and coherent sentence without proverbs ? I beseech your grandeurs, let this blockhead alone : he will grind your souls to death, not between two, but between two thousand proverbs, introduced as much to the purpose, and as well timed, as a fandango at a funeral.”

With these and the like discourses, they left the tent, and went into the wood to visit the toils and nets. The day was soon spent, and night coming on soon after the twilight, on a sudden the wood seemed on fire from all the four quarters ; when presently was heard, on all sides, an infinite number of cornets and other instruments of war, as if a great body of horse were passing through the wood. Next were heard infinite shouts after the Moorish fashion, when they are just going to join battle. Trumpets and clarions sounded, drums beat, fifes played, almost all at once, so fast and without any intermission, that he must have had no sense who had not lost it at the confused din of so many instruments. The duke was in astonishment, the duchess in a fright, Don Quixote in amaze, and Sancho Panza in a fit of trembling ; in short, even they who were in the secret were terrified, and consternation held them all in

silence. A post-boy, dressed like a demon, passed before them, winding, instead of a cornet, a monstrous hollow horn, which yielded a hoarse and horrible sound. "So ho! brother courier," quoth the duke, "who are you? whither go you? and what soldiers are those who seem to be crossing this wood?" To which the courier answered in a hoarse and dreadful voice, "I am in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha;" and then directing his eyes to Don Quixote, said, "To you, Knight of the Lions (and may I see you between their paws), the unfortunate but valiant knight, Montesinos, sends me, commanding me to tell you to wait for him in the very place I meet you in; for he brings with him her whom they call Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to instruct you how you may disenchant her: and this being all I came for, I must stay no longer." So saying, he blew his monstrous horn, turned his back, and away he went, without staying for an answer from anybody. Every one admired afresh, especially Sancho and Don Quixote; Sancho, to see how, in spite of truth, Dulcinea must be enchanted; and Don Quixote, for not being sure of the truth of what had happened to him in Montesinos's cave. While he stood wrapped up in these thoughts, the duke said to him, "Does your worship, Signor Don Quixote, design to wait here?"—"Why not?" answered he; "here will I wait intrepid and courageous, though all the world should come to assault me."—"Now, for my part," said Sancho, "I will no more stay here, than I would in Flanders."

Now was heard a dreadful noise, like that caused by the ponderous wheels of an ox-waggon, to which was added another, that made ill worse, for it seemed as if there were four battles, at the four quarters of the wood, all at one time; here sounded the dreadful noise of artillery; there were discharged infinite volleys of small shot; the shouts of the combatants seemed to be near at hand; the Moorish cries were heard at a distance. In short, the cornets, horns, clarions, trumpets, drums, cannon, muskets, and, above all, the frightful creaking of the waggons, formed all together so confused and horrid a din, that Don Quixote had need of all his courage to be able to bear it. But

Sancho's quite failed him, and he fell down in a swoon upon the train of the duchess's robe ; who presently ordered cold water to be thrown in his face ; which being done, he recovered his senses at the instant one of the creaking waggons arrived at that stand. It was drawn by four lazy oxen, all covered with black palls, and a large burning torch of wax fastened to each horn. At the top of the waggon was fixed an exalted seat, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard whiter than snow itself, and so long, that it reached below his girdle. His vestment was a long gown of black buckram ; for the waggon was so illuminated, that one might easily discern and distinguish whatever was in it. The drivers were two ugly imps, habited in the same buckram, and of such hideous aspect, that Sancho, having once seen them, shut his eyes close, that he might not see them a second time. Now the waggon being come close up to the place, the venerable sire raised himself from his lofty seat, and standing up, with a loud voice, said, " I am the sage Lirgandeo ;" and the waggon went forward without his speaking another word. After this there passed another waggon in the same manner, with another old man enthroned ; who, making the waggon stop, with a voice as solemn as the other's, said, " I am the sage Alquife, the great friend to Urganda the unknown," and passed on. Then advanced another waggon with the same pace ; but he who was seated on the throne was not an old man, like the two former, but a robust and ill-favoured fellow, who, when he came near, standing up, as the rest had done, said, with a voice more hoarse and more diabolical, " I am Arcalaus the enchanter, mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul and all his kindred ;" and on he went. These three waggons halted at a little distance ; the jarring noise of their wheels ceased ; and presently was heard another (not noise, but) sound of sweet and regular music ; at which Sancho was much rejoiced, and took it for a good sign ; wherefore he said to the duchess, from whom he had not stirred an inch, " Where there is music, madam, there can be no harm."—" Nor where there are lights and brightness," answered the duchess. To which Sancho replied, " The fire may give light, and bonfires may be bright,

as we see by those that surround us, and yet we may very easily be burnt by them ; but music is always a sign of feasting and merriment.”—“That we shall see presently,” said Don Quixote, who listened to all that was said ; and he said right, for presently a sort of triumphal car, drawn by six mules, advanced towards them. On it sat a beautiful maiden of about seventeen ; by her side was a veiled figure who, when the car stopped opposite to the duke, duchess, and Don Quixote, rose up, announcing himself to be Merlin, the great enchanter ; and that his errand was to declare how Dulcinea del Toboso, now transformed into an ugly, rough country girl, was to be restored to her original condition and beauty,—namely, by Sancho Panza’s giving himself three thousand three hundred swinging lashes.

“I vow,” quoth Sancho at this, “I say not three thousand, but I will as soon give myself three stabs as three lashes ; if Signor Merlin can find out no other way to disenchant the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, enchanted she may go to her grave for me.”—“I shall take you, Don peasant, stuffed with garlic,” said Don Quixote, “tie you to a tree, and I say not three thousand and three hundred, but six thousand six hundred lashes will I give you, and those so well laid on, that you shall not be able to let them off at three thousand three hundred hard tugs ; so answer me not a word, or I will tear out your very soul.” Which Merlin hearing, said, “It must not be so ; for the lashes that honest Sancho is to receive, must be with his good-will, not by force, and at what time he pleases ; but he is allowed, if he pleases, to save himself the pain of one half of this flogging, by suffering the other half to be laid on by another hand, although it be somewhat weighty.”—“Neither another’s hand, nor my own, nor one weighty, nor to be weighed, shall touch me,” said Sancho. “My master, indeed, who is part of the Lady Dulcinea, since at every step he is calling her his life, his soul, his support, his stay,—he can, and ought to lash himself for her, and take all the necessary measures for her disenchantment ; but for me to whip myself,—no, I pronounce it.”

Scarcely had Sancho said this, when the nymph, who sat close by the shade of Merlin, standing up, and throwing aside

her thin veil, discovered a face, in every one's opinion, more than excessively beautiful ; and with a manly assurance, and no very amiable voice, addressing herself directly to Sancho Panza, said, " O unlucky squire, soul of a pitcher, heart of a cork-tree, had you been bidden, you thief of the world, to throw yourself headlong from some high tower ; had you been desired, enemy of human kind, to eat a dozen of toads, two of lizards, and three of snakes ; had anybody endeavoured to persuade you to kill your wife and children with some sharp scimitar,—no wonder if you had betrayed an unwillingness and aversion ; but to make a stir about three thousand and three hundred lashes, which every puny school-boy receives every month, it amazes, stupefies, and affrights all who hear it, and even of all who shall hereafter be told it. Cast, miserable and hard-hearted animal, cast, I say, those huge goggle-eyes of thine upon the balls of mine, compared to glittering stars, and you will see them weep, drop after drop, and stream after stream, making furrows, tracks, and paths down the beauteous fields of my cheeks. Relent, subtle and ill-intentioned monster, at my blooming youth, still in its teens, for I am past nineteen, and not quite twenty, pining and withering under the bark of a coarse country wench ; and, if at this time I appear otherwise, it is by the particular favour of Signor Merlin here present, merely that my charms may soften you ; for the tears of afflicted beauty turn rocks into cotton, and tigers into lambs."—"What say you to this, Sancho ?" asked the duchess. " I say, madam," answered Sancho, " what I have already said, that, as to the lashes, I pronounce them."—"Renounce, you should say, Sancho," said the duke, " and not pronounce."—"Please your grandeur to let me alone," answered Sancho ; " for, at present, I cannot stand to mind niceties, nor a letter more or less ; for these lashes, which are to be given me, or I must give myself, keep me so disturbed, that I know not what I say, or what I do. But one thing I would fain know from the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, where she learned the way of entreaty she uses. She comes to desire me to tear my flesh with stripes, and at the same time calls me a soul of a pitcher and untamed beast, with such a string of

ill-names, as is a disgrace to any gentlewoman. What ! does she think my flesh is made of brass ? or is it anything to me whether she be disenchanting or no ? Instead of bringing a basket of fine linen, shirts, night-caps, and socks [though I wear none] to mollify me, here is nothing but reproach upon reproach, when she might have known the common proverb, that ‘An ass loaded with gold mounts nimbly up the hill ;’ and ‘Presents break rocks ;’ and ‘Pray devoutly, hammer stoutly ;’ and, ‘One take, is worth two I’ll give thee’s.’ Then my master, instead of wheedling and coaxing me, to make myself of wool and carded cotton, says, if he takes me in hand, he will tie me naked with a rope to a tree, and double me the dose of stripes. Besides, these compassionate gentlefolks ought to consider, that they do not only desire to have a squire whipped, but a governor, as if it were, like drinking after cherries, a thing of course. Let them learn, let them learn in an ill hour, how to ask and entreat, and to have breeding ; for all times are not alike, nor are men always in a good humour. I am at this time just ready to burst with grief to see my green jacket torn ; and people come to desire me to whip myself, of my own good-will, I having as little mind to it as to turn Indian prince.”—“In truth, friend Sancho,” said the duke, “if you do not relent, and become softer than a ripe fig, you finger no government. It were good, indeed, that I should send my islanders a cruel flinty-hearted governor ; one who relents not at the tears of afflicted damsels, nor at the entreaties of wise, awful, and ancient enchanters and sages. In fine, Sancho, either you must whip yourself, or let others whip you, or be no governor.”—“My lord,” answered Sancho, “may I not be allowed two days to consider what is best for me to do ?”—“No, in no wise,” answered Merlin ; “here, at this instant, and upon this spot, the business must be settled ; or Dulcinea must return to Montesinos’s cave, and to her former condition of a country wench ; or else in her present form be carried to the Elysian fields, where she must wait till the number of the lashes be fulfilled.”—“Come, honest Sancho,” said the duchess, “be of good cheer, and show grati-

tude for the bread you have eaten of your master's, Don Quixote, whom we are all bound to serve for his good qualities and his high chivalries. Say yes, son, to this whipping bout ; for 'A good heart breaks bad fortune,' as you well know."—"Besides," interposed Merlin, "believe me, it will do you much good, as well for your soul as your body ; for your soul, in regard of the charity with which you will perform it ; for your body, because I know you to be of a sanguine complexion, and letting out a little blood can do you no harm."—"What a number of doctors there is in the world ! the very enchanters are doctors," replied Sancho. "But since everybody tells me so, though I see no reason for it myself, I say, I am contented to give myself the three thousand three hundred lashes, upon condition that I may lay them on whenever I please, without being tied to days or times ; and I will endeavour to get out of debt the soonest that I possibly can, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, since, contrary to what I thought, it seems she is in reality beautiful. I article likewise, that I will not be bound to draw blood with the whip, and if some lashes happen only to fly-flap, they shall be taken into the account. Item, if I should mistake in the reckoning, Signor Merlin, who knows everything, shall keep the account and give me notice how many I want, or have exceeded."—"As for the exceedings, there is no need of keeping account," answered Merlin ; "for, as soon as you arrive at the complete number, the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso will be instantly disenchanting, and will come in a most grateful manner to seek honest Sancho, to thank, and even reward him, for the good deed done. So that there need be no scruple about the surplusses or deficiencies ; and Heaven forbid I should cheat anybody of so much as a hair of their head."—"Go to, then," said Sancho ; "I submit to my ill-fortune ; I say, I accept the penance upon the conditions stipulated."

Scarcely had Sancho uttered these words, when the music struck up, a world of muskets were again discharged, and Don Quixote clung about Sancho's neck, giving him a thou-

sand kisses on the forehead and cheeks. The duke and duchess, and all the by-standers, gave signs of being mightily pleased ; the car began to move on ; and, in passing by, the fair Dulcinea bowed her head to the duke and duchess, and made a low curtsy to Sancho. And so the sport ended for that time.

CHAPTER XVII.

The afflicted matron and her bearded ladies—The magic steed.



HE duke had a steward, of a very pleasant and facetious wit, who represented Merlin, and contrived the whole apparatus of the late adventure, composed the verses, and made a page act Dulcinea. And now, with the duke and duchess's leave, he prepared another scene of the pleasantest and strangest contrivance imaginable.

The next day the duchess asked Sancho whether he had begun the task of the penance he was to do for the disenchanting of Dulcinea. He said he had, and had given himself five lashes that night. The duchess desired to know with what he had given them. He answered, with the palm of his hand. "That," replied the duchess, "is rather slapping than whipping, and I am of opinion Signor Merlin will hardly be contented at so easy a rate. Honest Sancho must get a rod made of briars, or of whipcord, that the lashes may be felt. And take notice, Sancho, that works of charity, done faintly and coldly, lose their merit, and signify nothing." To which Sancho answered, "Give me then, madam, some rod, or convenient bough, and I will whip myself with it, provided that it do not smart too much; for I would have your ladyship know that, though I am a clown, my flesh has more of the cotton than of the rush, and there is no reason I should hurt myself for other folks' good."—"You say well," answered the duchess. "To-morrow I will give you a whip which shall suit you exactly, and agree with the tenderness of your flesh, as if it were its own brother." To

which Sancho said, "Your highness must know, dear lady of my soul, that I have written a letter to my wife, Teresa Panza, giving her an account of all that has befallen me since I parted from her; here I have it in my bosom, and it wants nothing but the superscription. I wish your discretion would read it; for methinks it runs as becomes a governor—I mean, in the manner that governors ought to write."—"And who indited it?" demanded the duchess. "Who should indite it but I myself, sinner as I am?" answered Sancho. "And did you write it?" said the duchess. "No, indeed," answered Sancho; "for I can neither read nor write, though I can set my mark."—"Let us see it," said the duchess; "for no doubt you show in it the quality and sufficiency of your genius." Sancho pulled an open letter out of his bosom; and the duchess, taking it in her hand, saw the contents were as follows:—

Sancho Panza's Letter to his wife Teresa Panza.

"If I have been finely lashed, I have been finely mounted: if I have got a good government, it has caused me many good lashes. This, my dear Teresa, you will not understand at present; another time you will. You must know, Teresa, that I am determined you shall ride in your coach, which is somewhat to the purpose; for all other ways of going are creeping upon all fours like a cat. You shall be a governor's wife: see then whether anybody will tread on your heels. I here send you a green hunting-suit, which my lady duchess gave me; fit it up, so that it may serve our daughter for a jacket and petticoat. They say, in this country, my master Don Quixote is a sensible madman, and a pleasant fool, and I am not a whit short of him. We have been in Montesinos's cave, and the sage Merlin has pitched upon me for the disenchanting of Dulcinea del Toboso, who among you is called Aldonza Lorenzo. With three thousand and three hundred lashes, lacking five, that I am to give myself, she will be as much disenchanted as her own mother. Say nothing of this to anybody. A few days hence I shall go to the government, whither I go with an eager desire to make money; for I

am told all new governors go with the self-same intention. I will send you word whether you shall come and be with me or no. Dapple is well, and sends his hearty service to you. I do not intend to leave him, though I were to be made the great Turk. The duchess, my mistress, kisses your hands a thousand times : return her two thousand ; for nothing costs less, nor is cheaper, as my master says, than compliments of civility. I have not been blessed with another portmanteau, and another hundred crowns, as once before ; but be in no pain, my dear Teresa, for he that has the ace in hand is safe. Only one thing troubles me ; for I am told, if I once try governing, I shall eat my very fingers after it ; and, if so, it would be no very good bargain. God make you happy, and keep me to serve you.

“Your husband, the governor,

“SANCHO PANZA.

“From this castle, the 20th of July, 1614.”

The duchess, having read the letter, said to Sancho, “In two things the good governor is a little out of the way : the one in saying, or insinuating, that this government is given him on account of the lashes he is to give himself ; whereas he knows that, when my lord duke promised it him, nobody dreamt of any such things as lashes in the world ;—the other is, that he shows himself in it very covetous ; and I would not have him be griping ; for ‘Avarice bursts the bag,’ and ‘The covetous governor does ungoverned justice.’”—“That is not my meaning, madam,” answered Sancho ; “and if your ladyship thinks this letter does not run as it should do, it is but tearing it, and writing a new one ; and perhaps it may prove a worse, if it be left to my noddle.”—“No, no,” replied the duchess ; “that is a very good one, and I will have the duke see it.”

Hereupon they went to a garden, where they were to dine that day, and the duchess showed Sancho’s letter to the duke, who was highly diverted with it. They dined, and after the cloth was taken away, and they had entertained themselves a good while with Sancho’s racy conversation, on a sudden they heard the dismal sound of a fife, and also that of a hoarse and

unbraced drum. They all discovered some surprise at the doleful harmony, especially Don Quixote, who could not contain himself in his seat through pure emotion. As for Sancho, it is enough to say that fear carried him to his usual refuge, which was the duchess's side, or the skirts of her petticoat; for the sound they heard was really and truly most horrid and melancholy. While they were thus in suspense, they perceived two men enter the garden, clad in mourning-ropes, so long and extended, that they trailed upon the ground. They came beating two great drums, covered also with black. By their side came the fife, black and frightful like the rest. These three were followed by a personage of gigantic stature, not clad, but mantled about, with a robe of the blackest dye, the train whereof was of a monstrous length. This robe was girt about with a broad black belt, at which there hung an unmeasurable scimitar in a black scabbard. His face was covered with a transparent, black veil, through which appeared a prodigious long beard as white as snow; and he marched to the sound of the drums, with much gravity and composure. In short, his huge bulk, his stateliness, his blackness, and his attendants, might very well surprise, as they did, all who beheld him, and were not in the secret. Thus he came, and kneeled down before the duke, who, with the rest, received him standing. But the duke would in no wise suffer him to speak till he rose up. The monstrous spectre did so; and, as soon as he was upon his feet, lifted up his veil, exposing to view the horridest, the longest, the whitest, and best furnished beard that human eyes till then had ever beheld. Then straight he sent forth, from his broad and ample breast, a voice grave and sonorous; and, fixing his eyes on the duke, said, "Most mighty and puissant sir, I am called Trifaldin of the White Beard: I am squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Afflicted Matron, from whom I bring your grandeur a message, which is, that your magnificence would be pleased to give her permission to enter, and tell her distress, which is one of the newest and most wonderful that could ever have been imagined; but, first, she desires to know whether the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha resides in this your castle, in quest

of whom she is come on foot (and without breaking her fast) from the kingdom of Candaya to this your territory—a thing which ought to be considered as a miracle, or ascribed to the force of enchantment. She waits at the door of this fortress, or country-house, and only stays for your good pleasure to come in." Having said this, he hemmed, stroked his beard from top to bottom with both his hands, and, with much tranquillity, stood expecting the duke's answer, which was :—" It is now many days, honest Squire Trifaldin of the White Beard, since we have had notice of the misfortunes of my lady the Countess Trifaldi, called the Afflicted Matron. Tell her, stupendous squire, she may enter, and that the valiant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha is here, from whose generous disposition she may safely promise herself all kind of aid and assistance. Tell her also from me, that if my favour be necessary, it shall not be wanting, since I am bound to it by being a knight ; for to such it particularly belongs to protect all sorts of women, especially injured and afflicted matrons, such as her ladyship." Trifaldin, hearing this, bent a knee to the ground ; and, making a sign to the fife and drums to play, walked out of the garden to the same tune, and with the same solemnity as he came in, leaving every one in admiration at his figure and deportment.

The duke then, turning to Don Quixote, said, " In short, renowned knight, neither the clouds of malice nor those of ignorance can hide or obscure the light of valour and virtue. This I say, because it is hardly six days that your goodness has been in this castle, when, behold, the sorrowful and afflicted are already come in quest of you from far distant and remote countries, and not in coaches or upon dromedaries, but on foot, and fasting, trusting they shall find in that strenuous arm of yours the remedy for their troubles and distresses. Thanks to your grand exploits, which run and spread themselves over the whole face of the earth."—" I wish, my lord duke," answered Don Quixote, " that the same ecclesiastic who the other day expressed so much ill-will and so great a grudge to knights-errant, were now here, that he might see with his eyes whether or no such knights as those are necessary in the world. At

least he would be made sensible that the extraordinarily afflicted and disconsolate, in great cases, and in enormous mishaps, do not fly for a remedy to the houses of scholars, or to those of country parish-priests. Remedy for distress, protection of damsels, and consolation of widows, is nowhere so readily to be found as among knights-errant; and that I am one, I give infinite thanks to Heaven, and shall not repine at any hardship or trouble that can befall me in so honourable an exercise. Let this matron come, and make what request she pleases; for I will commit her redress to the force of my arm, and the intrepid resolution of my courageous spirit."

Then again the drums and fifes struck up, and there began to enter the garden twelve duennas, divided into two files, all clad in large mourning dresses, with white veils of thin muslin, so long that only the border of the robe appeared. After these came the Countess Trifaldi, whom Squire Trifaldin of the White Beard led by the hand. The train or tail (call it which you will) of her robe was divided into three corners, supported by three pages, clad also in mourning, from which all that saw them concluded she was from thence called the Countess Trifaldi; that is to say, the countess of the three skirts. The twelve duennas, with the lady, advanced at a procession pace, their faces covered with black veils, not transparent like Trifaldin's, but so close that nothing could be seen through them. Now, upon the appearance of this squadron, the duke, duchess, and Don Quixote rose from their seats, as did all the rest who beheld the grand procession. The twelve duennas halted and made a lane, through which the Afflicted advanced, without Trifaldin's letting go her hand; which the duke, duchess, and Don Quixote seeing, they stepped forward about a dozen paces to receive her. She, kneeling on the ground, with a voice harsh and coarse, said, "May it please your grandeurs to spare condescending to do so great a courtesy to this your valet—I mean your handmaid. For such is my affliction, that I shall not be able to answer as I ought, because my strange and unheard-of misfortune has carried away my understanding I know not whither; and sure it must be a vast

way off, since the more I seek it the less I find it.”—“He would want it, lady countess,” said the duke, “who could not judge of your worth by your person, which, without seeing any more, merits the whole cream of courtesy, and the whole flower of well-bred ceremonies ;” and, raising her by the hand, he led her to a chair close by the duchess, who also received her with much civility. Don Quixote held his peace, and Sancho was dying with impatience to see the face of the Trifaldi, or some one of her many duennas ; but it was not possible till they unveiled themselves.

Now all keeping silence, the Afflicted Matron began in these words, “Confident I am, most mighty lord, most beautiful lady, and most discreet by-standers, that my most miserableness will find in your most valorous breasts a protection no less placid than generous and dolorous. But, before it ventures on the public stage of your hearing, not to say of your ears, I should be glad to be informed whether the refinedissimo knight, Don Quixote de la Manchissima, and his squirrissimo Panza, be in this circle, or company.”—“Panza,” said Sancho, before anybody else could answer, “is here, and also Don Quixotissimo ; and therefore, Afflictedissima Matronissima, say what you have a mindissima ; for we are all ready and preparedissimos to be your servitorissimos.” Upon this Don Quixote stood up, and, directing his discourse to the Afflicted Matron, said, “If your distresses, afflicted lady, can promise themselves any remedy from the valour or fortitude of a knight-errant, behold mine, which, though weak and scanty, shall all be employed in your service. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose function it is to succour the distressed of all sorts ; and this being so, as it really is, you may, madam, plainly, and without circumlocution, tell your griefs ; for you are within hearing of those who know how to compassionate, if not redress, them.” Which the Afflicted Matron hearing, made a show as if she would prostrate herself at Don Quixote’s feet, and actually did so, and, struggling to kiss them, said, “I prostrate myself, O invincible knight, before these feet and legs, as the bases and pillars of knight-errantry !” Then leaving Don Quixote, she turned to

Sancho Panza, and, taking him by the hand, said, "O thou, the most trusty squire that ever served knight-errant, whose goodness is of greater extent than the beard of my companion Trifaldin, here present, well mayest thou boast that, in serving Don Quixote, thou dost serve in miniature the whole tribe of knights that ever handled arms in the world ; I conjure thee to become an importunate intercessor for me with thy lord, that he would instantly favour the humblest and unhappiest of countesses." To which Sancho answered, "Whether my goodness, madam, be, or be not, as long and as broad as your squire's beard, signifies little to me ; but, without these wheedlings and beseechings, I will desire my master, who I know has a kindness for me, especially now that he wants me for a certain business, to favour and assist your ladyship in whatever he can. Unbundle your griefs, madam, and let us into the particulars, and leave us alone to manage, for we shall understand one another."

Upon this the Afflicted told her lamentable story, which was, that through her heedlessness and misconduct, the beautiful heiress of the kingdom of Candaya, of whom she had the care, had married a private gentleman of the court. Whereupon her mother, the queen, died of vexation, and the young lady herself was clapped into prison ; being further punished by an enchanter named Malambruno, who, by his art, turned her into a monkey of brass, and her husband into a crocodile of particularly base metal. This done, he proclaimed that the twain should never recover their original condition until the valorous knight, Don Quixote, should engage with himself in mortal combat. "Then," continued she, "he drew out of the scabbard a broad and unmeasurable scimitar, and, taking me by the hair of my head, he made show as if he would cut my throat, or whip off my head at a blow. I was frightened to death, and my voice stuck in my throat ; nevertheless, recovering myself as well as I could, I used such entreaties as prevailed with him to suspend the execution of so rigorous a punishment. Finally, he sent for all the duennas of the palace, being those here present, and, after having exaggerated our fault, and inveighed

against the bad qualities of duennas in general, he said he would not chastise us with capital punishment, but with other lengthened pains, which would put us to a kind of civil and perpetual death; and, in the very instant he had done speaking, we felt the pores of our face open, and a pricking pain all over them like the pricking of needles. Immediately we clapped our hands to our faces, and found them in the condition you shall see presently."

Then the Afflicted, and the rest of the duennas, lifted up the veils which concealed them, and discovered their faces all planted with beards, some red, some black, some white, and some piebald; at which sight the duke and duchess seemed to wonder, Don Quixote and Sancho were amazed, and all present astonished; and the Trifaldi proceeded, "Thus that wicked and evil-minded felon, Malambruno, punished us. Would to Heaven he had struck off our heads with his unmeasurable scimitar, rather than have obscured the light of our countenances with these brushes that overspread them!—for, noble lords and lady, if we rightly consider it (and what I am now going to say I would speak with rivers of tears, but that the consideration of our misfortune, and the seas our eyes have already wept, keep them without moisture and dry as beards of corn; and therefore I will speak it without tears. I say then), whither can a duenna with a beard go, when her face is become a wood?" And so saying, she seemed to faint away.

Now, when Sancho saw the Afflicted faint away, he said, "Upon the faith of an honest man, and by the blood of all my ancestors, the Panzas, I swear, I never heard or saw, nor has my master ever told me, nor did such an adventure as this ever enter into his thoughts. A thousand imps take thee for an enchanter, and a giant, Malambruno! Couldst thou find no other kind of punishment to inflict upon these sinners but that of bearding them? Had it not been better—I am sure it had been better for them—to have whipped off half their noses, than to have clapped on them beards? I will lay a wager they have not wherewith to pay for shaving."—"That is true, sir," answered one of the twelve; "we have not wherewithal to keep

ourselves clean ; and, therefore, to shift as well as we can, some of us use sticking-plasters of pitch, which being applied to the face, and pulled off with a jerk, we remain for a while as sleek and smooth as the bottom of a stone mortar ; but for all that, if we are not relieved by Signor Don Quixote, with beards shall we be carried to our graves.”—“ Mine,” said Don Quixote, “ shall be plucked off in the country of the Moors, rather than not free you from yours.”

By this time the Trifaldi was come to herself, and said, “ The murmuring sound of that promise, valorous knight, in the midst of my swoon, reached my ears, and was the occasion of my coming out of it, and recovering my senses ; and so once again I beseech you, illustrious errant, and invincible sir, that your gracious promises may be converted into deeds.”—“ It shall not rest at me,” answered Don Quixote ; “ inform me, madam, what it is I am to do ; for my inclination is fully disposed to serve you.”—“ The case is,” answered the Afflicted, “ that, from hence to the kingdom of Candaya, if you go by land, it is five thousand leagues, one or two more or less ; but if you go through the air in a direct line, it is three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You must know, also, that Malambruno told me that, when fortune should furnish me with the knight our deliverer, he would send him a steed—a magic wooden horse, governed by a pin he has in his forehead which serves for a bridle ; and he flies through the air with such ease and swiftness, that one would think he had wings. This same horse, according to ancient tradition, was the workmanship of the sage Merlin ; and Malambruno procured him by his art.”

To this Sancho said, “ For smooth and easy going, commend me to my Dapple, though he goes not through the air ; but by land, I will match him against all the amblers in the world.” This set the company a laughing ; and the Afflicted proceeded. “ Now this horse, if Malambruno intends to put an end to our misfortune, will be here with us within half an hour after it is dark.”—“ And pray,” asked Sancho, “ how many can ride upon this same horse ? ”—“ Two persons,” answered the Afflicted ; “ one in the saddle, and the other behind on the crupper ; and

generally these two persons are the knight and his squire, when there is no stolen damsel in the case.”—“I should be glad to know, Madam Afflicted,” said Sancho, “what this horse’s name is.”—“His name,” replied she, “is Clavileno the Winged.”—“I dislike not the name,” replied Sancho; “but with what bridle, or with what halter, is he guided?”—“I have already told you,” answered the Trifaldi, “that he is guided by a peg, which the rider turning this way and that, makes him go, either aloft in the air, or, as it were, brushing the earth, or in the middle region.”

“I have a great desire to see him,” answered Sancho; “but to think that I will get upon him, either in the saddle, or behind upon the crupper, is to look for pears upon an elm-tree. It were a good jest, indeed, for me, who can hardly sit my own Dapple, though upon a pannel softer than the very silk, to think now of getting upon a crupper of boards, without either pillow or cushion. In faith, I do not intend to flay myself, to take off anybody’s beard; besides, I am out of the question, for I can be of no service towards the shaving these beards, as I am for the disenchanting of my Lady Dulcinea.”—“Indeed but you can, friend,” answered the Trifaldi, “and of so much service that, without you, as I take it, we are likely to do nothing at all.”—“In the king’s name,” broke out Sancho, “what have squires to do with their masters’ adventures? Must they run away with the fame of those they accomplish, and must we undergo the fatigue? I say again, good my lord and lady, my master may go by himself, and much good may it do him; for I will stay here by my lady duchess: and, perhaps, when he comes back, he may find Madam Dulcinea’s business pretty forward; for I intend at idle and leisure whiles, to give myself such a whipping bout, that not a hair shall interpose.”

“For all that, honest Sancho,” said the duchess, “you must bear him company, if need be, and that at the request of good people; for it would be a great pity the faces of these ladies should remain thus bushy through your needless fears.”—“In the king’s name,” once more replied Sancho, “were this piece of charity undertaken for pretty damsels, or for poor, innocent charity girls, a man

might venture upon some painstaking ; but to endure it to rid duennas of their beards, is not to be spoken of. With a murrain to them, I had rather see them all bearded from the highest to the lowest, and from the nicest to the most slatternly.”—“As for Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “he shall do what I command him. I wish Clavileno were once come, and that Malambruno and I were at it ; for I am confident no razor would more easily shave your ladyship’s beard, than my sword shall shave off Malambruno’s head from his shoulders : for though the wicked may prosper, it is but for a time.”

In the meanwhile night came on, and with it the time for the arrival of the famous horse Clavileno, whose stay perplexed Don Quixote very much. But, behold, on a sudden, four savages enter the garden, all clad in green ivy, and bearing on their shoulders a large wooden horse. They set him upon his legs on the ground, and one of the savages said, “Let him who has courage to do it, mount this machine.”—“Not I,” said Sancho ; “for neither have I courage, nor am I a knight.” The savage proceeded, saying, “And let the squire, if he has one, get up behind and trust the valorous Malambruno ; for no other body’s sword or malice shall hurt him ; and there is no more to do but to screw the pin he has in his forehead, when he will bear them through the air to the place where Malambruno expects them ; but lest the height and sublimity of the way should make their heads swim, their eyes must be covered till the horse neighs, which is to be the signal of his being arrived at his journey’s end.” This said, leaving Clavileno, with courteous demeanour they returned by the way they came.

As soon as the Afflicted espied the horse, she said to Don Quixote, “Valorous knight, Malambruno has kept his word ; here is the horse ; our beards are increasing, and every one of us, with every hair of them, beseech you to shave and shear us, since there is no more for you to do but to mount, with your squire behind you, and so give a happy beginning to your new journey.”—“That I will, with all my heart, and most willingly, Madam Trifaldi,” replied he, “without staying to procure a cushion or put on any spurs ; so great is the desire I have to

see your ladyship and all these duennas shaven and clean.”—“That will not I,” quoth Sancho, “on anywise; and if this shaving cannot be performed without my riding behind, let my master seek some other squire to bear him company, and these madams some other way of smoothing their faces; for I am no wizard to delight in travelling through the air. Besides, what will my islanders say when they hear that their governor is taking the air upon the wings of the wind? And another thing; it being three thousand leagues from thence to Candaya, if the horse should tire, or the giant be out of humour, we shall be half a dozen years in coming back, and by that time I shall have neither island nor islanders in the world, that will know me.” To which the duke replied, “Friend Sancho, the island I have promised you is not a floating one, nor will it run away; but what I expect for this government is, that you go with your master Don Quixote. Return when you will, you will find your island where you left it, and your islanders with the same desire to receive you for their governor; my good-will shall be always the same; and, to doubt this truth, Signor Sancho, would be doing a notorious injury to the inclinations I have to serve you.”—“No more, good sir,” said Sancho; “I am a poor squire, and cannot carry so much courtesy on my back. Let my master get up; blindfold me, and good luck to our journey.”

Then Don Quixote, going aside with Sancho among some trees in the garden, said to him, “You see, brother Sancho, the long journey we are going to undertake, and God knows when we shall return, or what convenience and leisure, business will afford us; and therefore my desire is, that you retire to your chamber, as if to fetch something necessary for the road, and, in a twinkling, give yourself, if it be but five hundred lashes, in part of the three thousand three hundred you stand engaged for; for ‘Well begun is half ended.’”—“Well, I never,” said Sancho; “your worship is stark mad. This is just the saying, ‘You see I am in haste, and you ask for buttered toast.’ Now that I am just going to sit down upon a bare board, would you have me beat myself to a jelly? Verily, verily, your worship is in the wrong. Let us now go and trim

these duennas, and, at my return, I promise you I will make such despatch to get out of debt, that your worship shall be contented." Don Quixote answered, "With this promise then, honest Sancho, I am somewhat comforted, and believe you will perform it; for, though you are not over wise, you are true blue."—"I am not blue, but brown," quoth Sancho; "but though I were a mixture of both, I would make good my promise."

Upon this they came back, in order to mount Clavileno; and, at getting up, Don Quixote said, "Blindfold yourself, and get up, Sancho; for whoever he be that sends for us from countries so remote, he cannot surely intend to deceive us, considering the little glory he will get by deceiving those who confide in him."—"Let us be gone, sir," said Sancho; "for the beards and tears of these ladies have pierced my heart, and I shall not eat a bit to do me good, till I see them restored to their former smoothness. Mount you, sir, and blindfold first; for, if I am to ride behind, it is plain he who is to be in the saddle must get up first."—"That is true," replied Don Quixote. And, pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, he desired the Afflicted to cover his eyes close; which being done, he uncovered them again, and said, "If I remember right, I have read in Virgil that story of the wooden horse, dedicated by the Greeks to the goddess Pallas, and filled with armed knights, who afterwards proved the final destruction of Troy; therefore it will not be amiss to see first what Clavileno has inside him."—"There is no need of that," said the Afflicted; "for I am confident that Malambruno has nothing of the traitor in him. Your worship, Signor Don Quixote, may mount without fear, and upon me be it, if any harm happens to you." Don Quixote considered, that to talk any more of his security would be a reflection upon his courage; so, without further contest, he mounted Clavileno, tried the pin, which screwed about very easily; and, having no stirrups, his legs dangling down, made him look like a figure in a Roman triumph, woven in some antique piece of Flemish tapestry.

Much against his will, Sancho got up behind, adjusting him-

self the best he could upon the crupper, which he found not over soft ; so he begged the duke to accommodate him with some pillow or cushion, though it were from the duchess's state sofa, the horse's crupper seeming rather to be of marble than of wood. To this the Trifaldi replied, that Clavileno would not endure any kind of furniture upon him ; so, bidding adieu to his friends, Sancho suffered his eyes to be blindfolded.

Both being now blindfolded, Don Quixote began to turn the peg ; and scarce had he put his fingers to it, when all the duennas and the standers-by lifted up their voices, saying, " Heaven be your guide, valorous knight ; good speed to you, intrepid squire. Now, now you mount into the air ; now you begin to surprise and astonish all who behold you upon the earth. Sit fast, valorous Sancho ; for you totter. Beware lest you fall, for your fall will be worse than that of the daring youth, who aspired to rule the chariot of his father, the Sun." Sancho heard the voices, and, nestling closer to his master, whom he embraced with his arms, said, " How can they say, sir, we are got so high, when their voices reach us, and they seem to be talking here hard by us ?"—" Never mind that, Sancho," said Don Quixote ; " for, as these flights are out of the ordinary course, you may see and hear anything a thousand leagues off. But do not squeeze me so hard, for you will tumble me down ; and, to say the truth, I do not see why you are so frightened ; for I can safely swear I never was upon the back of an easier-paced steed in all the days of my life. Methinks we do not so much as stir from our place. Banish fear, friend ; for in short the business goes as it should, and we have the wind in our poop."—" That is true," answered Sancho ; " for, on this side, the wind blows so strong, that a thousand pair of bellows seem to be fanning me." And indeed it was ; for they were airing him with several huge pairs of bellows. And so well was this adventure concerted by the duke, the duchess, and the steward, that nothing was wanting to make it complete. Don Quixote now feeling the wind, said, " Without all doubt, Sancho, we must by this time have reached the second region of the air, where the hail and snows are formed. If we go on mounting at this

rate, we shall soon reach the regions of fire ; and I know not how to manage this peg, so as not to mount where we shall be scorched."

While they were thus discoursing, some flax, set on fire at the end of a long cane, at some distance, began to warm their faces. Sancho, feeling the heat, said, " May I be hanged, if we are not already at that same fire-place, or very near it, for it has singed a great part of my beard ; and, sir, I am just going to peep out, and see whereabouts we are."—" By no means," answered Don Quixote ; " we must not uncover our faces ; perhaps we are now soaring aloft to a certain height, to come souse down upon the kingdom of Candaya, like a hawk upon a heron. And, though to us it does not seem more than half an hour since we left the garden, believe me, we must have made a great deal of way."

All this discourse of the two heroes was overheard by the duke and duchess, and those that were in the garden ; with which they were extremely delighted : and being now willing to put an end to the adventure, they clapped some lighted flax to Clavelino's tail, and that instant he, being full of squibs and crackers, blew up with a strange noise, throwing to the ground Don Quixote and Sancho, half-singed. By this time the Trifaldi, and the whole bearded squadron of duennas, were vanished ; while all that remained in the garden, counterfeiting a trance, lay flat upon the ground. Don Quixote and Sancho got up in but indifferent plight, and, looking about them on all sides, were amazed to find themselves in the same garden from whence they set out, and to see such a number of folks stretched upon the ground. But their wonder was increased when on one side of the garden they perceived a great lance sticking in the earth, and a smooth piece of white parchment hanging to it by two green silken strings, upon which was written :—

" The renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha has finished and achieved the adventure of the Countess Triñaldi, otherwise called the Afflicted Matron, and company, only by attempting it. The chins of the duennas are smooth and clean ; the princess and her husband have recovered their pristine estate ; and when the

squirely whipping shall be accomplished, the white dove shall be delivered from the cruel pounces of the hawks that pursue her ; for so it is ordained by the sage Merlin, the prince of enchanters."

Don Quixote, having read the inscription on the parchment, understood plainly that it spoke of the disenchantment of Dulcinea ; so, giving abundance of thanks to Heaven for his having achieved so great an exploit with so little danger, he went where the duke and duchess lay, being not yet come to themselves ; and, pulling the duke by the arm, said, " Courage, courage, my good lord ; the adventure is over without damage to any one, as yon register plainly shows." The duke, by little and little, like one awaking out of a sound sleep, came to himself, and in like manner the duchess, and all that were in the garden, with such show of wonder and affright, that what they had so well acted in jest, seemed almost to themselves to have happened in earnest. The duke read the scroll with his eyes half-shut, and presently, with open arms, embraced Don Quixote, assuring him he was the bravest knight that ever lived. Sancho looked up and down for the Afflicted, to see what kind of face she had now she was beardless, and whether she was as handsome without it as her gallant presence seemed to promise ; but he was told that, as Clavelino came flaming down through the air, and tumbled upon the ground, the whole squadron of duennas, with the Trifaldi, disappeared, and their beards vanished, roots and all.

The duchess inquired of Sancho how it fared with him in that long voyage ? To which Sancho answered, " I perceived, madam, as my master told me, that we were passing by the region of fire, and I had a mighty mind to peep a little ; and though my master, whose leave I asked, would not consent to it, I, who have I know not what spice of curiosity, and a desire of knowing what is forbidden and denied me, softly, and without being perceived by anybody, shoved up the handkerchief near my nose, and thence looked down towards the earth, which methought was no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the

men that walked upon it little bigger than hazel-nuts. Judge you, madam, how high we must have been then." To this, replied the duchess, "Take care, friend Sancho, what you say; for it is plain you saw not the earth, but the men only that walked upon it; for if the earth appeared but like a grain of mustard-seed, and each man like a hazel-nut, one man alone must needs cover the whole earth."—"That is true," answered Sancho, "but, for all that, I had a side view of it, and saw it all."—"Take heed, Sancho," said the duchess; "for, by a side view, one does not see the whole of what one looks at."—"I do not understand these kinds of views," replied Sancho: "I only know it is fit your ladyship should understand that, since we flew by enchantment, by enchantment I might see the whole earth, and all the men, whichever way I looked; and, if you do not believe this, neither will your ladyship believe me, when I tell you that, thrusting up the handkerchief close to my eyebrows, I found myself so near the heaven, that from me to it was not above a span and a half; and I can promise you, madam, that it is hugeous big: and it so fell out that we passed by where the seven little she-goats are; and, upon my conscience, having been in my childhood a goatherd in my own country, I no sooner saw them but I had a longing desire to divert myself with them a while, and, had I not done it, I verily think I should have burst. Well, then, what do I? why, without saying a word to anybody, not even to my master, fair and softly I slipped down from Clavileno, and played with those she-goats, which are like so many violets, about the space of three quarters of an hour; and all the while Clavileno moved not from the place, nor stirred a foot."—"And while honest Sancho was diverting himself with the goats," said the duke, "how did Signor Don Quixote amuse himself?" To which Don Quixote answered, "As these and the like accidents are out of the order of nature, no wonder Sancho says what he does; for my own part, I can say, I neither looked up nor down, and saw neither heaven nor earth, nor sea nor sands. It is very true, I was sensible that I passed through the region of the air, and even touched upon that of fire; but, that we passed beyond it, I cannot

believe ; for the fiery region being between the sphere of the moon, and the utmost region of the air, we could not reach that heaven, where the seven goats Sancho speaks of are, without being burnt ; and, since we were not burnt, either Sancho lies, or Sancho dreams.”—“I neither lie nor dream,” answered Sancho ; “do but ask me the marks of those same goats, and by them you may guess whether I speak the truth or not.”—“Tell us, then, Sancho,” said the duchess. “They are,” replied Sancho, two of them green, two carnation, two blue, and one motley-coloured.”—“A new kind of goats those same,” said the duke. “In our region of the earth we have no such colours—I mean, goats of such colours.”—“The reason is plain,” quoth Sancho : “there must be a difference between the goats of heaven and those of earth.”

This was the conclusion of the adventure of the Afflicted Matron, which furnished the duke and duchess with matter of laughter for their whole lives, and Sancho something to relate for ages, had he lived so long ; and Don Quixote, coming to Sancho, whispered him in the ear, saying, “Sancho, since you would have us believe all you have seen in heaven, I expect you should believe what I saw in Montesinos’s cave ; I say no more.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sancho made governor of the island of Baratavia—His master gives him instruction for his conduct—Sancho departs for his government—Don Quixoté's adventure with the cats.



THE duke and duchess were so satisfied with the happy success of the adventure of the Afflicted, that they resolved to carry the jest still further, seeing how fit a subject they had to pass it on for earnest ; so, having projected the scheme, and given the necessary orders to their servants and vassals, how they were to behave to Sancho in his government of the promised island, the day following Clavileno's flight the duke bid Sancho prepare, and get himself in readiness to go to be a governor ; for his islanders already wished for him, as for rain in May. Sancho made his bow, and said, " Ever since my descent from heaven, and since from its lofty summit I beheld the earth, and observed it to be so small, the great desire I had of being a governor is, in part, cooled ; for what grandeur is it to command on a grain of mustard-seed ? or what dignity or dominion is there in governing half a dozen men no bigger than hazel-nuts, for methought the whole earth was nothing more ? If your lordship would be pleased to give me but some small portion of heaven, though it were no more than half a league, I would accept it with a better will than the biggest island in the world."—" Look you, friend Sancho," answered the duke, " I can give away no part of heaven, though no bigger than one's nail ; for God has reserved the disposal of those favours and graces in His own power. But what I can give you, I give you ; and that is an island ready-made,

round and sound, and above measure fruitful and abundant ; where, if you manage dexterously, you may with the riches of the earth purchase the treasures of heaven.”—“ Well then,” answered Sancho, “ let this island come ; for it shall go hard but I will be such a governor that, in spite of rogues, I shall go to heaven ; and think not it is out of covetousness that I forsake my humble cottage and aspire to greater things, but for the desire I have to taste how it relishes to be a governor.”—“ If once you taste it, Sancho,” said the duke, “ you will eat your fingers after it, so very sweet a thing it is to command and be obeyed. Sure I am, when your master comes to be an emperor,—for doubtless he will be one in the way his affairs are,—no one will be able to wrest it from him, and it will grieve and vex him to the heart to have been so long a time without being one.”—“ Sir,” replied Sancho, “ I am of opinion it is good to command, though it be but a flock of sheep.”—“ You are quite right, Sancho,” answered the duke ; “ and I doubt not you will prove such a governor as your wit seems to promise. Let this suffice for the present, and take notice that to-morrow, without fail, you shall depart for the government of the island, and this evening you shall be fitted with a convenient garb, and with all things necessary for your departure.”—“ Let them dress me,” said Sancho, “ how they will ; for, howsoever I go clad, I shall still be Sancho Panza.”—“ That is true,” said the duke ; “ but our dress must be suitable to our employment ; for it would be absurd for a lawyer to be habited like a soldier, or a soldier like a priest.”

“ You, Sancho, must go dressed partly like a scholar, and partly like a captain ; for, in the island I give you, arms are as necessary as letters, and letters as arms.”—“ Letters,” answered Sancho, “ I know but little of ; for I can scarce say the A, B, C ; and, as to arms, I shall handle such as are given to me till I fall, and God be my guide.”

By this time Don Quixote came up, and learning how suddenly Sancho was to depart to his government, took him by the hand, and carried him with him to his chamber, to give him advice how to behave himself in his employment. Being come

into the apartment, he shut the door after him, and, almost by force, made Sancho sit down by him, and, with a composed voice, said to him, "Infinite thanks give I to Heaven, friend Sancho, that, first, and before I have met with any good luck myself, good fortune has gone forth to meet and receive you. You, who, in respect to me, without doubt are a blockhead, without rising early or sitting up late, and without taking any pains at all, by the air alone of knight-errantry breathing on you, see yourself, without more ado, governor of an island, as if it were a matter of nothing. All this I say, O Sancho, that you may not ascribe the favour done you to your own merit, but give thanks, first to Heaven, and, in the next place, to the grandeur inherent in the profession of knight-errantry. Now, be attentive, son, to me, who will be your counsellor, your north-star and guide to conduct and steer you safe into port out of that tempestuous sea, wherein you are going to be engulfed ; for offices and great employments are nothing else but a profound gulf of confusions.

"First, my son, fear God, for to fear Him is wisdom. Secondly, consider who you were, and endeavour to know yourself ; for that will keep you from puffing yourself up, like the frog who strove to equal herself to the ox. Be not ashamed, Sancho, of the meanness of your family ; for when people see that you yourself are not ashamed, nobody else will endeavour to make you so ; and, if by chance one of your kindred come to see you when you are in your island, do not despise or affront him, but receive, cherish, and make much of him.

"If you take your wife along with you, teach, instruct, and polish her from her natural rudeness ; for, many times, all that a discreet governor can acquire is dissipated and lost by an ill-bred and foolish woman.

"Be not governed by the law of your own will, which is wont to bear much sway with the ignorant, who presume upon being discerning.

"Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, but not more justice, from you, than the informations of the rich.

"Endeavour to sift out the truth amidst the presents and pro-

mises of the rich, as well as among the sighs and importunities of the poor.

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

“If perchance the rod of justice be warped a little, let it not be by the weight of a gift, but that of mercy.

“If it happens that the cause of your enemy comes before you, fix not your mind on the injury done you, but upon the merits of the case.

“Let not private affection blind you in another man’s cause ; for the errors you shall commit thereby are often without remedy ; and, if there should be one, it will be at the expense both of your reputation and fortune.

“Him you are to punish with deeds, do not evil-entreat with words ; for the pain of the punishment is enough for the wretch to bear, without the addition of ill language.

“In the criminal, who falls under your jurisdiction, consider the miserable man subject to the condition of our depraved nature ; and, as much as in you lies, without injuring the contrary party, show pity and clemency ; for, though the attributes of God are all equal, that of His mercy is more pleasing and attractive in our eyes than that of His justice.

“If, Sancho, you observe these precepts and these rules, your days will be long, and your fame eternal, your recompense full, and your felicity unspeakable. You shall match your children as you please ; they and your grandchildren shall inherit titles ; you shall live in peace and in favour with all men ; and, at the end of your life, death shall find you in a sweet and matured old age, and your eyes shall be closed by the tender and pious hands of your grandchildren’s children.

“What I have hitherto taught you, Sancho, are documents for the adorning your mind. Listen now to those which concern the adornments of the body.

“As to what concerns the government of your own person and family, Sancho, in the first place, I enjoin you to be cleanly,

and to pare your nails, and not let them grow, as some do, whose ignorance has made them believe that long nails beautify the hands : a monstrous abuse !

“Go not loose and unbuttoned, Sancho ; for a slovenly dress betokens a careless mind.

“Find out discreetly what your office may be worth ; and, if it will afford your giving liveries to your servants, give them such as are decent and useful, rather than showy and modish : and divide between your servants and the poor,—I mean, if you can keep six pages, clothe but three, and three of the poor ; and thus you will have pages for heaven and for earth too—a new way of giving liveries, which the vainglorious never thought of.

“Eat neither garlic nor onion, lest people guess, by the smell, at your peasantry. Walk leisurely, and speak deliberately ; but not so as to seem to be hearkening to yourself ; for all affectation is bad.

“Eat little at dinner, and less at supper ; for the health of the whole body is tempered in the forge of the stomach.

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

“Take heed, Sancho, not to chew on both sides of your mouth at once.

“Likewise, Sancho, intermix not in your discourse that multitude of proverbs you are wont ; for, though proverbs are short sentences, you often drag them in so by the head and shoulders, that they seem rather cross purposes than sentences.”—“There’s no help for that,” replied Sancho ; “for I know more proverbs than will fill a book, and when I talk, they crowd so thick into my mouth, that they jostle which shall get out first. But, for the future, I will take heed to utter such as become the gravity of my place ; for ‘In a plentiful house supper is soon dressed ;’ and ‘He that cuts, does not deal ;’ and ‘He that has the ace is safe ;’ and ‘To spend and to spare, require judgment.’”—“So, so, Sancho,” said Don Quixote ; “I am warning you to abstain from proverbs, and in an instant you pour forth a string of them, which square with what we are upon as much as ‘Over the hills and far away.’ Look you, Sancho, I do not say a proverb

is amiss, when skilfully applied ; but to accumulate, and string them at random, renders a discourse flat and low.

“ When you are on horseback, sit not leaning your body backwards over your saddle, nor carry your legs stiff, stretched, and straddling from the horse’s sides, nor yet dangle them so as] if you were still upon Dapple ; for sitting a horse makes some look like gentlemen, others like grooms.

“ Let your sleep be moderate, for he who is not up with the sun does not enjoy the day ; and take notice, O Sancho, that diligence is the mother of good-fortune, and sloth, her opposite, never reached the end of a good wish.

“ Your dress shall be breeches and stockings, a long coat, and a cloak somewhat longer ; but for trousers, or trunk-hose, think not of them, for they are not becoming either to cavaliers or governors.

“ This is all that occurs to me at present, by way of advice to you : as time goes on, and according to the occasions, such shall my instructions be, provided you take care to inform me of the state of your affairs.”—“ Sir,” answered Sancho, “ I see very well that all your worship has been saying is good and profitable ; but what good will it do me, if I remember nothing of it ? You had therefore better write it down for me ; for though I can neither read nor write, I can give it to my chaplain, who will put me in mind of it, if need be.”—“ Ah ! sinner that I am ! ” answered Don Quixote ; “ how ill does it look in a governor not to be able to read or write ! for you must know, O Sancho, that for a man not to know how to read, or to be left-handed, implies one of these two things, either that he sprang from very mean and low parents, or that he was so untoward and perverse, that no good could be beaten into him. It is a very great defect you carry with you, and therefore I would by all means have you learn to write your name, if possible.”—“ I can sign my name very well,” answered Sancho ; “ for when I was steward of the brotherhood in our village, I learned to make certain characters, like the marks upon a wool-pack, which I was told spelt my name ; but, at the worst, I can pretend my right hand is lame, and make another sign for me ; for there is a remedy for

everything but death ; and I, having the command of the staff, will do what I please. Besides, he whose father is mayor, &c., you know, and I, being a governor, am surely more than mayor. Let them come and play at bo-peep. Ay, ay, let them slight and backbite me ; ‘ They may come for wool, and be sent back shorn ;’ and ‘ Whom God loves, his house smells savoury to him ;’ and ‘ The rich man’s blunders pass for maxims in the world ;’ and I, being a governor, and consequently rich, and bountiful to boot, as I intend to be, nobody will see my defects. No, no, ‘ Get yourself honey, and clowns will have flies.’ ‘ As much as you have, so much you are worth,’ said my grannam ; and ‘ There is no revenging yourself upon a rich man.’”—“ Oh, confound you !” cried out Don Quixote at this instant ; “ sixty thousand imps take you and your proverbs ! You have been stringing them this full hour, and putting me to the rack with every one of them. Take my word for it, these proverbs will one day bring you to the gallows : upon their account your subjects will strip you of your government, or at least conspire against you. Tell me where find you them, ignorant ? or how apply you them, dunce ? For my own part, to utter but one and apply it properly, I sweat and labour as if I were digging.”

“ I vow, master of mine,” replied Sancho, “ your worship complains of very trifles. Why the dickens are you angry that I make use of my own goods ? for I have no other, nor any stock, but proverbs upon proverbs ; and just now I have four that present themselves pat to the purpose, and fit like plums in a punnett ; but I will not produce them.”—“ Well, God speed you, Sancho,” said his master, “ and govern you in your government, and deliver me from a suspicion I have, that you will turn the whole island topsy-turvy ; which I might prevent by letting the duke know what you are, and telling him that all that little carcass of thine is nothing but a sackful of proverbs and sly remarks.”—“ Sir,” replied Sancho, “ if your worship thinks I am not fit for this government, I renounce it from this moment ; for I love the least speck of my soul better than my whole body ; and plain Sancho can live as well upon bread and onion as governor Sancho can upon capon and partridge. If your worship

reflects, you will find it was your worship that put me upon the scent of governing ; for I know no more of the government of islands than an ostrich ; and, if you fancy the devil will have me, if I am a governor, I had rather go Sancho to heaven than a governor to hell.”—“Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “for those last words of yours, I think you deserve to be governor of a thousand islands. You are good-natured, without which no knowledge is of any value. Pray to God, and endeavour not to err in your intention,—I mean, always take care to have a firm purpose and design of doing right in whatever business occurs ; for Heaven constantly favours a good intention. And so let us go to dinner ; for I believe the lord and lady stay for us.”

At length Sancho set out with a great number of followers. He was dressed in a wide surtout of murry-coloured camblet, with a cap of the same, and mounted upon a mule. Behind him, by the duke's order, was led his Dapple, with ass-like furniture, all of flaming fine silk. Sancho turned back his head every now and then to look at his ass, with whose company he was so delighted, that he would not have changed conditions with the emperor of Germany.

At taking leave of the duke and duchess, he kissed their hands, and begged his master's blessing ; which he gave with tears, and Sancho received blubbering. But scarce was he departed, when Don Quixote began to regret his own solitary condition ; and, had it been possible for him to have taken the government from his squire, he would certainly have done it. The duchess consoled him as well as she could ; and then proposed they should sup and go to bed betimes, as his yesterday's journey must have somewhat fatigued him.”—“Not at all, madam,” answered Don Quixote ; “for I can safely swear to your excellency, that in all my life I never bestrid a soberer beast, nor of an easier pace, than Clavileno ; and I cannot imagine what possessed Malambruno to part with so swift and so gentle a steed, and burn him so, without more ado.” When the knight had supped, he retired to the chamber alone, not consenting to let anybody come in to wait upon him. He shut his door after him ; and, by the light of two wax

candles, pulled off his clothes ; when, at stripping off his stockings, forth burst, not sighs, nor groans, but some two dozen stitches of a stocking, which made it resemble a lattice-window. The good gentleman was extremely afflicted, and would have given an ounce of silver to have had there a drachm of green silk,—green, because his stockings were green. Luckily, however, Sancho had left him behind a pair of travelling boots, which he resolved to put on next day. Finally, he laid himself down, pensive and heavy-hearted, as well for lack of Sancho, as for the irreparable misfortune of his stocking, whose stitches he would gladly have darned, though with silk of another colour. He put out the lights ; the weather was hot, and he could not sleep ; so he got out of bed, and opened the casement of a window, which looked into a fine garden, and, at opening it, he perceived and heard somebody walking and talking in the garden. “ Press me not to sing,” said the voice, “ for you know ever since this stranger came into this castle, and my eyes beheld him, I cannot sing, but weep. Besides, this new Æneas, who is arrived in my territories to leave me forlorn, sleeps on, and awakes not to hear it.”—“ Do not fancy so, dear Altisidora,” answered the other ; “ for even now I heard him open his casement, and, without doubt, he must be awake. Sing, my afflicted creature, in a low and sweet voice, to the sound of your harp.”

Whereupon the damsel sang a song of such tender love towards Don Quixote de la Mancha, as alarmed the knight exceedingly, and caused him to exclaim to himself, “ Why am I so unhappy a knight-errant that no damsel can see me but that she must presently fall in love with me ? But ’tis all in vain. Dulcinea’s I am, and must be, come what will.” This said, he slammed to his casement, and threw himself heavily on his bed, where his perplexed thoughts would not suffer him to sleep. Morning came at last, and he got up, putting on his chamois leather doublet, and his travelling boots to conceal the misfortune of his stocking. He threw his scarlet mantle over his shoulders, and clapped on his head a green velvet cap, trimmed with silver lace. Then hanging his trusty blade in his

shoulder-belt, he marched towards the antechamber, where the duke and duchess expected him. As he passed through a gallery, Altisidora and her companion stood waiting for him; and on his approach, the former pretended to faint away. On seeing this, the knight begged that a lute might be placed in his room at night, with the help of which he would console the poor damsel the best he was able—a request that greatly delighted the duchess, and the young ladies, who determined to put some merry trick upon him.

When night came, he found the lute accordingly ready for him. He tuned it, hummed, cleared his voice, and then sang hoarsely a song which he had himself composed in the course of the day. The duke, the duchess, and almost all the folks of the castle, stood listening to him, when, on a sudden, from an open gallery over Don Quixote's window, a rope was let down, to which above a hundred bells were fastened; and, immediately after, was emptied a great sackful of cats, which had smaller bells tied to their tails. The noise of the jangling bells and mewings of the cats was so great, that the duke and duchess, though the inventors of the jest, were frightened at it. Don Quixote himself was in a panic; while fortune so ordered it that two or three of the cats got in at his room window, and scoured about, from side to side, like mad, extinguishing the lights in the room, in their attempts to escape. Don Quixote drew his sword; and, making thrusts at the casement, cried out, "Avaunt, ye malicious enchanters, ye rabble of wizards! for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, against whom your wicked arts are of no force or effect." Then, turning to the cats, who were running about the room, he gave several cuts at them. They took to the casement, and got out, all but one, which, finding itself hard pressed by the knight's slashing, flew at his face and seized him by the nose with its claws and teeth, the pain whereof made him roar as loud as he could. The duke and duchess, hearing this, ran up in haste; and, opening the door with a master-key, found the poor gentleman striving with all his might to make the cat let go. The duke hastened to help him; but Don Quixote exclaimed, "Let no one take

him off ; leave me to battle it with this demon, this wizard, this enchanter ; for I will make him know the difference between him and me, and who Don Quixote de la Mancha is." But the cat growled on, and kept her hold until the duke forced open her claws, and threw her out of the window.

The knight remained with his face like a sieve, and his nose not over whole, yet still much dissatisfied that they would not let him finish his combat with the enchanter. They plastered up his wounds for him ; and then, with a profound sigh, he stretched himself full length upon his bed, where we will leave him for a while, and return to the fortunes of his squire.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sancho, as governor—A state-dinner—Sancho in a rage—How he administered the law.



N due time Sancho, with all his attendants, arrived at a town that contained about a thousand inhabitants one of the best the duke had, and called, as he was told, the island of Barataria. At his arrival near the gates of the town, the magistrates came out to receive him, the bells rang, the people gave demonstrations of a general joy, and, with a great deal of pomp, conducted him to the great church to give thanks to God. Presently after, with certain ridiculous ceremonies, they presented him the keys of the town, and admitted him as perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. The garb, the beard, the thickness and shortness of the new governor, held in admiration all that were not in the secret, and even those that were, who were not a few. In fine, as soon as they had brought him out of the church, they carried him to the tribunal of justice, placed him in the chair; and the duke's steward said to him, "It is an ancient custom here, my Lord Governor, that he who comes to take possession of this famous island is obliged to answer a question put to him, which is to be somewhat intricate and difficult. By his answer, the people are enabled to measure their new governor's understanding, and, accordingly, are either glad or sorry for his coming."

While the steward was saying this, Sancho was staring at some capital letters written on the wall opposite to his chair; and because he could not read, he asked what that painting

was on the wall. He was answered, "Sir, it is there written on what day your honour took possession of this island; and the inscription runs thus:—This day (such a day of the month and year) Signor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island; and long may he enjoy it."—"And pray," said he, "who is it they call Don Sancho Panza?"—"Your lordship," answered the steward; "for no other Panza besides him now in the chair ever came into this island."—"Take notice, brother," replied Sancho, "Don does not belong to me, nor ever did to any of my family. I am called plain Sancho Panza; my father was a Sancho, and my grandfather a Sancho, and they were all Panzas, without any addition of dons or donnas: and I fancy there are more dons than stones in this island. But enough; on with your question, master steward, and I will answer the best I can."

At this instant two men came into the court, the one clad like a country-fellow, and the other like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand; and the tailor said, "My Lord Governor, I and this countryman come before your worship, by reason this honest man came yesterday to my shop (for saving your presence, I am a tailor), and, putting a piece of cloth into my hands, asked me, 'Sir, is there enough of this to make me a cap?' I, measuring the piece, answered 'Yes.' Now he imagining, as I imagine (and I imagined right), that doubtless I had a mind to cabbage some of the cloth, grounding his conceit upon his own knavery, and upon the common ill opinion had of tailors, bid me view it again, and see if there was not enough for two. I guessed his drift, and told him there was. My gentleman, persisting in his knavish intention, went on increasing the number of caps, and I adding to the number of 'Yes's,' till we came to five caps; and even now he came for them. I offered them to him, and he refuses to pay me for the making, and pretends I shall either return him his cloth, or pay him for it."—"Is all this so, brother?" demanded Sancho. "Yes," answered the man; "but, pray, my Lord, make him produce the five caps he has made me."—"With all my heart," answered the tailor; and pulling his hand from under his cloak,

he showed the five caps on the ends of his fingers and thumb, saying, "Here are the five caps this honest man would have me make; and not a shred of the cloth is left." Sancho set himself to consider a little, and then said, "I am of opinion this suit may be decided off-hand; and therefore I pronounce that the tailor lose the making, and the countryman the stuff, and that the caps be confiscated to the use of the poor; and there is an end of that."

The next that came before him were two old men, the one with a cane in his hand for a staff; and he without the staff said, "My Lord, some time ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold, upon condition he should return them on demand. I let him alone a good while without asking for them; but, at length, thinking he was negligent of the payment, I asked him more than once or twice for my money, and he not only refuses payment, but says I never lent him any such sum, and if I did, that he has already paid me; and I having no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the payment, I entreat your worship will take his oath; if he will swear he has returned me the money, I acquit him from this minute."—"What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?" said Sancho. To which the old fellow replied, "I confess, my Lord, he did lend me the money; and, if your worship pleases to hold down your wand of justice, I will swear I have really and truly returned it him." The governor held down the wand, and the old fellow gave the staff to his creditor to hold while he was swearing; and presently laying his hand upon the cross of the wand, said, it was true indeed he had lent him those ten crowns he asked for, but that he had restored them to him into his own hand; and because, he supposed, he had forgotten it, he was every moment asking him for them. Which the governor seeing, he asked the creditor what he had to answer to what the other had alleged. He replied, he did not doubt but his debtor had said the truth, and that he himself must have forgotten when and where the money was returned; and that from thenceforward he would never ask him for it again. The debtor took his staff again, and, bowing his head, went out of court. Sancho seeing this, and that he

was gone without more ado, and observing also the patience of the creditor, inclined his head upon his breast, and continued, as it were, full of thought a short space; then, lifting up his head, he ordered the old man with the staff, who was already gone, to be called back. He was brought back accordingly; and Sancho, said "Give me that staff, honest friend, for I have occasion for it."—"With all my heart," answered the old fellow, and delivered it into his hand. Sancho took it, and giving it to the other old man, said, "Go about your business, for you are paid."—"I, my Lord?" answered the old man; "what! is this cane worth ten golden crowns?"—"Yes," said the governor, "or I am the greatest dunce in the world; and now it shall appear whether I have a head to govern a whole kingdom." Straight he commanded the cane to be broken before them all; which being done, there were found in the hollow of it ten crowns of gold. All were struck with admiration, and took their new governor for a second Solomon. They asked him whence he had collected that the ten crowns were in the cane. He answered that, upon seeing the old man give it his adversary while he was taking the oath, and swearing that he had really and truly restored them into his hands, and, when he had done, ask for it again, it came into his imagination that the money in dispute must be in the hollow of the cane. At length, both the old men marched off, the one ashamed, and the other satisfied; the by-standers were surprised, and the secretary, who minuted down the words, actions, and behaviour of Sancho Panza, could not determine with himself whether he should set him down for a wise man or a fool.

They conducted Sancho Panza from the court of justice to a sumptuous palace, where, in a great hall, was spread an elegant and splendid table; and, as soon as Sancho entered the hall, the waits struck up, and in came four pages with water to wash his hands, which he received with great gravity. The music ceasing, he sat down at the upper end of the table; for there was but that one chair, and no other napkin or plate. A personage, who afterwards proved to be a physician, placed himself, standing, on one side of him, with a whalebone rod in his

hand, and then they removed a very fine white cloth, which covered several fruits and a great variety of eatables. One, who looked like a student, said grace, and a page put a laced bib under Sancho's chin. Another, who played the sewer's part, set a plate of fruit before him ; but scarce had he eaten a bit, when he of the wand touching the dish with it, the waiters snatched it away from before him with great haste, but the sewer set another dish of meat in its place. Sancho was going to try it, but before he could reach or taste it, the wand had been already at it, and a page whipped that away also with as much speed as he had done the fruit. Sancho, seeing it, was surprised, and, looking about him, asked if this repast was to be eaten like a show of sleight of hand? To which he of the wand replied, "My Lord Governor, I am a physician, and have an appointed salary in this island for serving the governors of it in that capacity ; and I consult their healths much more than my own, studying night and day, and sounding the governor's constitution, the better to know how to cure him when he is sick. My principal business is, to attend at his meals, to let him eat of what I think is most proper for him, and to remove from him whatever I imagine will do him harm. Therefore I ordered the dish of fruit to be taken away, as being too moist ; and that other dish of meat I also ordered away, as being too hot, and having in it too much spice, which increases thirst."—"Well then," said Sancho ; "yon plate of roasted partridges, which seemed to me to be very well seasoned, will they do me any harm?" To which the doctor answered, "My Lord Governor shall not eat a bit of them while I have life."—"Pray, why not?" asked Sancho. The physician answered, "Because Hippocrates says, 'All repletion is bad, but that of partridges the worst of all.'"—"If it be so," said Sancho, "pray see, Signor Doctor, of all the dishes upon this table, which will do me most good, and which least harm, and let me eat of it, without conjuring it away with your wand ; for, by the life of the governor, I am dying with hunger ; and to deny me my victuals is rather the way to shorten my life than to lengthen it."—"Your worship is in the right, my Lord Governor," answered

the physician ; “ and therefore, I am of opinion, you should not eat of yon stewed rabbits ; of that veal, perhaps you might pick a bit, were it not ‘ a-la-daubed ; ’ but as it is, not a morsel.” Said Sancho, “ That great dish, smoking yonder, I take to be an ‘ olla-podrida,’ and amidst the diversity of things contained in it, surely I may light upon something both wholesome and toothsome.”—“ *Absit*—away with it,” said the doctor ; “ far be such a thought from us ; there is not worse nutriment in the world than your ‘ olla-podridas.’ Therefore, what I would advise at present for Signor Governor’s eating to preserve his health, is, about an hundred of rolled-up wafers, and some thin slices of marmalade, that may sit easy upon the stomach and help digestion.” Sancho, hearing this, threw himself backward in his chair, and, surveying the doctor from head to foot, with a grave voice, asked him his name, and where he had studied. To which he answered, “ My Lord Governor, I am called Dr Pedro Positive ; I am a native of a place called Take-Yourself-Away, lying between Caraquel and Almoddobar del Campo, on the right hand, and have taken my doctor’s degree in the University of Ossuna.” To which Sancho, burning with rage, answered, “ Why then, Signor Dr Pedro Positive, native of Take-Yourself-Away, lying on the right hand as we go from Caraquel to Almoddobar del Campo, graduate in Ossuna, get out of my sight this instant, or I will take a cudgel, and, beginning with you, will so lay about me, that there shall not be left one physician in the whole island, at least of those I find to be ignorant ; as for those that are learned, prudent, and discreet, I shall respect and honour them as divine persons. And I say again, let Pedro Positive quit my presence, or I shall take this chair I sit upon, and fling it at his head ; and if I am called to an account for it before the judge, when I am out of office, I will justify myself by saying I did good service in killing a bad physician, the hangman of the public. And give me something to eat, or take back your government ; for an office that will not find a man in victuals is not worth two beans.”

The doctor was frightened at seeing the governor in such a rage, and would have taken himself out of the hall, had not the

sound of a post-horn been heard that instant in the street. The sewer going to the window, and looking out, came back, saying, "A courier is arrived from my lord duke, and must certainly have brought some despatches of importance." The courier entered in a hurry, and, pulling a packet out of his bosom, delivered it into the governor's hands; and Sancho gave it to the steward, bidding him read the superscription, which was this, "To Don Sancho Panza, Governor of the island of Barataria, to be delivered into his own hands, or into his secretary's." Which Sancho hearing, said, "Which is my secretary here?" One of those present answered, "I am he, sir; for I can read and write, and am a Biscainer."—"With that addition," said Sancho, "you may very well be secretary to the emperor himself; open the packet, and see what it contains." The new-born secretary did so, and having cast his eye over the contents, said it was a business which required privacy. Sancho commanded the hall to be cleared, and that none should stay but the steward and the sewer; and all the rest, with the physician, being withdrawn, the secretary read the following letter:—

"It is come to my knowledge, Signor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine, and of the island, intend one of these nights to assault it furiously. You must be watchful and diligent, that they may not attack you unprepared. I am informed also, by trusty spies, that four persons in disguise are got into the island, to take away your life, because they are in fear of your abilities. Have your eyes about you, and be careful who is admitted to speak to you, and be sure eat nothing sent you as a present. I will take care to send you assistance, if you are in any want of it. And, upon the whole, I do not doubt but you will act as is expected from your judgment.—Your friend,

"THE DUKE.

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

Sancho was astonished, and the rest seemed to be so too; and, turning to the steward, he said, "The first thing to be

done, is, to clap Dr Positive into prison ; for if anybody has a design to kill me, it is he, and that by a lingering and the worst of deaths, by hunger. Said the steward, "It is my opinion your honour would do well to eat nothing of all this meat here upon the table ; for it was presented by some nuns ; and there is no knowing what mischief they may have been hatching."—"I grant it," said Sancho ; "so for the present give me only a piece of bread, and some four pound of grapes : no poison can be conveyed in them ; for, in short, I cannot live without eating ; and, if we must hold ourselves in readiness for these wars that threaten us, it will be necessary we should be well victualled. And you, secretary, answer my lord duke, and tell him his commands shall be punctually obeyed, just as he gives them ; and present my humble service to my lady duchess, and beg her not to forget sending my letter and the bundle by a special messenger to my wife Teresa Panza. And, by the way, you may put in a service to my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see I am grateful bread ; and, like a good secretary, and a staunch Biscainer, you may add what you please, or what will turn to best account. And, pray, take away the cloth, and give me something to eat ; for I will deal well enough with all the spies, murderers, and enchanters that shall attack me or my island."

Now a page came in, and said, "Here is a countryman about business, who would speak with your lordship concerning an affair, as he says, of great importance."—"A strange case this," said Sancho, "that these men of business should be so silly as not to see that such hours as these are not proper for business ! What ! belike we who govern and are judges, are not made of flesh and bones, like other men ? Are we made of marble stone, that we must not refresh at times when necessity requires it ? Upon my conscience, if my government lasts, as I have a glimmering it will not, I shall hamper more than one of these men of business. Bid this honest man come in, for this once ; but first see that he be not one of the spies, or one of my murderers."—"No, my Lord," answered the page ; "he looks like a pitcher-souled fellow ; and I know little, or he is as harm-

less as a piece of bread.”—“You need not fear,” said the steward, “while we are present.”—“Is it not possible, sewer,” asked Sancho, “now that the Dr Pedro Positive is not here, for me to eat something of substance and weight, though it were but a luncheon of bread and an onion?”—“To-night at supper,” replied the sewer, “amends shall be made for the defects of dinner, and your lordship shall have no cause to complain.”—“Heaven grant it,” answered Sancho, who soon made an end of the countryman’s business; sending him off briskly, and calling him “saucy bumpkin,” “impudent scoundrel,” “rascal,” “idiot,” “Don Lubberly;” for the fellow, to carry out the duke’s jest, had come coolly asking the governor for six hundred crowns, to set up his son’s housekeeping, a demand that nearly drove Sancho, who was not in the secret, frantic.

The man got him out with all speed; and when Dr Pedro returned to the hall, Sancho, whose temper was still hot, turned to him, saying, “I now plainly perceive that judges and governors ought to be made of brass, if they would be insensible of importunities of your men of business, who, being intent upon their own affairs alone, come what will of it, at all hours, and at all times, will needs be heard and despatched; and if the poor judge does not hear and despatch them, either because he cannot, or because it is not the proper time for giving them audience, presently they murmur and traduce him, gnawing his very bones, and calumniating him and his family. Foolish man of business, impertinent man of business, be not in such haste; wait for the proper season and conjuncture for negotiation; come not at dinner-time, nor at bed-time, for judges are made of flesh and blood, and must give to their nature what their nature requires: except only poor I, who do not so by mine; thanks to Signor Pedro Positive of Take-Yourself-Away here present, who would have me die of hunger, and affirms that this kind of dying is in order to live. I wish the same life to him and all those of his tribe—I mean, bad physicians—for good ones deserve palms and laurels.” All who knew Sancho Panza were in admiration to hear him talk so well, and the result was, that Dr Pedro promised he should sup that night,

though it were contrary to all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this the governor rested satisfied, expecting with great impatience the coming of the night, and the hour of supper ; and though time, to his thinking, stood stock-still, yet at length the wished-for hour came, when they gave him some cow-beef, hashed with onions, and calves' feet, somewhat of the stalest, boiled. However, he laid about him with more relish than if they had given him all sorts of niceties ; and, in the midst of supper, turning to the doctor, he said, " Look you, master doctor, henceforward take no care to provide me your nice things to eat, nor your titbits ; for it will be throwing my stomach quite off the hinges, which is accustomed to goat's-flesh, cow-beef and bacon, with turnips and onions ; and if perchance you give it court-kickshaws, it receives them with squeamishness, and sometimes with loathing. What master sewer here may do, is to get me some of those eatables you call your ' olla-podridas,' and the stronger they are the better ; for so it be an eatable, I shall take it kindly, and will one day make you amends : and let nobody play upon me ; for either we are, or we are not : let us all live and eat together in peace and good friendship ; for when ' God sends daylight, it is day for everybody.' I will govern this island without losing my own right or taking away another man's ; and let every one keep a good look-out, and mind each man his own business ; for I would have them to know, that if they put me upon it, they shall see wonders."— " Certainly, my Lord Governor," said the sewer, " there is reason in all your worship says, and I dare engage, in the name of all islanders of this island, that they will serve your worship with all punctuality, love, and good-will ; for your sweet way of governing from the very first leaves us no room to do or to think anything that may redound to the disservice of your worship."—" I believe it," answered Sancho, " and they would be fools if they did or thought otherwise. And I tell you again to take care for my sustenance, and for my Dapple's, which is what is most important in this business ; and when the hour comes, we will go the round ; for it is my intention to clear this island of all manner of vagabonds, idlers, and sharpers. For

you must understand, friends, that idle and lazy people in a commonwealth are the same as drones in a bee-hive, which eat the honey that the industrious bees lay up in store. My design is to protect the peasants, preserve to the gentry their privileges, reward ingenious artists, and, above all, to have regard to religion, and to the honour of the clergy. What think ye of this, my friends ?"—“ My Lord Governor,” answered the steward, “ speaks so well, that I wonder to hear a man so void of learning as your worship, who, I believe, cannot so much as read, say such and so many things, all so instructive, and so far beyond all that could be expected from your worship’s former understanding by those who sent us, and by us who are come hither. But every day produces new things : jests turn into earnest, and jokers are joked upon.”

The night came, and the governor having supped with the licence of Signor Dr Positive, they prepared for going the round, and he set out with the secretary, the steward, the sewer, and the historiographer, who had the care of recording his actions, together with sergeants and notaries enough to have formed a tolerable battalion. In the midst of them marched Sancho, with his white rod of office ; and having traversed a few streets, they heard the clashing of swords. They hastened to the place, and found two men fighting ; who, seeing the officers coming, desisted, and one of them said, “ Help, in the name of God and the king ! Is it permitted in this town to rob folks, and set upon them in the streets ?”—“ Hold, honest man,” said Sancho, “ and tell me what is the occasion of this fray ; for I am the governor.” The other replied, “ My Lord Governor, your honour must understand that this gentleman is just come from winning, in that gaming-house over the way, above a hundred crowns ; and I, being present, gave judgment in his favour, in many a doubtful point, against the dictates of my conscience. Up he got with the winnings, and, when I expected he would have given me a crown at least, by way of present, as is the usage and custom among gentlemen of distinction to such as I am, who stand by, ready at all risks to back unreasonable demands and to prevent quarrels, he pocketed up his money,

and went out of the house. I followed him in dudgeon, and, with good words and civil expressions, desired him to give me though it were but a crown piece—since he knows I am a man of honour, and have neither office nor benefice, my parents having brought me up to nothing, and left me nothing—and this knave would give me but half-a-crown. Judge, my Lord Governor, how little shame, and how little conscience he has. But, in faith, had it not been for your honour's coming, I would have made him disgorge his winnings and have taught him how many ounces go to the pound.”—“What say you to this, friend?” asked Sancho. The other answered, that all his adversary had said was true, and he did not intend to give him more than a half-crown, for he was often giving him something ; and, for proof of his being an honest man, and no cheat, as the other alleged, there could be no stronger proof than his refusal to comply with his demand ; for cheats are always tributaries to the lookers-on, who know them. “That is true,” said the steward ; “be pleased, my Lord Governor, to adjudge what shall be done with these men.”—“What shall be done is this,” answered Sancho : “You, master winner, good, bad, or indifferent, give your hackster here immediately ten crowns, and pay down six more for the poor prisoners ; and you, sir, who have neither office nor benefice, and live without any employment in this island, take these ten crowns instantly, and some time tomorrow get out of this island for ten years, on pain, if you transgress, of finishing your banishment in the next life, for I will hang you on a gallows, or at least the hangman shall do it for me : and let no man reply, lest I punish him severely.” The one disbursed ; the other received : the one went out of the island ; the other went home to his house : and the governor said, “It shall cost me a fall, or I will demolish these gaming-houses ; for I have a suspicion that they are very prejudicial.”

And now up came a servant, having laid hold of a young man, and said, “My Lord Governor, this youth was coming towards us ; but, as soon as he perceived it was the round, he faced about, and began to run like a stag—a sign he must be some delinquent. I pursued him, and, had he not stumbled and

fallen, I should never have overtaken him.”—“Why did you fly, young man?” asked Sancho. The youth replied, “My Lord, to avoid answering the multitude of questions officers are wont to ask.”—“What trade are you?” said Sancho. “A weaver,” answered the youth. “And what do you weave?” asked Sancho. “Iron heads for spears, an’ it please your worship.”—“You are pleasant with me, and value yourself upon being a joker,” said Sancho; “it is very well; and whither were you going?”—“To take the air, sir,” replied the lad. “And pray, where do people take the air in this island?” said Sancho. “Where it blows,” answered the youth. “Good,” said Sancho; “you answer to the purpose; you are a discreet youth. But now, make account that I am the air, and that I blow in your poop, and drive you to gaol. Here, lay hold on him, and carry him to prison; I will make him sleep there to-night without air.”—“Your honour can no more make me sleep there than you can make me a king,” replied the youth. “Why cannot I make you sleep in prison?” demanded Sancho; “have I not power to confine or release you, as I please?”—“How much power soever your worship may have, you have not enough to make me sleep in prison.”—“Why not?” replied Sancho.—“Away with him immediately, where he shall see his mistake with his own eyes; and I will sconce the gaoler in the penalty of two thousand crowns, if he suffers you to stir a step from the prison.”—“All this is matter of laughter,” answered the youth; “the business is, I defy all the world to make me sleep this night in prison.”—“Tell me, baboon,” quoth Sancho; “have you some angel to deliver you, and unloose the fetters I intend to have clapped on you?”—“My Lord Governor,” answered the youth, with an air of pleasantry, “let us abide by reason, and come to the point. Supposing your worship orders me to gaol, to be loaded with chains and fetters, and clapped into the dungeon, with heavy penalties laid upon the gaoler, if he lets me stir out; and let us suppose these orders punctually obeyed; yet, for all that, if I have no mind to sleep, but to keep awake all night, without so much as shutting my eyelids, can your worship, with all your power, make me sleep whether I will or no?”—“No, certainly,” said

the secretary ; “ and the man has carried his point.”—“ So that,” said Sancho, “ you would forbear sleeping, only to have your own will, and not out of pure contradiction to mine ? ”—“ No, my Lord,” said the youth, “ not even in thought.”—“ Then good-bye to you,” quoth Sancho ; “ go home to sleep, and I wish you a good night’s rest ; but I will advise you, for the future, not to be so jocose with officers of justice ; for you may meet with one that may lay the joke over your noddle.”

CHAPTER XX.

Sancho's wife and daughter—A bundle of letters.



HE duchess, proceeding in her design of making sport with Don Quixote, at this time despatched the page, who had acted the part of Dulcinea in the project of her disenchantment, to Teresa Panza, with her husband's letter (for Sancho was so taken up with his government, that he had quite forgotten it), with another from herself, and a large string of rich corals by way of present.

Now the page was very discreet and sharp, and, being extremely desirous to please his lord and lady, he departed with a very good will for Sancho's village. Being arrived near it, he saw some women washing in a brook, of whom he demanded if they could tell him whether one Teresa Panza, wife of one Sancho Panza, squire to a knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha, lived in that town. At which question, a young girl, who was washing, started up and said, "That Teresa Panza is my mother, and that Sancho my father, and that knight our master."—"Come then, damsel," said the page, "and bring me to your mother; for I have a letter and a present for her from that same father of yours."—"That I will with all my heart, sir," answered the girl, who seemed to be about fourteen years of age: and, leaving the linen she was washing to one of her companions, she ran skipping along, bare-legged, before the page's horse, saying, "Come along, sir; for our house stands just at the entrance of the village, and there you will find my mother in pain enough for not having heard any news of my father this great while." Jumping, running, and capering, the girl came to the village, and before she got into

the house, she called aloud at the door, "Come forth, mother Teresa, come forth, come forth! for here is a gentleman who brings letters and other things from my good father." At which voice her mother Teresa Panza came out, spinning a distaff full of tow, having on a gray petticoat, so short, that it looked as if it had been docked at the pocket-hole, with a gray boddice also, and her under-sleeves hanging about it. She was not very old, though she seemed to be above forty, but was strong, hale, sinewy, and hard as a hazel-nut. She, seeing her daughter, and the page on horseback, said, "What is the matter, girl? what gentleman is this?"—"It is an humble servant of my Lady Donna Teresa Panza," answered the page. And so saying, he flung himself from his horse, and, with great respect, went and kneeled before the Lady Teresa, saying, "Be pleased, Signora Donna Teresa, to give me your ladyship's hand to kiss as being the wife of Signor Don Sancho Panza, sole governor of the island of Barataria."—"Ah, dear sir, forbear, do not so," answered Teresa; "for I am no court dame, but a poor country-woman, daughter of a ploughman, and wife of a squire-errant, and not of any governor at all."—"Your ladyship," answered the page, "is the most worthy wife of an arch-worthy governor; and, for proof of what I say, be pleased, madam, to receive this letter, and this present." Then he pulled out of his pocket a string of corals, each bead in gold; and putting it about her neck, said, "This letter is from my lord governor, and another that I have here, and these corals, are from my lady duchess, who sends me to your ladyship." Teresa was amazed, and her daughter neither more nor less; and the girl said, "May I be whipped, if our master Don Quixote be not at the bottom of this business, and has given my father the government, or earldom, he so often promised him."—"It is even so," answered the page; "and for Signor Don Quixote's sake, my lord Sancho is now governor of the island of Barataria, as you will see by this letter."—"Pray, young gentleman," said Teresa, "be pleased to read it; for, though I can spin, I cannot read a tittle."—"Nor I either," added Sanchia; "but stay a little, and I will go call somebody that can."—"There is no need of calling anybody," replied the

page ; “ for though I cannot spin, I can read, and will read it.” So he read it. Then he pulled out that from the duchess, which was as follows :—

“ FRIEND TERESA,

“ The good qualities of your husband Sancho induced me to desire the duke, my spouse, to give him the government of one of the many islands he has. I am informed he governs like any hawk ; at which I and my lord duke are mightily pleased ; and I give great thanks to Heaven that I have not been deceived in my choice of him for the said government. For let me tell Madam Teresa, it is a difficult thing to find a good governor now-a-days, and I trust I may be as good, as Sancho governs well. I send you hereby, my dear, a string of corals set in gold : I wish they were of oriental pearl ; but, ‘ Whoever gives thee an egg, has no mind to see thee dead.’ The time will come when we shall be better acquainted and converse together, and who knows what may happen. Commend me to Sanchia, your daughter. I am told the acorns of your town are very large ; pray, send me some two dozen of them ; for I shall esteem them very much, as coming from your hand : and write to me immediately, advising me of your health and welfare ; and if you want anything, you need but open your mouth, and your mouth shall be measured.—Your loving friend,

“ THE DUCHESS.”

“ Ah !” said Teresa, at hearing the letter, “ how good, how plain, how humble a lady ! See here how this good lady, though she be a duchess, calls me friend, and treats me as if I were her equal. As to the acorns, sir, I will send her ladyship a pocketful, and such as, for their bigness, people may come to see and admire from far and near. And for the present, Sanchia, see and make much of this gentleman : take care of his horse, and bring some new-laid eggs out of the stable, and slice some rashers of bacon, and let us entertain him like any prince ; for the good news he has brought us deserves no less ; and, meanwhile, I will step and carry my neighbours the news

of our joy, especially to the priest, and master Nicholas the barber, who are, and always have been, your father's great friends."—"Yes, mother, I will," answered Sanchia; "but mind you, I must have half that string of corals; for I do not take my lady duchess sent it all to you."—"It is all for you, daughter," answered Teresa; "but let me wear it a few days about my neck; for truly methinks it cheers my very heart."—"You will be no less cheered," said the page, "when you see the bundle I have in this portmanteau: it is a habit of superfine cloth, which the governor wore only one day at a hunting-match, and has sent it all to Signora Sanchia."

Teresa now went out of the house with the letters, the beads about her neck; and accidentally meeting the priest, with Sampson Carrasco, she began to dance, and say, "In faith, we have no poor relations now; we have got a government: ay, ay, let the proudest gentlewoman of them all meddle with me; I will make her know her distance."—"What is the matter, Teresa Panza? what nonsense is this? and what papers are those?" demanded the priest. "No other nonsense" said she, "but that these are letters from duchesses and governors, and these about my neck are true coral, with some of beaten gold; and I am a governess."—"Heaven help us, Teresa," replied they; "we know not what you mean."—"Believe your own eyes," answered Teresa, giving them the letters. The priest read them so as that Sampson Carrasco heard the contents; and Sampson and the priest stared at each other, as surprised at what they read. The bachelor demanded, who had brought those letters. Teresa answered, "If they would come home with her to her house, they should see the messenger, and that he had brought her another present, worth twice as much." The priest took the corals from her neck, and, being satisfied they were right, began to wonder afresh, and said, "I know not what to say, or what to think of these letters, and these presents. On one hand I see and feel the fineness of these corals, and on the other hand I read, that a duchess sends to desire a dozen or two of acorns." Said Carrasco, "Let us go and see the bearer of this packet, who may give us some light into these

difficulties which puzzle us." They did so, and Teresa went back with them.

They found the page sifting a little barley for his horse, and Sanchia cutting a rasher to fry, and pave it with eggs, for the page's dinner ; whose good appearance pleased them both very much. After they had saluted him, and he them, Sampson desired him to tell them news both of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. To which the page answered, "That Signor Sancho Panza is a governor, there is no manner of doubt ; and of a place containing above a thousand inhabitants. As to the acorns, I say, my lady duchess is so humble and affable, that her sending to beg acorns of a countrywoman is nothing ; for ere now, she has sent to borrow a comb of one of her neighbours."

While they were in the midst of this discourse, in came Sanchia with a lapful of eggs, and said to the page, "Pray, sir, does my father, now he is a governor, wear trunk-hose?"—"I never observed that," answered the page ; "but doubtless he does."—"Well !" replied Sanchia, "what a sight must it be to see my father with laced breeches ! Is it not strange, that ever since I was born I have longed to see my father with his breeches laced to his girdle?"—"I warrant you will, if you live," answered the page. The priest and the bachelor easily perceived that the page spoke jestingly ; but the fineness of the corals and the hunting-suit which Sancho had sent (for Teresa had already showed them it) undid all. Nevertheless, they could not forbear smiling at Sanchia's longing, and more when Teresa said, "Master priest, do so much as inquire if anybody be going to Madrid or Toledo, who may buy me a farthingale completely made, and fashionable, and one of the best that is to be had ; for verily, verily, I intend to honour my husband's government as much as I can ; and, if they vex me, I will get me to this court myself, and ride in my coach as well as the best of them there ; for she who has a governor for her husband, may very well have one, and maintain it too."—"Ay, marry," said Sanchia, "and I would it were to-day rather than to-morrow, though folks that saw me seated in that coach with my lady

mother should say, 'Do but see such-a-one, daughter of such-a-one, how she sits in state, and lolls in her coach like the pope's lady!' But let them jeer, so they trudge in the dirt, and I ride in my coach with my feet above the ground. Say I well, mother?"—"Ay, mighty well, daughter," answered Teresa; "and my good man Sancho foretold me all this, and even greater good luck; and, you shall see, daughter, it will never stop till it has made me a countess; for to be lucky, the whole business is to begin; and as I have often heard your good father say, who, as he is yours, is also the father of proverbs, 'When they give you a heifer, make haste with the halter;' so, when a government is given you, seize it; when they give you an earldom, lay your claws on it; and when they whistle to you with a good gift, snap at it. No, no; sleep on, and do not answer to the lucky hits and the good fortune that stand calling at the door of your house."

The priest, hearing this, said, "I cannot believe but that all of this race of the Panzas were born with a bushel of proverbs in their inside; I never saw one of them who did not scatter them about, at all times, and in all the discourses they ever held."—"I believe so too," said the page, "for my lord governor Sancho utters them at every step; and though many of them are wide of the purpose, still they please, and my lady duchess and the duke commend them highly."—"You persist then in affirming, sir," said the bachelor, "that this business of Sancho's government is real and true, and that these presents and letters are really sent by a duchess?"—"All I know of myself, gentlemen," answered the page, "is, that I am a real messenger, and that Signor Sancho Panza actually is a governor; and that my lord duke and my lady duchess can give, and have given, the said government; and I have heard it said, that the said Sancho Panza behaves himself most notably in it. But come one of you gentlemen along with me, and you shall see with your eyes what you will not believe by the help of your ears."—"That jaunt is for me," said Sanchia: "take me behind you, sir, upon your nag; for I will go with all my heart to see my honoured father."—"The daughters of governors," said the

page, "must not travel alone, but attended with coaches, and litters, and good store of servants."—"Nonsense," answered Sanchia, "I can travel as well upon an ass's colt as in a coach; I am none of your tender, squeamish folks."—"Peace, wench," said Teresa; "you know not what you say, and the gentleman is in the right; for, 'According to reason, each thing in its season:' when it was Sancho, it was Sancha; and when governor, madam. Said I amiss?"—"Madam Teresa says more than she imagines," said the page; "and, pray give me to eat, and despatch me quickly; for I intend to return home this night." To which the priest said, "Come, sir, and do penance with me; for Madam Teresa has more good-will than good cheer, to welcome so worthy a guest." The page refused at first, but at length thought it most for his good to comply. The bachelor offered Teresa to write answers to her letters; but she would not let him meddle in her matters, for she looked upon him as somewhat of a wag; and she gave a roll of bread and a couple of eggs to a young novice friar, who wrote for her two letters, one for her husband, and the other for the duchess, both of her own inditing.

But to return to our governor. The steward spent the remainder of the night, after going the round, in writing to his lord and lady what Sancho Panza said and did; equally wondering at his deeds and sayings; for his words and actions were intermixed with strong indications both of discretion and folly. When Signor Governor got up, by the direction of Dr Pedro Positive, they gave him, to break his fast, a little conserve and four draughts of cold water; which Sancho would gladly have exchanged for a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes. But, seeing it was more by force than good-will, he submitted to it with sufficient grief to his soul, and toil to his stomach; Pedro Positive making him believe that, to eat but little, and that of slight things, quickened the judgment, which was the properest thing that could be for persons appointed to rule and bear offices of dignity; in which there is not so much occasion for bodily strength as for that of the understanding. By means of this sophistry, Sancho endured hunger to such a degree,

that inwardly he cursed the government, and even him that gave it.

However, with his hunger and his conserve, he sat in judgment that day ; and the first thing that offered was a question proposed by a stranger, the steward and the rest of the assistants being present all the while. It was this : “ My Lord, a main river divides the two parts of one lordship. Pray, my Lord, be attentive, for it is a case of importance, and somewhat difficult. I say then, that upon this river stood a bridge, and at the head of it a gallows, and a kind of court-house, in which there were commonly four judges, whose office it was to give sentence according to a law enjoined by the owner of the river, of the bridge, and of the lordship ; which law was in this form : ‘ Whoever passes over this bridge, from one side to the other, must first take an oath from whence he comes, and what business he is going about ; and if he swears true, they shall let him pass, but if he tells a lie, he shall die for it upon yonder gallows, without any remission.’ This law being known, several persons passed over ; for, by what they swore, it was soon perceived they swore the truth, and the judges let them pass freely. Now it fell out that a certain man, taking the oath, swore and said, by the oath he had taken, he was going to die upon the gallows which stood there, and that this was his business, and no other. The judges deliberated upon the oath, and said, ‘ If we let this man pass freely, he swore a lie, and by the law he ought to die ; and if we hang him, he swore he went to die upon that gallows, and having sworn the truth, by the same law he ought to go free.’ It is now demanded of my Lord Governor, how the judges shall proceed with this man, for they are still doubtful ; and being informed of the acuteness of your lordship’s understanding, they have sent me to beseech your lordship to give your opinion in so intricate and doubtful a case.” To which Sancho answered, “ For certain these gentlemen, the judges, who sent you to me, might have saved themselves and you the labour, for I have more of the blunt than the acute in me ; nevertheless, repeat me the business over again, that I may understand it ; perhaps I may hit the mark.” The querist repeated what he had said

once or twice ; and Sancho said, " In my opinion, this affair may be briefly resolved, and it is thus : The man swears he is going to die on the gallows, and, if he is hanged, he swore the truth, and, by the law established, ought to be free, and to pass the bridge ; and if they do not hang him, he swore a lie, and by the same law ought to be hanged."—" It is just as the Signor Governor says," said the messenger. " I say then," replied Sancho, " that they let pass that part of the man that swore the truth, and hang that part that swore a lie ; and thus the condition of the passage will be literally fulfilled."—" If so, Signor Governor," replied the querist, " it will be necessary to divide the man into two parts, the false and the true ; and if he is cut asunder, he must necessarily die, and so there is not a tittle of the law fulfilled ; and there is an express necessity of fulfilling the law."—" Come hither, honest man," answered Sancho ; " either I am a very dunce, or there is as much reason to put this passenger to death, as to let him live and pass the bridge ; for if the truth saves him, the lie equally condemns him ; and this being so, as it really is, I am of opinion, that you tell those gentlemen who sent you to me that, since the reasons for condemning and acquitting him are equal, they let him pass freely ; for it is always commendable to do good rather than harm ; and this I would give under my hand, if I could write. In this case, I speak not of my own head, but upon recollection of a precept given me, among many others, by my master Don Quixote, the night before I set out to be governor of this island ; which was, that when justice happens to be in the least doubtful, I should incline and lean to the side of mercy ; and God has been pleased to make me remember it in the present case, in which it comes in so pat."—" It does so," answered the steward ; " and for my part, I think Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedæmonians, could not have given a better judgment than that now given by the great Panza. Let us have no more hearings this morning, and I will give order that Signor Governor shall dine to-day much to his satisfaction."—" That is what I desire, and let us have fair play," said Sancho. " Let me but dine, and bring me

cases and questions never so thick, I will despatch them in the snuffing of a candle."

The steward was as good as his word, making it a matter of conscience not to starve so discerning a governor; especially since he intended to come to a conclusion with him that very night, and to play him the last trick he had in commission.

It fell out then, that, having dined that day against all the rules and aphorisms of Dr Take-Yourself-Away, at taking away the cloth, a courier came in with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor. Sancho bid the secretary read it first to himself, and, if there was nothing in it that required secrecy, to read it aloud. The secretary did so, and, glancing over it, said, "Well may it be read aloud; for what Signor Don Quixote writes to your lordship deserves to be printed and written in letters of gold; and the contents are these:—

Don Quixote de la Mancha's Letter to Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island of Barataria.

"When I expected, friend Sancho, to have heard news of your negligences and impertinences, I have had accounts of your discretion; for which I give thanks to Heaven, that can make wise men of fools. I am told you govern with great humility of demeanour. But I would have you take notice, Sancho, that it is often necessary, for the sake of authority, to act in contradiction to the humility of the heart; for the decent adorning of the person in weighty employments must be conformable to what those offices require, and not according to the measure of what a man's own humble condition inclines him to. Go well-clad; for a broomstick well-dressed does not appear a broomstick. I do not mean that you should wear jewels or fine clothes, nor, being a judge, that you should dress like a soldier; but that you should adorn yourself with such a dress as suits your employment, and such as is neat and handsomely made. To gain the good-will of the people you govern, two things, among others, you must do: one is, to be civil to all (though I have already told you this), and the other is, to take care that there be plenty, since nothing is so discouraging to the poor as

hunger and dearness of provisions. Publish not many edicts, and when you do, see that they are good ones, and, above all, that they are well observed ; for edicts that are not kept are as if they had not been made, and serve only to show that the prince, though he had wisdom and authority sufficient to make them, had not the courage to see them put in execution ; and laws that intimidate at their publication, and are not executed, become like the king-log of the frogs, which terrified them at first, but in time they contemned him, and got upon his back. Be a father to virtue, and a stepfather to vice. Be not always severe, nor always mild, but choose the mean betwixt these two extremes. Visit the prisons, the shambles, and the markets ; for the presence of the governor in such places is of great importance. Comfort the prisoners, that they may hope to be quickly despatched. Be a bugbear to the butchers, who will then make their weights true ; and be a terror to the market-people for the same reason. Do not show yourself given to covetousness or gluttony ; for when the town, and those who have to do with you, find your ruling passion, by that they will play their engines upon you, till they have battered you down into the depth of destruction. View and review, consider and reconsider, the counsels and documents I gave you in writing before you went hence to your government ; and you will see how you will find in them a choice supply to help to support you under the toils and difficulties which governors meet with at every turn. Write to your patrons, the duke and duchess, and show yourself grateful ; for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins ; and the person who is grateful to those that have done him good, shows thereby that he will be so to God too, who has already done him, and is continually doing him, so much good.

“ My lady duchess has despatched a messenger with your suit, and another present to your wife, Teresa Panza ; we expect an answer every moment. I have been a little out of order with a certain cat-clawing which befell me, not much to the advantage of my nose ; but it was nothing ; for, if there are enchanters who persecute me, there are others who defend me. Let me know if

the steward, who is with you, had any hand in the actions of the Trifaldi, as you suspected ; and give me advice, from time to time, of all that happens to you, since the way is so short. I have thoughts of quitting this idle life very soon, for I was not born for it. A business has fallen out, which will, I believe, go near to bring me into disgrace with the duke and duchess. But though it afflicts me much, it affects not my will ; for, in short, I must comply with the rules of my profession, rather than with their pleasure, according to the old saying, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica Veritas*. I write this in Latin, for I persuade myself you have learned it since you have been a governor. And so farewell.—Your friend,

“DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.”

Sancho listened with great attention to the letter, which was applauded, and looked upon to be very judicious, by all that heard it. Presently Sancho rose from table, and, calling the secretary, shut himself up with him in his chamber, and without any delay, resolved immediately to send an answer to his lord, Don Quixote. He bid the secretary write what he should dictate to him. He did so, and the answer was of the tenor following :—

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

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

“My lord duke wrote to me the other day, giving me advice that certain spies were come into this island to kill me ; but hitherto I have been able to discover no other besides a certain doctor, who has a salary in this place for killing as many governors as shall come hither. He calls himself Dr Pedro Positive, and is a native of Take-Yourself-Away—a name sufficient

to make one fear dying by his hands. This same doctor says he does not cure distempers when people have them, but prevents their coming ; and the medicines he uses are diet upon diet, till he reduces the patient to bare bones ; as if a consumption were not a worse malady than a fever. In short, he is murdering me by hunger, and I am dying of despite ; for, instead of coming to this government to eat hot and drink cool, and to recreate my body between fine linen sheets upon beds of down, I am come to do penance, as if I were an hermit ; and, as I do it against my will, I verily think, at the long run, I shall make away with myself.

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

“ I visit the markets, as your worship advises me ; and yesterday I found a huckster-woman who sold new hazel-nuts, and it was proved upon her that she had mixed with the new a bushel of old rotten ones. I confiscated them all to the use of the charity-boys, who well know how to distinguish them, and sentenced her not to come into the market again for fifteen days. I am told I behaved bravely. What I can tell your worship is, that it is reported in this town that there is not a worse sort of people than your market-women ; and I verily believe it is so, by those I have seen in other places.

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

“ I would not wish you to have any cross-reckonings of disgust with our patrons the duke and duchess ; for, if your worship quarrels with them, it is plain it must redound to my damage ; and

since your worship advises me not to be ungrateful, it will not be proper you should be so yourself to those who have done you so many favours, and who have entertained you so generously in their castle.

“The cat business I understand not, but suppose it must be one of those unlucky tricks the wicked enchanters are wont to play your worship. I shall know more when we meet.

“I would willingly send your worship something or other, but I cannot tell what. If my employment holds, I will look out for something to send, right or wrong. If my wife, Teresa Panza, writes to me, be so kind as to pay the postage, and send me the letter; for I have a mighty desire to know the estate of my house, my wife, and my children. And so God deliver your worship from evil-minded enchanters, and bring me safe and sound out of this government, which I doubt; for I expect to lay my bones here, considering how Dr Pedro Positive treats me.—Your worship’s servant,

“SANCHO PANZA, the Governor.”

The letter was duly despatched; but before it got to its journey’s end, arrived the page who had carried the letters and presents to Teresa Panza, wife of the governor, Sancho Panza. The duke and duchess were much pleased, being desirous to know the success of his journey; and having asked him, the page desired their excellencies would be pleased to adjourn it to a private audience, and in the meantime to entertain themselves with those letters: then pulling out a couple, he put them into the hands of the duchess. The superscription of one was, “For my Lâdy Duchess Such-a-one, of I know not what place;” and the other, “To my husband Sancho Panza, Governor of the island of Barataria, whom God prosper more years than me.” The duchess’s cake was dough, as the saying is, till she had read her letter; and, opening it, she read aloud what follows:—

Teresa Panza’s Letter to the Duchess.

“MY LADY,

“The letter your grandeur wrote me gave me much satisfaction, and indeed I wished for it mightily. The string of corals

is very good, and my husband's hunting-suit comes not short of it. Our whole town is highly pleased that your ladyship has made my husband Sancho a governor; though nobody believes it, especially the priest, and master Nicholas the barber, and Sampson Carrasco the bachelor. But what care I? For so long as the thing is so as it really is, let every one say what they list; though, if I may own the truth, I should not have believed it myself, had it not been for the corals and the hunting-suit; for in this village everybody thinks my husband a dunce, and, take him from governing a flock of goats, they cannot imagine what government he can be good for. I am resolved, dear lady of my soul, with your ladyship's leave, to bring this good day home to my house, and hie me to court, to loll it in a coach, and burst the eyes of a thousand people that envy me already. And therefore I beg your excellency to order my husband to send me a little money, and let it be enough; for at court, expenses are great: bread sells for sixpence, and flesh for thirty farthings the pound—which is a judgment. And if he is not for my going, let him send me word in time; for my feet are in motion to begin my journey. My neighbours tell me, that if I and my daughter go fine and stately at court, my husband will be known by me, more than I by him; for folks, to be sure, will ask, 'What ladies are those in that coach?' and a footman of ours will answer, 'The wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, Governor of the island of Barataria;' and in this manner Sancho will be known, and I shall be esteemed.

"I am as sorry as sorry can be, that there has been no gathering of acorns this year in our village; but, for all that, I send your highness about half a peck. I went to the mountain to pick and cull them out, one by one, and I could find none larger; I wish they had been as big as ostrich eggs.

"Let not your pomposity forget to write to me, and I will take care to answer, advising you of my health, and of all that shall offer worth advising from this place, where I remain praying to our Lord to preserve your honour, and not to forget me. My daughter Sanchia and my son kiss your ladyship's hands.

“She, who has more mind to see your ladyship, than to write to you.—Your servant,

“TERESA PANZA.”

Great was the pleasure all received at hearing Teresa Panza's letter, especially the duke and duchess, who asked Don Quixote whether he thought it proper to open the letter for the governor, which must needs be most excellent. Don Quixote said, to please them, he would open it ; which he did, and found the contents as follows :—

Teresa Panza's Letter to her husband Sancho Panza.

“I received your letter, dear Sancho of my soul, and was within two fingers' breadth of running mad with satisfaction. Look you, brother, when I came to hear that you were a governor, methought I should have dropped down dead for mere joy. I had before my eyes the suit you sent me, and the corals sent by my lady duchess about my neck, and the letters in my hands, and the bearer of them present ; and, for all that, I believed and thought all I saw and touched was a dream ; for who could imagine that a goatherd should come to be a governor of islands ? You know, friend, my mother used to say, that one must live long to see much. I say this, because I think to see more if I live longer ; for I never expect to stop till I see you a farmer-general, or a collector of the customs—offices in which one is always taking and fingering of money. My lady duchess will tell you how I long to go to court. Consider of it, and let me know your mind ; for I will strive to do you credit there by riding in a coach. The priest, the barber, the bachelor, and even the sexton, cannot believe you are a governor, and say it is all delusion, or matter of enchantment, like all the rest of your master Don Quixote's affairs ; and Sampson says he will find you out, and take this government out of your head, and Don Quixote's madness out of his skull. I only laugh at them, and look upon my string of corals, and am contriving how to make my daughter a gown of the suit you sent me. I sent my lady duchess a parcel of acorns ; I wish they


had been of gold. Pr'ythee, send me some strings of pearl, if they are in fashion in that same island. Sanchia makes bone-lace, and gets eight farthings a day, which she drops into a till-box, to help towards household-stuff; but now that she is a governor's daughter, you will give her a fortune, and she need not work for it. The pump in our market-place is dried up. A thunderbolt fell upon the pillory; and there may they all light. I expect an answer to this, and your resolution about my going to court. And so God keep you more years than myself, or as many; for I would not willingly leave you in this world behind me.—Your wife,

“TERESA PANZA.”

The letters caused much laughter, applause, and admiration; and to put the seal to the whole, arrived the courier, who brought that which Sancho sent to Don Quixote; which was also publicly read, and occasioned the governor's simplicity to be matter of doubt. The duchess retired to learn of the page what had befallen him in Sancho's village; who related the whole very particularly, without leaving a circumstance unrecited. He gave her the acorns, as also a cheese, which Teresa gave him for a very good one, and better than those of Tronchon. The duchess received these with great satisfaction; and so we will leave them, to relate how ended the government of the great Sancho Panza, the flower and mirror of all island-governors.

CHAPTER XXI.

End of Sancho's government—Sancho sets off, on his ass, to the duke's castle—Falls into a pit—Gives an account of his government.

 ANCHO'S government came swiftly to an end ; for, being in bed the seventh night of the days of his government, he heard so great a noise of bells and voices, that he verily thought the whole island had been sinking. He sat up in his bed, and listened attentively, to see if he could guess at the cause of so great an uproar. But so far was he from guessing, that, the din of an infinite number of trumpets and drums joining the noise of the bells and voices, he was in greater confusion, and in more fear and dread than at first. So, getting upon his feet, he put on slippers, because of the dampness of the floor ; and, without putting on his night-gown, or anything like it, went out at his chamber door, and instantly perceived more than twenty persons coming along a gallery, with lighted torches in their hands, and their swords drawn, all crying aloud, " Arm, arm, my Lord Governor, arm ! for an infinite number of enemies are entered the island, and we are undone if your conduct and valour do not succour us." With this noise and uproar, they came where Sancho stood, astonished and stupefied with what he heard and saw. When they were come up to him, one of them said, " Arm yourself straight, my Lord, unless you would be ruined, and the whole island with you."—" What have I to do with arming," replied Sancho, " who know nothing of arms or succours ? It were better to leave these matters to my master

Don Quixote, who will despatch them and secure us in a trice ; for I understand nothing at all of these hurly-burlies.”—“Alack, Signor Governor,” said another, “what faint-heartedness is this? Arm yourself, sir ; come forth to the market-place, and be our leader and our captain, since you ought to be so, as being our governor.”—“Arm me then, by all means,” replied Sancho. And instantly they brought him a couple of old targets and clapped them over his shirt, the one before, and the other behind. They thrust his arms through certain holes they had made in them, and tied them well with some cord, insomuch that he remained walled and boarded up straight like a spindle, without being able to bend his knees, or walk one single step. Then they put a lance into his hand, upon which he leaned, to keep himself upon his feet. Thus accoutred they desired him to march, and to lead and encourage them all ; for, he being their north pole, and their lantern, and their morning-star, their affairs would have a prosperous issue. “How should I march, wretch that I am !” answered Sancho, “when I cannot stir my knee-pans ? for I am hindered by these boards, which press so close and hard upon my flesh. Your only way is to carry me in your arms, and lay me athwart or set me upright at some postern, which I will maintain either with my lance or my body.”—“Fie ! Signor Governor,” said another, “it is more fear, than the targets, that hinders your marching. Have done, for shame, and bestir yourself ; for it is late : the enemy increases, the cry grows louder, and the danger presses.”

At which persuasions and reproaches the poor governor tried to stir, and down he fell with such violence, that he thought he had dashed himself to pieces. He lay like a tortoise enclosed and covered with his shell, or like a flitch of bacon between two trays, or like a boat with the keel upwards upon the sands. And though they saw him fall, those jesting rogues had not the least compassion on him ; on the contrary, putting out their torches, they reinforced the clamour, and reiterated the alarm, with such hurry and bustle, trampling over poor Sancho, and giving him an hundred thwacks upon the targets, that, if he had not gathered himself up, and shrunk in his head between the

bucklers, it had gone hard with the poor governor ; who, crumpled up in that narrow compass, sweated and sweated again, and prayed Heaven to deliver him from that danger. Some stumbled, others fell over him ; and one there was who, getting a-top of him, stood there for a good while, and from thence, as from a watch-tower, commanded the troops, crying, with a loud voice, " This way, brave boys ; here the enemy charges thickest. Guard that postern ; shut yon gate ; down with those scaling-ladders ; this way with your caldrons of rosin, pitch, and burning oil ; barricade the streets with wool-packs." In short, he named, in the utmost hurry, all the necessary implements and engines of war used in defence of a city assaulted. The poor battered Sancho, who heard and bore all, said to himself, " Oh, if it were Heaven's good pleasure that this island were once lost, and I could see myself either dead or out of this great strait !" Heaven heard this petition, and, when he least expected it, he heard voices crying, " Victory, victory ! the enemy is routed ! Rise, Signor Governor, enjoy the conquest, and divide the spoils taken from the foe by the valour of that invincible arm."—" Let me be lifted up," said the dolorous Sancho, with a doleful voice. They helped him to rise ; and, when he was got upon his legs, he said, " May all the enemies I have vanquished be nailed to my forehead ; I will divide no spoils of enemies ; but I entreat and beseech some friend, if I have any, to give me a draught of wine, for I am almost choked ; and let me dry up this sweat, for I am melting away and turning into water." They rubbed him down ; they brought him wine ; they untied the targets. He sat down upon his bed ; and, swooning away with the fright, surprise, and fatigue he had undergone, those who had played him the trick began to be sorry they had laid it on so heavily. But Sancho's coming to himself moderated the pain they were in at his fainting away. He asked what o'clock it was ; they told him it was day-break. He held his peace, and without saying anything more, began to dress himself, all buried in silence. They all stared at him, in expectation of what would be the issue of his dressing himself in such haste.

In fine, having put on his clothes by little and little, for he was so bruised he could not do it hastily, he took the way to the stable, everybody present following him; then going to Dapple, he embraced him, gave him a kiss of peace on the forehead, and, not without tears in his eyes, said, "Come hither, my companion, my friend and partner in my fatigues and miseries. When I consorted with thee, and had no other thoughts but the care of mending thy furniture and feeding thy little carcase, happy were my hours, my days, and my years. But since I forsook thee, and mounted upon the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, and four thousand disquiets have entered into my soul." While he was talking thus, he went on saddling his ass, without anybody's saying a word to him. Dapple being saddled, he got upon him, with great pain and heaviness, and directing his speech to the steward, the secretary, the sewer, and Dr Pedro Positive, with many others that were present, said, "Give way, gentlemen, and suffer me to return to my ancient liberty. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands or cities from enemies that assault them. I better understand how to plough and dig, to prune and dress vines, than how to give laws, and defend provinces or kingdoms. In my hand a sickle is better than a governor's sceptre. I had rather have my fill of my own poor porridge than be subject to the misery of an impertinent physician who kills me with hunger; and I had rather lay myself down under the shade of an oak in summer, and equip myself with a double sheep-skin jerkin in winter, at my liberty, than lie, under the slavery of a government, between fine linen sheets, and be clothed in sables. Gentlemen, God be with you; and tell my lord duke, that 'naked was I born, and naked I am;' I neither win nor lose,—I mean, that without a penny came I to this government, and without a penny do I quit it—the direct reverse of governors of other islands. Give me way, and let me be gone to plaister myself; for I verily believe all my ribs are broken, thanks to the enemies who have been trampling upon me all night long."

"It must not be so, Signor Governor," said Dr Pedro Positive,

“for I will give your lordship a drink, good against falls and bruises, that shall presently restore you to your former health and vigour. And, as to the eating part, I give you my word I will amend that, and let you eat abundantly of whatever you have a mind to.”—“It comes too late,” answered Sancho; “I will as soon stay as turn Turk. These are not tricks to be played twice. I vow, I will no more continue in this, or accept of any other government, though it were served up to me in a covered dish, than I will fly to heaven without wings. I am of the race of the Panzas, who are all headstrong; and if they once cry, ‘Odds,’ odds it shall be, though it be even, in spite of all the world. In this stable let the ant’s wings remain, that raised me up in the air, to be exposed a prey to martlets and other small birds; and return we to walk upon plain ground, with a plain foot, for, if it be not adorned with Cordovan shoes, it will not want for hempen sandals. ‘Every sheep with its like;’ and ‘Stretch not your feet beyond your sheet;’ and so let me be gone; for it grows late.” To which the steward said, “Signor Governor, we will let your lordship depart with all our hearts, though we shall be very sorry to lose you; for your judgment and Christian procedure oblige us to desire your presence; but you know, that every governor is bound, before he leaves the place he has governed, to render an account of his administration. When your lordship has done so for the days you have held the government, you shall depart, and God’s peace be with you.”—“No; nobody can require that of me,” answered Sancho, “but whom my lord duke shall appoint. To him I am going, and to him it shall be given exactly. Besides, departing naked as I do, there needs surely no other proof of my having governed like an angel.”—“I declare the great Sancho is in the right,” said Dr Pedro; “and I am of opinion we should let him go; for the duke will be infinitely glad to see him.” They all consented, and suffered him to depart, offering first to bear him company, and to furnish every thing he desired, for the use of his person and the conveniency of his journey. Sancho said he desired only a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself; for, since

the way was so short, he stood in need of nothing more, nor any other provision. They all embraced him; and he, weeping, embraced them again, and left them in admiration, as well at his discourse as at his so resolute and discreet determination.

The night, somewhat dark and close, overtook Sancho before he got to the duke's castle; but, it being summer-time, it gave him no great concern; so he struck out of the road, proposing to wait for the morning. But his ill luck would have it that, in seeking a place where he might best accommodate himself, he and Dapple fell together into a very deep and dark pit among some ruins of old buildings; and as he was falling, he recommended himself to God with his whole heart, not expecting to stop till he came to the depth of the abyss. But it fell out otherwise; for, a little beyond three fathoms, Dapple felt ground, and Sancho found himself on his back, without having received any damage or hurt at all. He fell to feeling his body all over, and held his breath, to see if he was sound or bored through in any part; and finding himself well, whole, and in health, thought he could never give sufficient thanks to God for the mercy extended to him; for he verily thought he had been beaten into a thousand pieces. He felt also with his hands about the sides of the pit, to see if it was possible to get out without help; but he found them all smooth, and without any hold or footing; at which he was much grieved, especially when he heard Dapple groan most tenderly and sadly, and no wonder; nor did he lament out of wantonness, being, in truth, not over well situated. "Alas!" said Sancho Panza then, "what unexpected accidents perpetually befall those who live in this miserable world! Who could have thought that he who yesterday saw himself enthroned a governor of an island, commanding his servants and his vassals, should to-day find himself buried in a pit, without anybody to help him, and without servant or vassal to come to his assistance! Here must I and my ass perish with hunger, unless we die first—he by bruises and contusions, and I by grief and concern. At least, I shall not be so happy as my master Don Quixote de la Mancha was, when he descended and went down into the cave of the enchanted Mon-

tesinos, where he met with better entertainment than in his own house, and where it seems he found the cloth ready laid, and the bed ready made. There saw he beautiful and pleasant visions ; and here I shall see, I suppose, toads and snakes. Unfortunate that I am ! Hence shall my bones be taken up clean, white, and bare, and those of my trusty Dapple with them ; whence, peradventure, it will be conjectured who we were, at least by those who have been informed that Sancho Panza never parted from his ass, nor his ass from Sancho Panza. Oh, my companion and my friend, how ill have I repaid thy good services !” Thus lamented Sancho Panza, and his beast listened to him without answering one word ; such was the distress and anguish the poor creature was in.

Finally, having passed all that night in sad lamentations and complainings, the day came on, by the light whereof Sancho soon perceived it was, of all impossibilities, the most impossible to get out of that pit without help. Then he began to lament and to cry out aloud, to try if anybody could hear him ; but he might as well have let it alone, for there was not a creature within hearing ; and then he gave himself over for dead. Dapple lay with his mouth upwards, and Sancho contrived to get him upon his legs, though he could scarce stand ; and pulling out of his wallet a piece of bread, he gave it his beast, who did not take it amiss ; and Sancho, as if the ass understood him, said to him, “Bread is relief, for all kind of grief.” At length he discovered a hole in one side of the pit, wide enough for a man to creep through, stooping ; so squatting down, he crept through upon all fours, and found it was spacious and large within, and he could see about him ; for a ray of the sun, glancing in through what might be called the roof, discovered it all. He saw also that it extended itself into another spacious concavity. Which having observed, he came back to where his ass was, and with a stone began breaking away the earth of the hole ; soon made room for his ass to pass easily through, which he did ; and then, taking him by the halter, he advanced forward along the cavern, to see if he could find a way to get out on the other side. He went on, sometimes

darkling, and sometimes without a light, but never without fear. In this manner, he fancied he had gone somewhat more than half a league, when he discovered a glimmering light, like that of the day, breaking in, and opening an entrance into what seemed to him the road to the other world.

It chanced that Don Quixote was riding out that morning ; and reining up Rozinante sharply on the brink of a pit, heard therefrom a loud voice crying :—" Ho ! above there ; is there any Christian that hears me, or any charitable gentleman to take pity of a sinner buried alive, an unfortunate, disgoverned governor ?" Don Quixote thought he heard Sancho Panza's voice ; at which he was amazed ; and raising his voice as high as he could, he cried, " Who is below there ? who is it complains ?"—" Who should be here, or who should complain," replied the voice, " but the forlorn Sancho Panza, governor, for his sins and for his evil-errantry, of the island of Barataria, and late squire of the famous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha ?" Which Don Quixote hearing, his amazement increased ; for it came into his imagination that Sancho Panza was dead, and that his soul was there doing penance ; and, being carried away by this thought, he said, " I conjure thee, to tell me who thou art, and to let me know what I can do for thee ; for, since it is my profession to be aiding and assisting to the needy of this world, I shall also be ready to aid and assist the distressed in the other, who cannot help themselves."—" So then," answered the voice, " you who speak to me are my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, and by the tone of the voice it can be nobody else, for certain."—" Don Quixote I am," replied Don Quixote, " he who professes to succour and assist the living and the dead in their necessities. Tell me, then, who thou art, for thou amazest me !"—" I vow," said the voice, " Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that I am your squire Sancho Panza, and that I never was dead in all the days of my life ; but having left my government, this night I fell into this cavern, where I now am, and Dapple with me, who will not let me lie, by the same token he stands here by me ; and would

you have any more?" One would think the ass had understood what Sancho said; for at that instant he began to bray, and that so lustily, that the whole cave resounded with it. "A credible witness," said Don Quixote; "I know that bray well; and I know your voice, my dear Sancho. Stay a little, and I will go to the duke's castle hard by, and will fetch people to get you out of this pit."—"Pray go, for Heaven's sake," said Sancho, "and return speedily; for I am dying with fear."


Don Quixote left him, and went to the castle, to tell the duke and duchess what had befallen Sancho Panza; at which they wondered not a little. Finally they sent ropes and pulleys, and by dint of a great many hands and a great deal of labour, Dapple and Sancho Panza were drawn out of those gloomy shades to the light of the sun. A certain scholar, seeing him, said, "Thus should all bad governors come out of their governments, as this sinner comes out of the depth of this abyss, starved with hunger, wan, and, I suppose, penniless." Sancho hearing him, said, "It is about eight or ten days, brother murmurer, since I entered upon the government of the island that was bestowed upon me, in all which time I had not my fill one hour. I was persecuted by physicians, and had my bones broken by enemies; nor had I leisure to make perquisites, or receive my dues; and this being so, as it really is, methinks I deserved not to be packed off in this manner: but 'Man proposes, and God disposes;' and 'He knows what is best and fittest for everybody;' and 'As is the reason, such is the season;' and 'Let nobody say I will not drink of this water;' for 'Where one expects to meet with gammons of bacon, there are no pins to hang them on;' and that is enough: I say no more, though I could."—"Be not angry, Sancho, nor concerned at what you hear," said Don Quixote; "for then you will never have done. Come but you with a safe conscience, and let people say what they will. If a governor comes rich from his government, they say he has plundered it; and, if he leaves it poor, that he has been a good-for-nothing fool."—"I warrant," answered Sancho, "that for this bout, they will rather take me for a fool than a thief."

In such talk they arrived at the castle, where the duke and duchess were waiting for Don Quixote, and Sancho, who would not go up to see the duke till he had first taken the necessary care of Dapple in the stable, saying the poor thing had had but an indifferent night's lodging. That done, up he went to see the duke and duchess, before whom kneeling, he said, "I, my lord and lady, because your grandeurs would have it so, without any desert of mine, went to govern your island of Barataria, into which naked I entered, and naked I have left it: I neither win nor lose: whether I have governed well or ill, there are witnesses, who may say what they please. I have resolved doubts and pronounced sentences, and all the while ready to die with hunger because Dr Pedro Positive, native of Take-Yourself-Away, and physician in ordinary to the island and its governors, would have it so. Enemies attacked us by night; and though they put us in great danger, the people of the island say they were delivered, and got the victory, by the valour of my arm; and according as they say true, so may they prosper. In short, in this time I have summed up the cares and burdens that governing brings with it, and find by my account, that my shoulders cannot bear them; therefore, lest the government should forsake me, I resolved to forsake the government; and, yesterday morning, I left the island as I found it, with the same streets, houses, and roofs it had before I went into it. I quitted, I say, the island, accompanied by nobody but Dapple. I fell into a pit, and went along underground, till this morning by the light of the sun I discovered a way out, though not so easy a one but that, if Heaven had not sent my master Don Quixote there, I had stayed till the end of the world. So that, my lord duke, and lady duchess, behold here your governor Sancho Panza, who, in ten days only that he held the government, has gained the experience to know that he would not give a farthing to be governor, not of an island only, but even of the whole world. This, then, being the case, kissing your honour's feet, and imitating the boys at play who cry 'leap you, and then let me leap,' I give a leap out of

the government, and again pass over to the service of my master Don Quixote ; for, after all, though with him I eat my bread in bodily fear, at least I have my fill ; and for my part, so I have that, all is one to me whether it be with carrots or partridges.

CHAPTER XXII.

Don Quixote leaves the castle—Adventure with the bulls—The knight's reception at Barcelona.

ON QUIXOTE now thought it high time to quit so idle a life as that he had led in the castle, believing he committed a great fault in living lazily amidst the infinite pleasures and entertainments the duke and duchess provided for him as a knight-errant; and he was of opinion he must give a strict account to God for this inactivity. And therefore he one day asked leave of those princes that he might depart, which they granted him, with tokens of being mightily troubled that he would leave them. The duchess gave Sancho Panza his wife's letters, which he wept over, and said, "Who could have thought that hopes so great as those conceived in the breast of my wife Teresa Panza at the news of my government, should end in my returning to the toilsome adventures of my master Don Quixote de la Mancha? Nevertheless, I am pleased to find that my Teresa has behaved like herself, in sending the acorns to the duchess; for, had she not sent them, I had been sorry, and she had showed herself ungrateful. But my comfort is, that this present cannot be called a bribe; for I was already in possession of the government when she sent them; and it is very fitting that those who receive a benefit should show themselves grateful, though it be with a trifle. In fine, naked I went into the government, and naked am I come out of it; and so I can say, with a safe conscience (which is no small matter), naked I was born, naked I am; I neither win nor lose." This Sancho spoke in soliloquy on the day of their

departure ; and Don Quixote, sallying forth one morning, having taken leave of the duke and duchess the night before, presented himself completely armed in the court of the castle. All the folks of the castle beheld him from the galleries ; the duke and duchess also came out to see him. Sancho was upon his Dapple, his wallets well furnished, and himself highly pleased ; for the duke's steward, who had played the part of the Trifaldi, had given him a little purse with two hundred crowns in gold, to supply the occasions of the journey ; and this Don Quixote, as yet, knew nothing of. Whilst all the folks were thus gazing at him, on a sudden the witty Altisidora raised her voice, and, amid a torrent of ill-wishes for the knight, roundly accused him of stealing her blue garters, and three of her night-caps. Don Quixote stood beholding her, and, without answering her a word, turning his face to Sancho, said, " By the age of your ancestors, my dear Sancho, I conjure you to tell the truth, have you taken away three night-caps, and the garters this damsel mentions ? " To which Sancho answered, " The three night-caps I have, but as to the garters, I know no more of them than the man in the moon." The duchess was surprised at the liberty Altisidora took, for she knew nothing of this jest. The duke resolved to carry on the joke, and said, " I think it does not look well, sir knight, that, having received so civil an entertainment in this castle of mine, you should dare to carry off three night-caps at least, if not my damsel's garters besides ; these are indications of a naughty heart, and ill become your character. Return her the garters ; if not, I defy you to mortal combat."—" Heaven forbid," answered Don Quixote, " that I should draw my sword against your illustrious person, from whom I have received so many favours. The night-caps shall be restored, for Sancho says he has them ; but for the garters, it is impossible ; for I have them not, nor he either ; and if this damsel of yours will search her hiding-places, I warrant she will find them. I, my lord duke, never was a thief, and think, if Heaven forsakes me not, I never shall be one as long as I live."—" Do but hear one word more, O valorous Don Quixote, and I am silent," said Altisidora ; " which is, that I beg your pardon for saying you had

stolen my garters ; for, on my conscience, I have them on ; but I was absent in thought, like the man who looked for his ass while he was upon his back.”—“Did I not tell you,” said Sancho ; “I am a rare one at concealing thefts? Had I been that way given, I had many a fair opportunity for it in my government.” Don Quixote bowed his head, made his obeisance to the duke and duchess, and to all the spectators, and then turning Rozinante’s head, Sancho following upon Dapple, he sallied out of the castle gate, taking the road to Saragossa.

Our knight, finding himself in the open field, felt in his proper element ; and, turning to Sancho, said, “Liberty, Sancho, is one of the most valuable gifts Heaven has bestowed upon men ; the treasures which the earth encloses, or the sea covers, are not to be compared with it. Life may, and ought to be risked for liberty, as well as for honour ; and, on the contrary, slavery is the greatest evil that can befall us. I tell you this, Sancho, because you have observed the civil treatment and plenty we enjoyed in the castle we have left. In the midst of those seasoned banquets, those icy draughts, I fancied myself starving, because I did not enjoy them with the same freedom I should have done had they been my own : for the obligations of returning benefits and favours received, are ties that obstruct the free agency of the mind. Happy the man to whom Heaven has given a morsel of bread, without laying him under the obligation of thanking any other for it than Heaven itself.”—“Notwithstanding all your worship has said,” answered Sancho, “it is fit there should be some small acknowledgment on our part for the two hundred crowns in gold which the duke’s steward gave me in a little purse ; which, as a cordial and a comfortative, I carry next my heart, against whatever may happen, for we shall not always find castles where we shall be made much of ; now and then we must expect to meet with inns where we may be soundly thrashed.”

In these, and other discourses, our errants, knight and squire, went jogging on ; when, having travelled a little above a league, they espied a dozen men, clad like peasants, sitting at dinner upon the grass, with their cloaks spread under them, in a little

green meadow. Close by them were certain white sheets, as it seemed, under which something lay concealed. Don Quixote approached the eaters; and, first courteously saluting them, asked them what they had under those sheets? One of them answered, "Sir, under that linen are certain wooden images, designed for a church we are erecting in our village."—"If you please," said Don Quixote, "I should be glad to see them; for images that are carried with so much precaution, must doubtless be good ones."—"Ay, and very good ones too," put in another, "as their price will testify; for, in truth, there is not one of them but stands us in above fifty crowns. And, to convince your worship of this truth, stay but a little while, and you shall see it with your own eyes." Then rising, he went and took off the covering from the first figure, which appeared to be a St George on horseback, with a serpent coiled up at his feet, and his lance run through its mouth. The whole image seemed to be one blaze of gold. Don Quixote seeing it, said, "This knight was one of the best errants the divine warfare ever had. He was called Don St George, and was besides a defender of damsels: let us see this other." The man uncovered it, and it appeared to be that of St Martin on horseback, dividing his cloak with the poor man. Scarcely had Don Quixote seen it, when he said, "This knight also was one of the Christian adventurers; and I take it he was more liberal than valiant, as you may perceive, Sancho, by his dividing his cloak with the beggar, and giving him half of it; and doubtless it must have been then winter, otherwise he would have given him it all, so great was his charity."—"That was not the reason," said Sancho; "but he had a mind to keep to the proverb, which says, 'What to give and what to keep, requires an understanding deep.'" Don Quixote smiled, and desired another sheet might be taken off, underneath which was discovered the image of the patron of Spain on horseback, his sword all bloody, trampling on Moors, and treading upon heads. And at sight of it, Don Quixote said, "Ay, marry, this is a knight indeed, one of Christ's own squadron. He is called Don St Diego the Moor-killer, one of the most valiant saints and knights the world had formerly

or heaven has now." Then they removed another sheet, which covered St Paul falling from his horse, with all the circumstances that are usually drawn in the picture of his conversion. When Don Quixote saw it represented in so lively a manner, that one would almost say Christ was speaking to him, and St Paul answering, he said, "This was the greatest enemy the Church of God our Lord had in his time, and the greatest defender it will ever have ; a knight-errant in his life, and a steadfast saint in his death ; an unwearied labourer in the Lord's vineyard ; a teacher of the Gentiles ; whose school was heaven, and whose professor and master, Jesus Christ himself." There were no more images ; so Don Quixote bid them cover them up again, saying, " I take it for a good omen, brethren, to have seen what I have seen ; for these saints and knights professed what I profess, which is, the exercise of arms : the only difference between them and me is, that they were saints and fought after a heavenly manner, and I am a sinner and fight after an earthly manner. They conquered heaven by force of arms (for heaven suffers violence), and I hitherto cannot tell what I conquer by force of my sufferings. But, could my Dulcinea del Toboso get out of hers, my condition being bettered, and my understanding directed aright, I might perhaps take a better course than I do." The men wondered, as well at the figure as at the words of Don Quixote, without understanding half what he meant by them. Then finishing their meal, they packed up their images, and, taking their leave of Don Quixote, pursued their journey.

Soon afterwards the knight and his squire entering into a wood not far out of the road, on a sudden Don Quixote found himself entangled in some nets of green thread, which hung from one tree to another ; and, not being able to imagine what it might be, he said to Sancho, "The business of these nets, Sancho, must, I think, be one of the newest adventures imaginable ; let me die, if the enchanters who persecute me have not a mind to entangle me in them and stop my journey, by way of revenge for the rigorous treatment Altisidora received from me. But I would have them know, that though these nets

were made of the hardest diamonds, I would break them as easily as if they were made of bulrushes or yarn." And, as he was going to pass forward and break through all, unexpectedly, from among some trees, two most beautiful shepherdesses presented themselves before him ; who, telling him that they with their friends had come to spend a few days in the woods, and that the nets, which they entreated him not to break, were placed there to catch the little birds, courteously invited him to sit down with them to dinner. The knight could not refuse them ; so, hastening to the tents, where they found the table spread, rich, plentiful, and neat, they honoured Don Quixote with placing him at the upper end, where all gazed at him, and admired at the sight. When the cloth was taken away, Don Quixote, with great gravity, raised his voice, and said :—

“Of all the grievous sins men commit, though some say pride, I say ingratitude is the worst. I, then, being grateful for the civility offered me here, but restrained by the narrow limits of my ability from making a suitable return, offer what I can, and what is in my power ; and therefore, I say, I will maintain, for two whole days, in the middle of this the king’s highway, which leads to Saragossa, that these lady shepherdesses in disguise are the most beautiful and most courteous damsels in the world, excepting only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my thoughts ; without offence to any that hear me, be it spoken.” Sancho, who had been listening to him with great attention, hearing this, said with a loud voice, “Is it possible there should be any persons in the world who presume to say, and swear, that this master of mine is a madman ? Speak, gentlemen shepherds ; is there a country vicar, though ever so discreet, or ever so good a scholar, who can say all that my master has said ? Is there a knight-errant, though ever so renowned for valour, who can offer what my master has now offered ?” Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and, with a wrathful countenance, said, “Is it possible, O Sancho, there is anybody upon the globe who will say you are not an idiot, lined with the same, and edged with I know not what of mischievous and knavish ? Who gave you authority to meddle with what

belongs to me, and to call in question my folly or discretion? Hold your peace, and make no reply; but go and saddle Rozinante, if he be unsaddled, and let us go and put my offer into execution; for, considering how much I am in the right, you may conclude all those, who shall contradict me, already conquered." Then rising from his seat, he mounted Rozinante, braced his shield, and, taking his lance, planted himself in the middle of the highway, which was not far from the verdant meadow. Sancho followed upon his Dapple, with all the pastoral company, being desirous to see what would be the event of this arrogant and unheard-of challenge.

Don Quixote, being thus posted in the middle of the road, cried aloud, "O ye passengers, travellers, knights, squires, people on foot and on horseback, who now pass this way, or are to pass in these two days following, know, that Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, is posted here, ready to maintain, that the nymphs who inhabit these meadows and groves, exceed all the world in beauty and courtesy, excepting only the mistress of my soul, Dulcinea del Toboso; and let him who is of a contrary opinion come; for here I stand, ready to receive him." Twice he repeated the same words, and twice they were not heard by any adventurer. But fortune so ordered it that soon after they discovered a great many men on horseback, several of them with lances in their hands, all trooping in a cluster, and in great haste. Scarcely had they who were with Don Quixote seen them, when they turned their backs, and got far enough out of the way, fearing, if they stayed, they might be exposed to some danger. Don Quixote alone, with an intrepid heart, stood firm, and Sancho Panza screened himself behind Rozinante. The troop of lance-men came up, and one of the foremost called out to Don Quixote, "Get out of the way, fool of a man, lest the bulls trample you to pieces."—"Rascals," replied Don Quixote, "I value not your bulls, though they were the fiercest that Xarama ever bred upon its banks; confess, ye scoundrels, that what I have here proclaimed is true; if not, I challenge you to battle." The herdsmen had no time to answer, nor Don Quixote to get out of the way, if he would; and so the

whole herd of fierce bulls and tame kine, with the multitude of herdsmen, and others, who were driving them to a certain town, where they were to be baited in a day or two, ran over Don Quixote, and over Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, leaving them all sprawling and rolling on the ground. Sancho remained bruised, Don Quixote astonished, Dapple battered, and Rozinante not perfectly sound. But at length they all got up, and Don Quixote, in a great hurry, stumbling here and falling there, began to run after the herd, crying aloud, "Hold, stop, ye scoundrels ! for a single knight defies ye all, who is not of the disposition or opinion of those who say, ' Make a bridge of silver for a flying enemy. ' " But the hasty runners stopped not the more for this, and made no more account of his menaces than of last year's clouds. Weariness stopped Don Quixote, and more enraged than revenged, he sat down in the road, expecting the coming up of Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple. They came up ; master and man mounted again, and, without turning back to take their leaves of the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia, and with more shame than satisfaction, pursued their journey.

The dust and weariness Don Quixote and Sancho underwent through the rude encounter of the bulls, were relieved by a clear and limpid fountain they met with in a cool grove ; on the brink whereof, leaving Dapple and Rozinante free without halter or bridle, the way-beaten couple, master and man, sat them down. Sancho had recourse to the cupboard of his wallet, and drew out what he was wont to call his sauce. He rinsed his mouth, and Don Quixote washed his face ; with which refreshment they recovered their fainting spirits. Don Quixote would eat nothing, out of pure chagrin, nor durst Sancho touch the victuals, out of pure good manners, expecting his master should first be his taster. But seeing him so carried away by his imaginations as to forget to put a bit in his mouth, he said nothing, but, breaking through all kind of ceremony, began to stuff his hungry stomach with the bread and cheese before him. " Eat, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote ; " and support life, which is of more importance to you than to me ;

and leave me to die by the hands of my reflections, and by the force of my misfortunes. I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and you to die eating ; and to show you that I speak the truth, consider me printed in histories, renowned in arms, courteous in my actions, respected by princes, courted by damsels ; and, after all, when I expected palms, triumphs, and crowns, earned and merited by my valorous exploits, this morning have I seen myself trod upon, kicked, and bruised under the feet of filthy and impure beasts. This reflection sets my teeth on edge, stupefies my grinders, benumbs my hands, and quite takes away my appetite ; so that I intend to suffer myself to die with hunger, the cruellest of all deaths.”—“ At this rate,” replied Sancho, chewing all the while apace, “ your worship will not approve of the proverb, which says, ‘ Let a man die, but die full, not fasting.’ At least, I do not intend to kill myself, but rather to imitate the shoemaker, who pulls the leather with his teeth, till he stretches it to what he would have it. I will stretch my life by eating, till it reaches the end Heaven has allotted it ; and let me tell you, sir, there is no greater madness than to despair as you do ; believe me, and after you have eaten, try to sleep a little upon the green mattress of this grass, and you will see, when you awake, you will find yourself much eased.” Don Quixote complied, thinking Sancho reasoned more like a philosopher than a fool ; and he said, “ If, O Sancho, you would now do for me what I am going to tell you, my comforts would be more certain, and my sorrows not so great ; and it is this, that while I, in pursuance of your advice, am sleeping, you will step a little aside from hence, and with the reins of Rozinante’s bridle, give yourself three or four hundred lashes, in part of the three thousand and odd you are bound to give yourself for the disenchantment of Dulcinea ; for it is a great pity the poor lady should continue under enchantment through your carelessness and neglect.”—“ There is a great deal to be said as to that,” quoth Sancho ; “ for the present, let us both sleep, and afterwards who knows what may happen. Pray, consider, sir, that this same whipping one’s self in cold blood is a cruel thing, and more so when the lashes light upon a body ill-sustained and

worse fed. Let my Lady Dulcinea have patience ; for, when she least thinks of it, I'll make an end on't." Don Quixote thanked him, ate a little, and Sancho much ; and both of them addressed themselves to sleep, leaving Rozinante and Dapple to feed upon the plenty of grass with which that meadow abounded.

They awoke somewhat of the latest ; mounted again, and pursued their journey, hastening to reach an inn, which seemed to be about a league off,—I say an inn, because Don Quixote called it so, contrary to his custom of calling all inns castles. They arrived at it, and demanded of the host if he had any lodging. He answered he had, with all the conveniences and entertainment that were to be found even in Saragossa. They alighted, and Sancho secured his travelling-cupboard in a chamber, of which the landlord gave him the key. He then took the beasts to the stable, gave them their allowance, and went to see what commands Don Quixote, who had sat down upon a stone bench, had for him ; giving particular thanks to Heaven that this inn had not been taken by his master for a castle. Supper-time came ; and they betook them to their chamber. Sancho asked the host what he had to give them for supper. The host answered he might call for whatever he pleased ; for the inn was provided, as far as birds of the air, fowls of the earth, and fishes of the sea could go. "There is no need of quite so much," answered Sancho ; "roast us but a couple of chickens, and we shall have enough ; for my master is of a nice stomach, and I am no glutton." The host replied he had no chickens, for the kites had devoured them. "Then order a pullet, signor host," said Sancho, "to be roasted ; but see that it be tender."—"A pullet ? my father !" answered the host ; "truly, truly, I sent above fifty yesterday to the city to be sold ; but, excepting pullets, ask for whatever you will."—"If it be so," said Sancho, "veal or kid cannot be wanting."—"There is none in the house at present," answered the host, "for it is all made an end of ; but next week there will be enough, and to spare."—"We are much the nearer for that," answered Sancho. "I will lay a wager all these defi-

ciencies will be made up with a superabundance of bacon and eggs."—"Well I never!" answered the host. "My guest has an admirable guess with him; I told him I had neither pullets nor hens, and he would have me have eggs. Talk of other delicacies, but ask no more for hens."—"Body of me! let us come to something," said Sancho: "tell me, in short, what you have, and lay aside your flourishings, master host."—"Then," replied the innkeeper, "what I really and truly have, is a pair of cow-heels, that look like calves' feet, or a pair of calves' feet, that look like cow-heels; they are stewed with pease, onions, and bacon, and at this very minute are crying, 'Come eat me, come eat me.'"—"I mark them for my own from this moment," said Sancho, "because I could wish for nothing that I like better; and I care not a fig what heels they are, so they are not hoofs."—"Nobody shall touch them," returned the host; "for some other guests in the house, out of pure gentility, bring their own cook and their provisions with them."—"If gentility be the business," said Sancho, "nobody is more a gentleman than my master; but the calling he is of allows of no catering or butlery: alas! we clap us down in the midst of a green field, and fill ourselves with acorns or medlars."

When supper was over, Don Quixote went to bed, whence he arose early next morning, having changed his intention of going to Saragossa, into that of travelling to see the jousts at Barcelona.

The morning was cool, and the day promised to be so too, when he left the inn, first informing himself which was the directest road to Barcelona, without touching at Saragossa. Now, it happened that, in above six days, nothing fell out worth setting down in writing; at the end of which, going out of the road, night overtook them among some shady trees. Master and man alighted from their beasts, and, seating themselves at the foot of the trees, Sancho, who had had his afternoon's collation that day, entered abruptly the gates of sleep. But Don Quixote, whose imagination, much more than hunger, kept him waking, could not close his eyes; on the contrary, he was hurried in thought to and from a thousand places: now he

fancied himself in Montesinos's cave ; now, that he saw Dulcinea, transformed into a country-wench, mount upon her ass at a spring ; the next moment, that he was hearing the words of the sage Merlin, declaring to him the conditions to be observed, and the despatch necessary for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. He was ready to run mad to see the carelessness and little charity of his squire Sancho, who, as he believed, had given himself five lashes only ; and hence he conceived so much chagrin and indignation, that he spoke thus to himself : " If Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot, saying, to cut is the same as to untie, and became, nevertheless, universal lord of all Asia, the same, neither more nor less, may happen now, in the disenchantment of Dulcinea, if I should whip Sancho whether he will or no ; for, if the condition of this remedy consists in Sancho's receiving upwards of three thousand lashes, what is it to me whether he gives them himself, or somebody else for him, since the essence lies in his receiving them, come they from what hand they will ? "

With this conceit he approached Sancho, having first taken Rozinante's reins, and adjusted them so that he might lash him with them. But no sooner had he touched him than Sancho awoke, and said, " What is the matter ? who 's that ? "—" It is I," answered Don Quixote ; " I come to whip you, Sancho, and to discharge, at least in part, the debt you stand engaged for. Dulcinea is perishing ; you live unconcerned ; therefore, get up, for I mean to give you, in this solitude, at least two thousand lashes."—" Not so," said Sancho ; " pray be quiet, or the deaf shall hear us. The lashes I stand engaged for must be voluntary, and not upon compulsion ; and, at present, I have no inclination to whip myself. Let it suffice that I give your worship my word to flog and flay myself when I have a disposition to it."—" There is no leaving of it to your courtesy, Sancho," said Don Quixote ; " for you are hard-hearted, and, though a peasant, of very tender flesh." Then he struggled with Sancho, who, thereupon, got upon his legs, and closing with his master, flung his arms about him, and tripping up his heels, laid him flat on his back, setting his right knee

upon his breast, while with his hands he held both his master's so fast, that he could neither stir nor breathe. Don Quixote said to him, "How, traitor! do you rebel against your master and natural lord? do you lift up your hand against him who feeds you?"—"I neither make nor unmake kings," answered Sancho; "I only assist myself who am my own lord. If your worship will promise me to be quiet, and not meddle with whipping me for the present, I will let you go free, and at your liberty; if not, here thou diest, traitor, enemy to Donna Sanchia." Don Quixote promised him he would, and vowed he would not touch a hair of his garment, but would leave the whipping himself entirely to his own choice and free-will, whenever he was so disposed.

Three days and three nights were spent in this wood; and, on the fourth morning at daybreak, Don Quixote and Sancho, casting their eyes around on every side, saw the sea, which till then they had never seen. It appeared to them very large and spacious, somewhat bigger than the lakes of Ruydera, which they had seen in La Mancha. They saw the galleys lying close to the shore, which, taking in their awnings, appeared full of streamers, and pennants trembling in the wind, and kissing and brushing the water. From within them sounded clarions, trumpets, and other instruments, filling the air all around with sweet and martial music. Presently the galleys began to move, and to skirmish on the still waters; and, at the same time, corresponding with them, as it were, on the land, an infinite number of cavaliers, mounted on beautiful horses, and attended by followers in gay liveries, issued forth from the city. The soldiers on board the galleys discharged several rounds of cannon, which were answered by those on the walls and forts of the city. The heavy artillery, with dreadful noise, rent the wind, which was echoed back by the cannon on the forecastles of the galleys. The sea was cheerful, the land jocund, and the air bright, only now and then obscured a little by the smoke of the artillery. Sancho could not imagine how those bulks, which moved backwards and forwards in the sea, came to have so many legs.

By this time those with the liveries came up at a full gallop,

with shouts after the Moorish fashion, to the place where Don Quixote was standing, rapt in wonder and surprise ; and one of them said, in a loud voice, to the knight, "Welcome to our city, the mirror, the beacon, and polar-star of knight-errantry in its greatest extent ; welcome, I say, the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha." Don Quixote answered not a word, nor did the cavaliers wait for any answer ; but, wheeling about with all their followers, began to career and curvet it round Don Quixote. The gentleman who spoke, said again to him, "Be pleased, Signor Don Quixote, to come along with us ; for we are all your very humble servants." To which Don Quixote replied, "Conduct me whither you please ; for I have no other will but yours, especially if you please to employ it in your service." The gentleman answered in expressions no less civil ; and, enclosing him in the midst of them, they all marched with him, to the sound of waits and drums, towards the city, at the entrance whereof the author of all mischief so ordered it, that among the boys, two bold and unlucky rogues crowded through the press ; and, one of them lifting up Dapple's tail, the other that of Rozinante, thrust under each a handful of briars. The poor beasts felt the new spurs, and, by clapping their tails closer, augmented their smart, in such sort that, after several plunges, they flung their riders to the ground. Don Quixote, out of countenance, and affronted, hastened to free his horse's tail from this new plumage, and Sancho did the like by Dapple. Those who conducted the knight would have chastised the insolence of the boys ; but it was impossible, for they were soon lost among above a thousand more that followed them. So the twain remounted ; and, with the same acclamations and music, arrived at their conductor's house, which was large and fair, such in sort as became a gentleman of fortune.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Don Quixote's dancing—Fight with the Knight of the White Moon—Worsted by him, and compelled to relinquish arms for a twelvemonth—Resolves to turn shepherd.



ON QUIXOTE'S host was called Don Antonio Moreno, a rich and discreet gentleman, and a lover of mirth in a decent and civil way. And so, having Don Quixote in his house, he began to contrive methods how, without prejudice to his guest, he might take advantage of Don Quixote's madness; for jests that hurt are no jests, nor are those pastimes good for anything which turn to the detriment of a third person. The first thing, therefore, he did, was to cause Don Quixote to be unarmed, and exposed to view in his strait chamois doublet in a balcony which looked into one of the chief streets of the city, in sight of the populace and of the boys, who stood gazing at him as if he had been a monkey. The cavaliers with the liveries began to career it afresh before him, as if for him alone, and not in honour of that day's festival, they had provided them. Sancho was highly delighted, thinking he had found, without knowing how or which way, another Camacho's wedding, another house like Don Diego de Miranda's, and another castle like the duke's.

Several of Don Antonio's friends dined with him that day, all honouring and treating Don Quixote as a knight-errant; at which he was so puffed with vainglory, that he could scarce conceal the pleasure it gave him. Sancho's witty conceits were such, and so many, that all the servants of the house hung, as it were, upon his lips, and so did all that heard him. While they

were at table, Don Antonio said to Sancho, "We are told here, honest Sancho, that you are so great a lover of capons and sausages, that when you have filled yourself, you stuff your pockets with the remainder for the next day."—"No sir, it is not so," answered Sancho; "your worship is misinformed; for I am more cleanly than gluttonous; and my master Don Quixote, here present, knows very well, how he and I often live eight days upon a handful of acorns or hazel-nuts. It is true, indeed, if it so falls out that they give me a heifer, I make haste with a halter,—I mean, that I eat whatever is offered me, and take the times as I find them; and whoever has said that I am given to eat much and am not cleanly, take it from me, he is very much out, and I would say this in another manner, were it not out of respect to the honourable beards here at table."—"In truth," said Don Quixote, "Sancho's parsimony and cleanliness in eating deserve to be written and engraved on plates of brass, to remain an eternal memorial for ages to come. I must confess, when he is hungry, he seems to be somewhat of a glutton; for he eats fast, and chews on both sides at once; but as for cleanliness, he always strictly observes it; and when he was a governor, he learned to eat so nicely, that he took up grapes, and even the grains of a pomegranate, with the point of a fork."—"How!" said Don Antonio, "has Sancho then been a governor?"—"Yes," answered Sancho, "and of an island called Baratania. Ten days I governed it, at my own will and pleasure, in which time I lost my rest, and learned to despise all the governments in the world. I fled away from it, and fell into a pit, where I looked upon myself as a dead man, and out of which I escaped alive by a miracle." Upon which Don Quixote related minutely all the circumstances of Sancho's government; which gave great pleasure to the hearers.

That evening they carried Don Quixote abroad, to take the air, not armed, but dressed like a citizen, in a long loose garment of tawny-coloured cloth, which would have made frost itself sweat at that season. And they ordered their servants to entertain and amuse Sancho meanwhile, so as not to let him go out of doors. Don Quixote rode, not upon Rozinante, but upon

a large easy-paced mule, handsomely accoutred. In dressing him, they pinned at his back, unperceived by him, a parchment, whereon was written in capital letters, "This is Don Quixote de la Mancha." They no sooner began their march, but the scroll drew the eyes of all that passed by, and they read aloud, "This is Don Quixote de la Mancha." Don Quixote wondered that everybody who saw him, named and knew him; and, turning to Don Antonio, who was riding by his side, he said, "Great is the prerogative inherent in knight-errantry, since it makes all its professors known and renowned throughout the limits of the earth; for, pray observe, Signor Don Antonio, how the very boys of this city know me, without ever having seen me."

Now it happened that, as Don Quixote was riding along with the applause aforesaid, a Castilian, who had read the label on his shoulders, lifted up his voice, saying, "Out upon thee, Don Quixote de la Mancha! What! you are got hither without being killed by the infinite number of bangs you have had upon your back? You are mad. Get you home, fool, and look after your estate, your wife and children, and leave off these vanities, which worm-eat your brain, and skim off the cream of your understanding."—"Brother," said Don Antonio, "keep on your way, and do not be giving counsel to those who do not ask it. Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha is wise, and we who bear him company are not fools. Begone in an evil hour, and meddle not where you are not called."—"I protest," answered the Castilian, "your worship is in the right; for to give advice to this good man, is labour lost." With that the adviser departed; the procession went on; but the boys and the people crowded so to read the scroll, that Don Antonio was forced to take it off.

Night came; the processioners returned home, where was a ball, to which several ladies came—the ball beginning about ten o'clock at night. Among the ladies were two, so eager to take Don Quixote out to dance, that they teased not only his body, but his very soul. It was a perfect sight to behold the figure of Don Quixote, long, lank, lean, and yellow, straitened in his clothes, awkward, and especially not at all nimble. The ladies

courted him, as it were, by stealth, and he disdained them by stealth too. But, finding himself hard pressed by their courtships, he exalted his voice, and said, "*Fugite, partes adversæ*; leave me to my repose, ye unwelcome thoughts : avaunt ladies ; for she who is my queen, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, will not consent that any others but herself should subject and subdue me." And so saying he sat down in the middle of the hall upon the floor, quite fatigued and disjointed by this dancing exercise. Don Antonio ordered the servants to take him up, and carry him to bed ; and the first who lent an helping hand was Sancho, who said, "What, in the name of wonder, master of mine, put you upon dancing ? Think you that all who are valiant must be caperers, or all knights-errant dancing-masters ? If you think so, I say you are mistaken. Had you been for the shoe-jig, I would have supplied your defect ; for I slap it away like any jer-falcon ; but as for regular dancing, I cannot work a stitch at it." With this, and such like talk, Sancho furnished matter of laughter to the company, and laid his master in bed, covering him up stoutly, to get rid of the cold he might have got by his dancing.

The galleys which had so excited the admiration of the knight had presently to be visited. He took Sancho with him, and was received on board with all honour. The boatswain blew his whistle for the rowers to strip to their work, which they did in a trice ; and this done, the hindmost one, who was close to Sancho, laid hold of him and lifted him up in his arms, and then the whole crew standing up, passed him from one to another so swiftly that the poor squire lost his sight with alarm, verily thinking a legion of imps were carrying him away ; nor did they stop until they had handed him all round, and replaced him in his seat, bruised and breathless. Don Quixote, beholding Sancho's flight without wings, asked if that was a ceremony commonly used at people's first coming a-board the galleys ; for he himself had no mind to *it* ; and clapping his hand on his sword, he vowed that if any presumed to lay hold of him to toss him, he would kick them to Madrid.

At that instant the main-yard was hoisted, and signal for

weighing anchor being made, the boatswain began to lay his whip smartly on the naked shoulders of the rowers, who slowly put off to sea ; which Don Quixote observing, said to his squire :—" Ah, friend Sancho, how quickly and cheaply might you, if you would strip to the waist and place yourself amongst these gentlemen, put an end to the enchantment of Dulcinea ; for having so many companions in pain, you would feel but little of your own. Besides, perhaps, the sage Merlin would take every lash coming from so good a hand as equal to ten of those you must, one day or other, give yourself." Sancho, however, who thought he had had mauling enough, declined acting on his master's suggestion, and returned to land without a whipping added to his other troubles.

One morning while staying with his host, Don Quixote having sallied forth to take the air on the strand, armed at all points (for as he was wont to say, his arms were his finery, and his recreation fighting ; and so he was seldom without them), he perceived advancing towards him a knight, armed likewise at all points. On his shield was painted a resplendent moon, and, when he was come near enough to be heard, he raised his voice, and directing it to Don Quixote, said, " Illustrious knight, and never-enough-renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, whose unheard-of exploits, perhaps, may bring him to your remembrance. I come to enter into combat with you, and to try the strength of your arm, in order to make you know and confess that my mistress, be she who she will, is, without comparison, more beautiful than your Dulcinea del Toboso ; which truth if you do immediately and fairly confess, you will save your own life, and me the trouble of taking it from you : and if you fight, and are vanquished by me, all the satisfaction I expect is, that you lay aside arms, forbear going in quest of adventures, and retire home to your house for the space of one year, where you shall live, without laying hand to your sword, in profound peace and profitable repose. If you shall vanquish me, my head shall lie at your mercy, the spoils of my horse and arms shall be yours, and the fame of my exploits shall be transferred from me to you. Con-

sider which is best for you, and answer me presently : for this business must be despatched this very day."

Don Quixote was surprised and amazed, as well at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon, as at the reason of his being challenged by him ; and so, with gravity composed, and countenance severe, he answered, " Knight of the White Moon, whose achievements have not as yet reached my ears, I dare swear you never saw the illustrious Dulcinea ; for had you seen her, I am confident you would have taken care not to engage in this trial, since the sight of her must have undeceived and convinced you, that there never was, nor ever can be, a beauty comparable to hers. Therefore, without giving you the lie, and only saying you are mistaken, I accept your challenge, with the afore-mentioned conditions ; and out of the conditions I only except the transfer of your exploits, because I do not indeed know what they are : I am contented with my own, such as they are. Take, then, what part of the field you please ; I will do the like ; and Heaven defend the right."

The Knight of the White Moon being discovered from the city, the viceroy was informed that he was in conference with Don Quixote de la Mancha ; and, believing it was some new adventure contrived by Don Antonio Moreno, or by some other gentleman of the town, immediately rode out to the strand, accompanied by a great many other gentlemen ; arriving just as Don Quixote had wheeled Rozinante about, to take the necessary ground for his career. The viceroy, perceiving they were both ready to turn for the encounter, interposed, asking, what induced them to so sudden a fight ? The Knight of the White Moon answered, " It was the precedency of beauty ;" and told him, in a few words, what he had said to Don Quixote, and that the conditions of the combat were agreed to on both sides. The viceroy asked Don Antonio, in his ear, whether he knew who the Knight of the White Moon was, and whether it was some jest designed to be put upon Don Quixote ? Don Antonio answered that he neither knew who he was, nor whether this challenge was in jest or earnest. This answer perplexed the viceroy, putting him in doubt whether he should suffer them to

proceed to the combat: but inclining rather to believe it could be nothing but a jest, he went aside, saying, "If there is no other remedy, knights, but to confess or die, and if Signor Don Quixote persists in denying, and your worship of the White Moon in affirming,—at it, and do your best." He of the White Moon thanked the viceroy, and Don Quixote did the same; who, recommending himself to Heaven with all his heart, and to his Dulcinea, wheeled about again, to fetch a larger compass, because he saw his adversary did the like. Then, without sound of trumpet to give the signal for the onset, they both turned their horses about at the same instant; and he of the White Moon, being the nimblest, met Don Quixote at two-thirds of the career, there encountering him with such impetuous force (not touching him with his lance, which he seemed to raise on purpose), that he gave Rozinante and Don Quixote a perilous fall to the ground. Presently he was upon him, and clapping his lance to his visor, said, "Knight, you are vanquished, and a dead man, if you do not confess the conditions of our challenge." Don Quixote, bruised and stunned, without lifting up his visor, as if he were speaking from within a tomb, in a feeble and low voice, said, "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight on earth; and it is not fit that my weakness should discredit this truth. Knight, push on your lance, and take away my life, since you have spoiled me of my honour."—"By no means," said he of the White Moon. "Live, live the fame of the beauty of Dulcinea del Toboso in its full lustre. All the satisfaction I demand is, that the great Don Quixote retire home to his own town for a year, or till such time as I shall command, according to our agreement before we began this battle." All this was heard by the viceroy, and many other persons there present; who also heard Don Quixote reply, that, since he required nothing of him to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would perform all the rest like a punctual and true knight.

This confession being made, he of the White Moon turned about his horse, and bowing to the viceroy, at a half gallop entered into the city. The viceroy ordered Don Antonio to

follow him, and by all means to learn who he was. Then they raised Don Quixote from the ground, and, uncovering his face, found him pale, and in a cold sweat. Rozinante, out of pure ill plight, could not stir for the present. Sancho, quite sorrowful and cast down, knew not what to do or say. He fancied all that had happened to be a dream, and that all this business was matter of enchantment. He saw his master vanquished, and under an obligation not to bear arms during a whole year ; he imagined the light of the glory of his achievements obscured, and the hopes of his late promises dissipated, as smoke by the wind ; he was afraid Rozinante's bones were quite broken, and his master's disjoined, and wished it might prove no worse. Finally, Don Quixote was carried back to the city in a chair the viceroy had commanded to be brought ; and the viceroy also returned thither, impatient to learn who the Knight of the White Moon was, who had left Don Quixote in such evil plight.

Don Antonio Moreno followed the Knight of the White Moon. A great number of boys also pursued and persecuted him, till they had lodged him at an inn within the city, where Don Antonio went in after him, being desirous to know who he was. The knight shut himself up in a lower room with Don Antonio, to whom he said, " I very well know, sir, the design of your coming, which is, to learn who I am ; and, because there is no reason for concealing it, I will inform you, without deviating a tittle from the truth. Know, sir, that I am called the bachelor Sampson Carrasco ; I am of the same town with Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose madness and folly move all that know him to compassion. Of those who had most pity for him, was I ; and believing his recovery to depend upon his being quiet and staying at home in his own house, I contrived how to make him continue there. And so, about three months ago, I sallied forth to the highway like a knight-errant, styling myself Knight of the Looking-glasses, designing to fight with him, and vanquish him, without doing him harm ; the condition of our compact being, that the vanquished should remain at the discretion of the vanquisher : and what I, concluding

him already vanquished, intended to enjoin him, was, that he should return to his village, and not stir out of it for a whole year ; in which time he might be cured. But fortune ordained it otherwise ; for he vanquished me, and tumbled me from my horse, so that my design did not take effect. He pursued his journey, and I returned home, vanquished, ashamed, and bruised with the fall, which was a very dangerous one. Nevertheless, I lost not the desire of finding him, and vanquishing him, as you have seen this day. And, as he is so exact and punctual in observing the laws of knight-errantry, he will doubtless keep that I have laid upon him, and will be as good as his word. This, sir, is the truth, and I have nothing to add, but to entreat you not to let Don Quixote know who I am, that my good intentions may take effect, and his understanding be restored to a man who has a very good one, if the follies of chivalry do but leave him." Don Antonio promised to hold his peace ; and Carrasco, having accomplished his purpose, then left the city,—his armour tied on the back of a mule,—and returned home.

Six days Don Quixote lay in bed, chagrined, melancholy, thoughtful, and peevish, his imagination still dwelling upon the unhappy business of his defeat. Sancho strove to comfort him, and, among other things, said, "Dear sir, hold up your head, and be cheerful if you can, and give Heaven thanks that, though you got a swinging fall, you did not come off with a rib broken ; and since you know that 'They that will give, must take,' and that 'There are not always bacon-flitches where there are pins,' cry, a fig for the physician, since you have no need of his help in this distemper. Let us return home, and leave this rambling in quest of adventures ; for if it be well considered, I am the greater loser, though your worship be the greater sufferer. I, who, with the government, quitted the desire of ever governing more, did not quit the desire of being an earl, which will never come to pass, if your worship refuses being a king, by quitting the exercise of chivalry ; and so my hopes vanish into smoke."—"Peace, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "since you see my confinement and retirement is not to

last above a year ; then I will resume my honourable profession, and shall not want a kingdom to win to myself, or an earldom to bestow upon you." In two days' time the knight was in a condition to travel ; so he and his squire departed—the former unarmed, and Sancho on foot, because Dapple was loaded with the armour.

At going out of Barcelona, Don Quixote turned about to see the spot where he was overthrown, and said, "Here stood Troy : here my misfortunes, not my cowardice, despoiled me of my acquired glory ; here I experienced the fickleness of fortune ; here the lustre of my exploits was obscured ; and lastly, here fell my happiness, never to rise again." Which Sancho hearing, said, "It is as much the part of valiant minds, dear sir, to be patient under misfortunes as to rejoice in prosperity ; and this I judge by myself ; for as, when a governor, I was merry, now that I am a squire on foot, I am not sad ; for I have heard say that she they commonly call Fortune is a drunken, capricious dame, and, above all, very blind ; so that she does not see what she is about, nor knows whom she casts down, or whom she exalts."—"You are much a philosopher, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and talk very discreetly. What I can tell you is, that there is no such thing in the world as fortune ; nor do the things which happen in it, be they good or bad, fall out by chance, but by the particular appointment of Heaven ; and hence comes the saying, that every man is the maker of his own fortune. I have been so of mine, but not with all the prudence necessary ; and my presumption has succeeded accordingly ; for I ought to have considered, that the feebleness of Rozinante was not a match for the ponderous bulk of the Knight of the White Moon's steed. In short, I adventured it ; I did my best ; I was overthrown ; and, though I lost my honour, I lost not, nor could I lose, the virtue of performing my promise. When I was a knight-errant, daring and valiant, by my works I gained credit to my exploits ; and, now that I am but a walking squire, I will gain reputation to my words by performing my promise. March on then, friend Sancho, and let us pass at home the year of our noviciate ;

by which retreat we shall acquire fresh vigour, to return to the never-by-me-forgotten exercise of arms.”—“Sir,” answered Sancho, “trudging on foot is no such pleasant thing, as to encourage or incite me to travel great days’ journeys; let us leave this armour hanging upon some tree, and when I am mounted upon Dapple, we will travel as your worship shall like and lead the way; for to think that I am to foot it and make large stages, is to expect what cannot be.”—“You have said well, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote; “hang up my armour for a trophy; and under it, we will carve on the tree, that which was written on the trophy of Orlando’s arms—

‘Let none presume these arms to move,
Who Roldan’s fury dares not prove.’”

“All this seems to be extremely right,” answered Sancho, “and, were it not for the want we should have of Rozinante upon the road, it would not be amiss to leave him hanging too.”—“Neither him nor the armour,” replied Don Quixote, “will I suffer to be hanged, that it may not be said, ‘For good service, bad recompense.’”—“Your worship says well,” answered Sancho; “for, according to the opinion of the wise, ‘The ass’s fault should not be laid upon the pack-saddle:’ and, since your worship is in fault for this business, punish yourself, and let not fury spend itself upon the already shattered and bloody armour, or upon the gentleness of Rozinante, or upon the tenderness of my feet, making them travel more than they can bear.”

That night master and man passed in the middle of the fields, exposed to the sky; and the next day, going on their way, they saw coming towards them a man on foot, with a wallet about his neck, and a javelin or half pike in his hand, the proper equipment of a foot-post; who, when he was come pretty near to Don Quixote, mended his pace, and, half-running, went up to him, and, embracing him with signs of great joy, said, “Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha! with what pleasure will my lord duke’s heart be touched, when he understands that your worship is returning to his castle, where he is still with my lady duchess!”—“I know you not, friend,” answered

Don Quixote, "nor can I guess who you are, unless you tell me."—"I, Signor Don Quixote," answered the foot-post, "am Tosilos, the duke's lacquey; and I am now going to Barcelona, to carry a packet of letters from my lord to the viceroy. If your worship please to take a little draught, pure, though warm, I have here a calabash full of the best, with a few slices of Tronchon cheese, which will serve as a provocative and awakener of thirst, if perchance it be asleep."—"I accept of the invitation," said Sancho; "throw aside the rest of the compliment; and fill, honest Tosilos, maugre and in spite of all the enchanters that are in the Indies."—"In short, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you are the greatest glutton in the world, and the greatest simpleton upon earth, if you cannot be persuaded that this foot-post is enchanted, and this Tosilos a counterfeit. Stay you with him, and eat your fill; for I will go on fair and softly before, and wait your coming." The lacquey laughed, unsheathed his calabash, and unwalleted his cheese; then taking out a little loaf, he and Sancho sat down upon the green grass, where, in peace and good fellowship, they quickly despatched, and got to the bottom of the provisions in the wallet, with so good an appetite, that they licked the very packet of letters, because it smelt of cheese. Said Tosilos to Sancho, "Doubtless, friend Sancho, this master of yours ought to be reckoned a madman."—"Why ought?" replied Sancho; "he owes nothing to anybody; but what boots it, especially now that there is an end of him? for he is vanquished by the Knight of the White Moon." Tosilos desired him to tell him what had befallen him; but Sancho said it was unmannerly to let his master wait for him, and that some other time, if they met, they should have leisure to do it. Then rising up, after he had shaken his loose upper coat, and the crumbs from his beard, he drove Dapple before him, and, bidding Tosilos adieu, left him, and overtook his master, who was staying for him under the shade of a tree. There the knight again entreated him to do his part towards the disenchanting of Dulcinea. But Sancho was not at all in a mood to flay himself. "I cannot persuade myself," said he, "that the lashing of my back can have anything to do with

the disenchanting of the enchanted ; it is, as if one should say, 'If your head aches, plaister your knees.' But be that as it may, I will lay it on when the humour takes me, and I find convenience for chastising myself."

With these discourses they went on their way, until they arrived at the very spot where they had been trampled upon by the bulls. Don Quixote knew it again, and said to Sancho, "This is the meadow where we alighted on the gay shepherdesses and gallant shepherds, who intended to revive in it and imitate the pastoral Arcadia ; in imitation of which, if you approve it, I could wish, O Sancho, we might turn shepherds, at least for the time I must live retired. I will buy sheep and all other materials necessary for the pastoral employment ; and, calling myself the shepherd Quixotiz, and you the shepherd Panzino, we will range the mountains, the woods, and the meadows, singing here, and complaining there, drinking the liquid crystal of the fountains, of the limpid brooks, or of the mighty rivers. The oaks with a plentiful hand shall give their sweetest fruit ; the trunks of the hardest cork-trees shall afford us seats ; the willows shall furnish shade, and the roses scent ; the spacious meadow shall yield us carpets of a thousand colours ; the air, clear and pure, shall supply breath ; the moon and stars afford light, singing shall furnish pleasure, and complaining yield delight ; Apollo shall provide verses and love-conceits ; with which we shall make ourselves famous and immortal, not only in the present but in future ages."—"This kind of life," said Sancho, "squares and corners with me exactly. Besides, no sooner will the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and master Nicholas the barber, have well seen it, but they will have a mind to follow and turn shepherds with us ; and the priest will follow, he is of so gay a temper, and such a lover of mirth."—"You have said very well," replied Don Quixote ; "and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, if he enters himself into the pastoral society, as doubtless he will, may call himself the shepherd Sampsonino, or Carrascon ; Nicholas the barber may be called Niculoso ; as for the priest, I know not what name to bestow upon him, unless it be that of the shepherd

Curiambro. As for the shepherdesses, whose lovers we are to be, we may pick and choose their names, as we do pears ; and since that of my lady quadrates alike with a shepherdess and a princess, I need not trouble myself about seeking another that may suit her better. You, Sancho, may give yours what name you please."—"I do not intend," answered Sancho, "to give mine any other than Teresona, which will fit her well, and is near her own too, since her name is Teresa."

"What a life shall we lead, friend Sancho !" said the knight. "I will complain of absence ; you shall extol yourself for a constant lover ; the shepherd Carrascon shall lament his being disdained ; and the priest Curiambro may say or sing whatever will do him most service ; and so the business will go on as well as heart can wish."

To which Sancho answered, "I am so unlucky, sir, that I am afraid I shall never see the day wherein I shall be engaged in this employment. Oh, what neat wooden spoons shall I make when I am a shepherd ! what crumbs ! what cream ! what garlands ! what pastoral gimcracks ! which, though they do not procure me the reputation of being wise, will not fail to procure me that of being ingenious. My daughter Sanchia will bring us our dinner to the sheepfold ; and we will be as merry as the day is long."

They supped late and ill, that night, much against Sancho's inclination ; but he considered it was not possible it should be always day, or always night ; so he spent the remainder of that sleeping, and his master waking.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Don Quixote and Sancho carried off to the castle by strange horsemen—How Sancho disenchants Altisidora—And how he performed his whipping.



THE night was somewhat dark, though the moon was in the heavens, but not in a part where she could be seen. Don Quixote gave way to nature, taking his first sleep, without giving place to a second; quite the reverse of Sancho, who never had a second, one sleep lasting him from night to morning—an evident sign of his good constitution and few cares. Those of Don Quixote kept him so awake, that he awakened Sancho, and said, “I am amazed, Sancho, at the insensibility of your temper: you seem to me to be made of marble or brass, not susceptible of any emotion or sentiment; I wake, while you sleep; I weep, when you are singing; I am fainting with hunger, when you are lazy and unwieldy with pure cramming;—it is the part of good servants to share in their master’s pains, and to be touched with what affects them, were it but for the sake of decency. Behold the serenity of the night, and the solitude we are in, inviting us, as it were, to intermingle some watching with our sleep. Get up, go a little apart from hence, and give yourself three or four hundred lashes, upon account, for the disenchantment of Dulcinea; and this I ask as a favour; for I will not come to wrestling with you again, as I did before, because I know the weight of your arms. After you have laid them on, we will pass the remainder of the night in singing—I, my absence, and you, your constancy—beginning from this moment our

pastoral employment, which we are to follow in our village.”—“Sir,” answered Sancho, “suffer me to sleep, and urge not this whipping myself; lest you force me to swear never to touch a hair of my coat, much less of my flesh.”—“Oh, hardened soul!” cried Don Quixote; “oh, remorseless squire! oh, bread ill-employed, and favours ill-considered! those I have already bestowed upon you, and those I still intend to bestow upon you. To me you owe that you have been a governor; and to me you owe that you are in a fair way of being an earl, or something quite as good; and the accomplishment of these things will be delayed no longer than the expiration of this year; for ‘*Post tenebras spero lucem.*’”—“I know not what that means,” replied Sancho; “I only know that while I am asleep, I have neither fear nor hope, neither trouble nor glory; and blessings on him who first invented this same sleep, for it wraps one about like a cloak. It is the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things; the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise. One only evil, as I have heard, sleep has in it, namely, that it resembles death; for between a man asleep and a man dead, there is but little difference.”—“I never heard you, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “talk so eloquently as now; whence I come to know the truth of the proverb you often apply, ‘Not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art fed.’”—“Dear master of mine,” replied Sancho, “it is not I that am stringing of proverbs now; for they fall from your worship’s mouth also by couples, faster than from me; only between yours and mine there is this difference, that your worship’s come at the proper season, and mine out of season; but in short they are all proverbs.”

They were thus employed, when they heard a strange noise spreading itself through all those valleys. Don Quixote started up, and laid his hand to his sword; Sancho squatted down under Dapple, and clapped the bundle of armour on one side of him, and the pack-saddle on the other, trembling no less

with fear than Don Quixote with surprise. The noise increased by degrees, and came nearer to the two ; for certain fellows were driving about six hundred hogs to sell at a fair, and so great was the din they made with grunting and blowing, that they deafened the ears of Don Quixote and Sancho, who could not presently guess the occasion of it. The grunting herd came crowding on, and, without any respect to the authority of Don Quixote, or to that of Sancho, trampled over them both, demolishing Sancho's entrenchment, and overthrowing not only Don Quixote, but Rozinante to boot. The crowding, the grunting, the hurrying on of these unclean animals, put into confusion and overturned the pack-saddle, the armour, Dapple, Rozinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote. Sancho got up as well as he could, and desired his master to lend him his sword, saying he would kill half a dozen at least of those unmannerly swine, for such by this time he knew them to be. Said Don Quixote to him, "Let them alone, friend ; for this affront is a punishment for my sin ; and it is a just judgment of Heaven, that wild dogs should devour, wasps sting, and hogs trample upon, a vanquished knight-errant."—"It is also, I suppose, a judgment of Heaven," answered Sancho, "that the squires of vanquished knights-errant should be stung by flies, eaten up by fleas, and besieged by hunger. Well, let us compose ourselves again, and sleep out the little remainder of the night ; a new day may send us better luck."—"Sleep you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote ; "for you were born to sleep, whilst I, who was born to watch, give the reins to my thoughts, and cool their heat in a little madrigal, which I composed to-night in my mind."—"Methinks," said Sancho, "the thoughts which give way to the making of couplets, cannot be many or grievous. Couplet it as much as your worship pleases, and I will sleep as much as I can." Then, taking as much ground as he wanted, he bundled himself up, and fell into a sound sleep, neither suretyship nor debts, nor any troubles disturbing him.

In the morning they set forward on their journey ; and, towards the decline of the afternoon, discovered about half a score of men on horseback, and four or five on foot, advancing

towards them. Don Quixote's heart leaped with surprise, and Sancho's with fear ; for the men that were coming up, carried spears and targets, and advanced in very warlike array. Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and said, " Sancho, could I but make use of my arms, and my promise had not tied up my hands, this machine, that is coming towards us, I would make no more of, than I would of so many tarts and cheesecakes." By this time the horsemen were coming up ; and lifting up their lances, without speaking a word, surrounded Don Quixote, and clapped their spears to his back and breast, threatening to kill him. One of those on foot, putting his finger to his mouth, to signify that he should be silent, laid hold on Rozinante's bridle, and drew him out of the road ; and the others on foot, driving Sancho and Dapple before them, all keeping a marvellous silence, followed the steps of him who led Don Quixote, who had a mind three or four times to ask whither they were carrying him, or what they would have. But scarce did he begin to move his lips, when they were ready to close them with the points of their spears. And the like befell Sancho, for no sooner did he show an inclination to talk, than one of those on foot pricked him with a goad, and did as much to Dapple, as though the ass had a mind to talk too. It grew night ; they mended their pace ; the fear of the two prisoners increased, especially when they heard the fellows ever and anon say to them, " On, on, ye Troglodytes ; peace, ye barbarous slaves ; pay, ye Anthropophagi ; complain not, ye Scythians ; open not your eyes, ye murdering Polyphemuses, ye butcherly lions ;" and other the like names, with which they tormented the ears of the miserable pair, master and man. Sancho went along, saying to himself, " We Ortolans ? we barber's slaves ? we Andrew popinjays ? we Citadels ? we Polly famouses ? I do not like these names at all ; the whole mischief comes upon us together, like kicks to a cur ; and I would this disventurous adventure, that threatens us, may end in no worse !" Don Quixote marched along, quite confounded, not being able to conjecture why they called them by those reproachful names ; from which he could only gather, that no good was to be ex-

pected, and much harm to be feared. In this condition, about an hour after night-fall, they arrived at a castle, which Don Quixote presently knew to be the duke's, where he had so lately been. "Heaven help us!" said he, as soon as he knew the place. "What will this end in? In this house all is courtesy and civil usage; but to the vanquished, good is converted into bad, and bad into worse." Then entering into the principal court of the castle, the horsemen alighted; and, together with those on foot, taking Sancho and Don Quixote forcibly in their arms, carried them into the courtyard, round which near a hundred torches were placed in sockets, and above five hundred lights about the galleries of the court, insomuch that, in spite of the night, which was somewhat darkish, there seemed to be no want of the day. In the middle of the court was erected a stage, about two yards from the ground, upon which lay, under a gorgeous canopy of black velvet and brocade, the apparently lifeless body of Altisidora. On one side of the court two crowned figures were seated in chairs, opposite to whom Don Quixote and Sancho were placed; with strict injunctions, by signs, to keep silence. Then came the duke and duchess, for whom chairs were set close to those of the two kings. As they entered, an officer threw over Sancho a robe of black buckram, all painted over with flames; and, taking off his cap, put on his head a pasteboard mitre, three feet high, bidding him, in his ear, not to unsew his lips; if he did, they would clap a gag in his mouth, or kill him. Sancho viewed himself from top to toe, and saw himself all over in flames; but, finding they did not burn him, cared not two farthings. He took off his mitre, and saw it all painted over with devils; then he put it on again, saying within himself, "Well enough yet; these do not burn me, nor those carry me away." Don Quixote also surveyed him; and, though fear suspended his senses, could not but smile to behold Sancho's figure.

When all was thus arranged, one of the crowned figures rose, and addressing his companion as Rhadamanthus, bade him declare by what process the damsel should be brought to life again. Rhadamanthus rising up, then said, "Ho, ye officers of

this household, high and low, great and small, run one after another, and seal Sancho's face with four and twenty twitches, and his arms and sides with twelve pinches, and six pricks of a pin; for in the performance of this ceremony consists the restoration of Altisidora!" Which Sancho Panza hearing, he broke silence, and said, "I vow I will no more let my face be sealed, nor my flesh be handled, than I will turn Turk. A pretty piece of work indeed! Dulcinea is enchanted, and I must be whipped to disenchant her; and now Altisidora must be brought to life again, by giving me four and twenty twitches, and making a sieve of my body by pricking it with pins, and pinching my arms black and blue. Put these tricks on somebody else, for I won't stand 'em."—"Thou shalt die then," quoth Rhadamanthus, in a loud voice. "Relent, thou tiger; suffer and be silent; twitched thou shalt be, pricked thou shalt see thyself, and pinched shalt thou groan. Ho, officers, execute my command!"

Now came, in procession along the court, six duennas, four of them with spectacles, and all of them with their right hands lifted up, and four fingers' breadth of their wrists bare, to make their hands seem the longer. Scarcely had Sancho laid his eyes on them, when, bellowing like a bull, he said, "I might, perhaps, let all the world besides handle me, but to consent that duennas touch me,—by no means. Let them cat-claw my face, as my master was served in this very castle; let them pierce my body through and through with the points of the sharpest daggers; let them tear off my flesh with red-hot pincers,—and I will endure it patiently, to serve these noble persons; but to let duennas touch me, I will never consent, come what will of it." Don Quixote also broke silence, saying to Sancho, "Be patient, son; oblige these noble persons, and give many thanks to Heaven for having infused such virtue into your person, that, by its martyrdom, you disenchant the enchanted, and raise the dead." By this time the duennas were got about Sancho; and he, being mollified and persuaded, seated himself well in his chair, and held out his face and beard to the first, who gave him a good twitch, and then made him a profound reverence.

“Less complaisance, less twitching, mistress duenna,” said Sancho ; “for, hang it ! your fingers are none of the weakest.” In short, all the duennas sealed him, and several others of the house pinched him ; but what he could not bear was the pricking of the pins. So up he started from his seat, quite out of all patience, and catching hold of a lighted torch that was near him, laid about him with it, putting the duennas and all his executioners to flight, saying, “Avaunt, ye infernal ministers ! for I am not made of brass, to be insensible of such extraordinary torments !”

Upon this, Altisidora turned herself on one side, which the bystanders perceiving, almost all of them, with one voice, cried, “Altisidora is alive ! Altisidora lives !” Don Quixote no sooner saw her stir, than he went and kneeled down before Sancho, and said, “Now is the time, dear son, rather than my squire, to give yourself some of those lashes you stand engaged for, in order to the disenchantment of Dulcinea ; this, I say, is the time, now that your virtue is seasoned, and of efficacy to operate the good expected from you.” To which Sancho answered, “This seems to me to be reel upon reel, and not honey upon fritters. A good jest indeed, that twitches, pinches, and pin-prickings must be followed by lashes ! But take a great stone, once for all, and tie it about my neck, and toss me into a well ; it will not grieve me much, if, for the cure of other folks’ ailments, I must still be the physic. Let them not meddle with me, else all shall out.”

And now Altisidora had seated herself upright on the tomb ; and looking askew at Don Quixote, said, “Heaven forgive you, unrelenting knight, through whose cruelty I have been in the other world, to my thinking, above a thousand years ; and thee I thank, O most compassionate squire, for bringing me to life again ! From this day, friend Sancho, six of my petticoats are at your service, to be made into so many shirts for yourself ; and if they are not all whole, at least they are all clean.” For which Sancho kissed her hand. The duke then ordered the court to be cleared, and that Don Quixote and Sancho should be conducted to their old lodgings.

Sancho slept that night on a truckle-bed in the same chamber with Don Quixote ; a thing he would have excused if he could ; for he was not much disposed to talk, the smart of his past sufferings being still present to him. Scarcely was his master got into bed, when he said, "What think you, Sancho, of this night's adventure?"—"Altisidora might have died in a good hour, as much as she pleased, and how she pleased," answered Sancho ; "and she might have left me in my own house, since I neither made her in love, nor ever disdained her in my life. I know not how it can be that her recovery should have anything to do with the torturing of Sancho Panza. But, for the present, I beseech your worship to let me sleep, and ask me no more questions, unless you have a mind I should throw myself out of the window."—"Sleep, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "if the pin-prickings, pinchings, and twitchings you have received will give you leave."—"No smart," replied Sancho, "came up to the affront of the twitches, and for no other reason but because they were given by duennas, confound them !—and once more I beseech your worship to let me sleep ; for sleep is the relief of those who are uneasy awake."—"Be it so," said Don Quixote ; "and good night to you."

Next morning they departed, and the vanquished and forlorn Don Quixote travelled along, exceedingly pensive on the one hand, and very joyful on the other. His defeat caused his sadness, and his joy was occasioned by considering that the disenchantment of Dulcinea was likely to be effected by the virtue inherent in Sancho, of which he had just given a manifest proof in the resurrection of Altisidora ; though he could not readily bring himself to believe that the enamoured damsel was really dead. Sancho went on, not at all pleased to find that Altisidora had not been as good as her word, in giving him the petticoats ; so turning it over in his mind, he said to his master, "In truth, sir, I am the most unfortunate physician that is to be met with in the world, in which there are doctors, who kill the patient they have under cure, and yet are paid for their pains, which is no more than signing a little scroll of certain medicines ; while poor I, though another's cure cost me

drops of blood, twitches, pinchings, pin-prickings, and lashes, get not a doit. But I vow that, if ever any sick man falls into my hands again, they shall grease them well before I perform the cure; for 'The abbot must eat, that sings for his meat:' and I cannot believe Heaven has endued me with the virtue I have, that I should communicate it to others for nothing."—"You are in the right, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and Altisidora has done very ill by you, not to give you the promised garments, though the virtue you have was given you gratis, and without any studying on your part more than studying how to receive a little pain in your person. For myself, I can say, if you had a mind to be paid for disenchanting Dulcinea, I would have made it good to you ere now; but I do not know whether payment will agree with the conditions of the cure, and I would by no means have the reward hinder the operation of the medicine. But, for all that, I think, there can be no risk in making a small trial. Consider, Sancho, what you would demand, and set about the whipping straight, and pay yourself in ready money, since you have cash of mine in your hands."

At these offers Sancho opened his eyes and ears a span wider, and in his heart consented to whip himself heartily; so he said to his master, "Well then, sir, I will now dispose myself to give your worship satisfaction, since I shall get something by it; for, I confess, the love I have for my wife and children makes me seem a little self-interested. Tell me, sir, how much will your worship give for each lash?"—"Were I to pay you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "in proportion to the greatness and quality of the cure, the treasures of Venice and the mines of Potosi would be two small a recompense. But see how much cash you have of mine, and set your own price upon each lash."—"The lashes," answered Sancho, "are three thousand three hundred and odd: of these I have already given myself five; the rest remain; let the five pass for the odd ones, and let us come to the three thousand three hundred; which at three halfpence a-piece (for I will not take less) amount to three thousand three hundred and three halfpences, which make one thousand six

hundred and fifty threepences ; which make eight hundred and twenty-five sixpences. These I will deduct from what I have of your worship's in my hands, and shall return to my house rich and contented, though well-whipped."—"O blessed Sancho! O amiable Sancho!" replied Don Quixote; "how much shall Dulcinea and I be bound to serve you all the days of our lives! And when, Sancho, do you propose to begin the discipline? I will add an hundred sixpences over and above for despatch."—"When?" replied Sancho; "even this very night without fail. Take you care, sir, that we may be in open field, and I will take care to lay my flesh open."

At length came the night, expected by Don Quixote with the greatest anxiety in the world; and presently they got among some pleasant trees a little way out of the high road, where, dismounting, they laid themselves along on the green grass, and supped out of Sancho's cupboard; who, making a ponderous and flexible whip of Dapple's head-stall and halter, withdrew about twenty paces from his master among some beech-trees. Don Quixote, seeing him go with such resolution and spirit, said to him: "Take care, friend, you do not lash yourself to pieces; take time; hurry not yourself so as to lose your breath in the midst of your career; I mean, you must not lay it on so unmercifully, as to lose your life before you attain to the desired number. Meanwhile I will stand aloof, and keep reckoning of the lashes you shall give yourself."—"I design to lay it on" said Sancho, "in such a manner, that it may smart without killing me." He then stripped from the waist upward; and snatching and cracking the whip, began to lay on himself, and Don Quixote to count the strokes. Sancho had given himself about six or eight, when he thought the jest a little too heavy, and the price much too easy; so stopping his hand a while, he said to his master, that he appealed on being deceived, every lash of those being richly worth threepence, instead of three halfpence. "Proceed, friend Sancho, and be not faint-hearted," said Don Quixote; "for I double the pay."—"If so," returned Sancho, "away with it, and let it rain lashes." But the sly knave, instead of laying them on his back, laid

them on the trees, fetching ever and anon such groans, that one would have thought each would have torn up his very soul by the roots. Don Quixote, naturally tender-hearted, and fearing he would put an end to his life, and so he should not attain his desire, through Sancho's imprudence, said to him, "I conjure you, friend, let the business rest here ; for this medicine seems to be very harsh ; take time to it. You have already given yourself, if I reckon right, above a thousand lashes ; enough for the present."—"No, no," answered Sancho, "it shall never be said for me, 'The money paid, the work delayed.' Pray, sir, get a little farther off, and let me give myself another thousand lashes at least ; for a couple more of such bouts will finish the job, and stuff to spare." And with that he returned to his task with so much fervour, and such was the rigour with which he gave the lashes, that he had already disbarked many a tree ; and once, lifting up his voice, and giving an unmeasurable stroke to a beech, he cried, "Down with thee, Sampson, and all that are with thee." Don Quixote presently ran to the sound of the piteous voice, and the stroke of the severe whip ; and, laying hold of the twisted halter, which served Sancho instead of a cat-o'-ninetails, said, "Heaven forbid, friend Sancho, that, for my pleasure, you should lose that life upon which depends the maintenance of your wife and children : let Dulcinea wait a better opportunity ; and stay till you recover fresh strength, that this business may be concluded to the satisfaction of all parties."—"Since your worship, dear sir, will have it so," answered Sancho, "so be it ; and pray, fling your cloak over my shoulders ; for I am all in a sweat, and am loth to catch cold, as, being new at the business, I am like." Don Quixote did so ; and, leaving himself in his doublet, covered up Sancho, who slept till the sun waked him, when they continued their journey, stopping at a place about three leagues off.

They alighted at an inn, where, having rested, Don Quixote asked Sancho if he had a mind to give himself another dose of whipping that night, and if so, whether he preferred it should be done under a roof, or in the open air. "For what I intend to

give myself," answered Sancho, "it is all the same to me, whether it be in the house or in a field ; though I had rather it were among trees ; for, methinks, they accompany me, as it were, and help me to bear my toil marvellously well."—"However, it shall not be now, friend Sancho," said his master ; "but, that you may recover strength, it shall be reserved for our village ; and we shall get thither by the day after to-morrow at farthest." Sancho replied, he might order that as he pleased ; but, for his part, he was desirous to make an end of the business out of hand, and while the mill was grinding ; for usually the danger lies in the delay ; and ' Pray devoutly, hammer stoutly ;' and ' One take is worth two I'll-give-thees ;' and ' A bird in hand is better than a vulture on the wing.'—"No more proverbs, Sancho, for pity's sake," said Don Quixote. "Speak plainly, and without flourishes, as I have often told you, and you will find it a loaf per cent. in your way."—"I know not how I came to be so unlucky," answered Sancho, "that I cannot give a reason without a proverb, nor a proverb, which does not seem to me to be a reason ; but I will mend if I can." And thus ended the conversation for that time.

The next night was passed among some trees, to give Sancho an opportunity of finishing his discipline ; which he did after the manner of the night before, more at the expense of the bark of the beeches than his own back, of which he was so careful, that the lashes he gave it would not have brushed off a fly.





CHAPTER XXV.

Don Quixote and Sancho reach their own village—The knight falls ill—Recovers his senses, and dies.



THE following morning they resumed their journey, travelling the whole of that day and night without any occurrence worth relating, unless it be that Sancho finished his task, at which his master was above measure pleased ; looking narrowly next day at every woman he met on the road, to see if she were his disenchanted Dulcinea. At last, ascending a little hill, their own village came in sight ; beholding which, Sancho kneeled down, and said, “ Open thine eyes, O desired country, and behold thy son, Sancho Panza, returning to thee again, if not very rich, yet very well whipped ; open thine arms, and receive likewise thy son Don Quixote, who, if he comes conquered with another’s hand, yet he comes a conqueror of himself, which, as I have heard him say, is the greatest victory that can be desired. Money I have ; for if I have been well whipped, I am come off like a gentleman.”—“ Leave these fooleries, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ and let us go straight home, where we will settle the plan we intend to govern ourselves by in our pastoral life.” This said, they descended the hill, and went directly to the village ; on entering which, sundry omens much disturbed the mind of our knight, who thereupon concluded that he had only come home to die. For this, Sancho rebuked his master, saying, “ Sir, if I remember right, I have heard the priest of our village say that good Christians and wise people ought not to regard these fooleries ; and your worship’s own self told me as much a

few days ago, giving me to understand that all such Christians as minded presages were fools ; so there is no need of troubling ourselves any further about them ; but let us go on, and get home to our village."

With that, they went on their way, and, at the entrance of the village, in a little meadow, they found the priest and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco. Now you must know, that Sancho Panza had thrown the buckram robe, painted with flames of fire (which he had worn at the duke's castle, the night he had brought Altisidora to life again), instead of a sumpter cloth, over the bundle of armour upon his ass. He had likewise clapped the mitre on Dapple ; insomuch that never was ass so metamorphosed and adorned. The priest and the bachelor presently knew them both, and came running to them with open arms. Don Quixote alighted and embraced them closely, and the boys, who are sharp-sighted as lynxes, espying the ass's mitre, flocked to view him, and said one to another, "Come, boys, and you shall see Sancho Panza's ass finer than a fiddler, and Don Quixote's beast leaner than ever." Finally, surrounded with boys, and accompanied by the priest and the bachelor, they entered the village, and took the way to Don Quixote's house, where they found at the door the housekeeper and the niece, who had already heard the news of his arrival. It had likewise reached the ears of Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, who, half-naked, with her hair about her ears, and dragging Sanchia after her, ran to see her husband ; and, seeing him not so well equipped as she imagined a governor ought to be, said, "What makes you come thus, dear husband ? methinks you come afoot and foundered, and look more like a misgoverned person than a governor."—"Peace, Teresa," answered Sancho ; "and let us go to our house, where you shall hear wonders. Money I bring with me (which is the main business), got by my own industry, and without damage to anybody."—"Bring but money, my good husband," said Teresa, "and let it be got this way or that way, for, get it how you will, you will have brought up no new custom in the world." Sanchia embraced her father, and asked if he had brought her

anything ; for she had been wishing for him, as people do for rain in May ; and then, taking hold of his belt on one side, and his wife taking him by the hand on the other, Sanchia pulling Dapple after her, they went home to their house, leaving Don Quixote in his, in the power of his niece and the housekeeper, and in the company of the priest and the bachelor.

Don Quixote that very instant went apart with the bachelor and the priest, and related to them, in few words, how he was vanquished, and the obligation he lay under not to stir from his village for a whole year ; which he intended punctually to observe, without transgressing a tittle, as became a true knight-errant, obliged by the strict precepts of chivalry. He also told them how he had resolved to turn shepherd for that year, and to pass his time in the solitude of the fields, beseeching them, if they had leisure, and were not engaged in business of greater consequence, to bear him company ; telling them he would purchase sheep and stock sufficient to give them the name of shepherds. He told them, also, that the principal part of the business was already done, he having chosen for them names as fit as if they had been cast in a mould. The priest desired him to repeat them. Don Quixote answered, that he himself was to be called the shepherd Quixotiz ; the bachelor, the shepherd Carrascon ; the priest, the shepherd Curiambro ; and Sancho Panza, the shepherd Panzino. They were astonished at this new madness of his ; but, to prevent his rambling once more from his village, to resume his chivalries, and in hopes he might be cured in that year, they fell in with his new project, applauding his folly as a high piece of discretion, and offering to be his companions in that exercise. “ Besides,” said Sampson Carrasco, “ I, as everybody knows, am an excellent poet, and shall be composing, at every turn, pastoral or courtly verses, or such as shall be most for my purpose, to amuse and divert us as we range the fields. But, gentlemen, the first and chief thing necessary is, that each of us choose the name of the shepherdess he intends to celebrate in his verses, and we will not leave a tree, be it never so hard, in whose bark we will not inscribe and grave her name, as is the fashion and custom of

enamoured shepherds.”—“That is very right,” answered Don Quixote; “though I need not trouble myself to look for a feigned name, having the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these banks, the ornament of these meads, the support of beauty, the cream of good humour, and, lastly, the worthy subject of all praise, be it never so hyperbolical.”—“That is true,” said the priest; “but, as for us, we must look out for shepherdesses of an inferior stamp.” To which Sampson Carrasco added, “And when we are at a loss, we will give them the names we find in print, of which the world is full, as Phillises, Amaryllises, Dianas, Floridas, Galateas, and Belisardas. If my shepherdess is called Anna, I will celebrate her under the name of Anarda, and if Frances, I will call her Francesina, and, if Lucy, Lucinda; and so of the rest. And Sancho Panza, if he is to be one of the brotherhood, may celebrate his wife Teresa Panza by the name of Teresina.” Don Quixote smiled at the application of the names, and the priest highly applauded his honourable resolution, again offering to bear him company all the time he could spare from attending to the duties of his office. With this they took their leave of the knight, entreating him to take care of his health, and make much of himself with good, heartening things.

Now fortune would have it, that his niece and housekeeper overheard their conversation; so, as soon as the two were gone, they both came in to Don Quixote, and the niece said, “What is the meaning of this, uncle? Now that we thought your worship was returned with a resolution to stay at home, and live a quiet and decent life, you have a mind to involve yourself in new labyrinths by turning shepherd. In truth, ‘The straw is too hard to make pipes of.’” To which the housekeeper added, “And can your worship bear, in the fields, the summer’s sultry heat, the winter’s pinching cold, and the howling of the wolves? No, certainly; for this is the business of robust fellows, bred to such employment, as it were, from their cradles and swaddling-clothes. And of the two evils, it is better to be a knight-errant than a shepherd. Look you, sir, take my advice, which is not given by one full of bread and wine, but fasting, and with fifty

years over my head : stay at home, look after your estate, go often to church, relieve the poor ; and if any ill comes of it, let it lie at my door.”—“Peace, daughters,” answered Don Quixote ; “for I know perfectly what I have to do. Lead me to bed, for methinks I am not very well ; and assure yourselves, that whether I am a knight-errant or a wandering shepherd, I will not fail to provide for you, as you shall find by experience.” The two good women carried him to bed, where they gave him something to eat, and made as much of him as possible.

But alas ! the knight was seized with a fever, which confined him to his bed, where he was frequently visited by the priest, the bachelor, and the barber, his friends ; his trusty squire Sancho Panza never stirring from his bed-side. They, supposing that his grief at being vanquished, and the disappointment of his wishes as to the restoration and disenchantment of Dulcinea, had reduced him to this state, endeavoured by all imaginable ways to revive his spirits. The bachelor bid him be of good courage, and rise from bed, to enter upon his pastoral exercise, he having already composed an eclogue to that purpose, not inferior to any written by Virgil ; telling him besides, that he had already bought with his own money two excellent dogs to guard the flock, the one called Holdfast, and the other Tear'em. But for all this, Don Quixote's melancholy continuing, his friends sent for a physician, who, feeling his pulse, did not much like it, and warned him of his danger, believing that melancholy and disappointment had brought him to his end. The knight heard it with composure of mind ; but not so did his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, who all began to weep most bitterly, as if he were already dead before their faces. Upon seeing which he desired they would leave him, for he was inclined to sleep a little.

They did so, and he slept at a stretch (as the saying is) above six hours, insomuch that the housekeeper and the niece thought he would never awake more. But awake he did at the end of that time, and, with a loud voice, said, “Blessed be Almighty God, who has vouchsafed me so great a good ; in short His mercies have no bounds, and the sins of men can neither lessen

nor obstruct them." The niece listened attentively to her uncle's words, thinking there was more sense in them than usual, at least since his sickness, and she said to him, "What is it you say, sir? what mercies and what sins do you speak of?"—"Niece," answered Don Quixote, "the mercies I mean are those God has been pleased to vouchsafe me at this instant. My judgment is now free from those dark clouds of ignorance with which my eager and continual reading of those detestable books of chivalry had obscured it. Now I perceive the absurdity and delusion of them, and am only sorry I am undeceived so late, that I have no time left to make some amends, by reading others that might help to enlighten my soul. I feel myself, niece, at the point of death, and I would fain so order it, as not to leave the imputation of madness upon my memory; for, though I must confess I have been a madman, I would not confirm the truth of it at my death. Dear child, call hither my good friends the priest, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and master Nicholas the barber; for I would make my confession and my will." But this trouble was saved the niece by the coming in of all three.

Scarce had Don Quixote set his eyes on them, when he cried out, "Give me joy, good gentlemen, that I am now no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonzo Quixano, for his virtues surnamed the Good. I am now an utter enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and the innumerable rabble of his descendants. Now all the histories of knight-errantry are to me odious and profane. I am now sensible of my folly, and of the danger I was led into by reading them; and now I detest and abhor them." When his three friends heard him speak thus, they believed for certain that some new frenzy had possessed him; and Sampson said to him, "What! Signor Don Quixote, now that we have news of the Lady Dulcinea's being disenchanted, do you talk at this rate? And now that we are just upon the point of becoming shepherds, to lead our lives singing, and like any princes, would you turn hermit?"—"Peace, I conjure you," replied Don Quixote; "recollect yourself, and leave idle stories. Those, which have hitherto done me so much real hurt, my repent-

ance, by the assistance of Heaven, shall convert to my good. I feel, gentlemen, the quick approach of death. Let us be serious, and bring me a priest, and a lawyer to draw my will ; for in such circumstances as these a man must not trifle with his soul ; and therefore I beseech you, while my friend the priest is with me, let the lawyer be fetched." They stared at one another, wondering at his expressions ; and, though still in some doubt, resolved to believe him : one of the signs by which they conjectured he was dying being his passing by so easy and sudden a transition from mad to sober. To the words he had already spoken he added others, so proper, so rational, and so Christian, that their doubt was quite removed ; and they verily believed him in his perfect senses. The priest then made everybody leave the room, and stayed with him alone to give him religious counsel. The bachelor went for the lawyer, and presently returned with him and Sancho Panza, who having learned from the bachelor in what condition his master was, besides finding the housekeeper and the niece in tears, began to pucker up his face, and fall a-blubbering. Presently the priest came out of the room, saying, " Good Alonzo Quixano is just expiring, and certainly in his right mind ; let us all go in, that he may make his will." This news opened the sluices of the swollen eyes of the housekeeper, the niece, and Sancho Panza, his trusty squire, in such wise that forced a torrent of tears from their eyes, and a thousand groans from their breasts ; for, in truth, as has been said before, both while he was plain Alonzo Quixano, and while he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of an amiable disposition, and affable behaviour, and was therefore beloved, not only by those of his own family, but by all that knew him.

The lawyer now entered the room with the others ; and Don Quixote having disposed of his soul (as is usual), coming to the legacies, said, " Item, it is my will, that, in respect to certain moneys which Sancho Panza (whom in my madness I made my squire) has in his hands, there being between him and me some reckonings, receipts, and disbursements, he shall not be charged with them, nor called to any account for them : but if, after he

has paid himself, there be any overplus, which will be but very little, it shall be his own ; and much good may it do him. And if, as, during my madness, I was the occasion of procuring for him the government of an island, I could, now that I am in my senses, procure him that of a kingdom, I would readily do it ; for the sincerity of his heart and the fidelity of his dealings deserve it." Then turning to Sancho, he said, "Forgive me, friend, for making you a madman, by persuading you to believe, as I did myself, that there have been formerly, and are now, knights-errant in the world."—"Alas !" answered Sancho, sobbing, "dear sir, do not die ; but take my counsel, and live many years ; for the greatest madness a man can commit in this life, is to suffer himself to die, without anybody's killing him, or being brought to his end by any other hand than that of melancholy. Be not lazy, sir, but get out of bed, and let us be going to the field, dressed like shepherds, as we agreed to do ; and who knows, but behind some bush or other we may find the Lady Dulcinea disenchanting as fine as heart can wish ? If you die for grief of being vanquished, lay the blame upon me ; and say you were unhorsed by my not having girthed Rozinante's saddle as it ought to have been. Besides, your worship must have read in your books of chivalries, that it is a common thing for one knight to unhorse another, and him who is vanquished to-day to become conqueror to-morrow."—"It is so," said Sampson ; "and honest Sancho is very much in the right."—"Gentlemen," replied Don Quixote, "look not for this year's birds in last year's nests. I was mad ; I am now sober : I was Don Quixote de la Mancha ; I am now, as I have said, the good Alonzo Quixano : and may my unfeigned repentance, and my sincerity, restore me to the esteem you once had for me."

He then continued :—"Also, I bequeath to Antonia Quixano, my niece here present, all my estate real and personal, after the payment of all my debts and legacies ; and the first to be discharged shall be the wages due to my housekeeper, for the time she has been in my service, with twenty crowns besides for mourning. I appoint for my executors, signor the priest, and signor bachelor Sampson Carrasco here present. Also, it is

my will, that, if my niece is inclined to marry, it shall be with a man who, upon the strictest inquiry, shall be found to know nothing of books of chivalry ; and, in case it shall appear he is acquainted with them, and my niece, notwithstanding, will and does marry him, she shall forfeit all I have bequeathed her, which my executors may dispose of in pious uses, as they think proper." With this the will was closed, and, a fainting fit seizing him, he stretched himself out at full length in the bed. They were all alarmed, and ran to his assistance ; and, in three days that he survived the making his will, he fainted away very often. The house was all in confusion ; however, the niece ate, the housekeeper drank, and Sancho Panza made much of himself ; for this business of legacies effaces, or moderates, the grief that is naturally due to the deceased.

At length, Don Quixote's last hour came. The lawyer was present, and protested he had never read in any book of chivalry, that ever any knight-errant had died in his bed in so composed and Christian a manner as Don Quixote ; who drew his last breath amidst the plaints and tears of the bystanders. Which the priest seeing, desired the lawyer to draw up a certificate, that Alonzo Quixano, commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, was departed this life, and had died a natural death.

Such was the end of the ingenious gentleman of La Mancha ; upon whose tomb was inscribed this epitaph by his friend Sampson Carrasco :—

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

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

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